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Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "City Summers"

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON HAVE THEIR COUNTERPARTS TO-DAY

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THE BATHERS OVERFLOW THE SANDS

City Summers

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE dreadful truth about the summer is that most of it is, by most of us, spent in work rather than in play. The summer blazes through three splendid months, the average vacation lasts through three weeks at best, and is gone. The holiday season, paradoxical as it may sound, is spent at the desk or in the workshop, and the so-called empty town swarms with people as the country never does. The city summer is indeed the general fate of humankind.

All of us have read, doubtless many of us have written, the articles which appear regularly in the newspapers upon our great cities as summer resorts—they are indeed the classics of journalism, and much of their philosophy must unavoidably be repeated here. But some of their strongest arguments have become weakened with time. Chief among them was the statement that only in your flat in town could you enjoy the real luxury

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of the bath. Plumbing is now all-pervasive; Mr. Punch, commenting upon us from his tin-tubbed England, says that now, of course, no simple summer hotel in America dreams of having less than two bath-rooms for each bedroom! So luxurious have we become, too, that fresh country eggs, milk, and vegetables are now supplied to the inhabitants of the remotest rural districts. And disappearing is that lovely traditional woman who, refusing to leave the town, entertained so pleasantly at a ridiculously inexpensive dinner her husband and all his male friends—she herself, so the articles always specifically stated, "fresh from a hot tub" and "delightfully" attired in "something crisp and cool."

It is perhaps the automobile which is changing all this. The delightful male friends who ply her with their pleasant and honorable attentions can now easily motor to the near-by country where she lives, from which she comes to town often to dine at some summer restaurant and to do a "show" at some roof-garden theater. In the quaint days of the nineteenth century it was eccentric—almost dishonorable—to be seen in town in midsummer. Do you remember the legends about those families who, pretending they had gone to Long Branch or Saratoga, really lived in the back of the house and only went out, furtively, by night? Nowadays it is astonishing how many things seem to bring people up from the country for a night or two, and how fashionable and gay such expeditions are. It is smart, too, to be passing through from Long Island to Newport, or from Bar Harbor to Lenox, and to pause upon the wing. The people whom you see in town in August are nowadays extremely pleased with themselves, rather proud of being there. Their eyes are clear, and they bring to city pleasures an unbounded enthusiasm. The great truth is being constantly rediscovered that nothing gives one such a zest for the town as a little time in the country.



THE CITY SUMMER IS THE GENERAL FATE OF HUMANKIND

And the town—the great working town which knows little of fashion and motors and the country—feels the arrival of the holi-



"SUNDAES" AND "COLLEGE ICES" MARK THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN

day spirit, even while it toils. There are, after all, half-holidays and early closings. There are twilights prolonging the day and warm nights crowding the pleasure-parks and suburban beaches. It is tacitly understood that labor is to take things a little easily. Mortality among the grandmothers of office-boys is expected to run high during the baseball season, and no one begrudges the lads an extra bereavement or two when the championship is at stake. The town in summer is not merely hot—it is genial. And with each succeeding year it becomes pleasanter as a habitation.

The time was—it is not yet so very distant—when the chief, almost the only, possible recreation during the heated spells in town was drinking soda-water. And this is still, perhaps, the king of city summer sports. There are, of course, adepts of the fountain who keep up their favorite recreation all winter. Who of us has not seen, on some bleak January day, half-frozen district messenger-boys take refuge in a drug-store and there fortify themselves against the bitter cold by huge mugs of ice-cream soda? But the taste, though preserved in winter, is formed in summer. It is then that doors are flung wide open to the street, while glittering fountains, towering like fairy castles, cast their magic spell upon those who pass along the burning pavements. In certain fortunate regions, where the tide of national civilization must be admitted to be rising very high, the drug-store serves its soda to the music of a string-quartet, and, in one happy Southern city, to the accompaniment of a "cabaret show."

Let those who are approaching middle age remember the corner drug-store of their childhood, with its modest white-marble fountain dispensing six simple syrups. Nothing better marks the triumphant progress of the country, the is the flow of new drinks and fantastic nomenclature from the exuberant fount of our national imagination.

Drinking, to the refreshment of both body and soul, is important in the city summer. So is eating, but paradoxically it is almost more important not to eat than to eat—that is to say, it is the fashion to eat very little. American hot weather is really hot, and American light eating really light. Those who have ever happened to be in London during one of those British heat-waves which drive the thermometer up beyond sixty-five, are familiar with the elaborate advice given by the newspapers as to diet necessary in such tropical moments. Monsieur Adolphe of the Savoy, or Monsieur Jacques of the Ritz, is always interviewed; he always advises fruit, cold food, little meat, and little alcohol. He then submits to the reporter a characteristic light menu for lunch, the sort of thing he is apparently suggesting to apoplectic noblemen and gentlemen. It is usually something like this:



A CONEY ISLAND FAIRYLAND

Melon cantaloup
Consommé froid en tasse
Filet de sole à la Normandie
Chaudfroid de poulet à la neige
Jambon froid
Salade de laitue
Glace aux framboises
Pâtisserie

If you eat no more than this, says the great authority, and drink only perhaps a light Mosel cup with coffee and liqueurs to follow, you will not overheat the blood and will be able, if you manage to make a decent tea, to last comfortably till dinner. This "snack," if one may so term it, can be secured, so it appears, for not more than three or four dollars a head. In America most of us would be in luck if we got such a meal in mid-

richening and deepening of its life, than these gorgeous modern sources of a thousand strange concoctions of exotic names and irresistible allure.

There is a vast science of drinking at drug-stores—there should be treatises on "sundaes" (why "sundaes"?) and text-books on the art of choosing "college ices." Yet they would become almost immediately obsolete, so constant



BAND CONCERTS ARE THE FIRST TRAINING OF OUR MUSIC-LOVING PUBLIC



SUNDAY MORNING WITH THE NEWSPAPERS

winter. The problem really does face our *maîtres d'hôtels* and head-waiters how to make small meals and large bills synonymous, but the problem does not daunt them. There are plenty of ways, besides spending it on food, of making the money fly.

Foreign cities merely provide charming summer restaurants in their parks and boulevards; we in America perform complete Aladdin-like transformations of our winter haunts, and upon our dull flat roofs raise magic kiosques of pleasure. Rooms heavy with brocade and gold are lavishly redecorated with green-latticed walls, garden furniture, and flowers and vines swaying in the cool current from countless electric fans. As for roof gardens, since Babylon hung them above the dusky splendors of her ancient Broadway, no miracle so lovely has been wrought in the hot city night. Trellises of flowering creepers, hedges and arbors of box and bay, parterres ever freshly blossoming, pools where nocturnal gold-fish flash, fountains plashing and cascades coming gaily down small, green-clad precipices, pergolas and canopies of multicolored lights, and the high view over the hot brilliant streets and the town itself flaunting its thousand electric signs against the paler illumination of the stars and moon—such is the fantastic setting which the twentieth century provides for even such simple pleasures as a lemonade. Not, indeed, that roof-garden beverages are necessarily of this simple character—the Orient and the tropics are searched for strangely insidious, wildly named drinks—and the introduction of one of them almost always merits at least a paragraph next day in the local papers. Such things are of public interest, for we all, when summer comes, do to some extent what Voltaire's Candide was advised to do—we cultivate our roof garden.

There is no need for the city-lover to

disparage the country—it is well enough, even when one is dining in town, to think of moonlit lawns, or the long swash of the surf, or the lapping of some little lake upon its pebbly shore. But the summer town is for some moods pleasanter than the pleasant country. Then the fashionable restaurant is perhaps the best place to catch the especial note, informal, gay, and elegant, of urban hot weather.

At the entrance, guarded by a *chef's* assistant in white linen, is usually the *buffet froid*, a cool expanse (topped with ice sculpture by the greatest kitchen artists) upon which lie plates of strange eggs, of exotic fish, and of flesh and fowl masquerading in all kinds of jellied and truffled disguises (it is an international affair, this cold table—a week after the grouse-shooting opens on the British moors, these admirable birds lie waiting your patronage at the restaurant's door). Near by stand the suave head-waiters, always several degrees cooler than the thermometer, ready to exchange the polite compliments of the season as they show you your table. There is no question but that it is pleasant to sit under a great green-and-white striped tent, within an inclosing hedge of clipped box and flowers that grow as they never do in rural airs, and have friendly aliens bring to you, exquisitely cooked, the fresh eggs and fish and fruit and chickens—all that spoil of the country which can never be easily secured except in town. It is pleasant to realize that by half-past eight or nine all the fair fashionable women, and all the brave rich men left in the desolate town will have drifted in for dinner. It is pleasant to be in a short coat, if indeed you are not in flannels. It is agreeable to notice that young foreign noblemen and other strangers of distinction who are passing through sometimes appear in tropical costumes of pongee. It is delightful to find what pretty frocks women find it worth while to wear, and certainly not unpleasant philosophically to contemplate the diaphanous version of costume which the August heats make possible, though perhaps not exactly necessary. It is soothing to realize that entertainments in roof gardens and musical comedies in artificially refrigerated theaters can be as well visited at half-past nine as at any earlier hour—perhaps better. It is encouraging to remember that



PERPETUAL DISPUTATIONS ENGROSS THE BENCHES



DANCING HAS BECOME OUR ONE GREAT NATIONAL INTEREST

motor-cars and taxicabs exist, and that there are long roads through shadowy parks, and in all the surrounding country wayside restaurants upon whose breezy verandas cooling drinks again may flow. Last, and perhaps best of all, it is amazingly heartening to know that if you like you can merely go home early enough to get a good night's sleep.

Of summer theaters and "shows" in the great cities there is perhaps not much to be said; they are chiefly notable, and indeed to be recommended, according to the measure in which they lack mental stimulus and supply girls. That famous "tired business man" comes wholly into his own in the hot weather. In the smaller places he is subjected to a more strenuous discipline, for it is the season of stock companies which plunge headlong through the whole dramatic repertory and give many of our leading actors

and actresses some slight opportunity to learn to act—a chance denied them during the forty successful weeks of the winter, all spent in one play. Here are—at least here should be, according to the serious dramatic critics—the *Théâtres Français* of our stage.

Music, heavenly maid, should be the chief and loveliest ornament of the town in summer. Perhaps the best thing to be said for the alarmists who wish to increase our American army is that if they succeeded we should have more military bands, more concerts in the parks, and more musical evenings gratis. The matter might suitably be subject for consideration at The Hague. But even on a peace footing the flow of park melody is increasing—in most of our larger cities there are many band concerts, often one somewhere every evening. Sometimes they are good concerts, and in our great metropolitan centers of population it is on such occasions that you get a sense of the artistic sensibilities and traditions which our foreign-born citizens pack in their flimsy, rope-bound trunks when they make the great migration to the West. To sit under the park trees some August night (in a heat that might indeed at once melt and fuse these alien races) and watch queer, eager, dark faces light up all around you, is to believe that we have here in America, from one source and another, all the materials for that "musical public" of which we have all so long talked and dreamed. But nothing so unimportant as music—or the drama—must delay the majestic and inevitable flow of our thoughts toward something greater—the dance.

It was only a short while ago that America became definitely enmeshed in the tango, tripped up by the turkey-trot. During the past few years dancing has been almost our one great national interest, as indeed it appears to be becoming the chief interest of every other great nation. At intervals during the long, dim history of our ancient world, dancing manias have seized upon it. Generally the frenzy has been for religion instead of, as now, for hygiene and pleasure; but, fantastic though it may appear, the present craze for "rag-time" dancing has to the imaginative observer something of the same barbaric and epic quality. When Cleveland opens a municipal dance-hall in one of her parks, it is as if Rome threw open the Colosseum for the Saturnalia. It is interesting to see the mayors of cities, who in modern American life have replaced the church as the guardians of our morals, endeavoring to regulate the dance—why do mayors not visit Niagara Falls of a Sunday and try to stop the cataract by throwing a little sand in front of it? The dance regulates itself, and the action of the national good sense and taste has already worked wonders with it. The questionable features with which it arrived—straight from San Francisco's late lamented Barbary Coast, so it was alleged—have already subsided. The "turkey-trot" has become a simple "one-step," and since we are naturally, as dancers, a lithe and graceful race, beauty has already begun to emerge from its grotesqueness. We still like rough and coarse words in America, and lovely and refined young girls still say that they do the "kitchen sink" or hope to learn the "hang-over" (both sweetly named), but the dance itself has grown charming. Incidentally, there is perhaps too much talk of its "Americanism" and its "modernity." The "one-step" as it is most prettily executed by us is exactly what you may see the Spanish peasants dance upon the greensward in little country *fiestas* of a Sunday afternoon—little festivals which have not changed their character for a century.

For many years there has been no dancing in towns during the summer. There was an early, pleasant period of it in our grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' days, when our great cities were still almost like villages; it is quaint and agreeable for the New-Yorker to read that in the warm weather of the early nineteenth century they had "hop night" at the old Astor House. At last we are again able to dance in the city—every summer night is "hop night" now. There is dancing on the roofs, in the moonlight, on the verandas of suburban road-houses, and even in the hot dining-rooms of restaurants. It flourishes in winter, too, but in the city's summer it seems somehow more spontaneous. And the pleasantest feature of it is that in these free, wholesome breezes of ours the

dance-hall, though often called a "Jardin" or a "Palais de Danse," loses what in our parlance may be termed its Parisian quality. It is the respectable haunt, if not exactly of families, at least of young men and young women who in the best possible way cling to our good old tradition that the American girl needs no chaperon. There are certain of these new dancing-places where, so it is said, an official introducer will, upon urgent application and with the consent of both parties, allow the forming of an acquaintance, but it must be for one dance only! In the intervals of performances by the general and amateur public, professional practitioners appear upon the floor in "whirlwind waltzes," or stately "tangoes" from the Argentine, which at least serve the purpose of letting the public get its breath for the next round. The dance is, to sum it all up, the one new great feature of our American summers. It must ultimately have some considerable effect in diminishing the tide of travel to Europe, for they say the "trotting" is still very bad abroad.

But we are perhaps keeping too long away from the bathing-beaches; the cooling-off processes of the summer are, after all, more permanently important than the warming-up ones. A beach, near a city, is wherever water of any description meets land. A delightful example is a resort near the metropolis advertising "surf-bathing," the waves for which are mechanically produced in a large fresh-water tank which stands on a high cliff overlooking a river!

The cities themselves have at last come to see that they must begin to provide their citizens with chances for immersion. New York floats baths in her great salt rivers, Chicago and the other lakeside towns utilize the parks that lie by their blue inland seas, and Boston has constructed a palatial establishment on her chief beach. But more interesting, fuller of the piquant contrasts that make our latter-day America romantic, is the bathing-place in the New England capital which lies at the very tip of the ancient town, under the shadow of Copp's Hill and that lovely steeple of the Old North Church where they hung the lantern for Paul Revere. There, in the grime of the commercial quarter, by the clatter of the elevated trains, there is a small cove and a little sandy beach. (Near by, just to remind us that Boston does not forget her slums, at morning and night floats the hospital-ship which daily carries ailing children out to the healing airs of the great bay of Massachusetts.) And in these historic waters swim and frolic the small Irish and Italian and Hebrew progeny of Boston's three great alien races. There is a swimming-master; there are races under his direction and that of local committees of aquatic sportsmen. There is, in short, under almost impossible conditions, an amazing atmosphere of that remoter seaside where the rich can go, and it is brought to the very door of the tenements.

Bathing at the great beaches on a Saturday or Sunday or a hot holiday is on a gigantic, almost a monstrous, scale. The capacity of sea and sands becomes almost a matter of mathematical computation. Land and water are just barely visible—the human body and bathing-suit completely fill the eye. In the waves certain restricted arm movements and short kicks are possible; on the beach the packing literally forces upon the observer the allusion to the sardine. Coney Island may stand as the type and symbol of such beaches. It is the arch bathing-place of the whole world—nowhere else do so many human beings simultaneously touch water. There the tide of bathers overflows even beyond the sands. Groups may be discovered, still in swimming costume, sitting peacefully down to eat lunch or to imbibe soda, even to play cards. It is regretted by many that dancing in bathing-suits is forbidden at the best pavilions. The ideal of a large part of our population unquestionably would be to spend the whole day in a bathing-suit; the supremely elegant might possibly, when the suit was dry, pull on a pair of ordinary trousers. Such a life permits of the burning and tanning processes being carried on to perfection. The ordinary American young man realizes that he is enjoying himself at the seaside only when his skin begins to peel. And at the city beaches, the bathers, who are all snatching a mere occasional afternoon from work, can afford to lose no time at

the serious work of broiling and browning.

And yet it is difficult even for them to bathe all day, for a myriad other delightful experiences beckon, so tantalizingly rich does life seem at our pleasure-parks. When you have cooled your blood in the water you may curdle it on land by risking your life upon roller-coasters, or in the loops, or, even more satisfactorily, by seeing others risk theirs in various foolhardy exhibitions. There is a melodramatic richness and abandon in the language used to advertise such "shows." Automobile races are pleasantly described as "neck to neck with Death," but they seem mild compared with "auto polo," which is alleged to be nothing less than "Hell's Pastime." The appeal to primitive emotion is indeed made whenever possible. Most of the innumerable "mirth - provoking" devices reduced to their essentials are really only variants of the funniest thing in the world—the man who slips upon a banana-peel. The philosopher will find food for his meditations everywhere—in fact those who purvey pleasure to the multitude are often themselves consciously philosophers. For example, the manager of a recent successful novelty which displayed a wealth of cheap crockery and allowed you to throw a ball and smash as much of it as your skill permitted appealed very felicitously to the domestically inclined in these terms: "If you can't do it at home, boys, do it here!"

There is no need for description of the various amusements of the summer carnival grounds; almost every city in the country has its Luna Park, modeled on the one at Coney which made the moon famous. Comment alone is possible. One may note, for example, the eternal appeal of gambling—how for almost twenty years now the Japanese have flourished on the rolling ball, the dullest of all games. One may call attention to the ebb and flow of various amusements in the public favor—of the rifle-range, for example, which after long years seems to enjoy fresh vogue. One may felicitate the nation on its sentimental loyalty through the years to "scenic" representations of Niagara Falls. And one may marvel at the millions upon millions of money invested in our summer pleasures, and the thousands upon thousands of people engaged in serving them up to us, hot as the "dogs" from their grill, or the lobsters and chickens and green corn from the daily clam-bake. There is a huge permanent population at the beaches, filling hotels, boarding-houses, furnished rooms, and odd shacks tucked away in odder corners. It must be an agreeable and strange world which gathers together at the close of the day, if, indeed, the day ever closes—a world which rouses a curious man's social ambitions.

The city Sunday brings the height of the gaiety of beaches. The morning has been spent at home in the flat. Even in the winter here the gentlemen of the household are in shirt-sleeves (our national sign of intimate domesticity); in the summer they are often merely in undershirts. The minimum of costume and the maximum of newspapers make time pass pleasantly. The newspapers will, unluckily, not be finished before the visit to the beach. They will be carried there ultimately to litter and degrade the sands. The cheapness and the monstrous size of our newspapers are indeed the chief cause of our national untidiness in public places. We open great, green, flowery parks in the middle of our streets and we build great white pleasure cities by our suburban waters, only to cover them each day with a tattered and wind-blown profusion of dirty paper. It must, perhaps, be taken as part and parcel of the inextinguishable careless gaiety of the race; of our unflagging, cheerful vulgarity. The pleasure-resort of Sunday afternoon has indeed all the qualities of the comic supplement of Sunday morning. Buttons and hat-bands with mottoes, donned by bands of larkish young men (the *Apaches* of our cities) are all evidence of the deep influence newspaper humor has had upon our national life.

Amid such tumults and pleasures, linguistic and otherwise, Sunday passes on. Toward the day's end there are usually a few drownings or rescues from drowning by the life-guards. This is invigorating to the crowds—it supplies, indeed, the sensation which they are accustomed to get from their evening paper, which

is lacking on Sundays. As the light fades over the waters, lights more brilliant begin to flash upon the land. One of the inevitable failures of language lies in any attempt to describe American electric lights—English cannot be made to sparkle like ten million incandescents. It is safer to pass from these coruscating evening hours to the crowded trains and street-cars homeward bound to the tired end of the happy day, and to those few hours of sleep grudgingly devoted to making ready for Monday morning.

In town, too, there have been life and crowds. Zoos and aquariums claim attention. And the parks themselves, with their simple beauty of grove and lawn, never pall upon the city population. There is, indeed, something about park nature very different from what one might call *native* nature. The constant streaming of humanity through it, the perpetual disputations upon benches, the eternal courtships in shady corners, seem to change the aspect of flowers and shrubs, lakes and dells. At night, especially, under the dusky trees, the air seems, to the real park-lover, to be filled with a kind of golden star-dust of human happiness and sorrow; the beauty of the town's bit of country is more poignant to him than ever that of the simple countryside itself.

Year by year we learn more how to utilize our parks. They come to have their festivals. May-day—with white muslin and a May-pole—is celebrated all the length of May and June. Public-school children, who have been taught folk-dances and revels as well as gymnastics, disport themselves upon the greensward. We play tennis and baseball, too, in the parks. And we are at last learning to eat lunch there, and to put the waste paper and egg-shells in the proper receptacles.

We watch others play tennis, and, chiefly, we watch them play baseball. Here again the subject grows out of hand, becomes epic. To sing of bats and the men who toss the nation's heart to and fro might perhaps be the greatest American literary achievement. It must suffice here to say that for hundreds and hundreds of thousands, professional baseball makes the city, with all its withering heat, infinitely preferable to the country with its fourth-rate amateur games.

Amateur games, however, flourish and give great joy to those engaged in them. They are part of what might be called the amateur country life which city-dwellers somehow manage in the summer. Besides parks there are vacant lots—no one's boyhood is so remote that he does not thrill at the possibilities of a vacant lot. With a little courage and imagination even children of a larger growth can somehow believe that the trackless wilderness exists wherever there is space to pitch a tent. Camp colonies within the city limits are among the latest and most winning manifestations of the beneficent paternalism of our municipal governments. New York, to take perhaps the most striking example, assigns to respectable citizens who make application in due form the right to pitch tents in one of its loveliest unspoiled country parks, by the edge of one of the prettiest reaches of the Sound. Nothing more unpretentious, more charming, more characteristically American, can be imagined than such a white city for the populace; nowhere else could the return to nature be so naturally accomplished. The oldest (and fewest) of old clothes do for the inhabitants. Life in such a camp is frankly, but decently, free from shackles. Here in six or seven hundred tents you find the really simple life led by families whose men come out from the town at night, or by parties of young people who thus at a minimum of expense obtain from their vacations a maximum of joy. To plunge in the sea, to cook one's own food, and to dance in the moonlight to the music of a concertina—what more could one ask before one retires to sleep like a top beneath snowy canvas? *Rus in urbe* becomes no impossible poet's dream.

So far we have treated mostly of the devices by which those who must stay in town contrive to solace themselves. But we must not forget that these pleasures can draw people to the towns who might easily be healthy and dull at home in the country. There is a definite summer season for city hotels and a regular demand for furnished flats—at reduced rates, naturally, and for the

lightest of light housekeeping. People from the West come East, people from the South come North. They swarm in the museums and galleries till you might almost think yourself in the British Museum or the Louvre. They crowd the sight-seeing automobiles till you almost believe there really are sights to see. And they fill the restaurants and theaters till you doubt whether there is any one in town except people from out of town.

Boston is, perhaps, the greatest tourist center, in the regulation European red guide-book manner. It is at once the cradle of our liberties and the inventor of the sight-seeing trolley-car. Here education bears fruit and the Daughters of the American Revolution come into their own. The intelligence of Boston is amazing, but it is as nothing compared with the intelligence of other cities about Boston. If you will sit peacefully some summer morning in a quiet corner of that beautiful old Faneuil Hall you will see all America go by—in samples—and you will be forced to admit that your chair compares favorably with those somewhat more famous ones of the Café de la Paix in Paris, from which, if you sit long enough, you see every one in the world pass. The realization is gradually coming to us as a nation that the land is growing old, and that our seventeenth and eighteenth century relics have as much the romantic and picturesque quality as buildings of that same period in Europe, where we have long and affectionately recognized them as "antiques." There is something stirring in the little troops of city sight-seers; they mark our national coming of age, they are witness of the finer bloom which, while most of us are unaware of it, is stealing over the surface of our old civilization.

It is not altogether fantastic to suppose that we are upon the point of becoming the playground of Europe—which has so long been ours. Once, to take but one example, it was sufficient for a connoisseur of painting to know the European galleries; now he must at least know New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and our private collections. The city summer may yet undergo stranger transformations. We may soon hang our "*Ici on parle Français*"—"*Man spricht Deutsch*," and all the signs that correspond to that pleasantly ingratiating "*English spoken*" which one sees everywhere abroad. The red-capped negro porters at the railway stations may begin taking courses at the school for languages. And the foreign waiters, whose inadequate English we now so loudly curse, may be found admirably suited to cater to our tourist trade.

One way and another, is not the summer city a pleasant place?—and the city summer, if your heart is gay, as happy as any other period? The town-dweller is never really town-bound; if he has a half-day only, he can escape by boat or rail for what the advertising folders so prettily call a "vacationette." And aren't many "vacationettes" pleasanter than one long sentence to the country? The year-round country-dweller is the man who can tell you the truth. For him the summer town is one round of pleasure. Aren't there even "movies" that begin at nine in the morning, when in the country there is nothing better than the futile dew upon the grass?

The Eyes of the Blind

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



WAS not the only one of Alison Deming's friends to whom her marriage with Scarboro seemed menacing. I was one of those nearest to her when the calamity of blindness befell her. I saw her go through with this crucifixion with incredible gallantry. As far as she let me or any one else see, she accepted blindness as another woman might have accepted old age—I mean that blindness might have been the inevitable lot of all mankind, for all the outward signs she gave. She had the intense spiritual modesty that keeps the wounds of the spirit concealed. She only showed what it must have meant to her by achieving in the end the hard-won and beautiful serenity of spirit that is sometimes given to the blind. She showed it, too, by her altered attitude toward the men she knew. She seemed to be somehow beyond any one's reach—twice born, unapproachable, as if she had returned to us from the holy places of the earth. I suppose it was sentimental on my part to feel that this marriage with Scarboro had an element of the sacrilegious, like some ordinary person aspiring to the hand of a haloed saint.

Perhaps it was this unapproachable quality of hers that made us dubious as to Godfrey Scarboro. One could understand her loving him; it wasn't that. Any woman might have loved Godfrey Scarboro. Indeed, it might well have frightened us, considering what he was—one of those peccable, lovable creatures perpetually being forgiven for everything.

One felt that Alison should have married some one having her own otherworld, unattainable quality, instead of a man who smiled in the eyes of the world, as sure of his welcome as an unusually attractive child, and who had denied himself as little as a child. In marrying Alison there had to be a certain consecration. A man had necessarily to be sure of his own temperament before he had the right to join his life with hers. No man had the right to make her risk anything. The thing which I felt most keenly about Scarboro was that he lacked the unshakable quality that a man should have for such a marriage. There are only a few men and a few women who have that quality—who make you feel of them that they will go on caring from the other side of the grave. Godfrey was not one of these. He had everything except this one thing which he should have had. That was how it seemed to those of us who loved Alison the most.

After five years we had to admit that our forebodings had come to nothing. Indeed, it seemed as if all Godfrey asked of life was to devote himself to her service. Under his love Alison bloomed into a creature of extraordinary perfection. It seemed as if life had taken her sight from her so that she might specialize in love, taste more deeply of love, than would otherwise have been possible to her. For once it seemed as if life had miraculously compensated for an apparently irreparable disaster. Godfrey was an artist in life, and he set himself to making the relation with Alison a perfect thing. He loved her with greater delicacy, with more imagination, with a higher degree of completeness than any one else could have done.

Such unions have an element of fatality to me. One is then so at the mercy of life; any alienation means such a terrible and mortal rending of the fibers of the spirit.

I had often visited them, and Alison's letter asking me to come to them roused in me happy anticipation. It was a warmer letter and more urgent than usual, and conveyed to me a flattering impression of their being eager to see me. Their greeting, when I arrived, bore out

the note which Alison's letter had struck.

The first afternoon with them was more delightful than usual. Godfrey had never been more charming. Our supper on the porch was of a piece with the afternoon, so what happened then was to me entirely unexpected, unaccountable, and yet it was made of so slight a fabric that it is hard for me to attempt to convey the extraordinarily shocking impression that I had of them.

I had drawn my chair away from the supper-table that I might look down the long, sloping lawn to the hills and the sunset beyond. After a few moments I turned to them, about to make some idle remark, but the words that I would have uttered died on my lips, so deeply absorbed were the two in their own thoughts. The light, shining through the leaves, made fantastic green shaddows on Alison's white dress, on her pale hair, and on the white of her neck.

Godfrey was not watching her. He sat inert, brooding, incredibly relaxed, his eyes on the distance. He had the air of a man who sits alone in his room, secure from all observation. It was his unconscious and terrible acknowledgment of the fact that Alison was blind. He had forgotten me.

As minute after minute drifted past, they both sat motionless. Once Alison stretched out her hand to the dying sunlight with a curious little heartrending gesture, as though she were seeking to know if the sun had yet set. Silence crowded in on them, surrounding them, cutting them off in the midst of life, isolating them from the world and from each other—the complete silence of the spirit that is as lonely as the soundless dark; a silence so deep and cold that it froze the words on my lips.

After a long time, out of this darkness of the spirit came Alison's voice. She spoke without knowing that her lips were voicing the thought that must have been at the very center of her life. The words came low—almost a whisper, a little wandering wind of sound:

"If only we had children!"

There was such an undercurrent of passion in this whisper that it seemed as if, through the white-hot intensity of Alison's longing, the wish of her heart must somehow miraculously be fulfilled. The whisper pierced Godfrey's consciousness slowly. He was long in answering, and then he replied, as though to save them both from a moment of too great poignancy, "What's that you said, Alison?"

Crimson mounted to Alison's cheeks. Her hand went to her heart. "Oh—" she murmured, "I'd forgotten you were there—I'd forgotten—" Amazement engulfed everything else.

She stared toward him as the blind stare when they try to transcend their infirmity, as though she must learn how he looked, as though it were her soul's most vital necessity to know with her eyes how he looked, since he had sat so still and since his spirit had drifted so far away that she had incredibly forgotten he was there.

At sight of her tense, peering face that was so beautiful in its blindness I saw a look almost of horror pass over Godfrey's face, as though he feared that, in another moment, she would miraculously pass the limits of blindness and with blind eyes stare implacably into the depths of his spirit, and *see*. He seemed conscious, not of her heartrending whisper only, but of a certain uncanny quality in her, as though it gave him "the creeps" to see her looking for the other road to sight—the road that makes the human spirit so sensitive that it becomes clairvoyant, until it finally sees with the eyes of the spirit.

Indeed, when you come down to it, that was what Alison had done when she spoke aloud into the silence and solitude. She had thought he wasn't there. Well, he wasn't! He was off without her; she had known he was, as she never could have known had she been able to see him. She had grasped the essential and significant fact in that prolonged silence as he would not have permitted himself to grasp it.

That was all. It was over so quickly that I should have thought my imagination had played me tricks except for what came later.

From the distance came the noise of horse's hoofs, and a woman's voice singing rose clear and silver above the rhythm of the galloping horse. It was a snatch of song which she sang, a handful

of clear and happy notes flung into the air. Godfrey threw a quick glance at Alison.

"It's Gloria!" she said, half to herself. Her face had regained its lovely calm, and with the reflection of the dying day on it she looked like some humanly sweet and lovely saint.

Godfrey strolled quietly out on to the piazza, smoking, went down the steps, thrust at a branch of rambler rose, and came back again. Unconsciously he went through a dozen small manœuvers that would make it appear, when he finally strolled away, that he was about to return immediately. He stayed a moment at the foot of the steps, but, as he started to stroll away again, Alison called to him.

"If you're going to Gloria's, why don't you bring her back to sing for us?"

Godfrey hesitated. "I hadn't thought of going to Gloria's, but if you'd like to hear her sing—?"

"I love to hear Gloria sing," Alison gave back sweetly.

While Godfrey was gone we chatted like old friends. I had been big boy to Alison's little girl. But underneath the easy flow of our talk I had the sense that she was waiting for Godfrey's return with the strained attention of an anxious wife. And she had never had a string to him—she was divinely undemanding. They came in, bringing with them the elusive smell of wet pine-leaves.

We all talked of indifferent things until Alison took Gloria affectionately by the hand and led her to the piano.

When Gloria sang she threw out into the air all the shimmering things of life, all the glad things. Her voice sounded like the song of a lovely rebellious child. She stopped and received our heartfelt applause—and pulled a scarf over her head, saying, "I must run home!"

"Godfrey must go with you," Alison suggested.

"No, Godfrey *mustn't!*" she said. There was a fluttering note of finality in her voice.

"But Godfrey always goes with you," Alison objected.

"It's the sort of night," Gloria explained, "when one feels as if one had found some new way of moving—neither swimming nor flying, but like both; a night so full of moonlight that it is as if the world were flooded with some new ether. I always feel as if I had found the way to move in it, and you can only feel that alone, you know—that sort of swift, glad, disembodied feeling." Her voice had a little throb in it.

Her passion for the night had moved her deeply. She stood there, extraordinarily lovely looking, as she had looked when she was a very young girl—looking like a very spirit of the night. She paused a moment, and then flitted off swiftly and softly, as if she had indeed found her own perfect element in which to move.

That was all that happened. To even so close a friend as I was to them all, there was apparent not the slightest effort on the part of any one.

Next day Godfrey motored to town, and I was strolling about looking for Alison, when I chanced on her, sitting under the pergola. You may imagine how absorbed in her thoughts she must have been, for she didn't hear me. It was the first time in all my life that I had ever seen her off her guard, and what I saw would have made me creep away had it been possible. But she had heard me now, and from that terrible blind mask of suffering came her voice speaking my name; there was no pretense that any one could make. I sat down beside her and took her hand without speaking. We sat in silence for a while; then, as though speaking to herself,

"If I tell, it may help," she said.

"Tell me what has happened," I begged her, gently.

She gave back a little despairing cry. "Oh, nothing's happened! Nothing on God's earth has happened, except that since yesterday I've been living in hell, and I know it's my fault. I thought I'd won—triumphed!" She made an eloquent gesture toward her sightless eyes. "When I wrote to you to come, I'd been feeling lonely; I thought you'd chase away my little ghost; it was nothing more than a morbid streak—then. First, it came like a faint, chill, poisonous, cold wind; then the shadows pressed in on me. I would go shivering up to Godfrey and find him just as he always is—faultless. There hasn't been one single little thing that any human being could put



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"OH—" SHE MURMURED, "I'D FORGOTTEN YOU WERE THERE"

a hand on. I went searching round and round for a reason, and just as I put my hand on it it was gone." She paused. Then, as if what she had to say was incredibly difficult: "I found my reason last night; when I put my hand on Godfrey's sleeve and felt it was damp from the woods at night, I almost said, 'The woods must be lovely,' but I checked myself. Then, as Gloria was singing, it was as if the curtain went up. Everything became clear. I knew the meaning of my loneliness and why I had not spoken of their going through the woods, nor why he had chosen that way back." She leaned to me. "Do *you* know the reason? It was that he might keep out of the paths—" and then she gave out the unbelievable thing—"It is that they might keep out of the paths in which Godfrey and I have walked! It's Godfrey's protest—a protest so deep I don't believe he's conscious of it—against the close-woven fabric of our lives. He wanted to take her to a place where I couldn't go; and I knew, when she was singing, that she was singing to Godfrey, and that they were looking at each other with the understanding that is possible only to those who can look into each other's eyes."

I cannot express with what concentrated and bitter accusation she gave this out, and yet the accusation was not for Godfrey, but for herself; nor, unless you knew Alison, could I make you understand the violence she did herself in talking to me. She wanted no assurance from me. She had nothing in common with the overwrought human being who seeks relief in speech. She dragged all this to the surface, spread it out naked in the light, as if it was some venomous thing that could only live in the shadows. In telling me, she was doing—as she always had done—the extraordinarily gallant thing. She didn't ask for anything from me, not one little thing—neither sympathy nor understanding. I said nothing; she didn't want my assurances, still less did she want sympathy. She let me plumb the full measure of her revolt against herself by saying:

"This is my love—it seems."

She left me in silence for a while to confront the difficulty. There seemed no end to it. Alison faced the bitter choice of losing all faith in herself or faith in Godfrey; of being infinitely soiled in her own eyes, or having her whole life torn asunder. As I thought this, some warning voice told me that Alison had not been wrong; that, wordless and insistent, instinct had pressed its awful, voiceless certainty upon her; and yet, there was Godfrey, whose every gesture and glance was a living denial, and there was Gloria, Alison's friend. How believe a thing like this? It was just one of those things that decent people didn't do. But whether she was right or wrong, there seemed no way out for Alison. I felt the same sickening sensation that I had when I first learned that she had to be blind.

She spoke again, as though addressing some dark presence.

"Not one single little thing has happened," she repeated, as if arguing, and I knew it was as if she had hurled herself against some unrelenting fact. I had to find out where she really stood, and so I asked:

"Alison, would you rather I went away?" I knew that if she really believed her instinct, she would not have me stay to see Godfrey betray himself before me, and the way she answered instantly, "No; stay if you will," made me know that even in her innermost heart it was herself whom she believed at fault, and not Godfrey; and that, far above the darkness into which she had been plunged, his love seemed to her clear and undimmed, but of a sudden become far-off and unattainable—a beautiful star which could shed no warmth on her. I knew, too, that the mute, watchful instinct within her would continue to bring her proof, so that she would believe in Godfrey and yet know that her belief was unfounded; so that she would continue to have her heart filled with suspicion, and yet know that suspicion had never entered, only fact.

For the next few days Gloria did not come to the house, nor did Godfrey propose that we should find her; neither did Alison again speak to me of the battle which I knew went on, without mercy and without rest, within her heart. On the surface of our lives all was fair and sweet. We read together, and

Godfrey held Alison's hand while we read. But there was one thing that impressed me as it had the first night—Godfrey's attitudes, the way he sat, the slouch of his shoulders, his postures. They were of a man off his guard; yet his voice was that of a man eternally watchful. He would sit, as I had seen him that night, slouched into himself, as a man deeply weary; and his voice, as he spoke to Alison, would ring out tender and reassuring. And I knew this tenderness maddened Alison. I knew she was longing to cry out to Godfrey: "Go and find Gloria! Don't you suppose I can feel you listening for the sound of her horse's hoofs? I hear them three seconds before you can hear them. I hear them in my sleep, the sound of her horse's hoofs, as I hear your restless thoughts walking about, as I can see you with my blind eyes, straining away from me to her."

The third day, when we were sitting together, reading, Alison said, "Let's go and meet Gloria; we haven't walked today."

Godfrey turned his head sharply. Far off Gloria was coming toward us, and it seemed a miracle that the sound of her footsteps at such a distance should have reached even Alison's ears.

As they met, Alison kissed Gloria on her forehead, put her arm around her and slipped the other through Godfrey's, and so they walked back together, Alison, sweet and fair, dividing them implacably.

Instinct told her when Gloria was expected, and she went to meet her. Instinct told her when Godfrey wished to leave her—perhaps to find Gloria—and she kept him, so smoothly, so plausibly, that her very plausibility must have sickened her. Again, she would ask Gloria to sit with her for an afternoon and send Godfrey away on some pretext. I knew that after each manœuver of hers she felt infinitely soiled, infinitely degraded. She listened—listened for the sound of Godfrey's voice and Gloria's together, listened for the far-off rustle of Gloria's dress. I knew that, whether Alison's instinct was right or wrong, Gloria and Godfrey must have felt it, and that for them the tension must at times have been almost unbearable.

As the days went on, Alison surpassed herself. She made use, it seemed to me, of other senses than those of which we know—she seemed to feel it in the air when they thought of each other, and more and more she subtly divided her husband from her friend. There was no end to the excuses she knew how to make so that she might be always with them.

I realized at last why at times she was so clairvoyantly sure. It was because she was for ever on the alert. For once that she was right, twenty times she groped her way down the stairs to listen for the sound of Gloria's footsteps. A hundred times she thought she heard low sounds of talking, of voices where no voices were. And yet, for everything she did there was nothing tangible of which Godfrey or any one could have accused her, any more than there was anything of which she might have accused him. Neither one, in their hideous game of blindman's-buff, had one actual fact to bring into the sanity of broad daylight.

Whichever way Godfrey turned he seemed bound by invisible chains; invisible barriers presented themselves in his path. Alison had always some plan which involved him; her infirmity held him as inexorably as it limited her.

When he came back from town it seemed to me that Godfrey was for ever manœuvering to leave Alison to me, and was for ever being out-manœuvered. Yet so gentle was he, so faultless, that never once could one have been sure that what he was trying to do was more than merely a gentle, almost unconscious effort on his part to preserve his necessary independence. There wasn't a flaw or a break in the conduct of any of the four of us. Even I, who had been warned, could never tell which of Alison's two certainties were right—whether in very fact she was poisoning the life about her, or whether her clairvoyant instinct had perceived what no eyes could see. But one thing I knew: that if, under our unnatural tranquillity, we all suffered—each in his own way, even though Godfrey suffered innocently—it was Alison whose very life was torn in two.

Grief can kill and betrayal can put out

the light of the spirit, but it is in conflict that the soul can find its most nameless torture. When the soul says "Yes" and "No" at once, then there is no rest, no peace, no end to torment.

So torn and ravaged was she that it seemed to me that beneath the unruffled surface of life waited death. I could see Alison's face become transparent; I could see her very heart beat through her frail body.

"Can they guess?" I asked myself. "Do they know, and can they still go on with their relentless torture, or are they innocent and themselves on the rack, not dreaming what is wrong or why they suffer?"

I do not know how they felt, but it seemed to me that any catastrophe—the whole fabric of life pulled to pieces about us—would be better than this smooth and smiling surface of life whereon we lived. The only hint they gave one another of what they really felt was the way they clung to me when I suggested that my visit must come to an end. I do not know what the others felt, but I waited with every nerve frozen for relief—waited day and night for something to happen which should put an end to the horror in which we lived.

Then it came. Not, as I had imagined, in one thunderclap; it stole on me so quietly and stealthily that I might have denied that anything *had* happened.

We had finished breakfast a half-hour, and I had sat down outside on the veranda which ran past Godfrey's study. I started to go into the library through the long French window just as Godfrey came in at the door. He paused at the door, staring at a corner of the room as if he would not credit his eyes. I followed his gaze, and there, at the end of the long, book-lined room, sat Gloria.

She sat in the shadow, her face glowing like some exotic flower, divided from him by three golden barriers of sunshine which streamed in through the open windows. At sight of him she did not speak, but flung out her hand in a little gesture of poignant welcome. Godfrey's mouth framed her name, but without sound. In those few, brimming, silent moments they compressed an eternity of words, all the things they had not said.

Then, before they could seek relief in speech, Alison's soft, groping, uncertain footstep came down the hall. At once Godfrey stripped from them both the possibility of decent pretense, if pretense there had been, and at the same time made Gloria his accomplice, for, as he walked to the door to meet Alison he turned, and with a gesture at once vague and passionate—a gesture which was as instinctive a reaction as that of a falling man who clutches at some support—he imposed silence on Gloria.

Alison stood in the doorway, and Godfrey took her hand with a "Were you looking for me, dear?" The very naturalness of his voice jangled horribly through the silent room.

Alison did not answer; she turned her sightless face toward Gloria. "I thought I heard some one talking," she said, faintly, and the lying truthfulness of Godfrey's cheerful "You didn't hear a soul!" made me see his heart naked.

Still Alison turned her face toward Gloria; still her blind, gentle, questioning look was on Gloria's face. It seemed to me that there was no air left to breathe in the world. I expected to hear her cry aloud:

"I know Gloria is here! I can hear the faint rustle of her dress; I can hear her breathe, and the wild beating of her heart. I feel your hand tense in mine, Godfrey. The air about me clamors with the words you have not needed to speak. Don't lie to me—for I know, as I have always known, but I must now have the certainty of your assurance. I can no longer live in the night with my certainties only. Give me light! The truth from your lips, though it kill me!"

Into this desperate silence again came Godfrey's voice: "Shall we go out, dear?" He took her arm in his. "Aren't you well this morning, Alison dear?" he asked, his voice all solicitude.

"A little tired, that's all. I didn't sleep well," Alison answered, her tranquil voice in discordant contrast to her pale, questioning face.

I stared at Gloria. She did not move; she was waiting for Godfrey to come back; and I sat down on a chair outside the window, appalled and curiously relieved to see truth at last.

It was impossible to tell if they had met thus before, or if, up to the

very moment of his gesture of silence, neither of them had faced the truth. Perhaps Love had stolen on them unawares and enmeshed them before they recognized him. Or they may have known and excused themselves by the world-old sophistries and self-deceptions of the faithless. It would have been so easy for Godfrey to say that he gave Gloria nothing that was Alison's, and that they could have their love without hurting her.

I could not tell. We had all played our parts so well that anything might be true. I only know that in the glimpse I had had of Gloria's face I saw that a dark happiness bloomed there. She had the look of one who no longer struggles, but who knows the infinite rest of being borne along on Love's mighty bosom.

There was a profound silence, as though enchantment lay upon the quiet library; and on the vine-shaded porch the only sound was the droning of bees; and, scarcely louder than the bees, from the other side of the house, where he was making her comfortable, came the murmur of Godfrey's voice and Alison's.

I without and Gloria within, both waited for Godfrey's return, for that he would return he had shown when he had bade her be quiet; and I knew that, with her strained attention, she must inevitably hear me should I now move. Godfrey once back, I could slip away unperceived.

The moments lengthened, and I waited until I felt that something must give way within me. I waited until I marveled at Gloria's resistance, and I measured her need of talking with Godfrey by this endurement of prolonged suspense. While I waited, my thoughts, nightmare-like, rioted through my brain. God knows, I had expected tragedy of some sort, and I sat waiting for it to come, but this turning of Alison's blindness to account was a detail for which I had not been prepared. I realized now that while I had looked for a tragedy, I had been searching this way and that for some escape. Now all roads seemed blocked. There was nothing to be done, it seemed to me, but sit still and see Alison's life wrecked.

At last I heard Godfrey's swiftly returning footsteps. I heard the low sound of their voices come to me for a moment, and then they stopped, as though their words had been clipped from them with a sword. From far off came Alison's blind and groping step again. She had followed Godfrey closely. I heard the sliding touch of her all-seeing hands over the open front door. I waited, with bated breath and beating heart, for them to begin some ordinary conversation, but none came. The soft, groping steps came nearer. I heard them pause in front of the open library door, and then, with an infinite relief which must have been echoed from within the room, I heard her pass on, and then her more assured footfall upon the stairs.

It was as though Death paused and then passed by. And yet I knew that Alison always called out to Godfrey when she passed his door, and I wondered, as I knew they must be wondering: "What has she heard? Can she know?"

I made my escape noiselessly. Later, Godfrey came to look for me.

"Alison doesn't feel well," he told me. "It's nothing much—just one of her headaches. I told Gloria I'd motor her up to the village, but I don't like to leave Alison alone. Will you tell Gloria?"

At lunch Alison didn't come down, nor through the afternoon, nor the next day, and under his calm surface I could see Godfrey's anxiety grow. Gloria came only once, and Godfrey walked down to meet her; for some time they stood talking earnestly together.

During the afternoon Godfrey went up and down the stairs a dozen times. At last he said to me: "I wish you'd see Alison. I wish you'd make her have a doctor."

"Can't you make her?" I asked him.

"She won't have one. She won't hear of it," he gave back; "she says there's nothing the matter with her except the aftermath of a headache."

"Well, what do you think?" I asked him.

"What do I think? I'll tell you what I think—she's suffering horribly. She's like some one living in torment, I tell you. She's in awful distress—mental or physical; she won't tell me which. She won't tell me anything. Something's got to be done. It isn't right that she should suffer this way."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME ONE TALKING," SHE SAID, FAINTLY

It was his way of putting it aloud to himself. I took it that he had been so perfectly on his guard, that his conduct had been so flawless, that he would not believe that it was on his account that Alison was suffering.

"She's suffering so," he went on, "that she isn't herself."

"What do you mean?" I asked him again.

"Why, she's queer in the way she speaks to me." He choked a little over it. "Apologetic—as if she were begging my pardon for something or other. Go up and see her. See what *you* can do with her."

He might have spared himself the pain of telling me she was suffering. No one could have lived in that house without knowing it. There are times when people live in such mortal agony that it darkens the sky for those about them. Had Alison been screaming aloud in anguish so that our ears were deafened with it, we could not have been more conscious of it. No one could have lived in that silent house without knowing that some obscure and terrible battle of the spirit was going on within its walls.

I went to Alison, as Godfrey wished, but my mission was useless. As soon expect one bleeding to death on a battlefield to listen to some alien chatter of philosophy as expect Alison to call a physician. She made polite, stereotyped answers to my inquiries, but from her face looked pain and madness and something like despair. I felt as though she were near the breaking-point. There is a limit, after all, to what a human being will endure of suffering. One thing came to me as definite—it had been forming itself in my mind from the beginning—and that was that without Godfrey and his love, radiant and complete, she could not live. As far as Alison was concerned, he was life itself; and for her to continue to live, he had to be something that, for the moment, at any rate, he was not.

Evidently Godfrey was still sure that, in Alison's words, she had "not one little thing to go upon," unless, indeed, there had been a monstrous miracle and she had *seen* his gesture to Gloria, and in spite of it had suffered herself to be led away; had even known, when Godfrey left her, that he was going to find Gloria again; and on her way back had heard her voice, and so, stabbed to the heart, had gone up-stairs to die.

I do not know what I had expected that night. I threw myself on the bed half-dressed and dozed fitfully, as one who expects to be called by illness. It seemed to me that the house was full of strange and awful whisperings; the very walls seemed full of the suspense and waiting that one feels where a spirit is struggling to take flight and the body is struggling to retain it. Toward morning I slept, but roused very early and dressed. Godfrey met me in the hall, and to my questioning glance:

"She's different," he hesitated. "She's very weak and very gentle. It's—it's—" he choked a moment. "It's as if she had given up."

And so it seemed.

"I'll wait till noon and then I'll send for Carter," he told me. "It's absurd," he added, as if arguing with himself fiercely, "unless she's been brooding over something about her blindness. She's been feeling a little tired for a few days on coming down to breakfast, but nothing has happened that could disturb her. I must see her then, watch her drifting out as a boat drifts out to sea before my eyes. I'll wait till noon," he repeated. "She's resting now, and at noon I'll go up."

We took books, both of us, and made a pretense at reading. Later Gloria joined us. Then suddenly we looked at one another with questioning eyes and waited, listening tensely as we three had listened to the same sound before—Alison's soft and careful step descending the stairs.

I do not know what it was I expected during those seconds of suspense, but I waited, and I know Godfrey and Gloria waited, for some verdict of life or death. We all rose to our feet as Alison came out of the front door, facing us.

She seemed infinitely spent, as one who has traveled back from the other side of death, spent as one must be who has only that moment triumphed over death and pain. For that was what she was—triumphant—her head up, gallant, as she had been when she had overcome

her infirmity of the flesh, but now she had won a greater victory.

The conflict was over with her; and, as I looked from Godfrey to Gloria, I knew, too, that the conflict was over for them, for the love and radiance that shone from Alison's face put out their little flicker of passion as the glory of the sun puts out the light of a penny candle.

She had fought with death for her belief in Godfrey and had won, and now she came to him with this shining vision of his spirit; in a flash of understanding I realized—and I know Godfrey understood as well—that she had won a supreme victory of the spirit, which made the rewinning of his heart a mere incident in the greater victory.

It has taken me months of turning the thing over this way and that to understand what happened in Alison's heart through the days of mortal conflict, and in what her victory consisted, and what it was that happened to Godfrey and Gloria when they looked on Alison's face, which, for that brief moment, reflected the streaming light of heaven.

I have found my answer to it. I know that we three surely saw a miracle that morning as great as any of which we read. But to explain this to the literal-minded I would have to answer the Sphinx's riddle, "Who am I?" and, "What is Truth?" and I am not psychologist or philosopher enough to go very far on the devious and mysterious paths by which one discovers the complex nature of the personality—nor can I take any one deep into the mysteries that form the nature of truth. I know only that Alison made all of us stand for a moment face to face with that shining thing.

During those long days of struggle she had denied her inner warning instinct. She had denied the very evidence of her senses. She had thrown aside, like useless rubbish, all the things we call truth, and had thereby attained a higher truth. She had denied her senses' evidence until at last she had seen Godfrey and all of life with the eyes of the spirit which from all time have been the eyes of the blind.

She had found the other road to sight, and what she had seen had made the evidence of her senses of no value. And at that moment of insight the evidence of my senses, too, became as nothing. I had seen Godfrey betray Alison, yet when I saw Alison's face I knew this had never been so, or rather that this betrayal was as trivial and unimportant as the opening and shutting of a window, and that the flaming passion of Godfrey and Gloria, which, for a time, threatened to destroy the lives of all of us, in the face of this ultimate truth was but the flicker of a moment.

This is all that I can tell of what happened. I only know that since then, in our different ways, Godfrey, Gloria, and I have *believed*. For we saw a spirit rise, as though from the dead.

John Hay's Statesmanship

From His UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

MR. HAY'S health did not permit him to return to Washington until October, 1900. He watched the progress of the Presidential campaign somewhat anxiously, because he believed that the position of the State Department on international questions might influence voters against Mr. McKinley. The public knew the rebuffs that had been received, the failure of the Alaska negotiations and of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; it did not know of all its successes, and, as Hay said, it would not be becoming in him to boast of them, much less to publish them prematurely.

The enemies of the administration made Anglophobia one of their trump cards.

No sane man [Hay wrote to a friend abroad] can appreciate the stupid and mad malignancy of our Anglophobia. It is not merely the Yellows, the Irish, and the Tammany people—they are a matter of course—but by far the worst of the lot is the New York *Sun*, which claims to be supporting McKinley, and whose furious attacks on the State Department from time to time scare our own managers out of their five wits. Just now they are having all colors of fits over our *modus vivendi* in Alaska. That was, as you know, one of the best bargains for us ever made. I cannot even defend myself by saying how good the bargain was. I do not want to publish to the world the details of an engagement some of whose features are as yet incomplete, and it is abominable form for a Government to brag of its diplomatic success. So I must let the tempest of dust and foul air blow itself out.

Mr. Hay was in the condition where everything hostile, however slight, rasped his always sensitive nature.

The newspapers have been unusually busy inventing lies [he informed his brother-in-law]. They said I was dying; that I was perfectly well but sulking because the President had turned me down; that I was in a deadly quarrel with Root; that I had at last come back, after extorting from the President a promise not to meddle again with foreign affairs. What can be the use or the motive for such ingenious falsehoods? I do not believe they can influence a vote for Bryan. [To Samuel Mather, October 2, 1900.]

I think the canvass is going on very satisfactorily [the Secretary wrote Ambassador Porter on October 2d]. Hanna got considerable of a panic early in the canvass, but I imagine it was nothing but a money panic, and if, after Bryan's letter of acceptance, the men who have money refuse to do anything in their own defense, they will deserve to be robbed to the enamel of their teeth.

As the campaign drew to a close, signs of McKinley's re-election became unmistakable. Among the anti-imperialists there was an ominous lack of harmony, as appeared in the public utterances of two of the most conspicuous of their number. Hay summed up their contradictory attitudes in this brief paragraph to the President:

Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as that [Charles Francis] Adams and [Carl] Schurz correspondence? Schurz thinks that it will be best to elect a lunatic President, and trust to a sane Congress to keep him in order. Adams thinks that the best way would be to elect a sane man President, and have a lunatic Congress for him to control; and neither of them seems to realize that it makes not the slightest difference what both of them think. [November 1, 1900.]

To another correspondent Hay commented with equal freedom:

Why should anybody want to vote for Bryan this year? I can perfectly understand a man refusing Mr. McKinley on well-known principles of human conduct—but I cannot—never could—comprehend that polarization of hatred that induces a man, because he hated Blaine or McKinley or Gladstone, to adore Cleveland or Bryan or Disraeli. What

a spectacle the Schurzes and Godkins present! Asking people to vote for Bryan because the Republicans can tie him up and prevent him from raising Cain when he gets in.

The election soon put an end to all doubt. Hay wrote to his son Adelbert, who was American consul at Johannesburg, that it

went off magnificently. It was, in almost every State of the Union, better than we expected. . . . It is the most overwhelming victory in this generation.

At the Cabinet meeting yesterday the President made a little speech, saying the victory was as much ours as his, saying that he could not afford to part company with us, and asked us all to remain with him for the next four years. It was one of the most touching and dignified things I have ever known him to do. I do not know how many of us can manage to stay, but we are all greatly touched by what he said. [November 14, 1900.]

Meanwhile Secretary Hay was busy with foreign affairs, among which those relating to China stood foremost. After the Japanese defeated the Chinese in 1894, China lay like a stranded whale, apparently dead or dying, and the chief Powers of Europe came, like fishermen after blubber, and took here a province and there a harbor, and were callous to the fact that their victim was still alive. They not only seized territory, but forced from the Chinese concessions for mines, railways, commercial privileges, and spheres of influence. From the time that Hay became Secretary, he strove to preserve the political integrity of China, and to persuade all the Powers to maintain there the policy of the Open Door.

As early as March 16, 1899, Hay wrote confidentially to a New York editor who was anxious for the protection of American interests:

It is not very easy to formulate with any exactness the view of the Government in regard to the present condition of things in China. In brief, we are of course opposed to the dismemberment of that Empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify this Government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on. At the same time we are keenly alive to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that Empire, and our representatives there have orders to watch closely everything that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by energetic and timely representation. We declined to support the demand of Italy for a lodgment there, and at the same time we were not prepared to assure China that we would join her in repelling that demand by armed force. We do not consider our hands tied for future eventualities, but for the present we think our best policy is one of vigilant protection of our commercial interests without formal alliances with other powers interested.

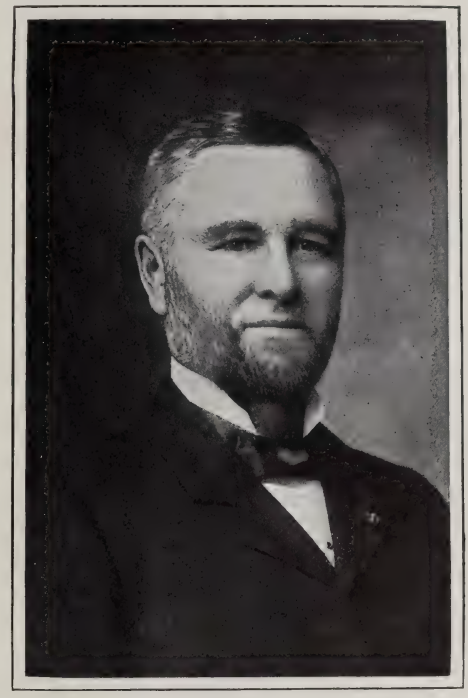
During the summer the Secretary's instructions to Mr. Conger, the American minister at Peking, bore the same burden. But as the European Powers continued to make mutual bargains for the partition of the Empire, Mr. Hay in September, 1899, finally addressed to London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg his famous note on the Open Door. He did not originate the phrase, and the fact of free commercial intercourse with all nations had existed here and there in Europe during many centuries. But in applying the word to China Hay defined a policy which would affect the political not less than the commercial status of four hundred millions of Chinese, and of the rest of the world which had relations with them.

The American circular requested each of the European governments to respect the existing treaty ports and the vested interests; to allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and collected in the respective spheres of influence; and not to discriminate against other foreigners in port and railroad rates. The Powers addressed did not reply promptly. England was the first to accede; the others, while stating that they sympathized with the principle, refrained from formally indorsing it. Mr. Hay, after sufficient delay, sent word to each that in view of the favorable replies from the others, he regarded that Power's acceptance as "final and definitive." And subsequently he addressed France, Italy, and Japan.

From a letter to Mr. Choate, on November 13, 1899, we have an inkling of the slowness of the proceedings:

I should be glad if you could get as early an answer as possible from the British Government in regard to our suggestions as to

the Open Door in China. . . . We are making the same approaches to the Japanese Government which we have made to the others, and, judging by what the Japanese minister here says, I think we will run no difficulty in that quarter. The Chinese minister called the other day in some trouble of mind on account of the definite statement in the American newspapers that we were considering a proposition of the European Powers for the dismemberment of China. I assured him that no suggestion had been made to me in that direction and that we should not regard it favorably if made. He then asked me if I would be so kind as to put that in writing, as it would be very reassuring to his Government to hear it. I have done this, adding that if at any future time, which I did not now anticipate, we should desire any conveniences or accommodations on the coast of China, we should approach the Chinese Government directly upon the subject. I also expressed the hope that his Government would co-operate with us in gaining the assurances we desired from the European Powers of an equal and impartial participation in the trade of China.



E. H. CONGER
American Minister to China during the Boxer Rebellion

Next to England, Hay regarded Russia as the most important party to the agreement. Russia, however, would sign no paper, but her minister, Count Mouravieff, gave an oral promise to do what France did. Later, he "flew into a passion" and insisted upon it that Russia would never bind herself in that way; that whatever she did she would do alone and without the concurrence of France. Still, Hay adds:

He did say it, he did promise, and he did enter into just that engagement. It is possible that he did so thinking that France would not come in, and that other Powers would not. If now they choose to take a stand in opposition to the entire civilized world, we shall then make up our minds what to do about it. At present I am not bothering much. [To Henry White, April 2, 1900.]

By what was one of the most adroit strokes of modern diplomacy Hay thus accustomed the world to accept the Open Door as the only decent policy for it to adopt toward China. Not one of the Governments concerned wished to agree to it; each saw more profit to itself in exploiting what it had already grabbed and in joining in the scramble for more; but not one of them, after Hay declared for the Open Door, ventured openly to oppose the doctrine. It was as if, in a meeting, he had asked all those who believed in telling the truth to stand up; the liars would have risen with the rest.

Hardly, however, had the Powers begun to look somewhat kindly on the ideal of the Open Door, when the Boxer rising intervened, and before this was put down demands for vengeance on the Chinese rose from many quarters. The German Emperor, whose minister, Ketteler, had been shot in Peking, sent out a punitive expedition under Count Waldersee, bidding his soldiers to comport themselves so like Huns that for a thousand years to come no Chinese would dare to look a German in the face. Other Powers uttered their wrath more guardedly; but they all surmised that the new situation would justify them in dismembering China.

To prevent this Hay worked indefatigably. He sent to China Mr. W. W. Rockhill, whom he regarded, next to Mr. Henry White, as the best diplomat in the service. He made his note of July 3d the basis of American action, and, as Russia occupied New Chwang, he sent to her a serious inquiry, to which he received a reply, most positive and satisfactory, that their occupation was military and temporary, and that our commercial interests should not in any case be limited or injured. Russia [he adds] has been more outspoken than before in her adhesion to the Open Door. [September 8, 1900.]

The approach of the much-prepared Waldersee [wrote one of Hay's correspondents] seemed a peril. There was the danger that after all the Emperor's windy eloquence he might feel the necessity of kicking up a row to justify the appointment of Waldersee. I was very glad, therefore, that the Russians gave us an opportunity to say that we would stay under a definite understanding and not otherwise. It begins to look as if there was some chance for the Open Door, after all.

This was Hay's view also. He wished to hold the other Powers to their adherence to the Open Door, and at the same time to avoid the semblance of organizing an anti-Russian coalition. To exact from the Chinese indemnities and the punishment of the chief culprits appeared to him the best sort of retribution; but the Germans went much farther. Indeed, Count Waldersee's army appears to have obeyed the Kaiser's command and played the congenial rôle of Huns in several districts.

Everything seemed to be going well until this promenade of Waldersee's to Tai-ping [Hay writes on October 16th], which I fear will have very unfavorable results upon the rest of China. The Great Viceroys, to secure whose assistance was our first effort and our success, have been standing by us splendidly for the last four months. How much longer they can hold their turbulent populations quiet in the face of the constant incitements to disturbance which Germany and Russia are giving is hard to conjecture. . . .

The success we had in stopping that first preposterous German movement when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great many on this side were in favor of it, will always be a source of gratification [he confides in the same letter to an intimate friend]. The moment we acted, the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch and presented another proposition which was exactly in line with our position. [October 16, 1900.]

In spite of his having warded off the worst danger, the Secretary was both puzzled and somewhat troubled by the drawing together of England and Germany, because he feared that they intended, at the critical moment, to wring other exactions from China. It appeared later, however, that their mutual purpose was to check Russian aggression in Manchuria, and that Germany wished to prevent England from enjoying a monopoly of the Yangtse Valley trade. Before the end of the year the Powers were sufficiently agreed among themselves to join in drawing up a note in which they laid their demands before the Emperor of China, who perforce yielded to them.

The negotiations went on for a long time thereafter, but this was the culmination of the diplomatic battle, in which Secretary Hay won the most brilliant triumph of his career.

The failure to come to an agreement with England over the isthmian canal weighed upon Hay's conscience. England, having rejected the amendments to the first treaty, and being impeded by the Canadian negotiations, seemed to be in an unpropitious mood. But Hay would not be balked. After waiting a year, he instructed Mr. Henry White to see what could be done. While spending a week-end at Hatfield, Mr. White unofficially asked Lord Salisbury whether it would not be well, in the interest of both countries, to renew negotiations for canceling the Clayton-Bulwer convention, in order that a canal might be built. The Prime Minister replied at once, "Certainly," and he made no other stipulation in regard to the canal, except that the tolls on vessels passing through it should be absolutely equal for all nations. He added that, as he had perfect confidence in Lord Pauncefote, who knew the subject thoroughly, the business might well be conducted in Wash-

ington. As soon as Secretary Hay had this assurance from Mr. White, he proceeded to negotiate through the regular channels, and by the end of April, 1901, he sent the project of the new treaty to Mr. Choate, to whom he explained that the most important change involved the question of fortifying the canal.

This point, over which there had been the hottest debate the year before, was now passed by in silence.

I hope it will not be considered important enough for the British Government to take exceptions to this omission [Hay wrote]. The fact is that no Government, not absolutely imbecile, would ever think of fortifying the Canal, and yet there are members of the Senate so morbidly sensitive on the subject that it might seriously injure the passage of the treaty through the Senate if this provision were retained after the omission of the Davis amendment.



COUNT VON WALDERSEE
Leader of the German Punitive Expedition in China, 1900

In August, Secretary Hay wrote Senator Morgan of Alabama, the member of the Committee on Foreign Relations who had made the canal question his special province, that the new treaty would probably come up at the next session, and that, as it contained virtually the amendments suggested by the Senate, and especially those which Morgan himself had kindly suggested, he hoped it would go through. "The British Government," he remarked, "have shown a very fair and reasonable spirit."

There was still work to be done in explaining the provision to hesitant Senators and in enlightening the press. On November 18th, Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote signed the treaty, which the Senate ratified on December 16th by a vote of seventy-two ayes to six nays. The British government concurred without long delay.

Hay was naturally elated, because, although this treaty differed widely from that which he first drew, it contained two provisions which he deemed essential—the abrogation of the Clayton - Bulwer convention and the acknowledgment that the United States should control undisturbed the building and operation of the isthmian canal.

You will have seen by the newspapers of the rapid and prosperous journey of our treaty through the Senate [he wrote to his loyal assistant, Mr. White]. Cabot [Senator Lodge], who felt himself particularly responsible for the wreck of the last one, put his whole back into promoting this one. The President likewise was extremely zealous in rounding up the bunch of doubtful Senators, and the treaty at last went through with no opposition except from the irreclaimable cranks. Seventy-two to six was near enough unanimity. [December 26, 1901.]

My purpose in these papers is not to analyze Mr. Hay's opinions and acts, but to state them as far as possible in his own words, so that readers may know the basis and the aim of his work as a statesman. For this reason I have quoted freely his views of the public men

whom he had to deal with—for men are the statesman's tools. We have seen that, almost from the first, he held the Senate as his antagonist. It killed or mutilated his treaties—an exercise of power which, he believed, the framers of the Constitution ought not to have given it. He was convinced of its ignorance, and upon occasion he suspected the disinterestedness and even the honesty of some of the Senators. That a few men, whose business was not diplomacy, should have the right to shatter a delicate piece of diplomatic mosaic seemed to him as monstrous as if a clodhopper should be privileged to trample on a violin. The artist in him revolted; his reason revolted; his conscience revolted.



W. W. ROCKHILL

United States Plenipotentiary to Congress of Peking

He strove to accept the condition and to make the best of it. He wrote letters to the dominant Senators as propitiating, as bland, as a duke of the old régime might have written to his favorite marquise. But in his talk and in his letters to his intimates he gave free rein to sarcasm.

Two or three extracts will suffice to show how seriously Senatorial opposition grated on Hay's nerves. The first is from a private letter to Ambassador Choate on March 7, 1900:

> We have a clear majority, I think, in favor of all of them [the pending treaties], but as the Fathers, in their wisdom, saw fit to ordain that the kickers should rule for ever, the chances are always two to one against any government measure passing.
>
> It is a curious state of things: the howling lunatics like Mason and Allen and Pettigrew are always on hand, while our friends are cumbered with other cares and most of the time away. X has been divorcing his wife; Morgan is fighting for his life in Alabama; Cullom ditto in Illinois; even when Providence takes a hand in the game, our folks are restrained by a Senatorial courtesy "from accepting His favors." Last week Z had delirium tremens; Bacon broke his ribs; Pettigrew had the grip, and Hall ran off to New York on private business; and the whole Senate stopped work until they got around again. I have never struck a subject so full of psychological interest as the official mind of a Senator.

After the failure of the first canal bill he wrote to another correspondent:

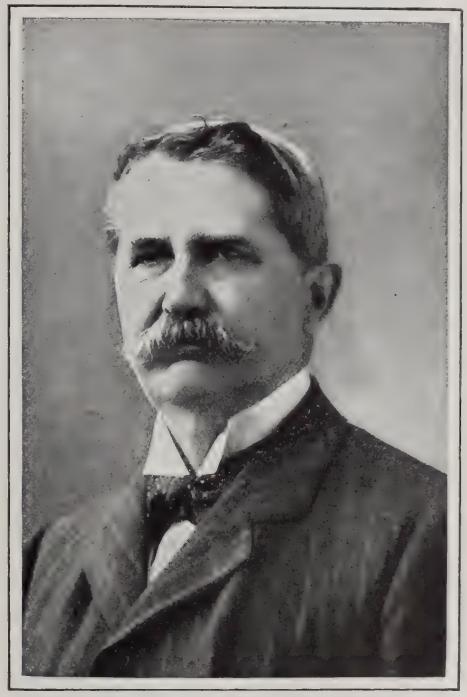
> I long ago made up my mind that no treaty on which discussion was possible, no treaty that gave room for a difference of opinion, could ever pass the Senate. When I sent in the Canal Convention, I felt sure no one out of a madhouse could fail to see that the advantages were all on our side. But I underrated the power of ignorance and spite, acting upon cowardice. April 22, 1900.]

During his illness he confided to Mr. Henry Adams:

> I need you no end, but, alas, the inevitable has happened and I have become a bore. I cannot tell when the malady attained its present proportions—its progress is always insidious. I can think of nothing but the Senate, and talk of little else. Even when I get out of office, which will be, D. V., next March, I have a grisly suspicion that it will be no better. The poison is immanent. I shall begin every phrase with, "When I was . . ."

The sarcasms which Hay wrote to his

intimates, or flashed out in conversation, sometimes got back to the Senators, who would have been more than human if they had not been stung by them. This is not the place in which to discuss the question of the unwisdom of the Fathers in assigning to the Senate a share in making treaties; nor have I space to indicate how much several of Hay's treaties gained through revision by the Senators whom he criticized. I wish merely to hint at the difficulties against which he felt he had to work. As usually happens with a man of poetic cast — and Hay's nature was primarily that of a poet—the mood of the day colored his expressions. Thus on April 24, 1900, he writes to Richard Watson Gilder:



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HENRY WHITE
First Secretary of the American Embassy at London, 1897-1905

Many thanks for your kind letter from Berlin. I need all the help and comfort I can get from the apostles of sweetness and light, for verily I am in deep waters these days. Matters have come to such a pass with the Senate that it seems absolutely impossible to do business. . . . The fact that a treaty gives to this country a great, lasting advantage seems to weigh nothing whatever in the minds of about half the Senators. Personal interests, personal spites, and a contingent chance of a petty political advantage are the only motives that cut any ice at present.

And yet, only two months later, he wrote again to Gilder:

I am afraid you read too many newspapers while you are away. I am an old man, and have had opportunities of observation most of my days, and I give it to you straight that there never has been less corruption in American affairs than there is to-day, nor, as I devoutly believe, in the affairs of any other people.

Into the intricacies of the efforts to preserve China from being vivisected after the Boxer troubles, I will not enter. Hay's part in saving that Empire alive was greater than that of any other statesman. He made a magnificent bluff — which the United States could not have backed up if it had been called—and he won. Two quotations will bring before the reader the Secretary's state of mind in the autumn of 1900. First, as to the policy he upheld:

About China, it is the devil's own mess. We cannot possibly publish all the facts without breaking off relations with several Powers. We shall have to do the best we can, and take the consequences, which will be pretty serious, I do not doubt. "Give and take" — the axiom of diplomacy to the rest of the world— is positively forbidden to us by both the Senate and public opinion. We must take what we can and give nothing—which greatly narrows our possibilities.

I take it, you agree with us that we are to limit as far as possible our military operations in China, to withdraw our troops at the earliest day consistent with our obligations, and in the final adjustment to do everything we can for the integrity and reform of China, and to hold on like grim death to the Open Door. . . . [September 20, 1900.]

From the next most confidential outpouring to Mr. Adams we have Hay's private opinion of the other nations with which he had to deal in the Chinese imbroglio:

1900. November 21.—What a business this has been in China! So far we have got on

by being honest and naïf—I do not clearly see where we are to come the delayed cropper. But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Buelow said yesterday in substance: "We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be damned to you"—and not a man in the world kicks.

My heart is heavy about John Bull. Do you twig his attitude to Germany. When the Anglo-German pact came out, I took a day or two to find out what it meant. I soon learned from Berlin that it meant a horrible practical joke on England. From London I found out what I had suspected, but what it astounded me, after all, to be assured of—THAT THEY DID NOT KNOW! Germany proposed it; they saw no harm in it, and signed. When Japan joined the pact, I asked them why. They said, "We don't know, only if there is any fun going on, we want to be in." Cassini is furious—which may be because he has not been let in to the joke.

Outwardly, needless to say, and in his official dealings, Hay's conduct toward Germany was impeccably correct. His constant desire was to secure friendly relations with Germany, and above all to see the Germans in America become loyal Americans. He writes to the editor of the *American and German Review*, which he calls "your admirable magazine":

> Your purpose to improve the political and business relations between Germany and America is a most laudable one and has my cordial sympathy. It must commend itself to all who wish well to both countries and especially to those who, like myself, have German blood in their veins. [March 28, 1899.]

But as he had been one of the first to perceive the purpose behind German naval expansion, so he watched closely the beginnings of the policy to unite the German-Americans into a political unit which should, when the time was ripe, try to use the United States to forward the ambition of the German Emperor. Hay's references, in his private letters, to William II. are nearly always amusing. He was not deceived into mistaking the Emperor's bustle in politics, art, literature, and religion for greatness. But although he smiled, he recognized that such a monarch, working upon such a people as the German, might become a danger to civilization.

Hay had plenty of reason to know that "German diplomacy," as he expressed it, "is generally brutal." During his ambassadorship in London he saw the Germans conniving to form a league against the United States; he suspected their purpose to seize the Philippines; and throughout the long negotiations over China he had to resist the exorbitance of German demands. In Holleben, the ambassador whom the Kaiser sent over to represent his imperial plans, Hay had daily before his eyes an embodiment of Prussian diplomacy.

Hay's letters mention various matters which may be described in detail only when the official documents are released. Thus as early as 1898 he inquires whether "Germany has an eye on Liberia," and in May, 1901, he receives information that German warships have been surreptitiously inspecting the Santa Margarita Islands, off the coast of Venezuela, with a view to occupying them as a naval base. The story cannot yet be written of Germany's attempt to recover by force claims of German investors against Venezuela. It is known, however, that our administration gave Germany ten days in which to agree to arbitration; that Holleben replied that arbitration was impossible, as the Kaiser had commanded the other course; that the administration secretly ordered our fleet to proceed to Caracas; and that on the afternoon before this ten-day limit expired Holleben came in haste to announce that the Kaiser had consented to arbitrate. Venezuela engaged the American minister, Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, to conduct the negotiations for her.

Secretary Hay writes to a private correspondent:

> They [the German Government] are very much preoccupied in regard to our attitude, and a *communiqué* recently appeared in the Berlin papers indicating that the negotiations would have gone on better but for our interference. We have not interfered, except in using what good offices we could dispose of to induce all parties to come to a speedy and honorable settlement, and in this we

have been, I think, eminently successful. I think the thing that rankles most in the German official mind is what Bowen said to Sternburg[1]: "Very well; I will pay this money which you demand, because I am not in position to refuse, but I give you warning that for every thousand dollars you exact in this way you will lose a million in South American trade." [February 16, 1903.]

That Germany, voracious for colonies, should chafe at the Monroe Doctrine, which shut her out from the American continent, was as natural as that the American Secretary of State should make it his business to thwart German schemes, whether open or underhand. But Hay also discerned very early the changing attitude of the German-Americans and their league with the Irish-Americans.

It is a singular ethnological and political paradox [he wrote the President] that the prime motive of every British subject in America is hostility to England, and the prime motive of every German-American is hostility to every country in the world, including America, which is not friendly to Germany. . . . The Irish of New York are thirsting for my gore. Give it to them, if you think they need it. [April 23, 1903.]



LORD PAUNCEFOTE
British Ambassador to the United States

One of Hay's first duties was to settle the dispute over the Samoan Islands, where the United States, England, and Germany exercised a condominium. The following notes refer to the conclusion of this thorny matter.

To President McKinley:

This morning the German ambassador called at the department and with the greatest solemnity urged that Chambers be recalled. Germany is very anxious that this be done. England is rather indifferent, but would acquiesce if the United States consented.... I think that in strict justice Germany has a right to complain of him. The point on which I am not absolutely clear is as to what would be the effect on public opinion of our joining in his recall. The hyphenated Germans are so frantically unjust toward us that nothing we could do would have any effect upon their howling, so that I think we will have to decide the matter without reference to them. [June 26, 1899.]

To Mr. Henry White:

Our relations with Germany are perfectly civil and courteous. They are acting badly about our meats and cannot help being bullying and swaggering. It is their nature. But we get on with them. We are on the best of terms about Samoa; Sternburg backed up Tripp in everything, so that, to our amazement, Germany and we arranged everything harmoniously. It was rather the English commissioner who was offish. The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us—on his own terms, *bien entendu*. [September 9, 1899.]

When England and Germany came to an agreement, Mr. Hay wrote privately to Mr. Choate:

I was kept quite in the dark up to the last moment as to the arrangement made between

[1] Freiherr Speck von Sternburg, soon after this appointed German Ambassador to succeed Holleben.

Germany and England. The newspapers have announced, without the least reserve, that England was to keep Samoa and Germany get the Gilbert and Solomon Islands, or, as the boys with a natural reminiscence of the *opera bouffe* called them, "The Gilbert and Sullivan." I should have been glad if you had squandered a little of the public money, letting me know by telegraph the true state of the case. It is a satisfaction to me to know that Lord Salisbury assured you that equal rights as to trade and commerce would be reserved for the other Powers in Samoa, and of this he was informed by your letter before the German Embassy received the authentic news that the arrangement had been made. Germany, it is true, has been excessively anxious to have the matter concluded before the Emperor's visit to England, and, in the intense anxiety, I am inclined to think they have somewhat lost sight of their material interests in the case.



VON HOLLEBEN
German Ambassador to the United States

For a year past I have been convinced that the condominium was doomed. It was impossible to carry on the scheme of the Berlin Act without constant friction, which involved continual danger of conflict. Our interests in the archipelago were very meager, always excepting our interest in Pango Pango, which was of the most vital importance. It is the finest harbor in the Pacific and absolutely indispensable to us. The general impression in the country was that we already owned the harbor, but this, as you know, was not true. . . . Seeing the intense anxiety of the Emperor that the negotiations should be hastened, I sent at his personal request the despatches which you have received. Assured that all our interests would be safeguarded, and knowing also that in case the arrangement proposed was not satisfactory, we always had the power of a peremptory veto. . . .

The arrangement seems to have been received with general satisfaction in the country, though the New York *Sun*, which is usually very friendly to us, is greatly displeased by it; while the *Tribune*, which has of late been playing the rôle of "the candid friend," highly approves. Our Navy Department has for a long time been very anxious for this consummation, and of course they are delighted with it. I, myself, have no doubt whatever that we are the party which has derived the most of the advantage from the arrangement. Tutuila, though the smallest of the islands, is infinitely the most important and the most useful to us. The argument from size, which the *Sun* makes so much of, is hardly worth a moment's consideration. An acre of land at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets is worth something like a million acres in Nevada. The proof that size has nothing to do with the case is that Savii, by far the largest of the islands, was considered by Germany and by England as entirely worthless. My own opinion is that Germany has the least valuable bargain of the three and that she was led by her sentimental eagerness into a bad trade. [November 13, 1899.]

On December 2, 1899, Secretary Hay signed the Samoan agreement.

I think it was a good day's work. The condominium had proved to be absolutely impracticable, and contained in it the seed of all sorts of trouble. We are happily rid of it, and have, besides this negative advantage, the very great positive gain of the most important island in the Pacific as regards harbor conveniences for our navy and a station of the great trans-Pacific route. Besides, we secured all the trade privileges which we now have, and, in fact, all that Germany herself possesses in the group.

To turn from political to personal matters, death brought to Mr. Hay in

1901 losses which almost crushed him. In June, his elder son Adelbert, whom President McKinley had just appointed his private secretary, died instantly by a fall from a window. He had gone to New Haven to attend the Yale Commencement.

If sympathy could help [Mr. Hay writes Mr. White] our sorrow would be brief. But every word of praise and affection which we hear of our dead boy but gives a keener edge to our grief. Why should he go, I stupidly ask, with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight, and I be left, with my short remnant of life, of little use to my friends and none to myself? Yet I know this is a wild and stupid way to wail at fate. I must face the facts. *My* boy is gone, and the whole face of the world is changed in a moment.

This also, written from Newbury, is to Mr. White:

. . . I hardly know what to say about myself. I am dull and inert. I am inclined to hold on if possible a little while longer. The President is most kind and insistent. If I keep afloat till next winter, we shall then see. . . . Mrs. Hay bears up wonderfully, and keeps us all alive and sane. She said at the very beginning: "We must act as if he were away on one of his long journeys, and as if we were to see him again in due time. We must make no change whatever in our way of life." So the children go on, asking his and their friends up here, trying to make no difference. I am sure she is wise—and I hope for the best. [July 26, 1901.]

Mr. Hay's forebodings as to the future were soon verified. Early in September President McKinley was shot by the anarchist assassin, Czolgosz and lay for a week between life and death. On September 14th he died. While Vice-President Roosevelt and the other members of the Cabinet hastened to Buffalo, where the crime was committed, Secretary Hay remained in Washington.

The President's death was all the more hideous [Hay wrote to Mr. Adams] that we were so sure of his recovery. Root and I left Buffalo on Wednesday [September 11th] convinced that all was right. I had arranged with Cortelyou that he was to send a wire the next day telling me if the doctors would answer for the President's life. He sent it, and I wrote a circular to all our Embassies saying that recovery was assured. I thought it might stop the rain of inquiries from all over the world. After I had written it, the black cloud of foreboding, which is always just over my head, settled down and enveloped me, and I dared not send it. I spoke to Adee and he confirmed my fears. He distrusted the eighth day. So I waited—and the next day he was dying.

I have just received your letter from Stockholm, and shuddered at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about Teddy's luck.

Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in Canton [to attend President McKinley's funeral], and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House tomorrow. He came down from Buffalo Monday night, and in the station, without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him, —that I could not decline nor even consider. I saw of course it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, for ever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay awhile than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse. [September 19, 1901.]

Before the year ran out, death took John Nicolay and Clarence King, two of Hay's nearest friends. Well might he say, "I have acquired the funeral habit."

The President [McKinley] was one of the sweetest and quietest natures I have ever known among public men [Mr. Hay wrote on September 14th to Lady Jeune in England]. I can hear his voice and see his face as he said all the kind and consoling things a good heart could suggest. And now he, too, is gone and left the world far poorer by his absence.

I wonder how much of grief we can endure. It seems to me I am full to the brim. I see no chance of recovery—no return to the days when there seemed something worth while. Yet I feel no disgust of life itself—only regret that so little is left and so narrow a field of work remaining. . . . What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine—to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of the State, and all done to death by assassins.

I think you know Mr. Roosevelt, our new President. He is an old and intimate friend of mine—a young fellow of infinite dash and originality. He has gone to Canton to lay our dear McKinley to rest, and asked me to stay here on the avowed ground that, as I am the next heir to the Presidency, he did not want too many eggs in the same Pullman car. . . .

The shocks of that summer left an indelible impression on Hay's health; but he had still nearly four years of service before him under the masterful young President.

Patricia, Angel-at-Large

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—I

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT is rather difficult to decide just where the thing really began. Perhaps none of it would have happened if the little Gayley boy had not chosen that particular Friday for his attempt to emulate Peter Pan and fly from his bedroom window with no other equipment than an unquestioning self-confidence and a set of swimming-wings. He not only suffered several painful concussions and contusions and broke a collar-bone, but he also broke up very effectually his mother's contemplated house-party in honor of the American minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, and altered the direction of several lives which were still turbidly seeking new and permanent channels long after his own had been restored to its normal course again.

When Gayley's telegram announcing his son's sad accident reached the minister, he was standing at the door of the club on his way to the Fall River boat. He had just met Ned Davenport, for the first time in years, and was explaining why he could not accept even one more invitation.

"I'm sorry, Ned, but I haven't an hour left," he said. "I'm off to Magnolia now, for a week-end at the Gayleys'. Monday I go to Bar Harbor for a week's cruising on Senator Sherwood's yacht. I must be in Washington the following Monday, and shall have to hurry my business there to keep an appointment in Chicago Friday. I shall spend the rest of the summer with my people, somewhere on the Lakes, and not be back here until just before I sail for Montevideo in—"

"Telegram, Mr. Blaisdell," said a page at his elbow, and fifteen minutes later Davenport was triumphantly carrying the diplomat off to his Connecticut country place. They had almost reached it when it occurred to him to ask:

"By the way, Billy, did you ever know Patty Carlyle?"

"Patty Carlyle? Of Detroit? Major Carlyle's daughter? Well, rather! We used to be great pals. Angular kid," he added, smiling reminiscently, "all arms and legs and flying braids — and freckles."

"She's not much like that now," Davenport dryly commented.

"No, I suppose not. That was fifteen years ago. Piquant, fascinating little imp, she was!"

"She's that still. She's staying with us. Get out all your anchors to windward, Billy. You'll need 'em."

"Oh? Dangerous, is she? Well, I've weathered several gales." The minister laughed a little. "I guess I can hold together for forty-eight hours or so in deep water—with no reefs about."

"H'm! Don't be too sure of those old charts of yours. You may run aground where you least expect it."

"You're making me willing to take a chance, anyway. Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she's pretty, but it's not that entirely. She's witty, too—but it's not that, either. I suppose it's charm, and—Well, here we are! You'll see for yourself presently. There she goes now. Look who's here!" he called, and a girl who was crossing the terrace swerved in her course and approached them.

Among all the pictures of her that Blaisdell's mind afterward recorded, this was always one of the most vivid—her lithe figure clad in some filmy, floating white stuff, her bare head daintily yet proudly set, the sunlight reflecting in gold glints from the waves of her brown hair, her sensitive lips smiling a little, and her frank eyes looking straight into his. He sprang out of the car with an eager, "How do you do?"

"Why—!" She stopped short, shot an astonished glance past him at Davenport, and then gave him that clear, direct gaze again. "Why—Billy Blaisdell!"

"The Honorable William Blair Blaisdell now, if you please," announced Davenport, with a flourish. "Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the United States of America to—"

"Oh, dry up!" Blaisdell flung over his shoulder. By this time he was holding both Patricia's hands, and they were smiling delightedly at each other. "How did you know me?"

"How many years is it?" she counter-questioned.

"You were an imp in long braids."

"And you were that scornfulest of all created beings, a senior in college. How you did snub us smaller fry!"

"Never!" he declared. "Not you! You played the best game of tennis of any girl I ever saw."

"But you forgot it when that yellow-haired Vassar girl was available," she reminded him, disengaging her hands. "And you teased me mercilessly about my freckles—and everything else, for that matter!"

"I had to do something to draw your fire. You were a precocious and observant elf, with a disconcerting gift of expression. It was safer to be the attacking party."

"Even in those days you had mastered the first law of diplomacy."

"What's that?"

"Never be caught napping, isn't it?"

"Do you play that game as well as you play tennis?" To the challenging spark in his eye there was an answering flash in hers, but she asked, demurely:

"What game?"

"H'm!" said the minister. "I see you do."

When they entered the house, Davenport was chuckling. An hour or so later he appeared in the doorway of his wife's dressing-room, remarking, as he tied his cravat:

"By the way, Nell, fire and tow have met, and the battle's on."

"What are you talking about?"

"Patty and the Honorable Billy. You never saw anything so sudden. One, two, three, and they were off! Alas, poor Yorick!"

"Don't you worry about Billy Blaisdell," she replied, laughing. "Unless he's greatly changed, he scatters his young affections about as recklessly as you do metaphors—with as little real damage. If he loses his heart in two days, it will come ambling comfortably home on the third, like Bo Peep's sheep."

"Other things come back sometimes," he mentioned. "Chickens—to roost—and boomerangs and things. Billy's too cock-sure he's immune. Some day he'll catch it."

"Not he! But what if he does? Could you ask a better match for either of them?"

"Match!" her husband exploded. "I never thought of that. She never marries 'em!"

"She will some day, goosie!"

"Yes, I suppose she will," he admitted, thoughtfully. "Looked at from that angle, we've shouldered some responsibility, haven't we?"

"Don't let it disturb your slumber, as long as it's only Billy Blaisdell," she advised. "He's a perfect dear! Of course, he *is* an incorrigible flirt, but he's so transparent about it that he wouldn't mislead a child, much less Patty Carlyle! Don't worry about them. They'll have a lovely time together, and nothing will happen to anybody." Which only goes to show how little any of us realize the dynamic force latent in the simplest situation.

The next contact setting the currents in motion occurred at dinner, when some one mentioned the unwillingness of many human parents to let their young fare forth on their own wings, and Davenport was reminded of a case in point.

"There's Bob Chamberlain, a distant cousin of mine," he said. "Attractive, energetic, ambitious kid, but he's an only child, and ever since his father's death he's been tied tight to his mother's apron-string. Last spring he was keen to go off into the wilds of Brazil somewhere with an engineering party, but when Cousin Julia found she couldn't be near him she made such a row that he finally gave it up. Guess she'll wish now that she'd let him go."

"Why, Ned?" asked his wife.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? She came in to see me to-day. Bob's fallen into the hands of a siren several years his senior, and is determined to marry her."

"Not really! Bob's such a dear, too!"

"How old is he?" Patricia inquired, and Davenport replied:

"Twenty-three. Just out of college."

"And the woman?"

"She's a widow. Owns up to twenty-seven, but is nearer thirty-five, according to his mother."

"Who's entirely unprejudiced, of course," murmured Blaisdell, whereat they all laughed a little.

"Cousin Julia," Davenport continued, "is a perfect specimen of the wealthy suburban type—with one chicken. Fortunately, Frederick Howard—the chap they call 'the water-power wizard'—owns the place next theirs down on Long Island, where they spend their summers, and for years he's been filling Bob up with ideals about the use of wealth in the development of natural resources. That's the reason the kid took the engineering course in college, and when Howard offered to send him to Brazil after he graduated, Bob was for it strong. But his mother wouldn't hear of it, and toted sonny off to Europe two days after Commencement."

"Where does the siren come in?" asked one of the men.

"Right here. They came back a couple of weeks ago to open High Haven, their Long Island place, and she was on the ship. Bob's worth half a million or so now, and will come in for a lot more some time, and the lady went right to it. It's the kid's first experience with that sort of thing, and he's hypnotized. Naturally, his mother's frantic."

"Then why doesn't she stop it?" Patricia inquired.

"My sweet child, she's moved heaven and earth to stop it. She came in to-day to get me into it. Wants me to talk to him like a brother."

"But—surely she isn't fighting it openly—visibly!" cried the girl.

"Sure she is! Tooth and nail! Began on the ship and still going strong."

"But that only fans the flame!"

"Up to date, that's all she's accomplished. You see, she thought that if she could prevent a crisis on board she could whisk Bob directly from the dock to High Haven and fence him in."

"Bob didn't whisk, I take it," Blaisdell remarked.

"Oh yes, he whisked. So did the widow. When she found Cousin Julia couldn't be induced to invite her to High Haven, she remembered that an old friend of hers lived in their vicinity, got herself invited by wireless to visit this Mrs. Fairweather, and they all whisked over on the same train. Fairweather Hill less than a mile from High Haven, siren apparently firmly intrenched there, Bob refusing to leave the neighborhood on any pretext and more deeply in her toils every day—wax in her hands now, his mother says—and there you are!"

"But why are you necessarily there?" Patricia persisted. "Surely other people model in wax! Has the man no friends? Women friends?"

"Hosts of them! His mother's had them down there singly and in tribes, but he won't play with them at all."

"Of course he won't—thrown at him that way! But is there nobody to meet the woman on her own ground?"

"Apparently not. Anyway, it's too late now."

"She hasn't married him, has she?"

"N-no—he hasn't actually proposed to her yet. He's a modest kid, in his way, and he's afraid she'll refuse him. Says his mother's spoiling what little chance he has, and all that sort of thing."

"Then of course it's not too late! The right woman could do it."

"Why don't you try it, Miss Carlyle?" a man suggested.

"Hear! Hear! Patricia to the rescue!" Davenport lifted his wineglass.

"Well, you may laugh"—she was laughing herself—"but that's a perfectly good idea! Somebody ought to found an order of women to look after the mis-managed sons of incompetent mothers."

"What's the matter with the younger brothers of well-meaning sisters?" some one asked. "And the husbands of unintelligent wives?"

"Or poor unattached males without any women-folk to guide their faltering footsteps," Blaisdell contributed, smiling into Patricia's eyes.

"Capital! It's a new career!" she cried. "An Order of Female Knights Errant, whose purpose it shall be to succor gentlemen in distress."

"Wouldn't Guardian Angel be a more suitable term to apply to a woman performing that noble mission?" submitted the diplomat, with grave lips and twinkling eyes.

"Better yet!" she returned, in the same tone. "But we must lift the term above its former narrow, circumscribed —er—individual application. Our service must be in accord with the modern awakened social consciousness. We shall be—well—angels-at-large, as it were."

"H'm," deliberated Blaisdell. "Don't you think the man would prefer to know that he was the sole charge of his particular angel?"

"Clip her wings, in other words? Yes, I suppose he would. But need we enlarge man's opportunities for indulging his preferences in that direction?" she deprecated. "You see, ours will be strictly an emergency service, and surely we shouldn't permit the monopolistic desires of one man to interfere with the otherwise wide usefulness of an angel-at-large! Just see what a field we should have," she elaborated, including the whole party in her sparkling glance. "We could settle family quarrels and prevent business disasters. We could supply inventors with capital, investors with opportunity, and artists with inspiration. We could reunite parted lovers and restore bereaved ones to a normal interest in life—and girls—again."

"Which brings us back," Davenport interrupted, "to my unfortunate young cousin. What could you do to save him?"

"Provide him at once with an interesting — and disinterested — woman friend, and never let him discover that she models in wax," she prescribed.

"That's all very well. But how?" retorted one of the men. "Ned says this youngster won't play with girls any more."

"There are ways," he was told.

"It should be done boldly, don't you think?" Blaisdell suggested. "He's completely under the spell of this lorelei. It's no time for finesse. Explode a bomb under him."

"Perhaps," she admitted.

"I have it! He must save her life!"

"The diplomatic imagination is a trifle lurid, isn't it?" Her manner was politely deprecating. "A little—just a little—under the influence of fiction, perhaps?"

"Not at all!" he maintained. "I submit that no man born of woman can be indifferent to a pretty girl whose life he has saved."

"That's right!" affirmed several men, and he qualified:

"Unless she rubs in the hero-and-preserver business afterward."

"She won't," Patty said, dryly. "Once his interest is really aroused, she'll begin building barriers."

"No, no!" he protested. "You've no time to fool with impediments! Remember, the widow's waiting."

"That's the reason. No properly constituted male ever saw a high stone wall without wanting to climb it. I read that in a book, so it must be true." She twinkled a glance at the diplomat. "A man wrote it."

"H'm. Well—anyway, we have her on the field. She falls on. Now what's the most engaging form of peril? Drowning's always effective, but rather messy. Runaway horses are out of date. I suppose a train wreck would be difficult to arrange, even for angels? How about an automobile collision?"

"An aeroplane smash would be newer," Davenport suggested, with an amused glance at Patricia, while a ripple of laughter ran around the table, "and would be sure to interest Bob."

"The very thing!" cried Blaisdell. "There you are—all done with a simple turn of the wrist! Beautiful maiden literally tumbles out of sky into hero's arms—nice bit of symbolism there, don't you think?—he falls in love with her, and they live happily ever after!"

"His Excellency seems to forget that we contemplate organizing a corps for relief work, not a matrimonial agency," dryly remarked Patricia, adding, with a gleam in Blaisdell's direction: "However, your Excellency's point of view is most refreshing. Pray go on—and don't let any possible danger to the operator curb your fancy!"

"But what chivalrous lady could hesi-

tate at a little personal risk, when the whole future happiness of a noble youth is at stake?" he argued. "No actress would stick at a part like that. And what is this but a clever actress playing to an audience of one? Anyway, it must be a sadly crippled angel for whom aviation holds terrors." Misunderstanding the burst of laughter greeting this sally, he added, "Or do *you* intend to clip their wings when you enlist them for this service?"

"Not she!" the hostess exclaimed, as they arose from the table. "I wonder whether you know, Billy, that Patty's a particularly skilful and adventurous aviator?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," he admitted; "but having been long conversant with her capacity for sustained flight in other mediums, I'm not surprised that she's added conquest of the air to her many accomplishments." He made a formal little bow to the young woman in question, who swept him an exaggerated courtesy as she replied:

"Your Excellency is too kind! But your Excellency is master of one accomplishment I've never been able to acquire."

"Indeed?" He eyed her warily.

"When I attempt to speak at length with my tongue in my cheek, I invariably end by biting it. Has your Excellency ever had that painful experience?"

"I've had some years in the diplomatic service," he mentioned. "It has its jolts. And before that there was a period when I was privileged to spend more or less time in your society." A privilege, it soon became evident, of which he intended to avail himself still, at every possible opportunity.

In the beginning, it occurred to nobody—least of all to Patricia herself—that her suggestion for a new Order of Chivalry was to have serious consequences. Sunday afternoon, however, Davenport caught sight of her passing through the hall, and called her into the library.

"Look here, Patty," he began; "you intimated the other night that a woman would know how to break up that affair between Bob Chamberlain and the widow. How would you go about it?"

"Are you going to try it?" she asked, smiling.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," he answered, with a puzzled frown. "I've been talking to Cousin Julia on the 'phone, and she's frantic. I advised her the other day to get Howard to renew his Brazilian offer, but she couldn't quite face it. Yesterday she got so desperate she gave in. Howard did his best, and that young fool won't go! Says they're all trying to wreck his life—part him from the only woman—all that rot! He must have a bad case when even Brazil doesn't tempt him! And I—well, I'm fond of the boy. Look here, Patty; would you be willing to go down there and see if you can get him interested in you? Temporarily, of course."

"I? Interested in me!" The amazed look she gave him brought the color to his face, and he explained, clumsily:

"Well, you said the right woman could do it, and—hang it, the kid's got fine stuff in him! Breaks me all up to think of his spoiling his life this way, at the start! I thought if there was any way—and if anybody on earth could out-siren a siren, it would be you!"

At this she laughed a little, but shook her head. "Thanks! The contest doesn't appeal to me. Besides, that isn't the way to go about it."

"What is, then?"

"Don't you know why clerks in candy-shops don't eat candy?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"If they could be thrown together constantly— In other words, if your boy should be fed exclusively on candy for several days—don't you see?"

"By Jupiter!" He looked at her thoughtfully. "I wonder if that's the answer?"

"It's one answer, anyway. If his mother, instead of opposing and antagonizing him, had pretended to be on his side, and had thrown him with that woman morning, noon, and night—made it impossible for him *not* to be with her—probably it would all be over by this time."

"But she didn't. She couldn't, either. Cousin Julia's not that sort."

"Evidently. That's why I asked if he had a friend—a woman friend."

"He hasn't—unless I have! Patty, won't you go and try it?"

"My dear Ned, don't be absurd! How could I?"

"Why couldn't you?"

"In the first place, I don't know him. And he's not interested in girls, now, anyway."

"He'd be interested in you, all right—especially if you took your monoplane down there. I'd arrange the introductions, and you'd do the rest. Won't you? Please—for my sake?"

"But—I can't deliberately undertake to break up a love-affair, Ned! She may really care for him, even if she is older. Such things happen."

"If you find she does, you can always quit, can't you? And if she doesn't—if it's the money she's after— It's a man's whole future, Patty, and everything else has failed. It's up to you."

"What are you two so absorbed in?" Blaisdell, coming in search of Patricia, smiled at them from the doorway.

"Bob Chamberlain," replied his host. "Come in, Billy. Cousin Julia's played her last card and lost, and she's sounding the S. O. S."

"I suppose you'll complete your metaphor by hot-footing to the rescue," laughed the diplomat as he joined them, and Davenport daringly ventured:

"No. Patty says it's her job."

"Yours? Why yours?" Blaisdell looked at her.

"Have you forgotten the angel-at-large?" she asked, dimpling.

"Oh, I see!" He began to laugh, but a glance at Davenport's face checked him. "Look here! You two aren't—Oh, pshaw! Of course you're not."

"Not what?" Something in Patricia's manner gave her host hope.

"Taking this seriously. I admit you got a rise out of me!"

"The boy's whole life is involved. Doesn't that strike you as serious?" Davenport inquired, an eye on Patty.

"Oh, undoubtedly his situation's serious enough."

"Well, then?" queried the girl, and Blaisdell laughed again.

"No. I may have bitten once, but at least I don't take the same bait twice. Try another worm."

"Can't you see that if ever there was a situation appealing to a woman's sympathies and calling for her help, this is it?" The warmth of her tone brought the diplomat's glance to her face in startled inquiry, and what he saw there puzzled him.

"Need angels, therefore, rush in?" he asked, lightly, and as lightly she answered his implication:

"'Fool' is frequently only another name for a hero who has failed. Anyway, there's nothing angelic about a coward."

"True. But even an angel must stop short of the ridiculous."

"Oh? You think this ridiculous?" The sparkle reappeared in her eye. "You were so helpful in working out the idea."

"It has humorous possibilities," he granted.

"I'm afraid Bob won't see the humor of the situation if he marries this woman," commented Davenport. "What shall I tell Cousin Julia?"

"Tell her you're writing, and she's to do nothing and say nothing until she receives your letter. That will give us time to think what we'd better tell her," Patricia replied, and again her tone caused Blaisdell to look searchingly at her.

"Are you going to take 'Cousin Julia' into your confidence?" he asked, drawing her into the deep embrasure of a window as Davenport went to the telephone. "Or is she to entertain an angel unaware?"

"I'm afraid she has hardly enough discretion to be trusted with anything as dangerous as the truth," she returned. "Besides, I rather want to do the deed alone, and earn my—what shall I say? Not spurs, I suppose. Halo?"

"Take care it isn't a cap and bells," he warned, laughing. "I dare say you're also contemplating that aeroplane stunt?"

"I am." As a matter of fact, up to that instant she had been only playing with the idea, but all at once she found herself resolved. Davenport's pleading might have won her fully in the end, but Blaisdell's manner piqued her, crystallizing her sympathetic interest into definite purpose, and it was as much to herself as to him that she said so positively, "I am."

"What?" He was still incredulous.

"Aeroplane stunts are my particular delight, and this offers unusual opportunities. I'll think of you gratefully when he saves my life."

"What if he fails to rise to the emergency?"

"There's a risk, of course." She shrugged her shoulders. "But 'what woman could hesitate when the whole future happiness of a noble youth is at stake'?" At this they both laughed softly.

"Your sense of humor always gives you away," he said, concealing his relief. "If it weren't for that, you might almost have fooled me."

"Kind sir, I'm not trying to fool you," she retorted. "You're deceived by your own super-sagacity. For once I'm entirely serious." Again he looked intently at her and encountered a gaze of convincing candor.

"You're joking!" Her only reply was a shrug. "Confess you don't mean it!" Another shrug. "Anyway, not that crazy life-saving stunt! Why, child, think of the danger!"

"All in the day's work! Girls in the movies take that sort of risk constantly, and I shall be 'only an actress, playing to an audience of one.'"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" he began, impatiently, but she stopped him with uplifted fingers, as voices were heard in the hall.

"'Sh! Here come the others! Remember, this is confidential."

As soon as the minister could get his host alone for a moment, he said: "See here, Ned; you don't realize it, but that girl's in earnest! She thinks she's going to do this fool thing!"

"Sure she's going to do it," Davenport calmly assented.

"And you intend to stand for it?"

"Why not? The situation's desperate, and she's worked out an ingenious scheme for handling it. I believe she can pull it off. Anyhow, it will do no harm to try. Things couldn't be worse."

"Oh, couldn't they!" snorted Blaisdell. "Evidently you don't know! She's going to attempt that idiotic aeroplane stunt!"

"Is she?" His friend laughed easily, not in the least believing it. "Well, if she does, it 'll be all right."

"All right! Man alive, she may kill herself!"

"You don't know Patty! She loves her young life. But she'll make Master Bob sit up and take notice, or I miss my guess!"

"That's another thing you don't seem to have thought of. Suppose she marries him!"

"She won't."

"How do you know she won't? She's a lovely, fascinating, piquant creature—and you say yourself he's attractive. You throw them into intimate daily intercourse—he falls desperately in love with her—"

"You forget the other woman."

"If Patty Carlyle deliberately sets out to fascinate that kid, there won't *be* any other woman!"

"You encourage me," said Davenport, laughing. "Evidently you think it will work."

"Work? Of course it will work! But, good Lord, Ned, have you no regard for the girl? Think what it will mean to her if she marries a cub! She's one of the most charming women I ever met! She ought to marry a man of maturity—experience—distinction—"

"I see." His host looked at him with a grin. "Any particular man in mind, Billy?"

"What? No! Don't be a donkey! But I'm in some sense party to this thing, since I helped plan it, and I don't care to be responsible for that girl's tying herself for life to a clumsy, half-baked cub, even if he is your cousin!"

"Well, she won't, Billy; so be ca'm, be ca'm! Bob's a year or so younger than she is—and she's not going to lose her head, anyhow."

"What's her head got to do with it?" growled the other. "A woman's dominated by her heart, not her head—unless she's one of those modern monstrosities whose emotions are atrophied!"

"Patty's emotions are in perfectly good working order," the other assured him, still laughing. "But her head's tight on her shoulders, and it's going to be some cataclysm that shakes it loose!"

"Propinquity—and wealth—and youth—only one answer to that!" gloomily prophesied Blaisdell. Then a new thought occurred to him, and he de-

manded, "See here; who's responsible for her?"

"Responsible?" Davenport was honestly puzzled.

"Yes. She must have some family somewhere."

"Not a soul except a little old maiden aunt—Miss Chetwoode."

"Can't she prevent this thing?"

"She wouldn't even try, if Patty wanted to do it. She's hypnotized."

"Who are her closest friends, then? Patty's, I mean."

"I suppose we are."

"Then you stand in the position of her brother, and it's up to you to take care of her. She's carried away by her enthusiasm—woman-like, swayed by her emotions—and it's up to you! Tell her she can't!"

"Good Lord, man! Haven't you grasped the fact that Patricia Carlyle's an eminently modern young woman—a free moral agent, 'even as you and I'? It would take more than a near-brother to exercise authority over her. Even a real one couldn't do it."

"Well, by gad! if she were my sister I'd do it! Angel-at-large! Heh! Who's this precious cousin of yours, anyhow, that he can't take his medicine, along with a lot of better men? What business have you interfering in his affairs?"

"If you saw a puppy lapping up poison, you'd take it away from him, wouldn't you?" mildly inquired Davenport, with twinkling eyes.

"Well, I wouldn't send a woman to do it! That's sure! Where's Nell? Perhaps she's sufficiently removed from your family connections to get a perspective on this!" With that, leaving Ned still chuckling, Blaisdell hurried off in search of his hostess, but caught sight of Patricia ascending the stairs and gave chase, overtaking her in the upper hall.

"Patty, don't do this thing!" he begged. "Promise me you won't!"

"But why?"

"Because it's not the sort of thing for you to do."

"Oh?"

"No! Why should you compromise your dignity—your sweet womanliness—"

"O-oh, I see!" She looked up at him with dancing eyes and lips demurely drawn. "If I'll promise to be a good little girl and not step outside the pretty flower-garden, will uncle give me a lollipop?" Blaisdell dropped her hands with a sharp ejaculation. "Really, isn't your Excellency a little absurd?"

"I'm not an Excellency!" he informed her, savagely.

"No?" she teased. "What a pity! It sounds so impressive."

"Why don't you call me Billy? You used to."

"Did I? Well, then—Billy—you're an idiot! I'm enchanted with this plan. It's an adventure."

"You don't want adventures!" he declared. "You don't realize what you're saying. You ought to be protected—sheltered—cherished!"

"All same Chinese little-foot lady?" Her eyes were riotous with suppressed mirth. "No, thank you! Even at the risk of enlarging them, I prefer to use my feet. But I'll promise one thing. No one—not any one at all—shall clip my wings!" And with that dubious comfort he had to be content.

Patricia spent most of the remainder of the day in planning with her host and hostess the details of her arrival at High Haven, and late in the afternoon Blaisdell came upon them composing a letter to "dear Cousin Julia," in which, after promising to think the matter over carefully, Davenport was to urge his kinswoman to keep a tight rein on her emotions, to avoid at any cost further antagonizing her son, and above all not to worry, as everything would come out right — an optimistic confidence for which "dear Cousin Julia" could perceive no adequate reason when she received the letter.

"Shall we advise her at all about her attitude toward Mrs. Yarnell?" Ned asked, and Blaisdell turned toward him with a start, demanding:

"Toward whom? What was that name?"

"Yarnell. That's the widow. Elise Yarnell. Ever hear of her?"

"Well, rather! I used to know her very well—but I didn't know she was a widow."

"Where? When?" they chorused.

"Oh, some years ago—before her marriage." Blaisdell's smile was non-com-

mittal. "Must be the same girl. Yarnell's not a common name."

"Another of his faded early loves!" sighed Mrs. Davenport. "You might at least wrap them up decently and put them away in lavender, Billy."

"I have no reason to think I departed in any way from the normal course of youth," he returned, laughing. "Dad used to say I was afraid the girl crop would run out. By Jove! Elise Talcott, *rediviva!*"

"Immortelle, perhaps?" Patricia suggested, observantly, and smiled as his lips twitched. "What's she like, Billy?"

"Very attractive. At least, she used to be."

"How long ago?"

"Oh—perhaps five years."

"You said you were in China five years ago, and hadn't been home for three years before that," she reminded him.

"Did I? Then it must have been before — or perhaps afterward — that I knew Mrs. Yarnell."

"Oh, come across, Billy, come across!" urged Davenport. "When was it?"

"I make it a point never to remember more than five years back where a woman is concerned," the minister imperturbably returned. "And she was very young at the time."

"Did she try to marry you, Billy?" Nell asked.

"Obviously not, since I'm still unfortunate enough to be a bachelor."

"What are her tastes?" Patty questioned. "Literary? Athletic?"

"Philanthropic, I should say." A shadowy smile flickered across his features. "She obeyed very literally the injunction of the Apostle Paul to be all things to all men."

"How she would have graced the diplomatic service! Why weren't you more persistent?"

Blaisdell, having dressed betimes, slipped down to the library while all the others were changing for dinner, and, after some study of the telephone directory, called up a number on Long Island. A few minutes later he was saying:

"Hello. Is that Fairweather Hill? . . . Is Mrs. Yarnell there? . . . Yes, please. Tell her an old friend is on the wire. . . . That you, Elise? Yes, of course it is! You haven't changed at all! I'd have known you anywhere! What? . . . Why haven't I called you up before?" Here he grinned appreciatively. "Why haven't you sent me your address, so I could? . . . Oh, *didn't* you know where to reach me?" Here he laughed outright. "You're the same tactful Elise and you're putting up a good bluff, but it's quite evident, my sweet child, that you've not the faintest notion whom you're talking to! . . . Oh, it *does* sound familiar, does it? That speaks well for your memory, for it's a voice from the far-away. . . . Oh, *very* far. I've forgotten just how far"—here he grinned again—"but it must be almost five years, I should think. You were about eighteen. . . . Well, let's stop sparring and get down to brass tacks. Do you, by any chance, remember one B. Blaisdell, who used to worship at your— What? . . . Billy Blaisdell. No other! . . . No, not ambassador yet; just minister. Good little Elise! Keep track of your old friends, don't you? . . . I've been playing around New York for a couple of months, but only heard to-day that you were here. . . . Oh, just happened to, indirectly, through somebody you never heard of. Very roundabout. Look here, Elise. I want to see you. . . . Well, I'm supposed to leave for Maine tomorrow, but I'll stay over if you and your friend Mrs. Fairweather will run into town for dinner and the theater tomorrow night. Will you? . . . Ask her to stretch a point in my favor. I've just got to see you! I'll hold the wire. . . . What? Guests to dinner? Oh, thunder! Can't she— What? . . . For the night? . . . I don't hear. For the day? . . . Oh, for as long as I can stay? . . . That's mighty sweet of her! . . . Yes, I *am* pretty well tied up, but—I think I can arrange it. I'm prepared to do almost anything to see you. . . . That's very kind of her. You're sure I won't be in the way? . . . Then I'll come, with great pleasure. I can't say just how long I can stay, but I'll try to make it two or three days, anyway. . . . Thanks. What's the station? . . . Oh, all right. To-morrow at one, then. . . By!"

He replaced the receiver on the hook, absorbedly regarded it for a moment, and then threw back his head in silent laughter. When the others came down to dinner they found him serenely smoking on the veranda.

The next morning Patricia motored into town with Davenport and Blaisdell, and they left her at the entrance to a woman's club.

"Good-by, Billy," she said, giving him her hand. "It's been like a breath from home to see you again. Good-by—and good hunting!"

"Thank you for that! *Hasta la vista!*"

"What does that mean?"

"It's the Spanish equivalent of 'See you later,'" he explained, smiling. "Until we meet again."

"Ah, that's a far cry, I'm afraid! You're off to Bar Harbor to-day, and have all your summer full. I'm going to Long Island for an indefinite stay, and after that—" She shrugged her shoulders, and he supplied:

"After that—*quien sabe?*"

"*Quien sabe?*" she echoed. "Let's hope, anyway, that it won't be another fifteen years before we meet."

"It won't. I can positively assure you of that," he asserted. "*Hasta la vista!*"

She nodded to Davenport and turned away. At the top of the step, however, she paused and looked back at the men in the car, smiling as she called:

"*Hasta la vista.* Is that right?"

"That's right!" Blaisdell affirmed. Then he chuckled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Stars Before the Dawn

BY FRANCES DORR SWIFT TATNALL

HOW warm and near the stars before the dawn
That silent keep the last dim watch ere day;
How close to earth their tender light is drawn,
To earth so still and gray.

To them no lover cries in fond appeal,
No reveler's songs their watchful silence break,
No piteous phantoms of the night but steal
Away when they awake.

Where weary mothers stumble half asleep
To still with comfort warm a baby's cry,
Where little children dream, their watch they keep
As waning night goes by.

But most of all, I think, they light the way
For little ones who slip beyond our hold
Who, spite of all our anguish, cannot stay,
But leave our arms a-cold.

For them their tender shining, as alone
Across the misty silences they fare,
Beyond our touch, beyond our fondling gone,
O God, beyond our care!

The Last Stand of the Redwoods

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University

THE slow approach to the June Sierras is as interesting in its way as the rise from Italy into Switzerland. Above the hot and semi-arid plain of central California the far-seen mountains pile up in haze and cloud into dim immensities, faintly gleaming in distant snow-fields, darkly wrapped below in purple forests. Toward them the eyes of farmer and mechanic turn longingly in the hot noons. Our road lay straight across the level plain, through burning stretches of dead, brown grass, or glossy orchards where muddy tongues of irrigating water forked among the fruit-trees. It was hours before we climbed among the bare, brown knees of the foot-hills and stopped to look back upon a shining expanse where the irrigated lands had become mere triangles and oblongs of dark shade. It was noon when we left behind the last palm, came near to the live-oaks that made spots of shadow on the dead, shimmering grass of the slopes, and urged our mule and horse team to the real ascent.

The road itself was interesting enough for any one. We were bound for Hume, a new lumbering-camp, thirty-four miles away in the mountains. Up our road, by stage and automobile-truck, went the invading army of woodsmen. Up our road went all the foodstuff for five hundred hard-working men, hay for the horses, machinery for the mills, rails for the logging railroad. And these were hauled by a service of enormous wagon-trains. Often we passed them; sometimes they held us up for an hour while a brake-shoe was fixed or a trailer wagon uncoupled before a long ascent.

A column of dust ahead, a jingle of bells, a quiet and monotonous swearing, warned us to pull to the roadside. First came two mules under arches of bells; then more mules and horses in assorted couples, slumping the great chain between them; last, two big horses, the "wheelers," and on one side of them the teamster astride. "Gee!" we would hear him shout, back in the dusty distance. The jerk-line would switch, the leaders would swing away from us, the outer line of the mules behind would neatly step over the chain, swing their shoulders to the yokes, haul the great wagon around; then, at a signal, step over the chain again. We hurry past in the dust-cloud; the whip cracks; "Git up, you 'tarnation sons of black jack-rabbits!" and, with a heave, off they go again.

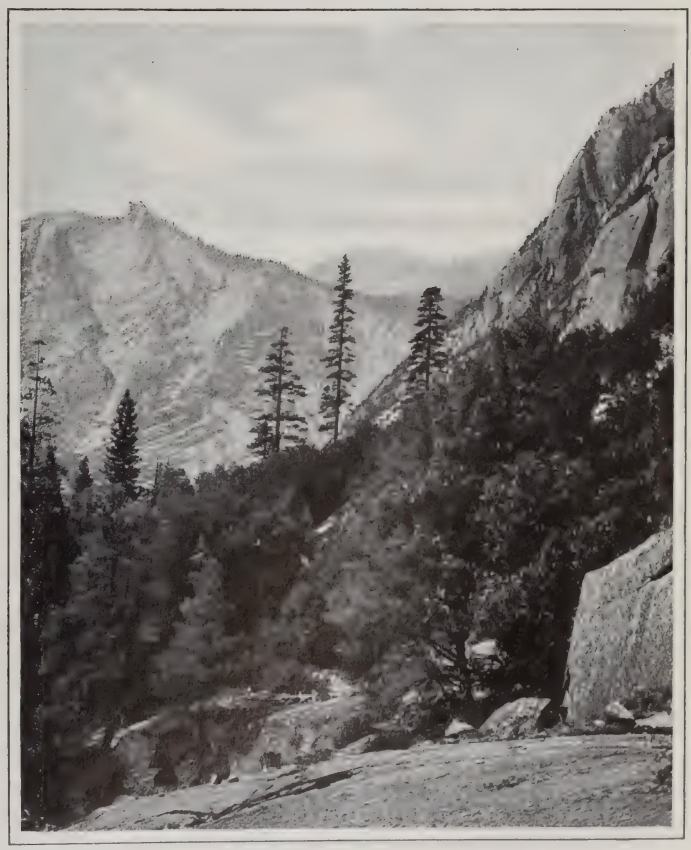
The company "tens" and "twelves" will pull three tons up the five-day journey from Sanger, in the valley, to Hume, five thousand feet above. They will go on until they die of it, but they will not back. The whip and the weight of the great wagons on their heels have taught that lesson ineradicably. I saw a driver unhook the last pair of mules from a team that had broken loose from their wagon. He turned them right-about, rehitched them back to back to the team; then laid on with hand and voice. Dust rose, pebbles flew; the little mules got upon their knees and fairly scratched the road. Inch by inch, every horse and mule holding his ground until he was slid along it, the stubborn team was backed perforce until they reached the wagon. Then the little mules were swung about; the "toggle," or tie-pin, was slid into place; "Git up, Kitty!" and one bell-mule obeyed the jerk-line; "Git up, Rock!" and the other side moved forward. Up rolled the dust again, and they rumbled off.

In between the "big teams" were the campers, and this was the pleasantest sight in the Sierras. All through the month of June they were straggling up from the heat and malaria of the valleys. Sometimes it was a couple of machinists or clerks, plodding behind a burro, or a

college boy on a mule; but most often we passed whole families of the happy, prosperous farmers that have turned the great valley into a paradise of fruit. It was "'tween crop-time." Oranges and strawberries were over, peaches and prunes not ripe. Unless you had "cots" —that is, apricots—you could take a week or so, and leave the blackberries and the loganberries to the hired Japs. Up they came then, every few miles, in big farm-wagons, father driving, and little sister beside him; big brother, with a gun on his shoulder, walking ahead; mother, aunt, and big sister sitting on pillows or blankets in the wagon-body, knitting, reading, or paring what Californians call a "spud." A stove swings behind, a hound-dog trots after; and up they go to cool nights, pine-needles, trout, and also, I think, to spiritual refreshment in the great wood aisles, under the stars and amid the mountain silences.

But just above are the first ridges of the forest toward which they and we are plodding, ridges fringed with tapering trees already suggestive of a height and proportioning unfamiliar to Eastern eyes. All afternoon we wound up toward them through wild slopes covered with impenetrable growths of pink-belled manzanita. As we climbed, new flowers came and disappeared, for there is no north and south in California; only high and low, dry or wet. The exquisite slippery-elm, with flowers like golden apple-blossoms, came and went; blue spikes of some unknown wild flower blossomed in the dust, then left us. And so at last our weary team pulled us to the crest of the first tall ridge, and into the dappled shadow of feathery, yellow pines, each one standing like a monument where it had manfully advanced the woods toward the arid valley. It was through a far-extending park of these graceful trees that we entered the Sierra forest.

I speak without fear of contradiction by those who know in saying that the Sierra forest is the most beautiful and the most remarkable production of nature which America has to offer. I do not mean the forests of pine and fir on the lower slopes. They are superb, but their trees are but our familiar conifers magnified. Nor do I mean the unmixed pine woods of the high Sierras. They are a noble part of noble scenery which would still be noble without them. I mean rather the wonderfully blended forests of sugar pine, Douglas fir, yellow pine, and silver fir which attend the vast



THE UPPER WALLS OF PARADISE CAÑON

sequoias, and lie on the slopes of the cañons between six and seven thousand feet, fill the bowls of the hills at this altitude, and descend into what a North-Carolinian would call the "coves" of the lower levels. We spent our June in such a forest. Our camp was in a deep bowl scooped out of the flank of the mountains and hanging like a bird's nest high upon the side of the vast King's Cañon, whose rocky north wall, all in rosy gray, and flaked with snow toward its mountain-top, was our horizon.

We came to our bowl after devious wanderings, for it was known to few. Long, pine-clad capes projecting into the airy sea of the cañon protected it, and from one of these we looked upon the pointed firs of its steep farther slope and the high domes of sequoias rising from its forest floor. Mules and men pitched down the steep guardian wall, and soon we saw through the lower forest aisles vast red columns, luminous in the dark woods and towering up and beyond our sight. Then we reached the first, and leaning our pygmy selves against the great knees of the sequoia, strained our eyes up the squirrels' roadways along the red furrows of the bark to the great limbs swinging out magnificently into an airy dome three hundred feet above us.

These were not caged sequoias, fenced in a little grove. They spread over our valley and across and beyond into the farther hills. They marched in a giant circle around our little meadow, and quantities of fuzzy young, like little larches, clustered by their knees. A redwood (as they call the sequoia in the Sierras), alone in the open country, without rivals, and free to the eye from its great buttresses to its far-flung dome, is impressive beyond speech. And yet half the beauty is lost when the sequoia is like some marble column which has been torn from its temple and placed on a museum floor. It is in the forest that the redwood is most beautiful. There its glowing columns shine through the gloom of the dark conifers, its gray-green foliage gleams above their somberness, and each ancient tree rises a strong tower in the moat its roots have made for it, surrounded by tall, slender minarets of pine and fir.

We pitched our little camp beneath the knees of the Titans of the meadow, and let familiarity dull the awe of this forest. What most surprised my Eastern eyes was its openness and its light. The white rays of the Sierra sun streamed through the broad spaces between the big trees, and reflected vividly from the glossy manzanita and the bright trunks of the redwoods. It was a dry forest. No muck, little undergrowth except the shrubbery of manzanita and snow-bush, no vines, but everywhere bare, dead trunks of prodigious trees long since fallen on a brown floor tinted by flowers or touched with green where seedlings struggled upward. So dry was the forest that two of our passings with loaded mules would kick up the loose gravel into the semblance of a trail. And, like a solemn warning, great caves burned into the sequoias told of penalties long since paid for drought.

And yet not even the forests of the tropics, which I held in loving memory, compared with this one for brilliance. The dark branches of the pines and firs were draped in hanging moss of beryl green; the cinnamon-red sequoias shone even until twilight; the dry ground was illumined, like an ancient text, by shining wild flowers, at home in the dust and more brilliant by comparison. From the barest slopes irises, yellow and blue, sprang forth; a tiny, pansy-like flower veiled the rocks as with a blue mist; in splendid clumps the wild lilac bloomed purple and white; and in the darkest shadows, where a dun carpet of needles stretched between vast trunks, the scarlet snow-flower, flaming in bulb and leaf and flower, sprang up like a trumpet note. Indeed, it is the eye that triumphs among the senses in the Sierras.

The Sierra Nevada is the finest playground in the world; we, however, had come for work. Under the leadership of Professor Ellsworth Huntington we were continuing a study of climate which promises to rewrite much history and explain some of the mysteries of the world. The sequoia, oldest of living things, bears a record of the dry years and the wet which runs back and beyond the days of the Homeric Greeks. Already the stumps of departed Titans had been studied for the history in their

rings, but this time our efforts were to be directed upon the living redwood in preference to the dead. Over the lower King's Cañon trail our two mules, Annette Junior and Annette Senior, packed green and brass-bound boxes which held an engine by means of which we hoped to unlock the secrets of many centuries hidden in the big trees.

Nine redwoods rose in solemn conclave above our camp. The bird flights through the sunny air of the little meadow never reached their lowest branches. Our tables we made of strips of bark from a fallen sequoia; our beds—in that rainless month—we spread under the tree-tops, upon springy branches of the fir. Snowbirds and chipmunks cleared away our crumbs; a melodious sparrow perched at early dawn on a branch that swung above our heads, and awoke us to the labors of the day.

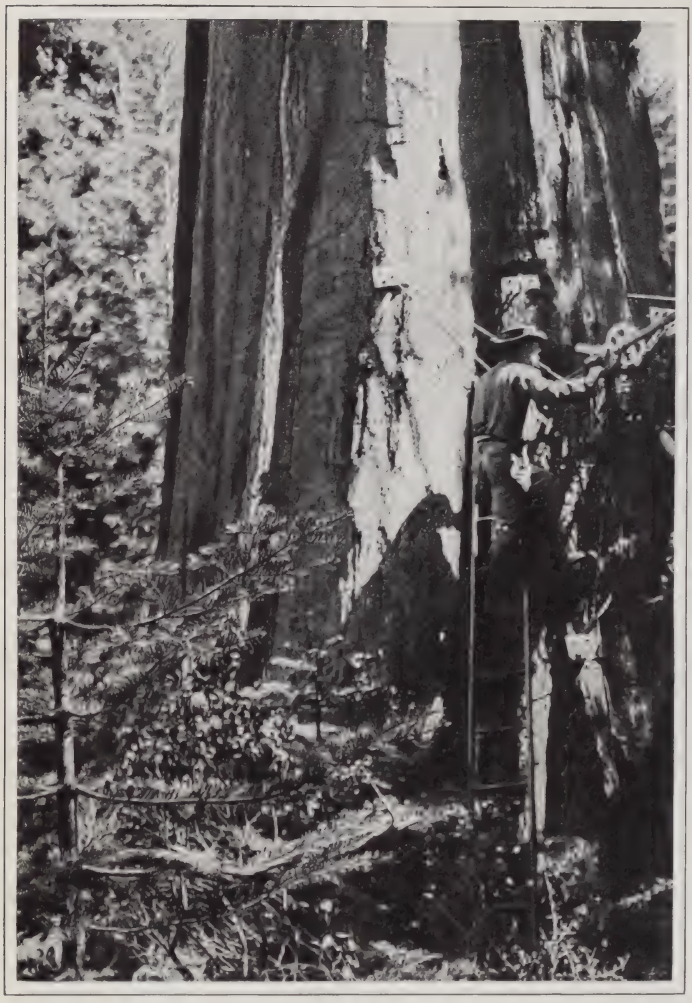


ANNETTE SENIOR, PACKED FOR THE JOURNEY

At the head of the meadow was a thicket of young sequoias, and among them, in a little amphitheater, an ancient hero that bore his plumes upward for two hundred and fifty feet. We roped him round and found him ninety feet of girth; his knees stretched out like buttresses; his bark was ridged and fluted like a glaciated hill. Him we chose for the first operation, and having placed our jointed ladders against his flanks, we prepared to clamp the engine over his great heart.

Cautiously we drove spikes into the foot or so of red bark which protected the great sequoia, and hung ourselves by chains from the tree-cliff. Iron braceplates, like porous-plasters, were fastened firmly to the trunk, then down we slid, and, painfully heaving the engine up a ravine in the monster's side, we pinned and chained it fast. It was such an engine as a motor-cycle carries. A bore, like a diamond drill, was coupled with it, and on the ground other sections were waiting to be screwed on when the first should have been driven into the soft trunk. We hoped at the end of our first experiment to have a solid core of wood from north bark to south bark, which, without injury to the old tree, might be packed away home for careful study of its two or three thousand years of rings.

When all was ready we grouped below admiringly. The motor clung, like a giant woodpecker with outstretched wings, to the broad bulk of the tree. Then the chug of the explosions began, the propeller of the air-cooler whirled faster and faster at the rear, the wing chains rattled with the bite of the bore, and the incongruous little machine whirred like an aeroplane in mid-flight. But soon it began to grunt and wheeze; and then it stopped, its bore so obstinately planted in the trunk that no tuggings could get it out. The wood was too soft, the chips too wet. Some one bethought him of a rope, and one end of a lariat was soon lashed fast to the steel bore. A hundred feet away the vast and sloping trunk of a fallen sequoia made a steep ascent from the underwood. With a swift ax we cleared away the intervening brush, and then,



CLAMPING THE DRILL TO THE TRUNK OF A GIANT SEQUOIA

cutting steps for a firmer hold, mounted the great trunk, and with strong jerks all together slowly pulled out the tube with its mouthful of core.

Again the propeller whirled, the bore bit into the tree, and the pop of the engine reverberated through the quiet woods. Again it stuck, and again we pulled, and yet again throughout a sunny morning. It was of no use. The experiment was successful, but, like many an operation, not on the first patient. The core was too often broken. We had learned how it might be done next time; but, with engine-builders and machine-shops a hundred miles away, our leader was forced reluctantly to defer the assault. Regretfully we loosened all and lowered the engine to the ground. Man's puny attempt had been foiled. A few chips, a pile of bark scarcely noticeable at the foot of the vast tree, and a hole in the trunk just big enough for a squirrel's nest were the only evidences of our day-long labor. And yet it is unwise to sentimentalize upon this triumph of Nature, for next year a far less subtle engine, the saw, with an illiterate Greek at either end of it, will easily bring this glorious Titan rumbling and thundering to an inglorious end.

In spite of this defeat of hope, we did not lack abundant occupation. In the oldest of forests, with a theory of climatic cycles which sought all evidence that trees could bring for its support, we were not likely to be idle. Some of the expedition were off each daylight over the wonderful trail to the west, which clung to the wall of the cañon, rose to views of the snow-fields, and dropped until you could hear the roar of the river three thousand feet below. They worked all day in the hot, lumcered district, measuring with millimeter scale the relative distances between ring and ring on the sequoia stumps, fat distances for the wet years, lean distances for the dry years.

But others among us followed cooler occupations. Of these, the "sequoia census" was my favorite, for it gave me the opportunity to range widely through the little-known forest, and see and observe. With aneroid and compass we planned out rough districts in the woods. Some would be valley lands with feeding rivulets; others, steep slopes and knolls;

one stretched to eight thousand feet, and the top of our boundary hill where there were snow patches and a view of a world of peaks. Hallooing to one another so that we might leave no unexplored space between, we would crash through manzanita, slide down the steep and shingly slopes, crawl under fallen branches, and clamber over fallen logs as high as garden walls.

It was their reproduction we were studying. Are the redwoods, as many authorities assert, approaching extinction? Have they lived beyond their geological time? These questions, interesting in themselves, had a bearing upon the changes of climate which, for us, was more interesting still. The answers of our districts were definite and somewhat different from those hitherto proposed. On the steep slopes, on the knolls, and wherever the soil was dry and there could never be standing water, young trees and seedlings were rare, even in the near neighborhood of the old monarchs. But in stream-bottoms, and in cups of moist soil, groves of waving young clustered about every giant, and in a few favored spots a carpet of seedlings covered the ground. Where there is water the sequoia is not disappearing. Even should the groves be all cut down, a new growth would fringe the streams and be ready—in, say, a thousand years—to make new national parks, for what more appreciative nation who may know!

After the sequoia census came the hundred years' test. The "theory" required evidence for study, evidence especially which might be used to determine the succession of the dry and wet years for the past century. So, leaving our bowl, we crossed into another basin rich in sturdy sequoia children of from four to six feet in diameter, which in another year were to fall before the destroyers in the lumber-camps. From each of a hundred, chosen for their various conditions of soil and moisture, we took with our saw a hundred years' bite. Across each section, as we drew it from the tree, the rings ran, now lusty and far apart, now contracting to a web which only the glass could untangle. The panic years were there—marked more impressively than in a stock-exchange register—and the wide, rich bands that had been made when showers were frequent, crops throve, and the country praised the tariff. As a stump-speaker the sequoia had its own eloquence.

It was hard work, but agreeable, there in the cool, dark depths, to chisel great hunks of soft bark from the chosen spot, to sway your back to the saw as it spurted through the watery pulp of the sap-wood and bit out its triangle from the tree, while big Douglas squirrels scolded from above; pleasanter still to drop the tools and prospect up the hillside in search of slender trunks for the work to come. Novel sights met you as you went hither and thither through the untracked forest. Now it would be the yellow and black of a rattler's body which sent your nailed boots sliding on the gravel; now a bed of white violets shimmering in the broken light; now a tanager looking as if his head had just come out of the red-ink bottle; now a



EXTRACTING THE DRILL AND CORE

pond with its frog in the clifflike end of a fallen sequoia; or a big grouse dragging a fluttering wing while her youngsters popped like little bombs into the manzanita. But the sight which stirred me most was a tense and deadly battle in the utter silence of a forest glade. A stately sugar-pine and a young redwood, with not six feet between their trunks, were struggling for the sky-room which meant life. The pine had shot its hundred and fifty feet, straining higher and higher, until at the top it had tapered to a switch. Dead branches told of old age approaching after three or four centuries. The sequoia may have been of equal age, but it was lifting its solid column in the flush of an early youth, and with easy grace was just flinging its topmost arm into the clear blue air above the forest. And yet this was like the conflict of stags by which the hunter profits. Down both will go, crushing and tearing their rival trunks, when the



TAKING A HUNDRED YEARS' BITE FROM A YOUNG SEQUOIA

destroyer with his saw finds them. And if the conqueror redwood is allowed to fall first and more softly, it is only because his beautiful body will be worth more when, down in the dusty valley, it becomes mere dead planks, good for nothing but to stop a crack and keep the wind away.

The "forest primeval," which in Longfellow's time was just becoming rare enough to be romantic, is making its last stand upon the Pacific coast. I had sought it for years in the Appalachians, finding shreds and patches here and there, poor remnants, usually, passed in the haste of the lumbermen. In the Sierras at last I found it, still regnant and more magnificent than were ever the finest of Pennsylvania pine swamps or North Carolina "coves." But the devourer was hard at work, and with weapons of terrible destructiveness.

It was our good and our bad fortune to recur for the necessities of life to a nest of lumber-camps on the slopes of King's River Cañon. The high-handed waste of a national asset which I saw there never failed to send me home to our unspoiled woods in a mingled tumult of rage and grief; yet, like the socialist, I blamed not the men, but the system, and saw what I might of the methods, while deploring the results.

The destroyer of the forest fixes himself in some valley at the edge of the heavy timber, and stretches out long, spider claws through the neighboring slopes. Hume was the center of the group of lumbering-camps which were cutting and slashing at the edges of our forest, and the metropolis of some five hundred men, at work in the mills, on the logging railroads, or far back in the farther valleys. It was fifty-four miles from the railroad, on the lower slopes of the Sierras, and within easy sight of eternal snow.

Hume was beautiful when I first saw it. By next year it will be a barren waste. We plunged and jolted down a stumpy road into the midst of it in a June twilight. The little lake, behind its enormous dam of concrete, was just touched by the ripples of leaping trout; the great mills below had paused be-

tween the day and the evening shifts; night was stealing under the pines which stood about the shore. A hundred husky fellows of every race were pouring into the mess-hall for supper, and, as far as I could see through the aisles of the forest, lights were twinkling out in brown cabins of fresh-sawed board. Women were singing, young girls dressed in khaki were wandering by the lake or rowing on its waters, and mothers rushed out of luminous tents to pull their babies from before our swaying motor as we rocked and bounded down what could be called either main street or trail.



A BROKEN SEQUOIA STRIVING FOR NEW LIFE

It was clear, even from this first glimpse, that a lumber-camp in the Sierras was very different from the rough and lonely settlements in the deep winter snows of our North Woods. Many things accounted for the change from those outposts of cold and hardship to this almost pastoral scene; chief among them the conditions imposed by Nature in the war upon this forest. No teams in the world could haul, even over hard snow, the vast logs which must be handled from these mountains. No Sierra rivers, even in the late spring floods, could be trusted to float them down to the valley. The team has given place to the donkey-engine, the river to the railroad and the chute, and winter to a summer season. Late spring begins the labor, late autumn ends it; and since their work is at a time when the valleys of California wither in the heat, the "fallers" and the "line-men" bring their wives and children with them, settle in a company cabin or a tent beneath a protecting pine, and to labor and profit add health and pleasure for all the family.

But Hume was not all summer resort. Perhaps a third of its residents had come *en famille*, but the rest were lumberjacks of the expected kind, and their life was as rough as it was picturesque. There were Greeks, Slavs, and Italians in abundance, but there were also plenty of native Americans, and among them remnants of the old guard who had stripped Wisconsin and Michigan of their pine, who long before, perhaps, had cut the spruce of Maine or the hemlock of Pennsylvania, and now were come to this last frontier.

As one met them at dawn, on the way to the forests, with ax or saw across their shoulders, or sat in the smoke fog of the Log Cabin Saloon at night, a little of the romance of those other pioneers in the Sierras, Bret Harte's Forty-niners, shed itself upon them. No revolvers or piles of gold nuggets now, nor "younger

sons," among these lumber-jacks; and yet the change from gold and fortunes and red shirts to logs and wages and overalls had not done away with all resemblances. "Tennessee" and "Arkansas" were still there in new reincarnation, but called familiarly as in the old days from their native states. "Tennessee" was such a lanky, bearded individual as appears again and again in Civil War pictures. His whiskies shot down straight and clear in rapid succession. "Arkansas" kept his hound dog between his legs as he played pedro at the round table; his drawl was a strange contrast to the sharp sibilants of the Slavs and Greeks. And there was Yuba Bill—big, hearty, flannel-shirted, with a sweeping black mustache that had to be wiped both right and left after the beer-mug—Yuba Bill, swaggering a little as in Roaring Camp, with the dust of the road on his knotted handkerchief. But the Yuba Bill of the Hume stage route carried no pistol, nor did he scowl, like his prototype, upon strangers and "tenderfeet." Science and the newspapers had transformed him. He was glad to discuss, between whiles, the Presidential situation and the points of his new automobile-truck.



LOGGERS' WHEELS, FROM WHICH THE LESSER LOGS ARE SLUNG FOR TRANSPORTATION

They were playing "freeze-out" in the Log Cabin Saloon, under a big sign which read, "No gambling here." But the real game was on in some mysterious shack to the hillward. It was the barber who told me so. A "tin-horn"—that is, a professional gambler—had "cleaned him out" earlier in the season, and every hour spent shaving was an opportunity lost to get even with the game again. His outfit testified to his ardor for a different occupation. A single towel and a compound-can on a stool made up his shop, and when he had finished a scallop of my hair he seized my thirty-five cents and melted into the night.

But the less clandestine pleasures of the bar held the majority. We heard them — later. A board-walk leads from the Log Cabin Saloon across the shallow water of flooded meadows to the mills, the cabins, and the company boarding-house. Across that strait and narrow pathway all the roisterers must sooner or later in the night of revelry inevitably go. As we snuggled in our blankets from the frost of those June nights, we heard the last of the faithful sally for the adventure. We praised the firm feet of the prudent; but when the unsteady followed we shivered and pulled the blankets tighter, expecting what did not fail to follow—howls and a frightful splash!

The "fallers" were working at the very back of the Hume cabins; the splendid pines were toppling with roar after roar; saws were whining everywhere; and four-horse teams were hauling the logs, swung beneath gigantic wheels, to the lake. But this was only an easy and incidental part of the destroyer's task. The lumber he sought was most of it far less accessible, and must be first collected by more strenuous means in lesser camps scattered throughout the mountains.

We had occasion one day to leave our forest with a pack-train for one of these lesser camps. Arriving there with our duffle, we borrowed a car, and, hitching it behind the little narrow-gage lumber-train which slides down the mountain,

we carried our heavier impedimenta to Hume and the stage road. In the course of that day we saw the whole history of the log.

One picture from that journey is imprinted upon my memory with the sharpness of an etching. We were standing in front of the mess-cabin of this Camp No 4. Withindoors the "lackeys" and "pearl-divers"—camp euphemisms for waiters and dish-washers—were preparing a twenty-two-cent company meal, and a good one. Cakes two feet across and pies as big as card-tables made our forest appetites to burn within us. The shack which served the log-measurer for office was on our right—you could see the sign, "God bless our Scaler," above his head. In front was the great, bare bowl of the ruined valley, full of rumblings and the snorts and screams of distant donkey-engines. Suddenly a shrill whistle blew, and over the nearest rise a mammoth serpent wound toward us. On his head stood the conqueror, gracefully balancing; the body slid sinuously for a hundred yards behind. It was the last log-slide of the afternoon on its way down the polished chute. At the foot of the slope the monster ceased his windings, and, like the "j'int snake" the darkies at home used to tell of, broke apart. Hooks seized his unwieldy sections, an engine roared, ropes tightened, and one by one the logs of fir and pine came rolling and bumping over to the waiting train of flat-cars.

That morning we had seen them in pride of health. Our forest trail crested a high ridge, left the still unassaulted sequoias behind, and dropped through the thin edge of a melting forest of pines. As we sought for the trail in a tangled, odorous mass of fresh branches, and clambered over the great, brown bodies of new-fallen trees, "Hoo—oh—below!" rang out sonorously. A gentle cracking sounded through the forest. Our eyes, seeking its source, were caught by the tremulous arms of a two-hundred-foot pine, whose soaring head was all aflutter in the still air. Slowly and gracefully, with a majestic curve, it began to move. A second seemed to pass before its sweep had reached the nearest trees. It touched them. A rending crash, and their upper branches sprang out into the air; then with a roar the great pine



A DEVASTATED FOREST STRUGGLING BACK TO LIFE AFTER TWENTY YEARS

stripped them to the ground. A hurricane of dust whirled up from the thunder of the fall, and reverberations rolled back from crest after crest of the mountain.

No more glory for that pine. The sawers will cut his four-hundred-year body into lengths; the donkey-engine, which has hauled itself up the hillside through a path of torn and ruined herbage, will fix the tentacles at the end of its hundred-yard cables upon each section and drag them, jerking and tearing, through broken saplings, barked trees, and devastated undergrowth, to the head of the chute; then down they go to No. 4 and the train.

I suppose that I shall be accused of sentimentality, but yet I confess that after weeks in the most beautiful forest in the world the sight of that torn hillside was as painful as human misery. The dying were everywhere: broken trees, broken ferns, withering flowers, shrinking streams. But far worse was the scene of their death: the desert of plowed-up sand and littered branches where the work was complete. Ponderous logs, snorting and tearing across, above, below, had annihilated the forest, as cavalry in panic tear through and annihilate the infantry behind them. For years that valley will be an arid waste—if fire reaches it, perhaps for a half-century. The first crop of timber has been gathered, the second and the third wantonly destroyed.

No other kind of lumbering is profitable, say the apologists. In the first place, I doubt it, having many expert opinions to the contrary. In the second, profitable for whom?—surely not for those who hope to live for the twenty-odd years in which a second crop of timber might have ripened in that and many another now worthless valley, and been ready for a more honest plucking. Immediately profitable it may be for a few; in the long run it can be profitable neither for producer nor consumer, neither for the individual nor the state. I left that valley in pain and disgust, and followed our friends the trees, who had sheltered beauty and been beautiful themselves for so many centuries, down to their final change, feeling as I went as might a fifth-century Greek trudging after the sledge which bore some marble Apollo from its niche in the ruined Roman baths to the ignominy of the lime-kiln. At No. 4 we joined the funeral procession, the cornucopia chimney of our little engine blew up a puff of wood smoke, the whistle screamed, and we chugged down the mountain. Rotting logs, broken trees littered the earth everywhere. We passed over bridges made of six-foot trunks of solid timber piled crisscross to the proper height, and ran over trestles with planking enough in them to build a village. Surely it cost two trees to get a dozen boards in these mountains! On through three miles of ruin we went, then hugged a steep incline and slid down to Hume and the lake.

Our flat-cars were coupled in pairs, and each pair held from six to eight of the big logs, securely chained. Running out upon a scaffolding over the clear lake water, we stopped by a hoisting-engine, which promptly hooked a claw beneath a carful of logs, gave one mighty puff and swayed them, another mightier and tumbled them, until they rolled with majestic splashings deep into the lake, whence they wallowed up like angry sea monsters, shaking the foam from their moss, and sailing angrily off toward the outer waters. For a day or so they roll there quietly and shelter the trout. Then the sharp hooks of the lumber-jacks catch them, they are lifted slowly into the dark and screaming interior of the mill, and spurt out in slabs and planks. Quick hands bind the boards into new unities, each one a raft of fir or pine, and down they slide to join the lumber-train in the big chute.

The big chute is a fifty-mile aqueduct which follows the cañon, and later stalks across the flat lower valley to the planing-mills of Sanger on the railroad. It bears a five-foot stream of mountain water, which for the first rapid miles surges downward, then swirls onward calmly to its destination. Down the chute goes the lumber-train, package after package of planks, dashing boatwise between the narrow walls, reported as they fly downward by little bells which ring as the passing lumber swings them, and by telephones at the inspectors' stations on the way. Down the mountainside they rush, and out across the plain,

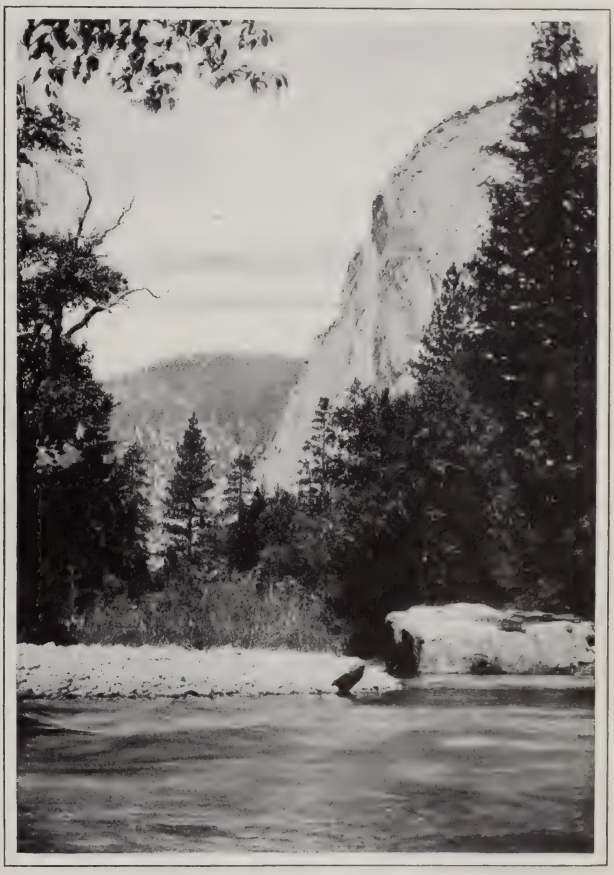
in a twelve-hour trip for the fifty miles. If you want excitement, nail together some boards into a rough boat, and follow the lumber-train, as may be done if the chute boss does not catch you. The ride down the foaming strip of water far above the edge of deep precipices is said to be—well, thrilling. Unless your boat jams at a corner and spills you into space, or is caught and bumped by a lumber-train behind, this is the cheapest, the quickest, and certainly the least dusty way to ride from Hume to the valley.

Our work at last called us out of the forest, past the lumber-camps, to the great basins of the outer ranges. There devastation had come and gone twenty years before, and many stumps of the decaying sequoias were available for our study of the relations between tree growth and the cycles of climate through many centuries.

Our way led us up from the low level of Hume and across a barrier of outlying crests. On the top of one of these is the Grant National Park, and it was beneath the little grove of redwoods for which this reservation was made that we passed a lazy noon awaiting the slow crawl of our mule-team up the circuitous mountain road.

The "tourist groves" of big trees are a little harrowing after weeks spent among the free sequoias in the deep forest. To be sure, it is not so bad here as in Tulare County, where, so I am told, the fathers of the woods have pinned upon their great trunks such names as "Blanche" and "Sally," as if a bow of pink baby-ribbon should be tied to a Great Dane's neck! Nevertheless, it was painful to see our noble giants fenced in, bepathed, stuck full of arrows in their lustrous bark, and initialed as high as their great buttresses would allow the vandal to climb. I felt shame for the indignities, the flippancies, which these ancients of days must suffer from the horde of curious insects discharged by stage and automobile in the shadow world far below them.

However, these necessary evils of popularity are slight in comparison with the benefits of preservation. In the Grant Park one regrets only that the redwoods are so few as to seem to be specimens merely, rather than an integral part of the Sierra forest. If we hope to get the greatest value from this wonderful mountain country, we must preserve not simply individual trees, or groups of trees, because they are very big or very accessible, but more especially whole ranges of this forest, where the plains-dweller may go "back to nature" for his vacation under conditions that can scarcely be found elsewhere. The potential value in pleasure, recrea-



THE CLIFFS OF KING'S CANON

tion, and inspiration of such a real forest as the great Sequoia National Park of Tulare County includes is measurable in dollars and cents. Regarded as capitalized enjoyment (and that is how we estimate the cash value of a novel, a summer resort, or a touring automobile), it will be worth far more in money than the sale of its timber would bring. There is a mountain near this National Park called Redwood Mountain, entirely covered with an unmixed sequoia forest, such a forest as nowhere else exists, as never again will exist when its private owners saw it away. If only California could see its duty, and, more especially, its profit there; or if Washington could turn a little rill of the flowing public moneys thither! But it is still difficult for this spendthrift nation to save. Redwood Mountain, I suppose, must go to serve as text for the economists and the nature-lovers of a wiser generation. Let us be thankful for such morsels as the Grant Park.

We dropped down a thousand feet or so, left our wagon by the roadside, and laboriously packed up another thousand, to get to the Comstock Basin. It lay, a great bowl, open and near the sky, views down from its southern rim to the great plain, an edge of forest cresting it to the north. All within was a vast and lonely cemetery. A stream wound among broken trunks, torn roots, and whitened slabs of lumber, through the midst of the grassy valley. Above the thin turf rose weathered pines or clumps of feathery sequoia, like Italian cypresses, and beneath and beside them, at decorous intervals, were the great tombs of the dead sequoia.

They were only stumps, but in that melancholy landscape stumps like these had power over the imagination. The bark had long since gone from them, but the wood held firm and fast. Ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty feet, they rose above the ground, and two of us could lie head to head upon the tops as we pored over their thousand years of rings.

Twenty years had brought back beauty to this wasted valley, though beauty of a strange and melancholy sort. Flowers were everywhere, most of all where the little stream at intervals drew over its ripples a canopy of pink azalea, now in fullest bloom. But the forest had gone. An indiscriminate slaughter had let in the sun, its enemy; had dried the springs, which were its life-blood; and such tearing and ripping as we had seen at Hume had rendered the soil, its mother, unfit except for barren grass. A few lonely redwoods, spared out of wantonness, had done their best to plant the spaces, but the younglings near them could only patch the ground; the pines and firs had well-nigh given up the struggle. Ranging cattle were more than a match for Nature and her seedling trees. In the great stumps themselves, in blocks and fragments scattered over the soil, in the logs which choked the streams, was more dead and wasted lumber than a forester could hope to grow on so many acres in a hundred years. The story of the Appalachians was being told again, and more loudly.

The Sierra world was full of associations as I looked back upon its tumbled, hazy masses from the orchards and the hot dust of the plains. The dim snowfields were rich with the memory of cliffs and the cool, green cañon floor beneath them; the faint peaks sharpened into gray towers as I remembered how they rose over us when our trail swung out to the edges of the woods; the dark and heavy mass rolling beneath them was the forest. The thought of its still grandeur came like a cool shadow through my mind. And nearer, above the bare foot-hills, the straggling, broken line as of an army on the march—it was the first and broken ranks of the pines, where the destroyers had been hewing. I thanked Heaven, as I looked north and south at the length and far depth of the great Sierra, that for a few decades at least they could not spoil it all. And in a decade or two, perhaps, we may have learned the value of natural beauty, we may even have attained to economic common sense.

The Blasphemer

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

INASMUCH as public opinion failed to regard Jennie Sprague with any tinge of severity, there is perhaps no reason why I should make a point of registering my own view of her. She lived her life with the full approval of a watchful and unlenient community. She broke no law, violated no custom, profaned no familiar sanctities, outraged, it appears, no popular ideal. Yet she seems to me now, as she always has seemed, the supreme illustration of Tolstoy's uncompromising stricture regarding the woman ignorant of pain. Not that her sound digestive system and magnificent muscles in themselves affronted me. But there were far more than physical pangs that her odious strength resisted; and to these she remained, to the end, indecently immune.

I speak of her, according to the village custom, as Jennie Sprague (though she had been married ten years when I knew her), for it was thus that she figured in that narrative of the postmaster's to which I must revert for the main data of her story. To this narrative, which was the history of Gideon Barstow, she was, after all, but incidental. Sam Jerrod saw Gideon as mercilessly visited by Fate, but he did not perceive, in Jennie, Fate's instrument. I did, it is true, elicit that Mrs. Jerrod dismissed Jennie's share in the case less cursorily; but hers, Sam afterward explained to me, was a woman's view—extravagant, romantic.

I had been strolling about in the sultry September twilight, some days after I had first come to lodge at the postmaster's, in search of Lura Jerrod, whom I found after a little in the garden-patch, gathering tomatoes in her invariably grave and intense fashion. I had already discovered that it would be a rough walk in bad weather over the Stony Hill roads to the school where I had been engaged to teach, and that I needed to be shod as with steel. I asked where I could find a cobbler.

"Gideon Barstow?" asked the postmaster's wife — rather stupidly, I thought.

"Is there more than one? Then whichever you recommend."

My hostess was a colorless, frail woman, with a curiously unsheltered look, as though she had too often been swept by harsh mountain winds. "Oh, well, Gideon Barstow's a good *cobbler*, poor soul," she slowly temporized. "And I don't know as there's another this side of Mullen's Bridge."

"But there's some reason why I shouldn't go to him?"

"Why, I don't know as there is—really. But you being new here, and Gideon being, as you might say, at outs with the minister—" She paused.

"Has he done—anything?" My own speech was becoming indirect, like hers.

"Why, no, you couldn't say as he has *done* anything," she hesitated. "But, you see, the minister hasn't been here long and he's sort of stirring things up. And Gideon does say things that the minister declares no church member ought to even think, . . . and lately there's been a good deal of talk about it all. . . . And I thought that maybe, having what you might call a public position yourself, you mightn't want to get mixed up in it. . . . But I'll tell you one thing," she added, impulsively, her face faintly flushed, "there isn't a greater sufferer on earth than Gideon Barstow. Not one."

If she had wavered up to this point, her words and gestures were now final, emphatic. She gathered up the weight of her bulging apron and went toward the house. Uncertain, I stood where she had left me. The possibility of taking a stand opposed to that of the new minister was one that—recollecting an en-

counter of my own with the reverend gentleman a few days previous—attracted me rather than otherwise. And yet, intrigued by Lura Jerrod's hints and half-confidences, I felt that, after all, I should like an ampler and more informing preface before embarking on the adventure—which had at first seemed so baldly simple—of having my boots resoled. But as I stood there the front gate clicked and Sam Jerrod followed the well-worn path that led to the back door of the cottage. His wife, who must meanwhile have been following a train of thought corresponding to my own, met him on the steps.

"Sam, the school-teacher has got to know about Gideon." Her ignoring my presence, though I was only a few yards away, had merely the gentle implication that for the time being I was a ward of theirs, to be instructed up to the measure of their wisdom and their responsibility. "You see he wants to have his boots mended. Just take your pipe and sit on the porch with him and tell him—what everybody knows."

So Sam Jerrod and I seated ourselves side by side on the narrow porch, yielding to the comfortable lure of our tobacco, an evening's leisure, and an untold story. I knew that Sam talked easily and well and that he was so far from indifferent to the need of a listener that the advantages of the contract whereby I lodged at the Jerrods were by no means altogether mine. Just inside the open, screened window sat Lura. Darkness, faintly starred, had come, and light from the green-shaded, nickel lamp fell on her face and on the old coat of Sam's that she was mending.

"Somehow, I haven't thought of much else but Gideon all day," Sam said. "They're talking about him, too, all over the village—about Gideon and the minister, that is. . . . But I declare I don't know just where to begin. . . . It's a long story."

"You'd better begin the day Jennie Sprague was born." Lura dropped the words with a gentleness almost misleading.

Sam passed his hand over his eyes with repeated nervous gestures, after the manner of one evoking dead scenes.

"You've noticed the spire just to the south of us?" he asked. "That's what we call the New Congregational Church. Ten years ago this fall—"

"Eleven," corrected Lura.

"So 'tis. . . . Old Enoch, the Barstow boys' father, was building that church, the boys helping him. Lura and I were living up at father's farm then, and I was bookkeeper down at the bicycle works. Well, one day, just this time of year, I overtook Jennie Sprague on my way home from work. Anybody 'll tell you what a fine, handsome girl she was. 'Black, but comely' is what that dark, smooth look of hers used to make me think of. And she had that satisfied glow you've seen on some young girls—as if she believed the stars themselves would skip around and change their places if she should happen to choose some lively new pattern for them.

"'Lura tells me your wedding-day isn't far off,' I said to her as we walked along.

"'Three weeks,' she beamed at me. 'And tell Lura my two chests are full.'

"Well, I'd been married a year then, and I understood. You'll find, some day, that it means everything to them, those linen things that they hoard away, each one with the print of Lord knows how many thousand stitches. All women love that sort of thing—even Lura.

"'Let's go around by the new church. Gideon will be coming home,' Jennie proposed. We were having bright, fresh weather, I remember, with a brisk bit of wind, and I was glad of the extra walk after a day at the works. And I must have forgotten that Jennie and Gideon, being engaged—and Gideon's eyes almost eating Jennie up every minute they were together—that they wouldn't need me along.

"But when we got in sight of the church we saw that they hadn't stopped work. That is, the Barstows themselves hadn't. They always stayed to finish up the job they were on—never thought of doing anything else. The old man was down in a shed outside, but Gideon was on a scaffolding over the entrance, and Miles, a few feet away, was sitting inside a window-frame with his back to us."

I noticed that the swift excursions of Lura Jerrod's needle suddenly ceased.

Her sewing had fallen in her lap and she was listening as intently as though the tale were new to her.

"Gideon saw Jennie the instant we turned the corner. And she knew he saw, and pretended she didn't know, in the way girls have. But, Lord! she must have been proud of Gideon then—any woman would have been. Tall and muscular, with more grace than any girl, and an easy, masterful way of handling everything—whether 'twas a man or a woman or a strip of lumber. You couldn't help feeling that life was almost too easy for the kind of power he had. And you knew he didn't even guess, himself, what big things he could do when he once started trying.

"Well, all the time that we were getting nearer, Miles, sitting in his window, hadn't turned to look at us. We could see him fussing and measuring, in that slow, careful way he had. So Jennie, in her gay, sweet voice, called out to him."

"One man wasn't enough for her," Lura almost whispered.

"Of course she knew he'd *want* to look at her," Jerrod tolerantly went on. "He'd always thought the world of Jennie, though he stood no chance with Gideon. And Jennie—well, being young and pretty, and made so much of all the time, does go to a girl's head—it's only natural. . . . But Miles didn't hear her. The wind was blowing pretty hard. So she called again, shrill and sudden, through the wind:

"'Oh, Miles; it's *Jennie!*'

"That reached him. Some way it seemed to pierce him like a lightning stroke. In a flash he had swung his legs through the window and faced us. But his feet lighted on the unsupported, projecting end of the scaffolding, and out it went from under him, and Gideon, whose eyes took the whole thing in before it happened, made a desperate reach to save him—and—well, they fell to the ground together. . . . To this day I never pass the new church without seeing the boys fall, the way they did that day—and feeling that sickening horror deep inside of me.

"Well, there wasn't a doubt in my mind as to what I should see when I got to where the two boys were lying—or what was left of them. So I took hold of Jennie's arm, pretty roughly, maybe, and told her she must let me leave her at the Atkinses'—we were just outside their gate—and that she'd have to wait there till I could get back and tell her what had happened.

"But Jennie was the cool kind that doesn't fly to pieces. 'You needn't come,' she said. 'I'll go alone and wait for you.' And without a sign of hysterics, off she went. It was more than you would have expected of a girl, wasn't it, with her lover lying dead, as we supposed, or worse than dead?

"We were just outside the village, and it was supper-time, so it took only a second for some one to fetch the doctor. And he had us telephone to another doctor at Mullen's Bridge, and by that time Miles was conscious again and we knew that Gideon was alive, at least. When I got back to Jennie, some of the village girls were gathered round her, holding her hand and crying over her, but Jennie was just looking at them in a queer, stolid, resentful way. She wasn't the kind of girl you could pity. I took her home and late that evening, ten or eleven o'clock, I went back to tell her what the doctors had said.

"She must have known by the quiet way I came in that I didn't have good news. But I tried to make it easier by telling her about Miles first.

"'They can't find that anything is the matter with him,' I told her. 'Badly bruised, of course, but apart from that as sound as when he was born.'

"'Well?' she said, waiting for me to go on. Her mother was sitting crying in the little old black hair-cloth rocker, but Jennie didn't shed a tear. Her cheeks were bright, as they always were, and you'd have thought from her uncrumpled white dress and smooth braids of black hair that she had been sitting there waiting for Gideon to come in, just like any other evening.

"'Well?' she said again.

"'They're coming over from the hospital to operate on Gideon in the morning. His spine is injured. And he's hurt other ways.' I had meant to soften it in telling her, but there was something about her that forced the brutal truth right out of me.

"'Will he—die?' she asked me.

"'Oh, Jennie, Jennie!' little Mrs. Sprague wailed out. 'You mustn't say it. You must hope.'

"But Jennie was looking at me hard. 'No,' I said. 'They expect to save his life. But—they're afraid he won't be able to walk any more.'

"Of course this was enough to give Mrs. Sprague a fit of crying, and that took up Jennie's attention for a while; and—somehow, I guess that must have helped us through.

"In a few days Miles was out of bed and almost well again, but the doctors couldn't say that Gideon's operation had helped him any. There wasn't any hope now, they said, that he'd ever be able to walk. Pretty hard luck, wasn't it, for a boy like that? And I can tell you that it wasn't easy for the rest of us even to look on. The thing would have seemed bad enough if it had happened to a worthless tramp, but that Gideon should be struck down that way—Gideon . . . when we all thought so much of him . . . it was enough to break your heart.

"And then—there was Jennie. You see, it was a mighty different kind of life that seemed to be stretching ahead of her now, with Gideon a cripple. So I wasn't surprised when Lura came home one day about a week after the accident and told of the bad state Jennie was in."

"Sam," said Lura, through the window-screen, "you might as well tell the whole story. You know what was the matter with Jennie Sprague. *She was afraid.*"

Sam Jerrod was silent.

"You might as well put it into words, Sam." Lura's voice trembled under the restraint she imposed upon herself. "You know it's the truth. She was afraid she'd have to marry Gideon. That was what ailed her when she was whimpering there at home and everybody in Stony Hill was pitying her. She was afraid she'd have to marry Gideon, after all. There he had been in bed a week, just as conscious of everything as you and I are conscious this minute, and Jennie Sprague hadn't been to see him. She said her mother wouldn't allow it. *Her mother!* Why, you know those piercing eyes of Gideon Barstow's! She knew they would claim something from her that she couldn't give. And she was hiding from *them!*"

Sam Jerrod said nothing for a moment. "Well, now, Lura," he then began, very gently, "you mustn't blame Jennie Sprague for not being equal to a thing that you could have done yourself. You could have been faithful to a crippled lover, and married him—if he would have let you—and been happy all your life and made him happy. But Jennie—why, that girl wasn't made to be a heroine. And she knew it."

I looked at Lura. She was sitting quite still, with a queer little smile on her face.

"Why, Gideon saw how it was, plain enough," Jerrod went on. "And it wasn't but a few days later that we all knew he'd sent word to Jennie that she was free from every promise she had made him. And we saw that that question was settled for good. You see that, though we all knew Gideon wasn't going to die, it wasn't long before we got to speaking of him as you would of a dead man. And he'd have been glad enough to *be* dead—there's no doubt of that. I used to go, evenings, and sit with him—read to him sometimes. It was Lura that made me do it—and she'd wait for me alone at home. I won't say it was an easy job. You couldn't let him see how sorry you were. And you couldn't smooth things over, as you can for some people. Gideon was too keen—he'd see right through you. That bitter way he used to smile, as he'd lie there in bed and look at me—why, it would have frozen my tongue in my mouth if I'd tried to give him any goody-goody talk. Still, as time went on, we got so that we could talk pretty naturally of 'most everything—everything, that is, but one. We never mentioned Jennie Sprague. But I used to feel that he always knew where Jennie was and even what she was doing. I never knew a man to love a girl the way Gideon did Jennie. . . . And does still, I almost said. . . . Anyway, the thing he felt for her was something the rest of us don't know anything about; I don't mind owning that.

"Before long Miles was up and about, as good as ever—though that was hard to believe at first—and he and his father saw that the church got finished. We'd

been having our Sunday services in the town hall since the old church was pulled down, but along about the first of November the inside of the new church was all done, and when Sunday came we had the consecration service. As Lura and I were walking home that day she said:

"'Sam, I expect you don't know the very first ceremony that's going to take place in the new church, now we're moved in? There's to be a wedding there to-morrow.'

"'Well,' I said, half thinking of something else, 'that means somebody is in a hurry, doesn't it? Do you know who it is?'

"'Yes, I know,' she said. . . . 'Miles Barstow is going to marry Jennie Sprague.'

"I didn't believe her at first. . . . I couldn't, somehow. But Jennie herself had said so. And, after all, as soon as I thought it over, it seemed natural enough. Poor old Gideon was out of the running just as much as if he had died—"

"Only, if he had been really dead, Jennie and Miles would have waited longer," Lura interposed, with the gentlest emphasis.

"—and they were a practical pair; neither of them high-strung, like Gideon, and Miles was in love with Jennie just as he'd been for years, in his soft, peaceable way—"

"And Jennie's linen lay yellowing in her chests," said Lura.

"So there wasn't any real reason why they shouldn't marry. That was the way the village looked at it. They knew that Jennie wasn't the kind that old maids are made of, and 'most everybody said she was a sensible girl to take Miles when—when she had lost Gideon.

"Gideon was well enough to sit in a chair by the window by this time. He sat there the day they were married, and watched Miles go off to church in his best suit and come back afterward, with Jennie. It was a private wedding, but it was Jennie, I think, who had wanted to be married in church. You see, all the other girls had been. And she didn't seem to have any feeling about the accident's having happened there—"

"Or to remember it was all her own causing. Would Miles have stepped on the scaffolding if she had let him alone?" said Lura.

"Come, Lura, nobody's ever put it that way." Jerrod was shocked a little. This was overstepping the conventional boundaries of the familiar legend.

"It's the true way, isn't it?" Lura demanded.

Jerrod resumed his story without replying. "Right off—the next day, I think—Miles and Jennie went to live in the same house they live in still; it's the red house on the corner; you can see it from our front gate. And Jennie grew handsomer all the time and better dressed, and things went well—as they always did go well with Jennie.

"Gideon and his father lived on together in the old place, and the old woman that had always lived with them waited on Gideon—as much as he needed. Crippled as he was, he looked out for himself mostly. The doctor couldn't understand it—but I could. I knew the savage way that Gideon hated dependence. But I don't say that there's much sense in having that kind of pride. I guess it may have been a worse thing for Gideon than his accident, even. . . .

"About a year, wasn't it, Lura, after Miles and Jennie were married, old Enoch Barstow died. Times had been hard and he hadn't a penny outside of his business, which, of course, he left to Miles. Gideon must have supposed that they would rent the house and he'd stay on in a corner of it—it took so little to keep him alive—but one night after supper, about a week after the funeral, as I was sitting with Gideon telling him whatever news I'd picked up, in walked Miles. He looked pretty sober and worried.

"'Don't go, Sam,' he said. 'I just dropped in to tell Gid about the house.'

"'Do you mean this house?' I asked him. Gideon didn't say a word, but he knew—Gideon always did know things before you said them.

"Miles didn't shirk. His face got red, but he forged right ahead. 'We all know what father meant,' he said, looking at me instead of Gideon. 'He's left me what he had, but he expects me to look after Gid. And that's what I want to

do, most of anything. So there's a nice little room waiting for him down at our place, and we want him to come to-morrow.'

"'Isn't this good enough for Gideon?' I said.

"'Well—I've had to dispose of this place. Enright came around to-day to make the deal with me. He's always wanted our land. I hated to, but Jen said we couldn't afford to keep the place. And, as she says, we have the baby to think of now.'

"Well, that was all the warning Gideon had. The next day they moved him down to Jennie Sprague's house. I say that because it's no use pretending that Miles was ever the head of his own family, even though you couldn't notice anything women's-rights-y about Jennie. And there, all day long, Gideon had to hear Jennie's sweet, cooing voice and look at her smooth, pretty face. Every crumb he ate was charity from Jennie's fingers. People even praised her for giving it, and of course Gideon knew that, too. Most folks don't seem to see the other fellow's side of things, much—and nobody worried any about the torture it was to Gideon to live there under the roof with Jennie and Miles. They just took it for granted that Miles and Jennie were kind to him. But does anybody suppose that Gideon cared any less for Jennie because she belonged to Miles? Care less for her? Good God! I believe he cared more. But it was different—"

"Different because he learned to hate her at the same time," contributed Lura.

"I didn't go to see Gideon as often afterwards. He didn't seem to want me. And there were always Miles and Jennie and the baby, and the baby's toys and blankets and bottles and Lord knows what. It was natural and pretty enough, of course, but it choked Gideon—made him sick. He almost never spoke a word; but he'd sit there, day after day, and watch Jennie Sprague—those sharp eyes of his growing brighter all the time. I wonder Jennie wasn't afraid of them. You see, he wasn't the kind you hear tell of, that suffering makes sweet and patient. It got to be a fiercer torment every day—and every day he resented it more.

"After six months of it he sent for me. It was one Sunday morning when Miles and Jennie were at church and the baby was with Jennie's mother. 'Sam,' he said, 'I can't stand this any longer.' I knew what he meant. 'But my hands aren't useless. I'm going to use them—get to work. I'm going to cobble shoes for anybody that 'll pay me for it. Have you got a pair? And I'm going to live in the little shed out back and take care of myself. Here in the house I'm as much trouble as a dog you'd have to throw bones to. Out there I sha'n't be.'

"I didn't say a word against his plan, and Lura and I, we even helped him carry it out. Miles and Jennie, when they heard of it, had the usual things to say—"

"Jennie told people Gideon was ungrateful," Lura quickly threw in.

"Well, she may have thought so. I dare say she couldn't understand why he liked hardships and the mean business of mending other men's shoes better than being fed at her table by her pretty hands. But as soon as folks understood what Gideon wanted, they brought their shoes to him and they were well mended, I can tell you that. There was nothing Gideon hadn't tried as a boy—nothing that didn't come easy to him. And he soon earned enough to buy his own bread and porridge; that's about all he lives on. But it was queer always, the bashful way we had, all of us, when we'd come around with a job for him. We'd looked up to Gideon so—as if he were better than the rest of us. And it didn't come natural to hand over our worn-out old shoes to him.

"But, good Lord! none of us minded it as much as Gideon did himself. Perhaps another man might have taken it differently—even all the pain that he had to bear, and the being poor and lonely and losing Jennie. But for Gideon there wasn't any other way. He just had to let himself be torn in pieces. You'll understand what I mean when you see him. His face tells. And the worst of it is, there's no end to it—there's no way out."

"Not as long as Jennie Sprague lives," said Lura.

"Yes, it's queer about Jennie," Jerrod admitted. "It looked just as if she couldn't let Gideon alone. She'd go out

to that little place of his—that wretched little shed that was the only escape from her the poor fellow could think of—and she would smile at him as if she believed she was the very sight his eyes had been aching for. And she'd give him advice about his cooking and tell him where to keep his tools, and that he ought to have the window open more—or less, whichever it was. Jennie's a remarkable housekeeper, you know. Everybody admits it, don't they, Lura? It isn't that she ever went to work and learned the tricks of it—but it's in her blood.

"The only thing, I suppose, that's kept Gideon from losing his mind is that as the years have gone by Jennie's children have kept her out of his way, at least part of the time. She has five, and not one of them has ever been neglected for a minute. Jane, the oldest, is nine or so. I guess the only service Jennie Sprague has ever done Gideon has been to bring little Jane into the world. And yet, after all, when you think of what's happened now. . . .

"Gideon's always thought everything of little Jane. She's a nice enough child; not a remarkable one so far as I can see; but very likely Gideon sees more in her than is really there, just as he always has in Jennie.

"But there's no doubt that little Jane has been a godsend—until now. For years she's been the only person Gideon would laugh and talk with naturally. And the toys he's made for her and the games he's contrived! Oh, she's kept him human! . . . Poor old Gideon! . . .

"Anybody else that's tried to talk much with him has—well, has seen the sparks fly. He thinks he's cursed, and he don't mind saying so, and he don't mind cursing back again, any more than you and I mind complaining of the weather. I guess some of the things he says nowadays are pretty bad—pretty bad. To a pious person, who didn't know him, they'd probably sound out-and-out wicked. I don't like such talk myself, but I know what Gideon has been through, and if his blaspheming relieves him any, I can stand for it.

"But last spring the new minister came. He began poking around right away, and inside of a week he went to call on Gideon—to advise him to be patient! Of course they ought to have been kept apart, those two, though I don't see how it could have been done. Gideon didn't allow any such liberty as the minister had taken, and he told him so—and his language may have sizzled some. And he told him what he thought about the universe and the way he'd fared in it. And then the minister told Gideon he'd have to take up his case. Threatened him—threatened Gideon!

"Well, he did take it up. Seems to me he'd have been a great success here if he'd paid half as much attention to anything else. All summer he's been pestering Gideon to own up he's a sinner—to sort of apologize for those swear-words, and to *him!* But of course trying to coerce Gideon makes him as defiant as a demon. Yes, they'll make a demon of that poor chap—"

Sam Jerrod paused, and sat fussing with his pipe, as if the burden of his sorry tale had for the moment overwhelmed him. And the image of Gideon Barstow presented itself to me as that of a great, savage, wounded bird, clinging to some bleak and rocky refuge and screaming hoarse imprecations into hostile space.

"About a month ago," Jerrod took up his story, "they had a pretty bad quarrel. Since then the minister's tried a new tack. Oh, he's a good man, you know, that minister. He just hasn't got an understanding heart. Well, he's been getting the parish people to believe they must stand by the minister and virtue—and get somebody else to cobble their shoes for them. He's been dinning it into them that it isn't Christian to let Gideon mend the toe of your boot unless the poor creature comes out and says he's sorry for using swear-words. Gideon's being disciplined, you see; boycotted, starved out, whatever you choose to call it. And folks are such sheep! Of course I can always tell the way things are going from the talk I hear down at the office. And I can tell you there's hardly a soul in Stony Hill that isn't afraid to go near Gideon now. And do they know what they're afraid of? . . .

"Now there's Miles and Jennie. They're great ones for going to church, always have been, and the minister's kept at them till they see things his way,

too. Miles! Why, he used to be nothing but Gideon's good-natured echo—and now he's setting himself up as a judge over him."

Lura rose from her chair with a spirited look. "Sam, do you mean Gideon Barstow is without food?"

"No. They haven't starved him yet. The idea is to make him eat their bread and salt till they choose to let him earn his own again. Till he's good enough, that is. That's all they're after, of course, to make Gideon *good*—as good as they are, I suppose. . . . And there's one other thing made me feel rather bad when I heard it. I guess I haven't told you yet, Lura. Jennie promised the minister a few days ago that she'd keep little Jane away from Gideon, and she has—"

"Sam," interrupted Lura, "I'd talk a little lower if I were you. There's somebody just unlatched the gate, somebody coming round here to the back porch. Don't you hear?"

We hadn't heard, Jerrod and I; but we noticed now the light, swift footsteps of the small figure that hurried along the path till it came close to the lilac-bushes growing below us, and spoke in a little, frightened voice, through the branches.

"Oh, Mr. Jerrod—Mr. Jerrod—are you there?"

"Why, it's little Jane Barstow," Lura interposed, maternally. "Come inside, Janey. What's the trouble, dear?"

"Father sent me," she gasped out. "He says to tell Mr. Jerrod to come over to our house—to come now. Uncle Gideon is—there's something the matter with Uncle Gideon, and they're going to take him over to the asylum; and father wants Mr. Jerrod to come and talk to him. I can't wait, but—will you come, Mr. Jerrod?"

"Yes, you wait, Janey. I'm coming with you this minute. Just reach me my hat, will you, Lura?"

Lura did not move, but sat utterly unheeding. "I knew she'd do it," she said, in a low, distinct voice. "I knew Jennie Sprague would drive Gideon crazy."

"Gideon isn't crazy," declared Sam, with what I thought singular confidence. "Don't you believe that, Lura. I'll tell you what it all means when I get back." And leaping, hatless, over the porch rail, he vanished into the darkness.

For perhaps a couple of hours we waited there, Lura Jerrod and I, for the most part in complete silence. Lura seemed under too great a strain to sustain a continuous conversation, and she was always a woman who talked little. But now and then she would break out into sudden, startling confidences that I shall never forget. Lura's intuitions were remarkably sound in all cases. But there was something peculiarly penetrating and tender in her understanding of poor Gideon Barstow. I've never, in fact, been quite able to make that out—the really ferocious tenderness with which she spoke of Gideon. I was still wondering about it when Sam Jerrod finally leaped up the steps and walked into the room.

"Well, Gideon's gone," he announced. "He's fooled them."

"You mean he isn't crazy, Sam?"

"He's no crazier than I am." Jerrod seemed to have no thought of me as the possibly betraying stranger. "But I know Gideon. He figured this out as the only way out of the trap they'd set for him, the minister and all of them. And I don't know, after all, as he could have retaliated any better. Because now they'll have to believe they *did* drive him crazy—and it's their turn for repentance."

"Poor Gid!" said Lura softly, addressing neither of us. "Poor, poor Gid! . . . Well, he's out of Jennie Sprague's reach now. . . . "

And then we all took our squatty little kerosene-lamps and filed up-stairs to bed.

So, although I lived for three years at Stony Hill, I never, after all, saw Gideon Barstow. But I often, almost daily, saw Jennie Sprague. A sound, fully-bloomed, completely adjusted woman, as Jerrod had pictured her; unscourged by remorse, irreproachable as wife and mother, useful, even, in the orthodox, routine fashion of a passing age, to the institutions of her community. Never once did I behold her without evoking the image I had formed of Gideon Barstow—the wounded, angry, uncomprehending bird, clinging to its unlovely refuge, its hoarse, reiterated imprecations unheeded.

The Visitor

BY G. P. HELM

A STRANGE visitor came to my ranch door the other night. He appeared about sundown and made a courteous appeal for supper. He was lean and gray and very tired, but, by a sort of knowledge I have got out of the eternal dust of things here, I saw that he was unvanquished and ready to hit the trail the moment that terrible hunger could be satisfied.

I invited him in and gave him the run of the house. He drank water avidly, as if to quench a three days' thirst, and waited by while I laid forth the fat and the lean of my storehouse. We looked at each other and measured the good points of each. He was thorough-bred, under the alkali, and of a gallant build. I could see that he approved of me, and I hoped that later on he would give me his confidence, because I was full of a great wonder to know where he came from afoot and alone at that hour.

So we broke bread together and, although I did not know it, there was forged between us at that moment an everlasting bond. Some inner sense, no doubt, held this knowledge, but my only mental register was the fact that I felt a deep peace in his companionship and I meant to keep him as long as I could; and to that end I played host to make the moment happy to a high degree. I talked about all sorts of odds and ends of desert gossip to get his mind off his trouble. He looked at me with tender understanding, as if to say, "It's all right, my friend; I know what you are trying to do, and I am grateful. It is a pleasure to sit here in this delightful room with the pipes and the open fire. I like the atmosphere of books and pipes and a fire." He cocked an eye at me whimsically and I nodded, "Yea, verily!"

I held on to him persistently whenever I saw his great, sad gaze seek the trail that led away from me. It is not often that my shadow has a playmate on the plains. I suggested that we stretch out a bit on the gallery after supper, and I left him to himself for a time and stood off watching him, thinking he might get his bearings better without his stranger host. His eyes looked straight ahead with an expression of steadfast trust, as if they looked within answering and beloved eyes. He was lost in deep meditation, and all remembrance of my efforts at entertainment had passed from him. He was above circumstance. Sad to the verge of heartbreak, but not bitter; fearless, but not foolhardy. I wanted him for my friend, so I went to him. I told him I was lonely, and for a moment he let me see into the depths of his soul, where was revealed a loneliness so poignant that my little murmur against the arid wastes of my days was pitiful and small. Something showed me the courage with which he looked forward to mere endurance of a state of mind and body bereft of all save the quickening pulse of a great trust in his God.

So passed a half-hour, maybe, each of us busy with our own emotions, when he rose with a great sigh and shook himself and looked out into the gathering dusk. This was to be our farewell then—he was going on with his journey. And now, don't laugh at me, you who are safe and warm in the circle of family and friends—I made a desperate plea that he stay. Here he was under my roof. I was alone, cut off from everybody. Was his business on the road so urgent that he must go without bed and breakfast? Did any one else need him as much as I? Where had he come from? Where was he going? Why could he not stay with me? I even laid a hand on him and made him feel my appeal.

He heard me out, but he did not look at me—he seemed rather to weigh some grave matter of right and wrong. Finally

I became aware, by the inner voice that speaks only in the utter silences, that he would stay.

"Come along, old fellow," I said, joyfully. "We'll make up the fire and bunk down for the night, and in the morning we'll talk it all over. Come, I win."

But he did not stay without a protest. He walked restlessly back and forth, up and down the gallery, and a rending sigh came from him. Then plunging off down the trail, he took a few paces back and forth, up and down, and, lifting his weary head, he cried into the night with anguish—a farewell and a summons all in one. It woke the cactus-crowned cañons, that desolating cry of his, and died against my cabin wall. Then he limped back, for he was sore spent, like a wounded creature that tries to hide its hurt as a shame. Had I done right to keep him, I wondered? What destiny had I interfered with? What great lonely duty was his?

Once within, his weariness was heavy upon him and he slept, while I pondered these things in my heart. Along in the middle of the night the telephone-bell rang with its peculiar, insistent, loud, intimate, half human call. It is only men whose lives are passed in lonely places who know just the strange, vibrating fellowship of that little bell. I sprang to the instrument, and my guest shook himself from his sleep and made a bound after me. The moment was intense for both of us, and I connected the call with him absolutely.

"Hello!" came a voice—but the rest of the sentence was drowned out in the uproar of joy that overtook my visitor, He went wild at the sound of that voice, and only with difficulty did I get the words:

"Hello-o, this is Hickey. Is my dog there?"

His dog at that moment was standing on his hind legs, pawing at the telephone-box, choking with joy and leaping against me in a frenzy of uncontrollable happiness. Only by pushing him off with all my strength and holding the receiver high in the air was I able to carry on the conversation. So I yelled to Hickey:

"Yes, he's here. Can't you hear him? Arrived about sundown, dead beat. Took him in."

"Keep him. I'm coming," bellowed Hickey, and rang off.

For the rest of the night I had my hands full of dog. Just a big, silly puppy, tearing around, upsetting things, coming to me for a moment, rubbing me off my feet in an engulfing wave of rapture, licking my face and hands, off to the door to wake the night of stars with his baying communication. No more sleep for either of us. My time was wholly given over to removing a hard thumping tail from the precious litter of my pipes and Mexican tobacco-jars and the outfit of my supper-table. Again he would stretch his powerful body at a little distance from the telephone and there remain like a sphinx, motionless, with interrogating gaze.

"So, you are Hickey's dog," I would say to relieve the tension of his rigid vigil, and these words brought him to me with the loving confidence of a child. Laying his massive head on my knees and looking up at me with all his soul, he would speak his complaint that I didn't know from the very first he was Hickey's—and lost! And then some sound out in the night, some vague clash of night elements not heard by my ears, would send him prowling out on the gallery. Back again to the telephone, the sphinx once more, silent, questioning, motionless. Then to my knee, tender, wistful, pathetic, trustful.

So passed the time; when, without warning, like an imprisoned earthquake, he made one wild circuit of the room, lifting the dust of all the years of my habitation, and like a streak of whirlwind shot out of the door. The thud of his enormous paws pounding the trail, and a few quick, joyous barks, broke the silence. I had heard nothing; the night remained impenetrable, unvoiced, of authoritative stillness, but he had found his master—caught the far-off scent of a beloved presence—the rapturous, unbelievable, traveling particle of echo that told him where to go.

I waited a long time musing by the fire. What a love this was, what a power, what a reality to reckon with! Whether between man and woman, mother and child, or dog and master—there it is for us to acknowledge; the only power we do not give over to the

arms of death. I wonder how it is that I have so offended love that it may not reach me. I do not know, but "the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness" for this.

These meditations were interrupted by the sound of Hickey's voice singing out to me, the neighing of his tired horse, and all the general noisy welcome of men meeting at night on the plains.

After putting up the horse we entered the house; and what a monarch of a dog came in with proud, lighted eyes and lifted head. What ownership radiated from him! What lordly bulking of a huge body right in the way! Nothing of the pathetic puppy left; not a trace of my sad, gray soldier who had fallen after his heart-breaking, lonely journey through the desert, friendless as the coyote. Everything was absolutely all right now, and as the firelight glowed over the rough figures of two men with their pipes, the quiet-breathing, peaceful sovereign of this fellowship fell asleep across his master's feet because the world was once again swinging buoyantly into place in the hand of God.

"Tell me, Hickey," I said—and I think I spoke softly—"did he ever hear your voice over the telephone?"

"No," answered Hickey, a man of few words.

"Well," I continued, incredulously, "don't you think it's strange that he should recognize your voice on a long-distance call?"

"No," answered Hickey, and I knew I wasted words; so I put my wonder in my pipe and smoked it down.

"How long have you had him?" I asked, after the two pipes had smoked gently together for a time.

"Five years," said Hickey; and then, as if to himself, he murmured, "And I'll never leave him again by the grace of God."

"I never knew you had a dog," I went on, unable to keep still.

"Yes, you knew, but you have forgotten," said Hickey in his rich, low voice. "Had him here with me a long time ago—he was only a pup then, but he remembered you, of course, and knew the place."

So! That was it. He knew me and remembered the place; knew I was a friend of Hickey's, and therefore he trusted.

O ye of little faith! This is how the mustard-tree flourished in the wilderness.

When I Grow Old

BY ETHEL R. PEYSER

WHEN I grow old
God grant that every child
Will feel the youthful texture of my soul
And will not turn away from me
As from a shade or shrunken vine,
When I grow old.

When I grow old
God grant that I may have some task
Which must be done, or some one fare the worse—
That in some corner of the earth
Some one will need my hand,
When I grow old.

Unemployment and Business

BY ELBERT H. GARY

Chairman of the Board, U. S. Steel Corporation

THE resources and opportunities for the commercial success of the United States are better now than ever before. The total wealth of this country is at least double that of France or Germany, and sixty-five per cent. greater than that of England. The amount of money in the United States is three and one-half times as much as that of the United Kingdom, and two and one-half times that of Germany. The United States has between one-fifth and one-quarter of the total gold of the entire world, and its gold production for 1914 was maintained in those proportions. The annual savings or net gains in the United States are at least five billion dollars a year, while those of the United Kingdom are approximately two billions; of Germany, one and one-half billions; and France, one billion.

The products of our farms during 1914 had a combined value of ten billion dollars, including between six and seven billions for crops alone. With our wealth, increasing productive capacity, best of climates, rich soil, and vast bodies of undeveloped minerals, the United States should be the leading financial and commercial nation of the world.

Idleness does not result from the fact that there are more persons desiring work than the resources of the country can accommodate, but it arises from interruptions to business, so that large numbers who have been working are thrown out of employment in consequence of decreased production. If the volume of trade was steady and not subject to serious changes, the capacity of the working people would adjust itself to the necessities and demands of capital and enterprise.

During the year 1914, business conditions generally throughout the United States were perhaps the worst in a generation. They were affected more or less during the last six months by the war in Europe, but during the first six months and for a few months preceding, business was bad, and the cause cannot therefore be attributed to the war, although to some extent the preparations for war may have had an influence.

As a matter of fact, business prosperity in this country has always been periodically interrupted with greater or less persistency. The tendency of the times during the last few years seems to have been opposed to business progress. There has been a decided sentiment, important and extensive, against successful business. This has been shown in the utterances of public speakers and writers, the introduction of many poorly considered and vicious bills into the legislative branches of government, the passage of some unfavorable laws, and in some instances a disposition to go beyond justice in the administration of laws. As a consequence of these conditions capital has become frightened, the investor timid, and the enterprising citizen has discontinued his efforts. There has been a disposition to wait until the way should be made clear for the business man to embark safely in new enterprises or to extend an established business.

But the reason for these adverse conditions has been partly the fault of the men of wealth and influence who occupy positions of power in the business world. They have heretofore been more or less careless in the management of their affairs, indifferent to the rights and interests of others, regardless of their responsibility toward those for whom they have become trustees, as directors or officials, and unmindful of the general public welfare. They have failed to realize sufficiently their duty toward one another, toward rivals in business, toward employees whose welfare they are in duty bound to protect and promote,

and to the general public which relies upon them for leadership in developing and maintaining economic and industrial prosperity. Fortunately, these objectionable features are rapidly disappearing.

General unemployment is deplorable, not only because of the great suffering it produces—and this phase cannot be too often or too strongly emphasized—but also because enforced idleness impairs the productive capacity of a nation and depletes the general wealth. It is obvious to me, as I believe it must be to every practical thinker, that it is far better to carry men and women on the pay-roll than on the relief roll. It is to the highest advantage of society that its working forces shall be utilized as completely as possible. No inefficiency could be greater than to leave honest and competent labor subject to the humiliation of charitable relief. Moreover, such members of a community as are not self-supporting—whether through their own fault or otherwise—must be supported by the public, and such support of the non-productive individual is pure waste.

When suffering by reason of non-employment appears, there seems to be a feeling on the part of the unemployed that the city or other governmental administration is not only obligated to furnish, but is possessed of the means of properly and adequately furnishing relief, and complaints are made if there is any delay or failure in this respect. But it must be realized that government officials cannot create facilities for work outside of the ordinary course of public business, or furnish pecuniary relief, for the obvious reason that no provisions have been established by law for these purposes. The problem of unemployment is essentially one of business and of business management, and must be met by business statesmanship through the normal channels of business and economic organization.

One of the great public necessities existing in the United States to-day is an effort upon the part of business men and the public generally so to organize employment as to decrease fluctuations in the labor-market. The adoption of some method by which all work that might wisely and economically be carried on in winter should be undertaken at times when employment is normally slack, seems to me to be needful. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that this might almost, if not entirely, prevent crises such as may arise. But it would go beyond the relief of unemployed labor. Business would benefit as much as labor by an equalization of employment throughout the year, and any arrangement that benefited these two groups would react favorably upon the whole community.

But the process of meeting the problem of unemployment, not only in times of emergency, but permanently, will be found to be difficult. The subject needs more persistent, careful, and intelligent consideration than it has heretofore received. It needs study that will bring out the real facts and will avoid the dangers of mere theorizing. Certainly, one of the important factors in this permanent solution will be the development of increasingly better relations between employer and employed. Already these relations are going through a process of readjustment along rational and mutually beneficial lines. Tremendous changes have occurred.

In former years the employer and the employee dealt at arm's-length, and each was distrustful of the other. Distrust breeds unfairness. The employee believed his employer was disposed to get the most possible out of him for the least compensation, and the employer believed the employee to be disposed to give the least labor for the highest wage. The employee believed his employer to be selfish and grasping, the employer believed his employee unintelligent, unreliable, and arbitrary. Apparently they were at war with each other, and the war often became violent. Neither benefited; both suffered, and that means that everybody suffered.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that of late years both sides have come to realize that granting and meriting confidence and the feeling and exhibition of solicitude for the interests of the other are of benefit to both.

Employers, particularly large employers who have found it wise to foster expert investigation, have done more than begin to understand that fair and

liberal treatment of their employees will result in better service and more profitable operations; and employees, particularly those who have been under the educational influence of the results of these large investigations, have done more than begin to realize that in the degree to which they seek to advance the interests of their employers will their own compensation and conditions of work and general welfare improve. The employers of the United States are spending millions annually in efforts to improve the conditions of their employees by the installation of safety devices, the payment of voluntary accident relief for the injured and their families, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the establishment of recreational facilities, the payment of old-age pensions, and educational work; in short, through what is known as "welfare work" of every description.

Many of the larger employing companies are giving their employees preferential opportunities to become stockholders, and therefore in a measure copartners in the wealth which their labor helps to create. They do this not because of any spirit of philanthropy, and certainly not through any charitable impulse, but because experience has taught them that it is good business.

It is by reason of this attitude that employers to-day are receiving better service and better results from labor than ever before, and that the workers of to-day are getting better wages, working shorter hours, and living in the midst of better opportunities for advancement, safer methods of work, more admirable sanitary surroundings, and, in general, under conditions greatly improved over any ever before known.

Each now has greater confidence in the other's integrity of motive, and in consequence many of the old difficulties, which were principally the result of a failure to understand each other's problems, have been eliminated.

The tendency of the times is all toward a better understanding between employer and employee, and this tendency will lead toward an even greater thing—a better understanding by society as a whole of those economic methods and conditions which tend toward the greatest possible general comfort and prosperity.

It has often happened in the past that disorder and even crime have been the outcome of unwilling idleness. Is it not obvious, therefore, that it is the wise course for individuals, firms, corporations, and even governments to cooperate toward its prevention?

Idleness is the curse of any nation. The comfort, morals, and happiness of a people are in large measure determined by the completeness with which the working forces of its citizenship are utilized in the production of wealth. An idle nation like an idle man inevitably drifts toward degradation, just as an energetic, active, and thrifty man or nation progresses in character, moral and physical health, and wide and proper influence. Therefore, while mercy and justice demand that those who can help to alleviate such human suffering as arises from enforced idleness should do everything in their power toward that end, practical common sense demands that measures shall be devised to reduce the possibility of unemployment to a minimum and to make the recurrence of such an economic disaster impossible in the future.

We should do all in our power to make people of wealth and influence realize that it rests with them to say whether they shall remain secure in their place and possessions. Some of us have said to them, when they complained that many of the criticisms directed against them were unjust, that they had no right to complain until they had set their own houses in order. Unrest is due to a widespread feeling that men of wealth and heads of large enterprises are not doing everything possible to improve conditions. The large majority of our people are fair-minded. Unrest would, I believe, disappear if the masses of the people were convinced that everything reasonable was being done by those more fortunate than themselves to promote the common comfort and well-being.

A Man's Right

BY HELEN R. HULL

JOHN scraped his chair over the bare floor and rose. His mother leaned forward to pick up the napkin he dropped beside his plate, and said, an uncertain entreaty in her voice, "The paper's on the table, Johnny."

He made no answer, but his mother's face relaxed when he walked to the other end of the long room, the sitting-room end. Laying aside the rose-sprawled china globe, he lighted the lamp on the little round table and sat down with the paper.

His mother rose from the supper-table. "Katie, you pick up the dishes. I've got to sew to-night."

Her voice drooped a little wearily, much like her shoulders.

"I've got some hist'ry to do," pouted Katie.

"You've got dishes to do first," retorted her mother, sharply. "Don't you let me hear another word. Molly 'll help you."

She opened the door which led to the two tiny bedrooms, and a cool breeze blew in, ruffling the white sash-curtains. With her sewing-basket she seated herself opposite John. He did not raise his eyes from the paper, but he moved restively, conscious of her glances in his direction.

"Pink's bad for eyes at night," she ventured, as she held her needle near the lamp to find the elusive eye. No answer from John.

"Are you going to the exercises?"

"Huh? What exercises?"

"Why, the Memorial Day ones at the church."

"What do I want to go for?"

His mother's thread broke, and she snapped out an irritated, "You could answer decent, at least."

He rustled his sheet aggressively. From the other end of the room came the clatter of dishes and subdued giggles. A tin slipped to the floor with a bang, and John jumped up, tossing aside his paper.

"Can't ever let a fellow read in peace!" he muttered, glowering irresolutely.

His mother looked up from the pink waist at this tall son of hers. "Don't go out again, John. There—there's popcorn in the cellarway—"

"Popcorn!" John mocked her accent scornfully. "I'm going over town. I've got to see Barney."

"You don't have to see him." Her knowledge of her helplessness made her voice shrill.

"He's going! He's going!" sang out Molly, suddenly, pounding on her pan with an iron spoon.

"Hush up! He ain't going anywheres!" cried Mrs. Ryan.

"What is there here for a fellow to do, I'd like to know?" demanded John, glaring about the room with its bright-chimneyed lamps. "A fellow'd ought to have some fun."

"I like to see you of an evening, Johnny. You'd ought to be glad you've a home to come to."

"I guess this is better than walking around with that Dovie Jacks." This came pertly from Katie.

"Shut up!" roared John. "Who asked you to butt in?" He turned on his sister fiercely, away from the tears in his mother's eyes.

"Well, you were a-walking with her."

"Keep it up! If you think I'm going to stay here!" He seized his hat from the hook near the door, and would have rushed out, but his mother, stumbling in her haste, caught his arm. Her thin lips drew into a little pucker, and the hollows of her cheeks deepened as she swallowed quickly. John met her eyes stubbornly.

"Johnny!" she said, and then was silent, glancing from him about the

clean, bare room. Her eyes came back to his sullen face, and with a little sigh she released his arm. He stood for a moment, his face flushing heavily, and then, at a derisive little titter from one of the small sisters, turned and with deliberately loud steps walked down the door-steps to the gravel path. He heard his mother's voice, breaking tensely through her control:

"See what you've done, Katie Ryan!"

He struck off down the road, across the river, and up to the main street of the village, shuffling moodily along through the dust.

The street was dark, save for the light from a few shops and the string of bright specks which marked the intersection of trolley-line and street, several blocks down. The boarded windows of the tavern offered a mute protest against the recent local-option ruling which had closed the chief social refuge of the village. Against the doorway of the cluttered general store were silhouetted the figures of several girls.

"Hullo there, John!" called one. "Oh, John! Coming to the exercises?"

"No, I ain't," he retorted, without stopping.

"Got a date, John?"

He went angrily on. From the drug-store corner the street dipped quickly to the car-tracks. In the shadow of the town hall was a small building. The torn shade of the one window was drawn, but the sultry night had forced open the door. John stopped where the light fell on his discontented face. The room within was full of smoke and men —men lounging about a green-topped table and tipped back in chairs against the wall. A brisk little man came to the door, carefully chalking his cue, and John, with a shrug of distaste, started on down the street.

"Hey, you, John!" The man spied him. "Come on in!"

John stopped a moment. At a laugh from the room the man turned, and John walked on to the little brick waiting-room.

That was the newest and cleanest place in town. The taciturn old mail-carrier was in front of the door, his limp mail-sack carefully guarded between his legs. The station-agent, a sallow, bored young man, stood in the doorway, an unlighted cigar between his teeth. John nodded at him, imitating his nonchalant pose.

A couple strolled around the corner of the platform, arms linked, the girl's white hat drooping affectionately on his shoulder.

"Married last night," commented the agent. "Going to live in the city."

John stared after them curiously.

Far down the road appeared a glow. It wavered, disappeared, returned, was caught by the trolley-wires, and at length flashed into brilliancy as the car came up the grade to the station.

The agent walked to the front of the car, a touch of officiousness in his nonchalance. The mail was tossed onto the platform. Only one passenger, a woman, got off, brushing rudely past the couple, who had rushed in haste from their dark corner.

At the sight of her, John's listlessness fled. She was slender and untidy, a scarf about her head. Her dark eyes followed the station-agent as he walked back to the door, ignoring her, and she saw John.

A hand fluttered one end of the scarf toward him, and she walked more slowly.

John scowled at the old mail-carrier who stood watching him. As the car pulled out he joined the girl. She laughed back over her shoulder as they left the platform.

"I was hopin' to see you, John." Her voice was lazy, soft in its undertones, nasal when she spoke aloud. "I've been out to Ranna's, helpin' her."

"You help her a lot, don't you?" John asked, awkwardly.

"Oh, some. I'm tired to-night." She sighed. "It's tiresome, workin' for folks."

"You bet it is," assented John.

They said no more until they reached the bridge. There John, clearing an obstinate throat, asked, "Say, Dovie, are you too tired to go along the river to-night?"

She leaned against the bridge rail, sighing again.

"It's nice and cool," he urged.

"Well—seein' that you want to so bad."

John helped her over the roadside



Drawn by Howard Giles

HE WOULD HAVE RUSHED OUT, BUT HIS MOTHER CAUGHT HIS ARM

ditch. She clung rather heavily to his arm as they started across the meadow. The soft wind fluttered her scarf into John's face, and when he put up his hand to brush it away the gauze caught on his fingers.

"Caught, ain't you?" she laughed.

"Well, I guess I can get away," he retorted, jerking free.

She laughed again.

They reached the meadow fence. John held the wires apart for her to crawl through, and followed slowly. A dull darkness hung over the country, shutting out stars and muffling sounds. From the river came the subdued croaking of the frogs; a distant catbird called shrilly. Just at the river's edge was a slight rise of ground with two slender trees.

"Let's rest," she said. "I'm tired."

She leaned against a tree, her face a white blur in the night. John stretched out beside her, poking at the turf with a bit of stick. After a silence of some moments, the girl spoke:

"It's just like we was saying last night. It ain't right. Here's you workin' fer other folks, givin' 'em all your money. An' here am I, all wore out, doin' the same thing."

John lunged at the turf.

"Why, I'll bet they even treat you same's if you was a baby."

John sat up, hurling his stick out into the stream. The words seemed to push out in spite of him, doggedly, "I'm gettin' pretty tired of it, too."

"I know. You ain't a kid no more, and folks don't know it." She waited, and, as he made no answer, continued, plaintively: "This ain't no fit place to live, either. Since I've been back I've about died. They ain't even any one I can talk to but you."

The reflection of vague light from the river hid her coarseness, making her not Dovie Jacks so much as just a girl. John sat very erect, his shoulders squared. Her low voice went on complainingly:

"An' what do I get fer talkin' to you? What do they say?" Her hands entreated him.

"Let 'em talk."

"They say—they say I'm runnin' after you." She caught her breath in a sob and covered her face with fingers slyly parted over her eyes.

John moved uneasily. "Don't cry, Dovie. Anybody can't stir here without they get talked about."

"What does your own mother say?" Her voice rose shrilly, then broke in despair again. "What does she say?"

John made an inarticulate answer. A perverse memory answered Dovie's question, and he heard his mother's "Johnny!"

"She says 'that Jacks girl!' Oh, I know. I hates 'em all. What chanct have I got here? I'm goin' away."

"Where?" demanded the boy.

"Anywheres. To the city. Away!"

"An' what'll I do?" He spoke dully.

She made an impatient movement of a foot.

"I can't go," he continued, still with the dull sense of empty, heavy days ahead.

"Why not?"

"Why, I—" He stopped, unable to bring into words the reason—his mother.

"Why should y' stay an' work?"

"I'd ought to," he answered, doggedly.

"'Ain't you got a right to live? What thanks do you get? Naggin' and words."

John dropped his head between his hands. Hadn't he a right to be a man?

"You ain't a boy no more. Go away, an' she'd respect you more."

He sat helplessly dumb. After an expectant pause, Dovie rose, taunting him with: "Stay, then, sissy. I'm goin'."

She tripped, and caught at John's shoulder. The touch woke him, and he drew her toward him.

"You ain't—not without me!" he cried.

She laughed and sank against him, slipping an arm about his shoulder, and angrily, awkwardly, he kissed her. For a whirling moment she clung to him; then she pulled away.

"I'm goin'!" John cried out against the confusion within him. "I'm goin' with you. We—we'll get married."

"You ain't old enough, even if you do look it."

"I am. They don't know."

She leaned to him, her face mysteriously alluring in the dim river-light. "'N' what about yer mother?"



"THEY AIN'T EVEN ANY ONE I CAN TALK TO BUT YOU"

He caught her roughly to him and silenced her. "You'll have a chance," he said, finally. "We'll have it together. I can work, and we'll live. That's what we'll do."

She rose as he scrambled up. A placid moon peered through the bushes at them. They started back along the river, silent until they reached the bridge. There Dovie stopped.

"I've got to get my clothes out at Ranna's," she said. "I can get 'em to-morrow early. Well!" she snapped, as John made no answer. "I suppose we can go to-morrow as well 's any time."

John choked over the word. "To-morrow!"

Dovie moved near. "Don't you want to?" she whispered, swaying against him slightly, and laughing as his lips found hers again—only for a second—and she broke away.

"Somebody's comin'. You slip across your back yard. I'll meet you at the crossin' to-morrow night. Run along!"

He started across the garden, and she watched the tall shadow until it disappeared around a corner of the house.

There was a figure in the doorway when John came up the path. It was his mother. She said not a word as he went past her into the house, where she followed him.

"You've been with that girl again!"

"S'pose I have?"

"An' you a son of mine!"

"She's good enough for me." John faced his mother, his face distorted, as flushed as hers was colorless.

"John Ryan! That Jacks girl! You bring disgrace in the house by goin' with her. You—you 'ain't been the same boy since she came home."

"You lie!" The words were a burst

of flame from sullen fire, away from which the mother shrank. "Lies! She's as good as I am! And nothin' could be as bad as livin' here and workin' and never a thing but jawin'. I'm through."

Tossing his cap on a chair, he strode off into the tiny bedroom, banging the door after him. He could hear his mother pacing back and forth in the outer room, and he thought he could detect shrill words hurled at him. When he had finished undressing he stood for a moment, his hand on the door. The footsteps still passed with jerky regularity. After a moment he crawled into bed. The room was stifling with the door closed, and he could not sleep. A long time afterward the door crept open. Through half-closed lids he saw his mother, her hands pressed to her breast, a pitiable shadow against the dimness of the outer room. He was carefully still, and she turned away.

Friday, Memorial Day, was a holiday, and so John was bewildered to wake early that morning and find his mother leaning over his bed.

"Get up, Johnny," she said, softly. "Still, so's not to wake the girls."

"I don't have to work."

"I've laid out your clothes. You just put them on."

Her quiet persistence roused him to action without waking his obstinacy. He noted with dull surprise that the clothes laid out were his best, even to a collar. When he came out into the kitchen, his mother, in unwonted splendor of white waist and black skirt, was hovering about the table.

"Eat your breakfast," she whispered, "and I'll tell you about it."

He ate in silence, dazed by the unusualness of his mother's behavior. She put on her hat while he ate. She piled the dishes into the sink, and possessing herself of a large pasteboard box, tiptoed him out, closing the door gently.

"There! we didn't wake them," she exclaimed. "And now we'll have to hurry to catch that car."

"What car are you going to catch?"

John strode along, impelled to haste by the nervous force which his mother displayed.

"I'll tell you when we get it," she panted, hurrying on.

"I ain't goin' anywhere."

She shook her head impatiently, and hastened on.

Baffled by the lack of anything definite against which to protest, John followed. The distant gong of the car sounded as they turned into the main street, still quiet in sleep.

"Catch it, John!" cried Mrs. Ryan; and John sped down the hill.

He stood with one foot on the step, beckoning her to hurry, as she came breathlessly up. He climbed after her, quite as a matter of course, and the car started off with its clamor of bell and gong.

Mrs. Ryan's face was flushed and her hat was awry, but the dead hopelessness had left her eyes. She relinquished the box to John, straightened her hat, and tucked up a few strands of hair. When the conductor came through the empty car to their seat, she leaned toward him across John, gripping a shabby little purse. "Does this car go straight through?" she asked, half fearfully.

"Yes'm. Clear through."

"And I can buy two tickets to Nelson?"

"Sure." He tore the two receipts from his book and tossed them aside. "One dollar thirty."

She handed him the exact change, her eyes on the slips of paper.

"Don't we have any tickets?" She was politely dubious.

"We don't need 'em, ma." John's voice had a hint of apology, and the conductor went on, smiling.

"What are you going to Nelson for?"

"Well," she hesitated, "I ain't going exactly to Nelson. I'm going on a little trip."

"A what?"

"Well, sort of. I've been saving the money for a while—for you to go, too."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"It ain't just a pleasure trip. But it 'll be nice. I didn't say anything until I saw the weather. But it couldn't be a nicer day. I 'ain't had no vacation for a good time." She paused, looking at her hands—thin, roughened, with swollen knuckles and blue ridges of veins. "I'm glad you wanted to go," she finished.

John started to retort, but he could

not get the vision of her hands out of his mind, and he said nothing. She had turned to the window, leaning back against the seat.

"It's a pretty morning," she sighed.

John looked out at the country with the vague tolerance one has for an accustomed journey. The hollows of the rolling meadows were grayed with a faint mist which the sun had not yet disturbed. There were signs of awakening at the scattered farm-houses. At a cross-roads waiting-station several couples entered, presenting a wonderful combination of celluloid collars, white dresses, red hands, and loud laughter.

"There's a circus in Jackson," volunteered John, but his mother made no reply.

The mid-morning was hot and dusty. John shifted uncomfortably, hampered by his collar, and glanced at his mother, upbraidings on his lips. A veiled expectancy about her silenced him. She had removed her hat, and the wind blew her thin hair in wisps about her cheeks. Once John caught a smile on her face. The whole proceeding had an air of momentousness for which he could not account. Neither could he understand how he happened to be there. Would they be home by evening?

The conductor came down the aisle, and Mrs. Ryan stretched out her hand to intercept him. "How much farther is Nelson?"

It was the next stop, and with trembling fingers she adjusted her hat. She sat far forward on the seat, hands tightly clasped. Almost before the car had stopped she was down the aisle.

Nelson was little more than a street crossed by the car-line. The church, store, and a few houses lay to the west, but Mrs. Ryan turned eastward down the dusty road.

"It ain't much of a walk," she assured John. "Be careful about that box."

She struck so brisk a gait that John fell behind, his ire rising with his increased discomfort. His mother, apparently as oblivious to heat and dust as to him, went on, her skirt flopping limply back and forth above the little spurts of dust from her quick feet. The road skirted a hill and then climbed resolutely up the next. At the top Mrs. Ryan stopped, breathing hard and shading her eyes. There was no sudden descent. The ground rolled away in stretches of green meadows and dark, freshly plowed fields at the left. Not far below was a cross-road. At the right a lane led in among the trees of a little grove. Mrs. Ryan turned into this lane, John still lagging behind. On through the trees they went, until they caught sight of a white steeple.

"That's the church!" Mrs. Ryan's voice thrilled. In a moment John saw it—a small, worn building, with a few old sheds behind, all fronting on the cross-road.

"I've wanted to come for these twelve years," said the mother, "an' most of all this last year, since the car's been running so close. An' here I am!"

"Here!" Had they come this hot way to see an old church? But Mrs. Ryan had gone on, quickening her steps almost to a run. The sheds shut her from view for a moment. When John rounded them he saw a stretch of ground, not large, surrounded by old trees. Under the trees were mounds in the long grass, and queer, gray tombstones. Then across at the far side he saw his mother kneeling.

He picked his way slowly around the mounds. At the sight of a stone tipped so sadly that the carven lamb seemed trying a somersault he smiled. A sense of quiet rose from the old graves, and the boy felt his anger slipping away. When he reached his mother she was drying her eyes with gentle pats.

"I'd oughtn't to cry when I've wanted to come," she smiled up at John.

He looked at the mound. There was no stone here at all—only a rounded wooden slab. He bent to read the worn letters of the name, and then stared at his mother.

She nodded quietly. "Yes, John. It's your father's. Now let me have the box."

He handed it to her and watched her fumble at the knot. She took off the cover. A shoe-box at one end she returned to John. "Just our lunch," she explained. Then she pulled away the paper, disclosing a mass of purples and lavenders—careful bunches of pansies and violets.

"I gathered them before you was up," she said, softly. "They'll keep, bein' that fresh. There's a tin pan on that next grave, and here's an old glass. You go and fill them at the pump there by the church."

When John returned, his mother was pulling away the grass which grew around the headboard. She handed a pair of scissors to John. "Just cut the edges down a little, Johnny."

Then she brought a few stones to hold the glass in place, and spent a long time arranging the flowers. John, on a stump just beyond, watched her silently. At length she rose, rubbing her hands on her handkerchief.

"Isn't it better, don't you think, Johnny?" she asked, wistfully. "Of course we can't do much." She pointed to two graves near, with gray stones still erect, and a scraggly rose-bush growing between. "I'd ought to put flowers there, but I want John to have them all. They're his father and mother. They had these lots. When John died I couldn't buy one nearer us, so we drove over here. I remember I couldn't cry as much as I wanted to, because I had to hold Katie, and you wouldn't stay with no one but me. Molly came that winter. Twelve years . . ."

She was silent a little while, and then: "I thought I'd get him a stone after Molly came. But I never could. All I could do was to keep my family's soul in its body, let alone buying stones. But I did keep my family." She held out her hands with an unconscious gesture. "All alone till you was big enough to help. And now you've quit school and begun to be a man. Your father used to think how you'd be educated, like he wanted to be." She stopped again, sitting down on the grass, her hand on the poor board. "He was a good man, your father. He wouldn't mind not having a stone. I s'pose he was the last one to come here." She looked about at the forgotten graves. "They all go over to the Hope Cemetery now."

John listened, resenting his mother's silences, hating the rebuke of the wooden slab, struggling to remain firm against these attacks upon his sympathies.

"I want him to be proud of his boy. You look like him. He wasn't much older—at first—and you're so big you look about as old."

"You never told me about him," John cried out. "You said he was buried off where you used to live. You never said there wasn't even any tombstone."

"No. I—I was ashamed to talk about this." She touched the board. "An' then I was awful busy."

"He'd ought to have a stone," declared John.

"Oh, Johnny!" His mother was radiant. "Do you think so?"

John rose impetuously. "Of course. It ain't right. It ain't decent for him not to have one. We'd ought to get one." He looked about him desperately. Where was Dovie? He fancied he had heard her laugh.

"They cost a lot," said the mother, simply.

John avoided her eyes miserably. After a moment she rose. "There's a brook down farther. We can eat our lunch there," she suggested.

Lunch was a silent affair. John gulped his sandwiches with an air of determination. His mother ate little. She sat half alert, with remote eyes. John wondered what she heard. The stir of the woods, the soft murmuring of the leaves, the faint brook, filled him with uneasiness. When they had finished their pretense of lunch John dropped the box and its cover into the stream. With much swirling they floated out of sight around the curve, and John turned to his mother. But she was not ready to go.

"I—I'm tired, Johnny. I guess I'll rest awhile." She pulled herself into the hollow formed by the roots of an old stump. "You won't mind waiting a bit, will you?"

She closed her eyes, leaning her head against the rough bark. John stood above her, the sunlight on his troubled face. The mother opened her eyes with a swift smile. "We had our lunch just here once. Only this was a fine tree. Come here, John. No, closer."

He knelt reluctantly at her side, and she ran her fingers through his thick hair, trying to smooth it into a neat part.

"There," she sighed. "He combed



Drawn by Howard Giles

"GO FOR A LITTLE WALK, JOHNNY, AND THEN WE'LL START BACK"

his hair so. Go for a little walk, Johnny, and then we'll start back."

John walked away slowly. He brushed his hair back roughly. He didn't want to look like his father. Did his father mind having no stone? He struggled against the touch of dead fingers at his heart. Hadn't you a right to live as you wanted to? Lots of things counted more than tombstones. He guessed he'd done all any boy would. Following the brook, he struck off into the wood.

Later, so much later that the shadows of the trees across the brook reached over and touched her, Mrs. Ryan opened her eyes. She rose, a little stiffly, and walked back to the cemetery, halting at the broken rail fence which marked off the burial field. Just ahead of her was the grave. High about the wooden headpiece, hiding it, was piled a mass of dogwood branches. Beyond it, on the stump, sat John, whittling, his back to the grave and to her. She watched him, her hands yearning toward him, her face pathetic in its wistful hope.

John stopped whittling and turned his head as if to listen. Then he rose, brushing a few shavings from his coat, and turned very slowly until his eyes met his mother's. He grew red, but his eyes held to hers resolutely.

"The—flowers are pretty," she said, her lips trembling.

"You can talk about expense all you want to"—there was defiance as well as blustering apology in John's voice; "my father's got to have more than a stick of wood."

"Oh, Johnny! I—I guess we won't mind the cost."

She laughed, a little laugh that choked in her throat. Bending down she broke a sprig of the dogwood to stick in her belt.

"It 'll take a while"—John hesitated—"but we'd ought to."

"Yes, Johnny." She glanced up at him. "Well, we'd better be going now."

Spring in War-time

BY E. NESBIT

NOW the sprinkled blackthorn snow
Lies along the lovers' lane,
Where last year we used to go—
Where we shall not go again.

In the hedge the buds are new,
By our wood the violets peer—
Just like last year's violets, too,
But they have no scent this year.

Every bird has heart to sing
Of its nest, warmed by its breast;
We had heart to sing last spring,
But we never built our nest.

Presently red roses blown
Will make all the garden gay. . . .
Not yet have the daisies grown
On your clay.



Herdsmen of the Deep

BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

"HAVE 'e ever been before?"

And then, standing before the window of the emigration inspector's office, at the head of an East Boston dock, in the four-o'clock blackness of an October morning, I pronounced mechanically the words with which the agent had instructed me—the words which in the bleary eye of the inspector should make me an experienced cattleman—"Yes, steamship *Iberian*, South Boston to Manchester, two years ago."

"That's a dom lie," promptly growled the inspector as he scrawled down an astonishing description of my personal appearance. However, the blue tag was forthcoming. This, fastened to the strap of my overalls, made known to all concerned that I had been hired by a certain Chicago packing company to help tend nine hundred and thirteen of its cattle from Boston to Liverpool. The wages were a free passage, with such food and accommodations as the company might be inclined to provide.

Twenty-five other blue tags were reluctantly produced by the sleepy inspector as twenty-five other men, in nearly as many dialects, responded to his growling questions. Then the thick-necked agent, with a once badly broken nose and a mushroom ear, led his motley following down through the dark vaults of the freight-house.

At one side a train-load of cattle was restless in the dark, lowing incessantly. In the distant end of the shed, men, cursing and sweating in the dim glow of electric lights, were brandishing sticks and opening the car doors. The bewildered cattle, after a week of cramped terror in the cars, stumbled out. Each one tripping over a short piece of rope that dangled from its horns, they plunged after the ones ahead. The leaders were being guided into the waiting pens aboard the ship that loomed beside the dock. The rattle of donkey-engines on deck spoke of bags of corn and baled hay that were being stored below.

The cattlemen, especially the uninitiated like myself, cast apprehensive glances in the direction of the stock-train as they slunk up the narrow gangway. At the forecastle the agent departed, leaving the cattlemen, who deposited such luggage as they were possessed of on a hatch-cover. In the gray morning the tumult of pounding hoofs and shouting still came to their ears, and silently, except for a few broken sentences murmured in some gruff, foreign tongue, like so many doomed convicts, they huddled together.

Up to this time no one character

among the men who had signed had attracted my attention. Now, as the light began to creep in, I saw one taller than the rest, and I wondered that I had not noticed him before. He was a dark, swarthy fellow. His face was hidden by a black felt hat, and if the ventilator pipe by which he slouched had been a tree, one would certainly have reported him to the police as a suspicious character. For the purpose of identification, let us bestow upon him the name of "Switz," by which he was referred to during the next ten days.

In contrast to the sullenness of "Switz" was the ever-increasing amount of "cockney" set at liberty by an undersized individual canopied by a big cap. He needs no description, for of the poorer class of English mill operatives he was typical. The only remarkable things about him were a tiny trunk and his desire to talk. Like "Switz," he was to be crowned with a nickname. It was "Yorkshire."



GEORGE

Before I had time for further consideration of my associates a man whose stature compared with that of "Switz" shambled out of the darkness. He was built like an Indian, with long, lean muscles. His head was small. Behind him, peering around into the dark corners as if he were looking for some one, came a shorter and heavier man, with apparently no neck, but a most apparent crop of red hair. It was evident that these were the boss cattlemen, under whose gallant leadership we were to bend our efforts during the voyage, in order to repay the Chicago packing company for its goodness to us. These were the men to whom was intrusted the care of the nine hundred and thirteen poor brutes in the hold.

Without warning, the Indian-like "boss" fairly leaped to where tne twenty-five stood scowling. It seemed as if he expected some forceful resistance to what he was about to say.

"I want yer below, yer two and you." It was "Switz," "Yorkshire," and myself upon whom the "black spot" settled. We humbly followed him below to our first and most arduous task of the trip.

The ship by this time was under way, and a band of missionaries bound afield waved a tearful farewell to their friends on the dock. As we passed an open port we could hear that old hymn of Christian parting, "God be with you till we meet again."

As "Switz," "Yorkshire," and I followed George—the dark-skinned boss—into the hold filled with thrashing, bellowing cattle, it was evident that we had hard work to do. There stood the terrified brutes, jammed into narrow pens, with their horns brandishing and clashing or sinking into warm flesh. Their eyes were blazing, and as we passed near they would rear and lunge at us. It seemed as if by no possibility could the headboards withstand their frantic struggles.

George gave us our instructions. "Git ahold o' them ropes and stick them through the holes from the inside out—not from the outside in, mind 'e. Then 'e tie a knot like this." And with a piece of rope he showed us how to tie the cattleman's knot.

From a bunch of heavy spike-tipped clubs in a near-by corner he armed us, and admonished, "If they fight, fight back. They're crazy, but they can't stand no beatin'. Hand it to 'em good, and don't 'e forgit the knot I showed 'e."

Thus the campaign was organized—each one to a separate aisle, each one to apply as best he could the gentle art of the indoor cowboy.

At the first pen I was able to get two ropes tied before the wild-eyed creatures realized how near I was. Then, just as I grasped the end of a dangling rope, I put my hand right in the homely white face of a big steer. I saw a wicked green eye dilated in terror; I saw the red nostrils twitching at the scent of man; I felt the hot breath as I pulled on the rope. Then, with a snort of rage, the big steer lurched forward. One horn left a dent in the headboard, while the other plowed a red furrow in the fore-quarter of his neighbor. With a roar of pain he too reared and plunged.



"REDDY" RYAN

In the mean time, fearing that to lose my hold on the rope would give the first infuriated animal a chance to leap over the headboard, I had taken half a turn around a post and held on. Suddenly, after a moment of sulking at his rope's end, he charged forward, and in an attempt to hurdle the headboard landed with his forequarters fairly on it. In desperation I followed George's advice and wielded the bull-stick freely; then, rearing back, his hoofs lost their grip on the slippery floor, and he went down with a crash. There he lay and kicked until he had undermined two of his brothers. For an instant the floor seemed only a confusion of hoofs and horns. In another moment they had all scrambled to their feet with heaving sides and lolling tongues. Old Whiteface, because of the thrashing he had received from his penmates, was ready to surrender. Inch by inch I drew him in until the contested knot was tied.

Thus down the aisles I toiled, dodging cruel horns and sharp hoofs, with now and again a battle royal, and trouble always.

As I neared the end of my aisle, I saw George and "Yorkshire" just finishing theirs. "Yorkshire's" fingers were bleeding, and as he sucked at his knuckles he gibbered like a scared monkey. George had an insane glare in his eye, and I could hear his bull-stick strike hollow on the nose of some steer, like an ax striking a dead butt-log. He showed no mercy, for he knew none.

Needless to say, it was with some hesitation that I approached him to impart the tidings that I had been unable to get one pen straightened out. In this particular pen the six steers were large and unusually crowded. After I had tied four I found the other two to be headed in the opposite direction. By no manœuver that I could execute did it seem possible to solve the tangle.

"I'll fix 'em," and with an oath George fairly ran in the direction designated. A sleek steer, tamer than the rest, having made itself at home, was reaching under the headboard for a tempting wisp of straw. George, prompted by some cruel instinct, made a vicious swing. The poor brute shook its head in pain, and I wondered what sort of being was this George who could so ruthlessly cause a dumb animal to suffer.

In an instant George seemed like an enemy to all below-decks. A tall man thrust past me, and in another instant the cause had a champion. "Switz," having finished his aisle, was coming to help. He had evidently seen what had happened. Thoroughly aroused by similar exhibitions in some of the other aisles, with his small obsidian eyes snapping fire he strode to where George was putting a twist in a frantic steer's tail.

George turned defiantly, but he saw that look on the piratical face of "Switz" that said "Beware!" He also saw a big hand in the vicinity of a hip pocket. Then, proving himself contemptible, he cowered. It was done without word or blow.

It was under "Switz's" sullen direction that the animals were made to twist

around and face the headboard. During the remainder of the voyage, if George and "Switz" chanced to meet, the former would respectfully withdraw.

Eight bells had just struck for noon, when, weary and sore-handed, we made our way between the ranks of cattle, twitching at their headboards, to where we were to find food and rest from the arduous duties of the morning. As I passed under an open hatch the missionaries, grouped in a corner of the promenade-deck, were singing another hymn. From where I stood I could hear an accompaniment. It was the bellowing of suffering cattle.

A puff of cool air blew down a ventilator pipe, and I stopped to refresh myself. I was tired and discouraged, and as I rested there, fanned by the welcome breeze, I could see no good in the enterprise. It seemed like a cruel waste of time and energy. The day before, I had seen the hold of the ship loaded with dressed beef. I wondered that it could not have all been prepared and shipped in like manner. Why would it not have been better, and thus saved all this bother? At the time I forgot the fact that every week similar ships were leaving Montreal, Portland, New York, and Baltimore, each carrying from five hundred to a thousand head of cattle, to say nothing of an occasional deck-load of sheep. Certainly there must be some favorable arguments, but at the time my opinions were prejudiced.

Later in the voyage my situation became less dubious, and I came to understand the reasons. "A beef creature on the hoof is worth two in cold storage," say our carnivorous friends across the sea. On a cattle-ship the animals are fed so lavishly that they maintain their Chicago weight in Liverpool. In addition to this, a thousand head of cattle load and unload themselves in a few hours, and require no cold storage. Still, of what trivial importance were such arguments, I thought; it was the immediate facts of the case that were worrying me.

In the absence of those to whom the "tying up" had fallen, the other cattlemen had been leisurely installing themselves in the forecastle. They had stowed their baggage in the corners and picked out the most desirable bunks, indulging meanwhile in necessary rows. Also, they had each received, from some source, eating-utensils and a dirty blanket. Now they were just drawing up around a rough board table.

I entered, followed by a dirty Spaniard, who, having been detailed to the galley, was bearing uplifted a pan of greasy meat. A moment later a Slav came in with a pan of soggy bread.

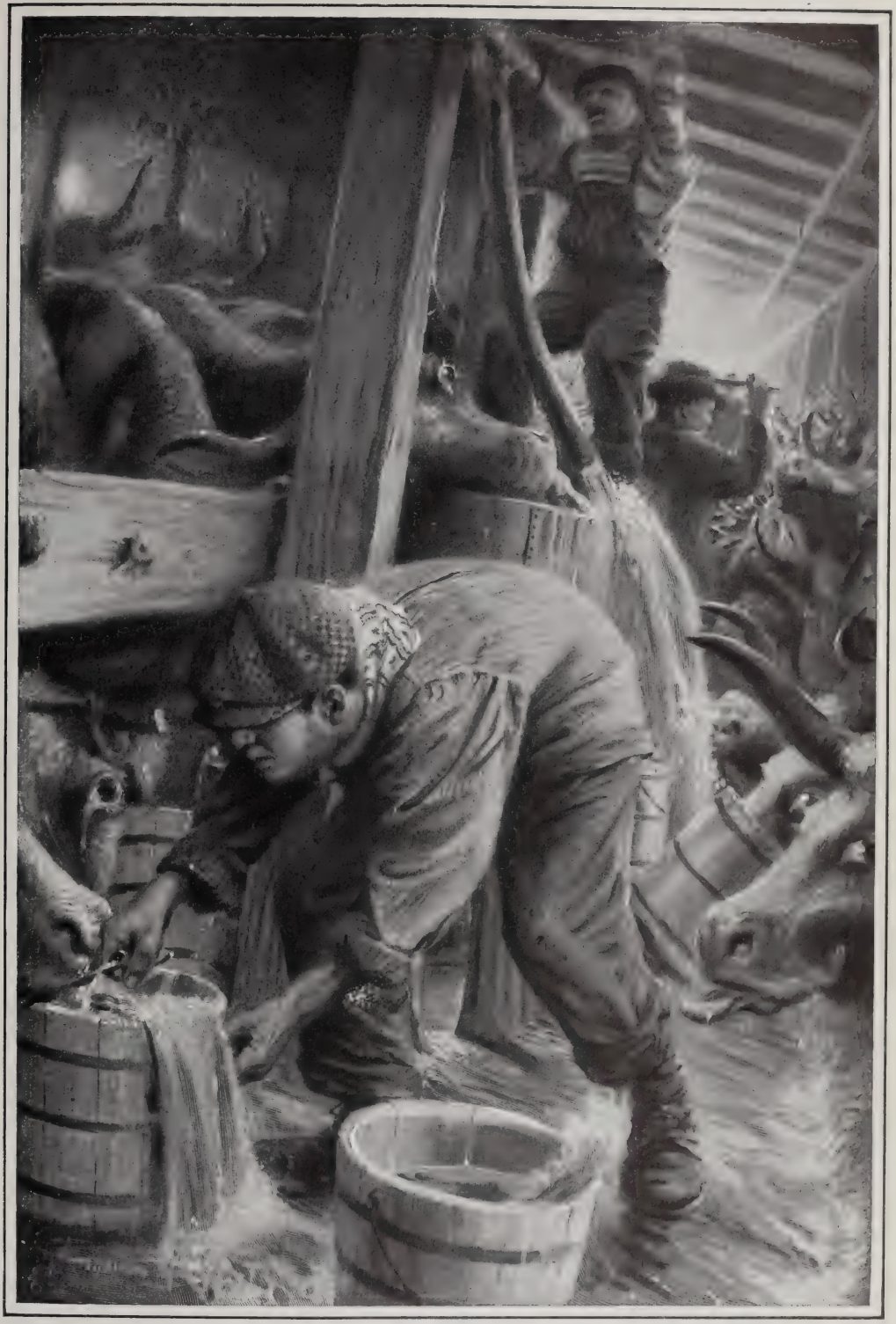
After a scanty breakfast and a morning's hard work I had a ravenous appetite. I felt that my first meal aboard a cattle-ship was to be a great event. Turning to the table, after arming myself with an extra knife and fork, my eyes were greeted with the manner in which strange races gather about a too-meager board. Almost before the pan of meat (a shapeless mass which, in cooling, had taken on a coating of yellow grease) had been set down, a black, hairy hand, like the claw of a buzzard, darted out, and in an instant the pan with its contents began to slide around the table. I saw another hand dragging a lump toward its owner, leaving an oily trail. Still another hand pounced like a bird of prey and then drew back with a goodly half. A medley of tongues, raised in quarrel, filled the vile-smelling room. The men, seated at the table, with faces low, clutched portions close under their chins, while over their shoulders others pulled and twisted. Thus did my comrades dine. "Switz" and "Yorkshire" were among them, "Switz" tearing at a huge piece that no one cared to contest, and "Yorkshire" volubly quarreling over apparently none at all.

While I watched, my appetite, that I had supposed insatiable, had departed. I tried a loaf of bread, and found the center filled with sour dough. The crust, at least, was cooked, and I partook frugally of it. I then sought the fresh air.

As I turned the corner I met "Reddy" Ryan and George, each with his inevitable bull-stick.

"Come back," growled "Reddy"; "we'll be o' givin' ye more work to do."

I followed them back. As they entered the forecastle the rabble was suddenly hushed. "Reddy" began to divide the men into gangs of three and four,



Drawn by William Harnden Foster

THE AISLES EBBED AND FLOWED WITH THE ROLL OF THE SHIP

each gang to attend to a certain allotment of cattle.

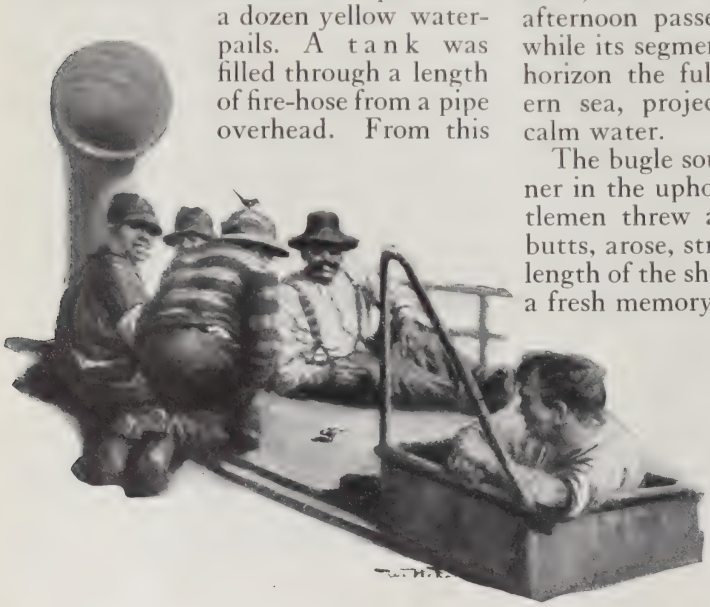
Perhaps by chance, but more likely because he had seen us working together in the morning, "Reddy" picked "Switz," "Yorkshire," and myself for one gang.

"Ye'll find a hundred an' quarter o' nice hard uns on the third," he said. "Ye can pet um and sing to um as much as ye pl'ase." This was aimed at "Switz," but whether that individual realized it or not I never knew.

After the other men had followed "Reddy" away to different parts of the ship, we went below to the third deck. Here were one hundred and thirty head of long-horned Texas cattle. They were ugly-looking brutes, and, for my part, I hardly relished my position. In this part of the ship, too, the aisles were so narrow that when two steers in opposite pens thrust their heads out the horns rattled together across the aisle.

"You'll fill 'em right up," announced George; "you'll stuff 'em. I wish they were all on the bottom," he continued, "like they were on the old *Ottawa* seven years ago. We driv 'em over to relieve 'er. An' then, blarst 'em, they swum arter us as long as we see 'em." And with this George's hard face came nearer smiling than I ever saw it before or after.

Then from a dark corner he produced a dozen yellow water-pails. A tank was filled through a length of fire-hose from a pipe overhead. From this tank water was bailed out and carried to the cattle.



THE MEN IN THEIR ROUGH WAY PETTED THE LITTLE BIRDS

The appetites of the cattle were not good. Perhaps there was too much excitement; perhaps too many bruised noses. Few drank, some flatly refusing, and backing as far away from the aisle as their ropes would allow. One old steer, when the pail was thrust between his eyes and slid down his nose toward the trough, snorted in rage. He swung his head, and, catching the pail on his horns, dashed it into match-sticks on an iron post.

After all the cattle had been invited to drink, bales of hay were opened with a dull hatchet and shaken out along the aisles.

"They'll eat enough to-morrer to make up," said George; "they feel the motion of the ship, blarst 'em!"

I was surprised when, after glowering awhile at a less timid steer that was munching hay, he announced that our duties for the day were over.

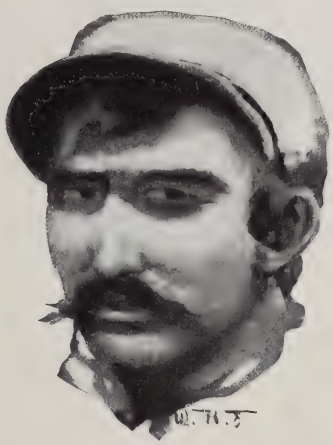
On deck in the lee of the wheel-house, basking in the afternoon sun, a number of the more sociable of the cattlemen lounged and rolled cigarettes. Two little English linnets that had taken up a permanent abode in the ship flew up from the hold and lit near the group. These men in their rough way petted the little birds, which were very tame. So the afternoon passed. The sun sank, and while its segment still showed above the horizon the full moon, out of the eastern sea, projected its face above the calm water.

The bugle sounded its first call to dinner in the upholstered saloon. The cattlemen threw away their last cigarette butts, arose, stretched, and tramped the length of the ship to the forecastle. With a fresh memory of the noon meal, I was well content to enjoy such society as a peaceful night at sea and an empty stomach might offer.

Later some of the cattlemen reappeared, but two bells found the deck again deserted. After a look into the forecastle, reverberating

with the snoring of those already asleep, I decided that the hay-hold offered more inviting accommodations. There, in the sweet hay, with the moonlight shining in through the open hatch, the last thing I heard was the three bells and the plaintive "All's well" of the watch in the crow's-nest.

At four o'clock the next morning the night-watchman aroused all hands. He was a lean Scotchman, and seemed to take a wholesome delight in performing this part of his nocturnal duties with infinite exactness. It was still dark, and I was sore from the exercise of the previous day and the night spent in the cool air. During the night the sea had risen. Now, as the Scotch watchman informed us, we were "amang the green hills." As I cautiously felt my way through the dark aisles I could see the cattle. Their heads were low, their feet wide apart, and they were swaying to the motion of the ship.



"SWITZ"

Previous to making the trip I had heard many unpleasant stories regarding seasick cattle. Therefore I was momentarily prepared for what I supposed was inevitable. Later, however, I found the stories to be unjustified. Cattle are never really seasick. True, in rough weather they refuse to eat, and fall down, refusing to get up again. Ten days, however, is a long time to expect a heavy animal to stand continually, especially in a heaving vessel.

A ship makes a poor barn. The watering was cold, wet work that morning. Before it was light the aisles were so many tide rivers that ebbed and flowed with the roll of the ship.

"Ar, tees bludy weet an' cold," whined "Yorkshire" as George made him reach into the tank and rescue a pail he had lost. "Switz" worked sullenly, waiting patiently for the Texas cattle to suck pailful after pailful of water which he brought.

When the hay was shaken out, the men went to breakfast. As was the case the noon before, the food proved to be a bone of contention. Again I took my bread and went on deck.

The men had not finished their first cigarettes on deck before "Reddy" and George approached from opposite directions. It was as if to cut off all means of escape.

"Ye don't look well restin' this early, b'ys," roared "Reddy." "Come below to your cows an' corn 'em."

The aisles were swept and the corn spread in a golden stream under the wet muzzles. The men were about to make their escape on deck when the ship's first officer put in an appearance. His golden braid and buttons seemed strangely out of place on the reeking cattle-decks. He addressed himself to George. "It's going to blow to-day, and you'll kindly close the ports."

"Aye, aye, sor," said George, and when the officer was a silhouette in a distant doorway he cursed him, his ship, and her cargo.

First officer's orders on a cattle-ship are not to be ignored. So a plank was produced and laid from the headboard over the backs of the cattle to a cleat under an open port. It seemed a hazardous undertaking. "Yorkshire," for the sake of talking, asked if he might go.

George growled at him: "They'd hear yer everlastin' gab and kick yer ter jelly. Now keep 'em amused, fer if they know I'm back there they'll heist me clean through to the bridge."

It was a good hour's work getting the ports closed, and it was none too soon that it was accomplished. Already the seas, striking the side of the ship, sent up a sheet of water that for an instant turned the soft amber light of the dusty hold to a ghastly green. Later, the ports were darkened as the solid water crept above them.

I had never before been in the hold of



IT WAS A GOOD HOUR'S WORK GETTING THE PORTS CLOSED

a great ship as she wallowed through a storm, and the sensation was far from pleasant. At times it seemed as if the vessel would never right herself. Under the low iron ceiling and surrounded by the reeking cattle, I felt a suffocating imprisonment. I hastened to gain the open air. On the way to the deck where we supposed the rest of the crew to be enjoying themselves, we came upon a peculiar gathering. Sitting cross-legged on the floor were the nations of the earth engaged in a crude sewing-circle. Armed with long needles, and under "Reddy" Ryan's supervision, they were mending the empty corn-bags. "Yorkshire" could not refrain from a few derisive remarks.

"'E, look art old Dutchie; 'e thinks 'e's making bludy jacket. 'E 'ave care, 'Swede,' or ye'll stitch yer eye up."

"Reddy" Ryan fairly roared, "Come here, ye blatherin' critter, or I'll stitch yer gabbin' mouth up."

And so poor "Yorkshire" joined the sewing-circle. But later, on deck, he termed "Reddy" Ryan in broad and bountiful cockney "'Reddy' Ryan the Unjust."

The next few days were uneventful. The cattle, becoming more accustomed to their quarters, ate and drank more. So the work increased. The sea remained rough, and from our gang "Switz" was seasick and "Yorkshire" "played 'possum." When "Reddy" stepped in, the latter's sickness found a sudden and complete cure.

No pigpen could be worse than was that forecastle in those days. On the fourth day out I gave up my diet of sour bread-crust and made my début in the bakeshop at meal-time by way of "the back door." In this way I was quite comfortable. I still slept in the hay-hold, hiding my blanket by day. The foulness of the forecastle finally drove several of the more human of the cattlemen out. They also took up habitation in the hay-hold, and "Yorkshire" was one of them.

One night, snortly after his talk had subsided, I heard him whisper, "'Ere's the wee linnet; 'e just rune by me ear. I'll catch 'e wee tuf."

A moment later he grabbed into the dark, and then a howl split the air that must have reached the man at the wheel. "'Twa' not wee linnet; 'twa' a bludy rart!" he shrieked. "'E bit me, the bludy tuf, the bludy tuf." And his lamentations lasted until they, with the excited gabble of the other new-comers, had grown faint in the distance. So again I was left in sole possession of the hay-hold, save for my guardian spirits, the ship's rats.

Next morning strange tales came from "Reddy" Ryan's end of the ship. They were to the effect that he was drunk and had hit a big Londoner in the neck for losing a pitchfork through a port-

hole. The Londoner, knowing something of the law, refused to work. He sat in his bunk with a towel wound around his neck. Reports also stated that "Reddy" was on the war-path. The cattlemen, when they saw him at the far end of an aisle, would dodge between the pens and give him good leeway.

After dinner the men were sunning themselves on deck. "Yorkshire," from the rail, was stating from his self-alleged experience as gunner on the *Hotspur*, the angle at which a gun should be aimed in the air to hit a square-rigged ship away on the horizon.

"Ar, ye blatherin' pup ye, ye couldn't strike a white harse. Be still yer yappin'." "Reddy" Ryan had come up unnoticed. "Yorkshire" promptly subsided and his listeners dispersed. "Reddy," unable to arouse a fight, stamped over to where a group was playing with the linnets. He stood and glowered at the men. His face was flushed and there was an ugly look in his bloodshot eye. A little English linnet, no bigger than a man's thumb, lit on a man's hat. The man was seated back to "Reddy," who, with his big red hand, knocked the little bird away.

There was a growl of disapproval, and before any one realized it the man had leaped to his feet and "Reddy" Ryan, the bully, lay flat on the deck, with blood trickling from under his mustache. The man was "Switz." Now, near the end of the voyage, both George and "Reddy" had found their master.

One bright morning, after the cattlemen had come on deck for their morning smoke, three blue peaks varied the monotony of the horizon. It was a welcome sight, and a wave of amiability ran through the men. "Yorkshire" gabbled, and some of the others confided their names and their destinations. Even "Switz" broke his moody silence. He told me he had worked in the railroad yards at Budapest. Then, after a strike riot, he had been sought by the police. Now, after six years, he was returning to seek his friends and family.

All day long the ship skirted the Irish coast, and all day long the cattle bellowed incessantly.

"'Tis the grass o' the land they smell," announced the Scotch watchman.

That night, after the day's work was done, the men sat long in the moonlight. In the hold the cattle lowed softly and chewed their cuds. They seemed to know that their long trail was near an end, and they were happy.

Early next morning we passed a lightship close by in the fog. Soon after, the pilot came aboard. By noon the passengers had been set ashore and the ship docked at the stock-yard.

It had been a morning of rest for the men, as the cattle were not fed or watered that day. Instead of lounging around the wheel-house as usual, they were on the forward deck, perched on their luggage. Some had dressed up for the event. "Yorkshire" was resplendent with a lavender handkerchief about his neck. "Switz" I hardly knew as he poked his head through a hatchway.



THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH WERE ENGAGED IN A CRUDE SEWING-CIRCLE



Drawn by William Harnden Foster

A MAD RUSH TO SET HOOF ONCE MORE ON SOLID GROUND

Instead of his black felt hat he wore a cap such as the down-East farmers wear in winter.

As the gangways were lowered the English stock-yard men swarmed aboard. With their queer yodel they took charge of the discharging of the cargo.

George and "Reddy" Ryan, for the last time, ordered the crew to work. This time the task was short. At the pens, near the gangway, the knots were pulled and the headboards knocked down. Three or four men dragged a steer down the gang-plank. The others followed. The men ran hither and thither, setting the cattle free. Then the animals, conscious that they were about to put hoof on solid ground once more, burst into the clinker-strewn aisles.

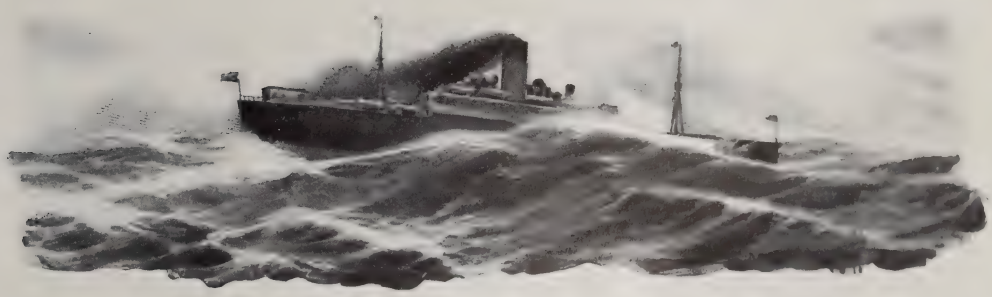
Down the ship they rushed toward the small iron doors. Utterly reckless of the bull-sticks and pitchforks beating and prodding from either side to hold them back, they crowded and piled up like an animated freight wreck.

From my post at a corner of a pen I could see through an open space down the ship to the other gangway. I thought all these cattle were out, for the aisle seemed deserted. George, who was working down there, must have thought so, too, for I could see him slouching down the middle of the aisle. Suddenly out of the dusk behind him charged a steer. I still believe it was old Whiteface. With head down, its horns cut a swath the full width of the aisle. George heard it coming and wheeled. He brandished his club and yelled, but it was too late. He tried to dodge, but the steer's momentum carried him on like an express engine. George went down. A big black steer fell with a crash beside me and broke its leg, so I saw no more of George or Whiteface.

In fifty minutes the ship was emptied. As I walked forward through the empty pens I could hardly realize that an hour before they had been filled with cattle. Perhaps even now some had met the fate to which they were doomed.

Forward, the forecastle was deserted. I went on deck and looked up the paved dock. There I saw the same twenty-five that had stood ten days before at the inspector's window in Boston. In the center I could see "Yorkshire," with the lavender handkerchief. He was talking. Off to one side, his cap pulled down low, strode "Switz." From behind a team of big Welsh horses "Reddy" Ryan glowered at him.

At the head of the dock the twenty-five separated, and I saw the men who had for ten days worked and played together scatter to the highways and byways of Europe.



The Road to Tartary

BY BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

O Arab! much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt never be,
For the road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.—SADI.

I LEFT the dusty traveled road the proper people tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition at their head;
I went by meadow, stream, and wood; I wandered at my will;
And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed still:
"Beware! beware!"—an old refrain they shouted after me—
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my feet;
I crossed the sullen pass at night in wind and rain and sleet;
I followed trains of errant thought through heaven and earth and hell,
And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous farewell,
For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing all at me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free:
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke and cloud;
They cannot see my sunlit way; and still they cry aloud,
From church, conventicle, and street, that warning old to me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

I found a woman God had made, the blind world tossed aside—
It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and pride.
I left the world to walk with her and talk with her and learn
The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts its brows at me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary"?

Nay; we will go together, Love—we two to greet the sun.
There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps more heavens than one.
Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from those who tread
Like sheep the dusty trodden way, Tradition at their head.
We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we shall be,
Though the road that we are going seem the road to Tartary.



"Every Summer"

BY KEENE ABBOTT

ACROSS the white palings of her front gate, her heavy cheeks aglisten with tears, Mrs. Hoover stood anxiously gazing up the street. With a red hand shading her blurry wet eyes from the sun, she was trying to identify a crisply aproned child among the little school-girls trooping home. And presently, as she saw from afar the object of her watchfulness, the woman eagerly began to beckon.

But when you are six years old, with a new skipping-rope, you do not always observe the urgent signals of your Auntie Bess. The child continued gaily her animated higglety-pigglety prancing, with her brown curls all loosely bobbing up and down, in time to the bounding lightness of her body. Then, her attention being drawn to the hand-waving across the white-barred gate, the little girl dashed forward at once, fluttering past her schoolmates and spryly gathering up her rope as she ran.

"Come, Margie," said the woman when the child, breathless and hot and flushed, had reached home, "we will go into the parlor. Somebody has come to see you."

With the blue-bordered handkerchief, which hung cornerwise, fastened to the child's apron by a silver clasp-pin, the woman daintily wiped the blossomy face of the little girl. Then they passed up the brick walk, crossed the little porch, and entered the parlor.

Upon entering the shut-in coolness of that front room Auntie Bess said, with a certain husky faltering:

"Here she is. She never loiters on her way home from school."

"Well, my little Marguerite," came in deep-chested tones, "do you know who I am?"

The man who had spoken stood up and waited, holding photographs in either hand, many photographs that had been given him to look at. Extravagant Auntie Bess had indeed become a spendthrift in having pictures taken of her little niece.

Looking up at the visitor, the child stood quite still. She tolerated the patting of his hand upon her head, and even tried not to mind being kissed, although the prickle of a brown mustache, newly trimmed, was strange to her.

Nervously the woman said to the lit-

tle girl, "You know who this is, don't you?"

"My papa." Hanging her bashful head, the child looked at the red roses in the carpet, and with the toe of her shoe began tracing the pattern of them.

"That's it. You don't forget," he said, and laughed. "What a big girl!" he continued. "Already going to school? Do you like your teacher?"

"Yes—almost."

He smiled to hear his little girl say that, but did he want to smile? Then he went on in his grown-up voice to say the very same thing that people generally do say of little girls:

"She has grown a good deal." Afterward he looked down, with honest and deep love in his eyes, and spoke with a kind of choking voice, "You have your mother's look, my precious. Do you know that?"

No, Marguerite does not know that; but she does know that the sadness of his voice has made her feel bad. She feels so bad that even the gifts he has brought to her—the tiny doll-carriage, and the little, pink silk parasol—do not dance her back, at once, into gladness. Even when he stops being so grown up, and learns a way to talk to her naturally; even when, before long, he has kissed her good-by and gone away—Marguerite still feels rather queer and story-bookish, as if she had come to be a strange little girl dropped out of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* or some other region where things are topsy-turvy.

Even Auntie Bess has come to be different. She takes you into her lap; she holds you close, rocking silently for some time, until by and by she can bravely bring herself to ask:

"How would you like it, little girl, to go to another auntie's house to live? Would you like to live where you can see your papa real often?"

Now, if you have to answer questions when there are new toys to be played with, you try to say the thing that will let you get away from the hugging arms of your Auntie Bess. Whether you would like to live in the house of another auntie is really not to be considered by little girls at such a moment. They would as lief say, No, if they thought that a good answer and the one expected of them. But little Margie said Yes. And she added, with an impatient twist, "You hurt me."

Every morning thereafter when Margie started to school with a shiny crimson apple pressed against her white apron she was pretty sure to have her other hand held tight and warm in Auntie Bess's big palm. So, when the two drew near the brick school-house, Margie began to hint that Auntie Bess had come far enough. She could go on alone now.

Being released after a final squeeze of those adoring arms, the little girl was wont to go prancing and dancing away, while the woman gazed wistfully after the fleeting, graceful, childish figure. Would Marguerite think to look back? Would she perhaps wave her hand? Always the heavy-hearted woman waited to see whether the little girl would wave her hand.

From the day of her papa's visit, Marguerite was a pampered child. Despite her glowing health, you might have thought, by the way she now received all manner of special attentions, that she was ill with some fatal disease. Toys were bought, games invented. Auntie Bess even went so far as to give a children's party—one of those Saturday-afternoon entertainments where little boys crowd together on the sofa, and keep pushing one another off, and pretend not to notice the little girls.

Yet what tenderness, or what degree of affection, could delay the message which Mrs. Hoover had been anticipating ever since the one when Marguerite's father came? Finally it arrived, that message. It was a telegram. He was sending his sister to fetch his little girl.

Sending—there it was! Ruthless announcement on yellow paper: he was *sending*. Yes, but why? Why *send?* By what right? Who had told him he could take little Marguerite away from her Auntie Bess?

The soft nature of Mrs. Hoover actually grew belligerent over the tersely meager despatch. So that was it, was it? His sister was coming. Well, let her come! She would be shown a thing or two, that sister. For instance, there were letters from the child's mother—pitiful letters from the sanitarium, in



"WELL, MY LITTLE MARGUERITE, DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

those last days when she must have known that her motherhood was nearly done.

Sister Maude did not want her husband's people to have the child. She had said so plainly. It was all in her letters, unmistakably expressed. So, then, let those people take heed! Let them understand, once and for all, that the little girl was not for them!

But despite the firmness of her resolution, the forlorn woman announced, colorlessly, upon entering the kitchen of her next-door neighbor, "They are going to get Margie away from me, I guess."

It was not that she really believed this; no, it was only that she wanted to hear the thing denied.

The robust Mrs. Clark consoled at once. "Nonsense, Bess Hoover! That just ain't possible."

After a thoughtful pause, as she sat with an expansive wooden bowl upon her lap, the sympathetic neighbor began to cut up green tomatoes and green peppers, chopping them vindictively, as if in punishment for the telegram Mrs. Hoover had received.

"What's best for the little girl—that's what I got to look at," said the recipient

of the message, after showing it and slipping it back into its yellow envelope. "Yes," she repeated, "that's what I got to look at. There's her papa—awful fond of my little girl. Well fixed, besides—him a bridge contractor, and all. Could give her first-rate advantages, he could, whilst I, you see—"

Mrs. Clark interposed with some severity, "I don't know what you're a-gettin' at, Bess Hoover, by any such talk as that!"

"Well, I been lookin' ahead—that's what I mean, Sarah. I been thinkin', what about music lessons? What about boardin'-school, when Margie is a young lady grown? And for me to keep her back from what she ought to have; for me to be gettin' in the way of what's best for her— Wicked, that's what it would be! Downright wicked! You can't make nothing else out of it."

"Blest if I can see, Bess Hoover, how you've got the face to sit there argufyin' that-a-way. Music lessons, eh? We've come to a pretty pass, we have, when every mother's child has got to learn how to whang a piano—as if that was



ALWAYS SHE WAITED TO SEE IF THE LITTLE GIRL WOULD WAVE HER HAND



ONE OF THOSE SATURDAY-AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENTS WHERE LITTLE BOYS CROWD TOGETHER ON THE SOFA

something necessary! A pretty how-d'y'-do when they've all got to get their-selves accomplished in the same kind of uselessness! I guess you can't be learnin' the little girl to cook and housekeep and be first-class at most of the useful things a woman ought to know. I guess you couldn't do that for her—oh no! Course not!"

Mrs. Hoover looked down into her lap and her face slowly reddened as she stammered in abashment, "I ain't refined, like I ought to be."

"Are you trying to make out, Bess Hoover, that you ain't fit to go on motherin' that little girl?"

Huskily, with twitching lips, Auntie Bess whispered, "I—I do my best."

With this her visit ended. Drawing a plaid shawl about her thick shoulders, she got up heavily, fumblingly opened the kitchen door, and hurried home. Now the telegram did not seem a thing so terrible. She felt better. The heartening she so woefully needed had been given her. When, to-morrow, Aunt Florence should arrive, as the message announced, it would be all right. No matter now! Let her come.

But the night before her coming was a dismal period, sleepless, comfortless, achingly long. Through all those dragging hours Mrs. Hoover sat sewing in the yellow lamplight, under the tilted yellow shade. More than once she laid by her work to steal silently into the room where the little girl lay sleeping. And always it seemed to her that the arc-lamp radiance from the street corner, shining pale and steady through the window, rested lovingly as moonshine upon the pretty face.

How many, many times she had seen that soft brilliancy resting upon the pillow there with little Marguerite! But would it be the same to-morrow night?

Mrs. Hoover hastened abruptly back to her sewing, and, by the thoughtful

persistence of her needlework, finished, as the blue-gray of dawn was coming, the dress of white wool she had stitched the long night through. It was a quaint little frock, trimmed modestly with blue ribbon and blue bows. To complete the costume there were other treasures: first a threadlike silver necklace that had been her mother's, and also a four-leaf-clover pin, which Auntie Bess had from her husband, in those good sweetheart days now so long ago.

When the young woman came, as it was written in the telegram, did she perhaps understand, in some measure, the struggle dumbly going on in the soul of this plain-faced Auntie Bess? It may have been—who knows?—that Florence Tynan really did understand, for she kissed the tremulous mouth and looked with kindness into the tired eyes.

Little Marguerite, it could be seen, was drawn at once to the new auntie; for this one was young, and she was pretty, and the charm of a gentle voice was hers, and there was that about her hinting of bright sunshine and a whole garden full of fervid summer flowers. With the little girl cuddled into her lap, she said to Auntie Bess:

"You will come to see us, won't you? Really you must, by all means!"

Tonelessly Mrs. Hoover replied, "All right." And afterward, as if slow to comprehend what had been said, she articulated briefly the one word, "Thanks." Then she moistened her lips and swallowed, and spoke almost harshly in an effort to keep the piteous imploring out of her voice: "Maybe now . . . sometime, you know, my little girl could . . . for a visit, you know . . . maybe. . . . Could she, do you think, come back to me for a—a visit, maybe?"

Why ask? Why make beseechingly and cravenly such a request as that? Surrender it meant. Nothing more nor less than complete surrender! And Auntie Bess had not intended—neither did she now intend—to do such a thing. No, no, surely not! What, give up the little girl? Not she! These interloping, kidnapping, fine-aired young women are the kind to be despised. At least, one shouldn't like them. Yet, after all, how are you to help liking them when they are pleasant and kind, with the joy and bloom of youth upon them? It is quite impossible. Bess Hoover saw it was. So, after it had been conceded that the child should, of course, come for a visit, and for many visits, there was nothing angry and combative that Auntie Bess could say; she could only articulate, dryly and hoarsely, the one word, "Thanks."

In the leave-taking, soon to come, there was to be no manifest grief, even though the worn hands could not help fumbling a little in tying the fresh ribbons of the blue hood. Yes, and it grew to be noticeable that the needle-pricked fingers were lingering long about such matters as the buttoning of the blue coat and the rearrangement of the clustered brown curls upon the shoulders of the child.

All the while, too, the imploring eyes of the older woman had in them the look that said, "You will do everything you can, won't you, to help our little girl grow up the kind of woman we want her to be?"

And the silence of the new auntie might have meant, "If only you were not quite so fond of her!"

Well, it was soon over. The three went to the station in a hired carriage. The train came in, and the train went away. Mrs. Hoover, looking after the train until even the last faint smirch of smoke had faded into the blue sky, returned bravely home and bravely entered the house.

No matter that everything within seemed to be waiting for some one. She tried not to notice how the chairs held out their arms, or how the center-table seemed dumbly to be offering up a child's slate and a primer and a wee red mitten darned at the thumb. On the floor lay what remained of a slate-pencil which only yesterday had been straight and long and glorious in a jacket of gilt paper. Now the pencil lay broken into nothing but stumpy fragments.

Slowly the woman gathered up these things, and, laying them in a lacquered box, she shut the lid upon them and stowed everything away in the closet, high up, on the top shelf. Afterward she sat down by the window, alone in the room, with her eyes shut.

The clock ticked—ticked—ticked.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE A-GETTIN' AT, BESS HOOVER, BY ANY SUCH TALK AS THAT!"

But the monotony and the aching mockery of that ticking were not long to be endured; for that good neighbor, Mrs. Clark, presently opened the kitchen door and came in and set upon the table a plate snowily covered with a napkin. It was one of those friendly gifts from an hospitable oven—some freshly baked spice-cookies, very likely, by the warm good odor they were breathing out into the room.

Speaking with assumed cheeriness, Mrs. Clark said, "So here you are—back already from the depot."

"Yes, I am back."

Silence again, and the ticking clock; but, for all that, Mrs. Hoover would make it appear that she was chipper and well pleased with the way everything had gone.

"How many cookies, like that, you have given to my little girl! Awful fond of them, wasn't she? Yes, well; but now . . . I'm glad you dropped in. I wanted to tell you everything is all right. Everything has turned out real good. I am to visit my little girl. I am invited. And she, Margie, she's coming back in the summer. In the summer she's coming back—every summer, maybe . . . every summer." She stood up; she rested her heavy hands upon the shoulders of her friend; and, as if to make herself believe this thing, she repeated again, "Every summer!"

Yet when all the waiting weeks of winter had been patiently got through; and when, afterward, the slow springtime had finally come greening in and blossoming into June, with still no defi-

nite word about the return of the child, there came eventually a July afternoon when Mrs. Hoover greatly felt the need of kindly counsel. Then, sitting as a kitchen visitor in her neighbor's house, she spoke timorously of the event that had not yet come to pass.

Meanwhile her listener, the elderly Mrs. Clark, would sometimes look over the steel rims of her spectacles, purse her lips, say nothing, but resume her shelling of peas with a vigor that split the pale-green pods with an angry popping.

Was there something she wanted to say? If so, why not speak her mind? Yet, as it turned out, her electrical silence had been less hard to bear than the kind of admonition she had been choking back.

"Look here, Bess Hoover: you've waited long enough. You don't have to wait any longer. Just you pick up and pack up. That's it. Pack a satchel, board a train, go get that little niece of yours!"

Vigorously scooping up a handful of pods from the sag of her apron, Mrs. Clark did more than drop them into a basket. She assaulted the basket. And her counsel-seeking neighbor sat staring helplessly, almost aghast, as if it were scandal and anarchy to say such things. If treason had been proposed, or a bloodthirsty plot of some kind, Mrs. Hoover could scarcely have been more shocked by it.

"Not write?" she whispered. "Not even write to the folks?" In her face was a look of fearsome daring.

"Folks?" quoth Mrs. Clark. "Why, them people ain't *folks*. They're *swells!* That's what *they* are!"

"Not write?"

"No."

"Send no word I'm comin'?"

"Why send word?"

Mrs. Hoover repeated, as if thinking aloud, "Not write—just go."

"That's it. That's what I'd do. And besides, Bess Hoover, it won't be the same as if you wasn't invited. They did invite you. Didn't they?"

"But, Mrs. Clark— No, Mrs. Clark, you can't mean— They wouldn't like that. They would— Just pick up and go?"

"That's it—that's the thing! Give 'em no chance to stave you off with excuses about this and that, and thus and so."

It was too much for Auntie Bess, this kind of talk. Such high treason is very hard to bear. So, at once, Mrs. Hoover cumbrously fled the kitchen of her neighbor. "My stars!" she muttered, upon getting home. She even forgot to whisk the screen-door with her apron as a precaution against flies. "Not write—just go. What an idea!"

Two whole days Auntie Bess waited; then, upon revisiting her friend's kitchen, it was in the fear—and the hope—that Mrs. Clark would begin again that preposterous, that revolutionary suggestion of hers. But this time, as it turned out, the good housewife was grown conservative. She talked tediously of trifles.

It was Auntie Bess herself who finally, by way of timorous hints, made reference to the desperate exploit.

"If I had something fit to wear—a new dress, say, or mebbe a new hat—"

"Your black silk ought to do first rate," Mrs. Clark interposed. "Now, me, I'm going to wear my gray suit. It's plenty good, I think, for that reception."

"Reception? What reception?" Mrs. Hoover winked in bewilderment.

"Why, for the new minister—a reception and lawn social."

"Oh!" Bess exclaimed, and tersely added, "No, I ain't a-goin'."

"Then you mean— I see. You've made up your mind to go fetch the little girl."

Wrong! Bess hadn't made up her mind. It was such a dreadfully hard kind of mind to get made up. Yet from this day, by merely thinking of that high emprise, the lonely woman grew more cheerful; and in the end—daring unprecedented! — she actually decided to go.

But from the sum remaining from her husband's life insurance could she spare enough money to undertake the journey? Perhaps so; that is, enough for actual expenses. But how about a new dress? Well, never mind about the dress. Her black silk, as Mrs. Clark had said, was still serviceable; it was perfectly good, and only five years old. In places, where it had cracked a little, it

could be underlaid with pieces, and, as for the sponging and pressing, she could easily attend to that.

Still, when everything was ready, and even the packing finished, the proposed adventure loomed as frightful as a surgical operation.

Only last month Florence had written about the little girl. They had thought she was coming down with the measles, the German measles; and Auntie Bess had gone about over the neighborhood to inquire whether there was some other variety of measles worse than the German kind. It gave her a great fright to learn that at first you cannot tell whether the ailment would turn out to be measles or something worse, something so bad, maybe, as scarlet fever.

If only they would write again to let a body know that all was well with the little girl! She told herself that, even though she was ready now for her journey, she need not go on the morning train. Better to wait till afternoon, in case a letter should come. Yet no letter did come, neither in the forenoon nor in the afternoon, nor on Tuesday, nor on Wednesday, nor on Thursday.

On the fifth day a telegram arrived. Bess was not at home. The messenger-boy went around the house, rang the bell at the front door, knocked at the side door and at the back door. Mrs. Clark called to him. She offered to sign for the telegram; but, no, he would not leave it with her.

"Then, young man, you better take the despatch to the office of Dr. Davis. Mrs. Hoover will be there, I shouldn't wonder. She'll be pestering him again, 'most likely, about the symptoms of measles."

It turned out, after all, that Bess missed the telegram. She had not been at the office of Dr. Davis. She had been at Dr. Cummings'; nor did she hear of the despatch until the hour was too late for receiving it. When she arrived at the telegraph office there were two long hands, like a pair of black spider-legs, straddled up and down across the white face of the great clock. It was a little after six. The place was locked. The operator had gone to his home.

Thither, too, went Mrs. Hoover. She explained the situation. He was sorry. But office hours, he informed her, were from nine to six—an established rule. The public ought to remember that.

Could he, perhaps, tell her what was in the telegram?

Not he. A busy day, this. Lots of messages!

Auntie Bess went home, and took such stale comfort as may be possible from the counsel of her good neighbor, Mrs. Clark. Through her kind offices she laid to her soul the flattering unction that, after all, the message might be good news, even though her heart was crushed with the old-fashioned conviction that the only true purpose of a telegram is to convey direful facts and tidings.

Long the two women, with their faces yellowed on one side by the light of the shaded lamp, sat opposite each other, the center-table between them, and warmly moist air coming in at the window. Mrs. Clark talked and talked. Auntie Bess tried to listen. Mrs. Clark spoke gently and sensibly. Auntie Bess was trying hard to believe her. And yet the only thing she really did believe was this:

"You've been a good friend to me, Sarah—a good friend!"

Almost as these words were spoken Mrs. Clark gave a start and shut her eyes; for a brilliancy painful in its bedazzlement, the powerful double glance of a motor-car, had come flashing in through the window and, after jiggling with a leisurely sweep across the room, it went into extinguishment. But one still heard a mechanical whirring, as if the automobile, having turned the street corner, might now have come to a stop in front of the house.

It was so, indeed; the machine had halted there. And the two women, hastening at once into the parlor, arrived at the front windows in time to see a man lifting to the ground a child who had leaped nimbly into his arms.

Next the gate clicked. Up the brick walk came a gay scurry and hurry, a fleet patter and prancing of little feet dancing. Margie at last! Little Marguerite come home!

"Expecting us, were you?" her father asked; but Auntie Bess spoke no word. Silently, with the pain of happiness making her dumb, she was clasping this joy

that she had thought would never come again.

"I wasn't sure," the man added, "that this new car of mine would set us here to-night. That's why I wired. Didn't want you bothering to stay up for us."

Giving no heed to him, or to what he was saying, Auntie Bess led the way into the lighted room, her arms tight clasped about the little girl. It was Mrs. Clark who spoke to him:

"You will have to excuse her. She is too glad to talk."

He himself was the only one who seemed ready to do much talking. His mission here was to be explained, and he began his explaining with a fine effect of unconcern, as if he had arranged and even practised what he wanted to say.

"You see, Auntie Bess, a town like this, a country town far away from fetid air and stagnant heat of the city—Here, I mean, is just the place for a child in summer." At this point he hesitated, reddened, took a fresh start. "As for Marguerite's Aunt Florence—well, fact is, Florence has other plans: some social gadding back East, a round of visits and—and so forth. Stays young, Flo does; her running off like this is what must be expected, I suppose. And, anyhow, there was a governess I had thought would fill the bill right enough—get Marguerite started with her French and music, you know. But, bless my soul! this independent niece of yours would have no governess—not she. Wanted her Auntie Bess. Should, would, *must* have her Auntie Bess!"

Across the cushiony shoulder against which the child's head had been snuggled the little girl now smiled to her father—a friendly and yet an unmistakably triumphant smile.

"So, now, here we are," he concluded.

Auntie Bess caught up the words, gasping exultantly, "So, now . . . you see, now, Sarah Clark . . . here we are!"

"I see we are," chuckled that good friend and neighbor.

"If it would be convenient," he went on, "for you to keep Marguerite awhile—at least till Flo gets home—that would be just the ticket."

In the fervor of her rejoicing the plain, homely face of Auntie Bess had grown almost beautiful as rapturously she stammered:

"It has come out just as I said. 'In the summer,' I said. You heard me, Sarah. You remember, don't you? 'In the summer,' I said, 'my little girl will be coming home to me.' Didn't I say so? 'Every summer,' I said. '*Every sum-mer!*'"

The Islands of Shetland

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

THE very heart of solitariness and patience speaks in the figure of the Shetlander, breasting the northern winds on his hills and high moorlands. He moves slowly, his body bent, for the proudest head must go down before the regal movement of the winds. Even in summer they sweep over the islands like a charge of magnificent cavalry; and in winter they dash in from their two hoary seas, the salt spindrift on their wings, and they beat at the crofter's lowly door and send him closer to the warm red glow of the peats on his hearth.

The sea and the winds—these are the great facts that color the lives of the Shetlanders, that hedge them about with loneliness on the outer rim of living, and that give them a richness of personal association. On the outside are just the great waters that seem to grudge searoom to the islands, and so they have driven their way into the land with great blue voes; they dash themselves against the high western cliffs as if they some day would climb up the hundreds of feet that thwart them to the very top, where the cormorants and curlews are crying down the wind. No wonder the Romans called the Shetlands Ultima Thule, the farthest land, the end of the world. Rolling seas, sweeping winds, solitary hills, great stretches of moorland, and inside, little warm toons, where the folk cling to one another.

For one another is all those who stay at home have to cling to. The great world outside claims many of them, for the islands can scarcely support twenty-eight thousand souls; other hearths and other lands know them. Three hundred of them are captaining vessels, and many more are sailing before the mast, for the deep sea draws them as it did their forebears a thousand years ago. Many of those that stay at home send their Norse hearts wandering into distant lands, while their bodies stay on "the old rock," as the Shetlanders call their home. But even at home the sea is their mistress, constant to them only in the whimsies with which she offers up her treasure-trove, certain only, sooner or later, to stamp her power into the hearts of her people with bitter scars. The blue-eyed young sailors, the brave fishermen, fathers of families, for years win their living from her; and at home, mothers and wives watch the skies and the waves, and pray in their hearts as they sing the old songs to their bairnies, while outside the wind harps a louder tune. There never is any real security; the mother hopes to have her old bones laid in the kirkyard at the feet of the sea before she loses her son; the wife hopes that a peaceful old age may await herself and her husband in a warm croft above the tides. But both know well that some night the voice of the seas will rise, some night the Shetland women will pray by their hearths, forgetful of the dying fires, or will stand on their gaunt cliffs, looking blindly over a barren, menacing sea for boats which may never come home, which, torn into driftwood, wash on some far shore, to be used at last to warm some alien hearth.

Yet always their faces are turned to the sea. The babies stumble down to the beach and play with its spoil. The men build houses that face it; the women carry home their peat burdens along a road that looks down at the water, and the old die with the sea sounds in their ears. It is this wresting of the warmth of home from warring seas and winds, this determined haven in the heart of danger, this resolute facing of their friend and enemy, the sea, and this conquering of her because of pure greatness of spirit—it is this kind of fortitude that is most characteristic of the Shetlanders.

The years pass them by softly, marked only by births and deaths and weddings with quaint old ceremonies. The bairnies have bairnies of their own, and these the old men and women, forgetting that they are grandchildren, call by the names of their own boys and girls. History and time are lost in the hard work and the peace of each day's living. They forget their own ages, for one day slips imperceptibly into another, and their years, if the sea does not demand them, are long in the islands. They have taken the conquering spirit of the old Norse that still lives in them, and have turned it toward winning, through peril and work and love, that greatest of treasures —home.

Mere living in the Shetlands is such a deep and difficult thing that it seems to obscure all the history and all the varied scenery of the islands. For if there are not here the many antiquities of the Orkneys, still the surface trend of life has been the same—the outer life. Here dwelt the tiny dark people, the Picts, safe, it would surely seem, in Ultima Thule, and yet, wary little folk, building their brochs strong, afraid to trust either the sea or the stranger. Traces of them are to be found in many places, especially in Mousa, the most perfect broch extant. And yet even tall, thick Mousa could not hold back the victorious hordes of the Norsemen. The Picts built it with much pain to protect them for ever, but it became one day the home of the shipwrecked Björn-Brynulfson and the beautiful maiden whom he stole from Norway; and two hundred years later it became the refuge of that light woman, Margareta, mother of Jarl Harald, who fled there with her lover, Jarl Erland, and starved and thirsted and still loved till her son forgave her.

Mousa since then has given of its stores throughout the centuries to humbler folk, whose love has been sanctioned by kirk and neighbors. Now it stands, companioned only by wind and sea, a memorial to the broken hopes of the wild, energetic little race that wrote its history so sparingly in the Shetlands. Perhaps it is not a fancy that the Picts have written their history now and then in the bodies of the people. For sometimes, among the strong Norse or Scotch faces and sturdy figures, may be seen a little, dark, glancing man or woman, feverish in activity, excitable, moody, with something suspicious and unsatisfied behind small, bright-brown eyes; a little, restless person, his ways eddying like seaweed against the sturdy purpose of his quiet neighbors.

There are a few symbols, too, of the hopes of the holy men of God, the Culdees, those dwellers in solitary places, who built their churches on Papa Stour and heathy Yell and other places, to soften the fierce hearts of the Picts, and who, like their Orcadian brothers, were swept into nothingness by the vikings, and yet were not quite forgotten. More than one faith has found its way into the island. In religion, the Shetlanders have been accused of sailing with the running stream, and yet perhaps they did only what they must. To-day there is no church left symbolic of the Roman faith, and still not all the traces of the old men of God have gone. The ruins of the Church of Our Lady, in Weisdale, not so long ago were still visited by the Shetlanders, who made offerings and said prayers for their fondest wishes. Here came sailors for good weather, fishermen for full nets, farmers for good harvest, and many a young girl, furtively to pray that the youth of her heart might turn his face toward her. And there are old women in Shetland who still remember the New-Year's even-song with its Catholic flavor, which begins:

Gude new'r even, gude new'r night—St. Mary's men are we;
We're come here to crave our right—before our leddie.
King Henry, he's a-huntin' gane—St. Mary's men are we;
And ta'en wi' him his merry young men —before our leddie.

As with Pict relics, whatever the ancient church has left in the Shetlands has become somehow a part of the hearth life of the islanders. It is the same with the rest of the history. When the first viking prow lifted above a Shetland beach the land was not Ultima Thule to these stout invaders, but the beginning of a new warring-ground, a promise of a new Norse kingdom, where jarls and udallers and thralls should



A SHETLAND CROFTER'S COTTAGE

taste of the strong Norse joys of piracy and feasting and combat. These jarls were ever sailing, and when they did choose an occasional haven it was in Orkney. The Shetlands gave their toll of fighting-men, but for the rest, the people—free udallers and thralls—lived an independent life, much as they do to-day, subject only to the winds and the sea. Of the same stock as the Orkney people, like them superstitious and pagan-hearted in spite of the Christianity afterward foisted on them, dauntless and tenacious, these Shetlanders were yet somehow different. In the rim of fierce times they won the heritage peculiar to themselves: a largeness of soul in the face of danger, a freedom of spirit in the thraldom of outer facts, a love for their own friends and their own home, a sense of hearth safety that gave them what their mere history could not —a spiritual stamp. This even the stranger feels to-day as he stands on a lonely mound at night and looks at the twinkling lights against the dark hills, and hears the clear bark of the sheep-dogs borne far on the sweeping wind.

What they remember best is not the history of the islands that bear the great brochs, or the standing stones, or the faint traces of a Norse palace; and it is not the quarrels of the sea-kings and the oppression of the Stuart earls. What has written itself into their lives and faces are the tragedies the sea has brought to their little toons. Old people speak as if they had been the witnesses of sea sorrows old in their parents' time. They hold many a tally of lives lost singly at drawing the nets or herding the sheep or gathering the eggs of the gulls. But deeper than these go the communistic tragedies, when men have given up their lives in bitter snow-storms, and have starved during bread and potato famines, and, above all, have gone down with their broken boats into the sea. The Shetlanders have seen storms that took a hundred men's lives; they have seen whalers go out to Davis Strait and never come back; they have seen a ship of death come in from the north with frozen sailors, who could never again heed cold or warmth.

And they still feel the sorrow of the last great storm of scarcely thirty years ago, when sixty-three men from the island of Yell, returning from the haaf-fishing, were caught and capsized in the conflicting waters of the tide ebbing in a northwesterly direction through Yell Sound, and a tremendous sea rushing in the opposite direction. One would think that the ancient spirit of the bards had come back to the sailors who can tell of the sight. One man returned first, climbing up the road to let his wife know



MOUSA—A RELIC OF THE PICTS—STANDS COMPANIONED ONLY BY WIND AND SEA

of his good luck in the fishing. Then came the blackened storm sky; the anxious women on the cliffs looking out on those specks of boats laboring in—boats that represented such a freight of love and hope. Then the rushing seas, and the boats turning over before the eyes of those on shore; the terrible moment of silence, with no crying save that of the curlews and stormy-petrels. Then the wild tossing in the air of widowed and childless arms — the terrible outburst of anguish. And lastly, two or three boats of those who had lingered, waiting for better luck in fishing, and who came creeping in when the death wave had subsided, the men almost ashamed of their own safety, when every lonely cottage along the shores of North Yell had lost its breadwinner.

Their economic life has necessarily affected the Shetlanders far more than has their historic past, but they have come out of it spiritual victors. There are classes of Sicilian, Italian, and Russian peasants, and perhaps Jews, who show the marks of ages of oppression and long hardships in traits that are petty or mean or grasping. Not so the Shetlanders. Living has always been a hard business with them. Like the Orcadians, they suffered from the oppression of the Scotch. Many of the free-born udallers indeed, when their rights were interfered with, went back to Norway, but more remained, paying unjust rent, tithes, and taxes in their hard-earned meal, malt, butter, and oil, and in the wadmall cloth their women spun by the hearth, hoping for the day—which did indeed come at last—when their patience would have won them back the right again to be free folk in their little toons.

The crofters and cotters suffered, too, from the tyranny of proprietors and middlemen. By sea and land they were bound. The tenants had to fish for their landlord, and were not allowed to sell to any other person. The price was not fixed till after the fishing was done, and was dependent on the returns from the cured fish at the market. The landlord kept one or more curing-places and a shop or booth in which he sold household and fishing gear; and as he allowed no other shops to be opened on his estate, the tenants were obliged to deal with him. Reckoning was made once a year, credit or debit being brought forward to the next account, so that little money passed, and the tenants had to rely en-

tirely on the good faith of the landlord. If there was a change of landlords, they were practically bought and sold with the estate. Some of the proprietors sublet to middlemen, who carried on a sharp enough system.

Not only were they oppressed by their masters at home, but the strangers from other lands—the Dutch and the Flemish—looked upon the Shetlands as no man's country and, in spite of all edicts, fished lavishly in the waters. To this day the strangers come—Scotchmen, Swedes, and a few Dutch—and with their trawlers and steam-drifters they go farther to sea and bring home their fish more quickly, so that the poor Shetlanders, coming in with their eight hundred sail-boats, find the market glutted. A few of them make a little profit, though not enough to get themselves steam-drifters; most of them scarcely more than pay expenses. The white-fish have nearly all gone and only the herring-fishing remains; and while that is plentiful now, still it is always an uncertain quantity.

Of late years the crofter law and the new methods of farming have made an improvement in the condition of the Shetlanders. No longer afraid of having rents raised, they are building better houses. They are hoping more and more from their little harvests; but in a land where there are not a hundred trees, where apples will not grow, where gooseberries ripen only against a wall—and sparingly at that, where the wheat is poor and is often killed by sea-blasts, and where even the plentiful crops, potatoes and cabbage, have sometimes failed—in such a land agriculture could never be a main resource. Except for the scant harvests and the knitting of the women, the sea is all they have. Whatever else they have tried has come to nothing. They look back in the past to the failure of the haaf-fishing; to the failure of the flax and straw plaiting industries, and of the chromatic mining and kelp-burning; and their lives, as always, are in fief to their two seas. It is a noble achievement indeed to have met all these defeats, to have given toll of men to other lands and to the seas; to face a life of constant hardship and toil, and yet to have won from it all the perfection of that best of spiritual wealth—hearth peace.

Yet for all this unity of the hearth



THE DRONGS STANDING OUT IN THE SEA LIKE FIERCE OLD VIKINGS

there is sufficient variety in the Shetlands. Each island has its own life—not only the twenty-eight which are tenanted, but even the seventy which are uninhabited except by the sheep or the wild gulls. The men of Yell have a different intonation from the men of Unst. The short, eager islanders of Muckle Roe are not like the mighty men of Fetlar. The single shepherd who keeps his sheep on the foam-swept little island of Hascosay, separated by weeks of storm from any other human being, is not like the man who sells his wares in the narrow street of Lerwick on Mainland. When they are examined separately, each island offers a spiritual coin stamped with its own peculiar marking.

All the west coast of the Shetlands is magnificent from Sunberg Head and Fitfull Head on the south, between which, in certain winds and tides, vessels are buffeted about for days, to Ramna Stacks on the north. Curious alternations of bright light and deep shade cross the voes and heads, the brochs and caves, the Drongs, standing out in the sea like fierce old repelling vikings; the holm of Scraada; and the Gate of Navir, ground by the sea out of solid porphyry rock. It would seem as if God had made these western shores with a hard palm, and yet often, between the triumphal arches and columns of rock, shows the green breast of some grazing-tract, where the strong little sheep jump over the dikes like roe-deer. This coast forms the western side of Mainland, the great island of Shetland, fifty-five miles long, but so strangely invaded by voes, so irregularly shaped, that no spot is more than three miles from the sea. On this island the people are more in contact with other civilizations, for here come the gentlemen of the south for fishing; here come the Scotch, to teach and preach and make money through shopkeeping and banking. They are not much beloved by the Shetlanders, who call all strangers bound for gain by the term Scotchmen. Here come still a few of the Dutch fishermen with their curious busses looking for wealth in the waters from which their ancestors took such an enormous treasure. Here, too, come Greenlanders, Russians, Finns, Norse, Danes, and Swedes from the fishing-fleets to stop at Lerwick and weigh and sell their crans of herring.

Lerwick, the quaint, gray town, with the lower tiers of houses on Commercial Street standing in the water—a great convenience in the old days of smuggling—is always full of a plodding kind of industry. The houses on the mile-long street—of every age and size, and set at every angle—are connected to the "new toon" above by narrow up-hill lanes and closes which patter to the echoing feet of children running to school or on errands for "midder" and "daddy." There was a time when the few prosperous proprietors on the Mainland had a town house in Lerwick, and, oddly enough, a country house almost in sight of the town house. But now such people have given up their town houses, usually to some shopkeeper. Times are changing in Lerwick, though the old town-crier still plods about with his bell, and calls aloud at intervals notice of any meeting of importance to the inhabitants.

There is something circumspect and quiet about Lerwick, until those summer nights when the fishermen come in and all the Northern nations meet in its narrow, twisting street. Then the shops flare wide, especially the refreshment shops. The flagstones echo to the beating feet of the sailors walking in couples, or else as many abreast as the walls of opposing houses will admit, enjoying themselves, but with little talk and less laughter. Among these are a few blue-eyed Shetland girls, Scotch lassies, and perhaps a few from Ireland. The rest of them, however, are working till midnight in the great curing-sheds. The fishermen, looking to the east, can see the sheds glowing crimson from the great torchlights, the figures of the girls black against the glow, as they bend over their work of gutting the herring. Youth may call them out there in the Lerwick streets, but duty's note is higher. They must earn their bounty money; they must make their eight shillings a day to carry them through the nine winter months when there is no money to be won except by a little knitting. So while youth and love call outside, they work in their oilskin blood-stained aprons, amid the screaming of the gulls feeding be-



SHETLAND CROFTERS WINNOWING CORN

neath the windows on the offal thrown them.

A scene less populous, but not less striking, is old Christmas Eve, the 4th of January, when the children and young men of Lerwick go a-guizing. The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets, and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At one o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing tar-barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At six in the morning they put off their grimy clothes, and, dressed in fantastic costumes, go in pairs or in groups to wish their friends the compliments of the season.

If Lerwick in its every-day mood is always soberly busy, Scalloway conceals its industry under a soft and mellow exterior. With Tingwall Ridge and the Witches' Hill for guardians, it broods under the shadow of Earl Stuart's old castle. Its little gray or white cottages are primly kept, with here and there in the windows a handsome old face under a white "mutch." Here and there an attempt has been made at shrub-growing, while one high-walled garden has real trees, dwarfs though they be. Scalloway comes from "scalla," a house, and "way," a roadstead, and throughout the years, in spite of its curing-factories and fishing, it has preserved its old homelike flavor.

The Mainland has many little individual places of its own—such as the town of Sound, which supplies Lerwick with peats and milk, and which has the rhyme:

> Sound was sound when Lerwick was none,
> And Sound will be sound when Lerwick is done.

Then there is Cunningsburg in the south, where live the wildest people in Shetland. They have harsher features, larger muscles, and a broader build than their neighbors. In some ways they seem more like Saxons than Scandinavians, though tradition assigns them Spanish blood. They have not the features, but they have all the excitability of the Spaniard. In old days their lack of hospitality was a scandal; their typical remark when wishing to get rid of a guest was to say in Norse, "It's dark in the chimney, but it's light through the heath; it's still time for the stranger to be gone." And all up and down the Mainland on the shores of the blue voes, sheltered in the arms of the hills, are tiny little toons where the strong, blue-eyed folks live by means of their fishing



A. & A. J. Abernethy, Lerwick.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT BRESSAY

and grazing, measuring time from April to harvest by the herring season, and from Yule to the slow spring by the haddock-fishing; their greatest adventure, the arrival of a "Southern" to fish or sketch, their own feet never taking them farther than Lerwick; and the happiest faces are those of the men who have grown old and fish no longer, and of their wives, from whom is taken now half the fear of the sea.

On the east, where the islands climb to the North Sea, is quiet, soft-cheeked Bressay, and the bonny isle of Whalsay, where the women still burn kelp while the men are at deep-sea fishing. Halfway up and well to the east are the Out Skerries, warded by the crying cormorants. Just a few souls live here, but the islands are animated enough in the fishing season. They are not without their past history of battles and wrecks, chests of gold, and casks of liquor. The three important northern islands are Fetlar, Yell, and Unst. Fetlar, which means the fertile isle, raises its long, green back gently out of the waters, giving pasturage to sheep, for which many of the crofters have been cleared away, and pasturage also to the Fetlar ponies, bred from a famous Arabian war-horse and a Shetland pony. Here, too, live a few great-limbed, gentle-voiced crofters and fishers—kindly, curious people; sociable, too, who look eagerly for the bi-weekly steamboat, and sail over often, when the weather permits, to visit their neighbors on Yell.

Yell, next in size to Mainland, twenty miles long and six or eight miles broad, means the barren island. Yet here is the richest peat in the Shetlands, and here a patient, constant industry, not surpassed in any of the islands. Like all the other Shetlands, Yell has had roads only for one hundred years, and many of its heathy hills seem almost unbroken even by a path. The grazing sheep on the hills and moorlands, the shepherd plodding against the wind with his sheep-dog at his heels, the long cry of the gulls, and a silence that there are hardly enough people to break, all give Yell an effect of sadness and loneliness.

Yet here, too, are little toons and kindly folk, who are not limited by their week-days and Sundays, but who give one the sense always of fitness for the big things of the world, whether they are called to them or not.

The most northern of the islands is Unst, with its bold peak and chain of lochs and its stretches of good pastures. Unst was beloved of the Norsemen; it was here they first landed, and even before that the Picts had built there strange stone circles, afterward used as the judging-places of the Norsemen. Nor was Unst neglected by the Stuarts, who left the fragments of a feudal castle. Here, too, are traces of the Christian priests in many little ruined Catholic chapels. But the Unst people have always remained tranquil among their own history and indifferent to the wars of Europe which have raged around them. Their greatest pride is that the island once gave a principal to the University of Glasgow, and they are proud too of their lighthouse, set on that conical rock of Muckle Flugga, the most northerly part of the king's dominion, its face toward the mysterious pole, its strong base beaten by the thunderings of the North Sea.

There are many other islands—some without people, storm-swept little places, perhaps only large enough to graze half a dozen sheep; some rocky and gaunt, haunted by cormorants and skuas; some gracious and welcoming, even when they have nothing except heath to give. But there are three, none of them more than two miles square, which preserve their own peculiar lives almost untouched by the changes which have been going on in the other islands.

Fair Island, twenty-five miles south of all the other Shetlands, has had a strange enough pageantry passing over its rocky surface. For not only was it the home of the Picts, and then of the Norse; and for the Norse, the signal beacon to give warning of the coming of the hostile sail; besides that, it supplied a chapter in the romance of the Spanish Armada. For here was wrecked the ship of Don Gomez de Medina, and that noble and his men were for a time most generously entertained by the islanders. But time passed, the Spaniards stayed, the meal and the mutton diminished. Then the islanders, wrapped in by the wild storms, unable to get to any other island, and fearful of famine, hid their food. The forced guests grew weak, many died of starvation, and some, it is said, were pushed over the tall cliffs into the sea.



A. & A. J. Abernethy, Lerwick.

LERWICK—A QUAINT, GRAY TOWN WHERE ALL THE NORTHERN NATIONS MEET



PAPA STOUR—AN ISLAND RICH IN LEGEND OF NORSE DAYS

At last one Andrew Umphrey took the Spaniards away in a ship, and since that day the name of Umphrey has been powerful in the Shetlands. The Fair Island people show plain traces of Spanish blood, but they resent the suspicion of it, saying that the Spaniards were isolated when on the island. It is hard to conceive how isolation could well be possible on an island two miles square; besides, the Fair Island people do not deny that the strange patterns and the lichen dyeing of the stockings and caps and shawls their women knit were taught them by the Spaniards, and indeed the same sort of handicraft is found to this day in country places of Spain.

The Fair-Islanders were great smugglers in the old days, and they are still good bargainers. They are very intelligent, seeming to know instinctively how to read; and not so very long ago they would follow the mail-steamers in their light canoe-shaped boats, which none but themselves can manage, begging for newspapers and books. One of their terrors is of infectious disease; another is of the dog-tax man, against whose coming they are said to hang and drown their dogs; another is of emigration, for they love Fair Isle. Yet emigrate they must; about forty-five years ago a hundred of them went, unable longer to coax a living from their bare rock. Their greatest joy is the occasional visits of the minister, more frequent now than in the old days, when he arrived but once in about two years to marry and christen. He preaches every day of his stay, and they prolong his visit on every possible pretext, using, when all else fails, the solemn prophecy of a storm.

Most solitary of all the Shetlands is gaunt Foula, the outpost, eighteen miles to the west of the other islands, her farther coast lifted into cliffs higher than any hill on the British Isles—so high that one standing at the top cannot hear the waves below. These magnificent crags break into five conical peaks, and then, running down to the eastern half of the island, they stretch into a plain almost level, on which the two-hundred-odd inhabitants live. Like the Fair Isle people, they are intelligent and religious

and hospitable, and sober now, though in the old days they were merry and wild. They still sing the "Foula Reel," of which the last stanza runs:

Now for a light and a pot of good beer—
up wi't
Lightfoot, link it awa' boys.
We'll drink a gude fishing against the next
year,
And the Shaalds [shoals] will pay for
it a', boys.
The Shaalds of Foula, [etc.].

They kept the Norse language and Scandinavian songs and old customs longer than any of the other islanders. To this day they call the southernmost coast on the island Norther (Norse) House, and say that there the kings of Scotland used to send their sons to learn Norse. They are not so poor as the Fair-Islanders, partly because very few children are born to them, and partly because the pasturage and fishing are better. They still lower themselves by ropes over the dizzy cliffs to gather young gulls and eggs for cooking, though this practice is less common than it was in the days when one of these bird-hunters said, "My gutcher [grandfather] guid before, my father guid before, and I must expect to go over the Sneug, too."

Another island with its own characteristics is Papa Stour, the great island of the priests, little enough in surface. Here the Atlantic has beaten the west coast into strange voes, tall, weird stacks, and mysterious caves, where the seals or selkies hide, in the oldest days thought to be mermen and mermaidens, or drowned sailors come back to a kind of earth life under a sealskin. Here, as in Foula, the Norse language was slow to die, and Norse customs and strange superstitions still linger. Only a few years ago the men stopped giving the sword-dance of winter evenings, and they still speak of the strange, weird monsters which covered Papa Stour about a hundred years ago—monsters so numerous and so menacing that no one dared to go beyond the town dike after twelve o'clock noon. Malicious monsters, too, for at Yule-time and weddings they would collect in such numbers as to check the progress of the strongest men, and sometimes bruise and even kill them. Once some fishermen tried to cross the mile-wide strait leading to the Mainland, when these terrible creatures surrounded the boat and blocked the way, and all but drowned the venturers. It is not long since the beadle was paid a fee to "tell" the sparrows out of the crops, and used to stride up and down ringing his bell and crying, "Coo-osh, woo-osh, awa' fra' this toon and never come again."

A little bit of an island, Papa Stour, offering a foothold to just a few people, who have to bring their peat and much of their food from Mainland, and yet happiness and tragedy go on quietly here through the years. Not long ago an old gentlewoman died; still and sad-faced she was, with a seaward heart. For long years ago great preparations were being made for her wedding on little Papa Stour; beacon-fires were lighted, and an ox roasted whole, and out on the sea her lover's ship was coming closer and closer. Then it, too, showed a fiery beacon; somehow it burned, a few miles from home. And when the old woman was dying she gave her niece all her old love-letters, which in the long years she had been able neither to read nor to part with, and she bade the girl put them into the fire. So they went into nothingness in the red core of the peat, and the old, faithful soul—perhaps that went to some place where the letters came back in living words that eternity would not alter.

On all the islands the houses have a solid earth-bound look—the sea shall not take them. They are built of gray stone, sometimes whitewashed. As in the Orkneys, in some places the old style still persists, where one door answers for man and beast. Still to be found are the ben, the best room, where the parents sleep, and the but, with its hearth, its box beds, chairs with straw backs, and the spinning-wheels, always ready to sing that song of the busy Shetland woman. Tall, black ricks of peat flank or front these little cottages, not only guarding against the autumn blast, but suggesting the warmth and comfort of the hearth. In the back, the sheds and tiny barns and hen-houses are made of the hulks of old boats, cut in two, and sometimes pieced out with an extension of wood or stone. The boats, the peats,

the little, huddling stone cottage with its bit of harvest land—all this gives in a little space the whole reading of the simple, concentrated life of the Shetlanders.

From September till June life is very uneventful. The fisherman crofter stays on shore cutting and drying his year's supply of peat, sowing and reaping his scanty harvest. He may even make shoes, though they may be only the cowskin ravelins still worn by old-fashioned folks; he may be quite as skilful at carpentry as he is at fishing and farming; undoubtedly he can make the straw kyshies and creels useful for a dozen purposes. Perhaps, if he belongs to the naval-reserve men, he puts in a month or two of drill at Lerwick. The summer glory of greens, the rosy heather, purple in shadows, the clear amber of the little burns, have all darkened under the barren autumn and the dreary winter. It is, as the Shetlander says, "coorse weather." The snow drifts across the tawny side of Hascosay and rests on the heathy crowns of Yell. Then of a sudden comes the spring fishing season, when some of the old women put iron in the boats to keep away witches, and the old-fashioned fisherman avoids people who may bring him bad luck. Strange crafts are in the voes, brown-sailed boats and hooting steam-drifters. The landmen of Lerwick, who half starve during the winter, depending only on their casual unskilled labor, have now plenty to do. The women sell their knitted work, the delicate shawls that could almost be drawn through a finger-ring, and the thick stockings. The Shetlands are in activity, and yet not all the Shetlands. There are still spots where the peace is perfect. When the long days come, the colors lie soft on the hills, and the day passes so lightly that it seems not to pass at all. The sun sets, but there is still a mellow, luminous, silvery light glassing the lochs; the solemn twilight stillness of midnight is invaded by the gray light of morning, and birds sing here and there, not knowing that the hours belong to night.. Between their voices the silence is so deep that the splash seems loud of a solitary sea-bird diving for fish. He takes his spoil and rests in the churchyard on the grave of some child of the sea-kings marked by an old stone, hewn perhaps a thousand years ago.

Inside each little house, blackened by peat smoke, are many people: old grandparents, father and mother, perhaps maiden aunts, and children that grow like the corn. The old grandmother and mother, summer and winter, are always busy with the wool which they have pulled from the sheep. They knit as they stand in the doorway, perhaps even as they walk homeward, each with a creel of peat on her back. These Shetland women take life very seriously. Strangely enough, they are nearly always a few years older than their husbands. They are always able to hold the faith of their men, as sweethearts and as husbands. A sailor may spend seven years on the deep seas with never a sight of home, but at the end of that time he goes back to his island betrothed, sure to find her faithfully waiting for him.

In the winter the old grandmother sits with her knitting in the seat nearest the fire, between the box bed and the chest. In this chest is more than one old-fashioned treasure—perhaps the goat-skin coat and trousers her father wore when he was fishing before the days of oilskin. Possibly, too, there is a store of gold, for some of the old people have not yet learned to trust the banks. There may even be some of the old Charles I. and Charles II. coins, which the Shetlanders used to believe were a cure for king's evil.

Not far away are the bairnies. Perhaps they have some little beast with them, for the Shetlanders are fond of pet animals. Even seals and wild swans and gulls have occasionally been domesticated. They are strong and rosy from draughts of milk given by their Shetland cow, little and badly fed, but somehow generous. Perhaps they have just come from a large trough of piltocks, put on the table for the common weal. These little children often answer to double names, such as Kirssie-Mally, Osla-Keetie, Maggie-Baabie, Willie-Ned, and Eric-Bartle — comfortable chimney-corner names. They gather about their grandmother's knees, and she tells them old stories of Odin's ravens, the dwarfs, and the trows, all put by the Catholics

in the lists of the fallen angels. Perhaps she tells them of the wizard Leugie, who could draw fish out of the water, all roasted by his master, the devil; and so Leugie was burned on Scalloway Hill. Then there is the story of the old witch who caused a great wreck of men by her evil practices. She went out when the moon was pale and the wind was moaning, and she touched a rag to a stone, and said:

"I knock this rag upon this stane,
To raise the wind in the devil's name.
It shall not lie till I please again."

The grandmother is supposed not to believe in witches any more, but for all that she keeps an old razor in the byre to ward off the dark powers; and when one of the bairnies has been hurt by the fire she breathes three times on the burned place, and she murmurs:

"Here come I to cure a burnt sore;
If the dead knew what the living endure,
The burnt sore would burn no more."

The bairnies sometimes hear of the legend of how their fierce forefathers, the Norsemen, put to death the last of the Picts, a father and son, who would not tell them the secret of brewing ale out of heather. Or if these stories are too wild for the "peerie" ones, she will tell of the brownies who do housework, and make roads for people, and of the "guid folk"—fairies who live in the little mounds along the seashore.

The Shetland children are very attractive, with their steady, gentle, brown eyes and soft Northern speech, its intonation and dialect much more pronounced, much less open to the understanding of the English ear, than the speech of the Orcadians. Indeed, there is something of the friendliness of childhood in the talk of these islanders; their "du's" and "dee's" have almost an affectionate sound. They pronounce their "k's" strongly, as in *kn*uckle; they say "dat" for "that," and "tink" for "think," and "da" for "the," and "wir" for "our," and they have many other peculiarities of speech, which even a knowledge of the Scotch tongue would not illuminate. But no illumination is needed for the moment when they put by their reserve and give the full hospitality of their hearts to the stranger. "Blythe to see dee," they say, and they are ready to "follow," which means conduct one to all their places of beauty.

This hospitality prevails, whatever their rank; for democratic though the Shetlanders are, among them social distinctions do hold; there are a few old families who receive in a way more deference than they would in a less isolated community. Even such a family has a rare, quaint Shetland flavor. The stranger goes through a little gate and through an old doorway and up the stairs to a mellow living-room, where the peat fire on the hearth flickers a rose glow upon the surfaces of old furniture. Tea is served from ancient silver; gentle Shetland voices tell of the old, strange customs of the islands, and they read one Shetland poetry, tender with longing for the sea-bound islands and the home-folk. The lonely wind outside seems to croon in with the voices, and it all forms part of an indestructible impression, that will come back curiously and poignantly to the stranger when far away in crowded and less-expressive lands.

A gentle, noble people these grave Shetlanders, making themselves such a victorious world among their stern conditions of life. When one of them stands before his own door, the lonely lighthouses, the crying wind, the spindrift lashing in from the surging seas—all are absorbed in the simple feeling of home. The very church-bells, sounding bravely on the wind, suggest the solid earth and the friendly faces of men. The wild gulls feed in the meadows, and some of them, trusting this spirit of home, come to the threshold, where little children feed them and call them by old fairy names. But when the stranger is departing, when the hospitable Shetlanders grow small on their shores, then the rocky or heath-covered islands suddenly turn solitary again, stark in their wild seas, with the foam catching at their feet. The wind charges, trumpeting, and against the cliffs the sea-birds circle, crying.

A Hypothetical Case

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WHEN the sloop was made shipshape for the night it was coming on dusk. The sun had already half fallen into the sea. A bank of cloud, lying low and sluggish on the horizon, was slashed, as with a knife, and the wound showed red as blood, with a pool of crimson color oozing thickly over the sea from the wide, ominous gash. What happened thereafter on the white beach of Cocoanut Key came swiftly to pass. It was inevitable. Nothing portended it; nobody was to blame. Involved in the sudden event were three boys of Key West and the ill-starred hermit of Hapless. The boys were joyous youngsters, of good quality, returning from a free-coursed lark in the main-shore glades. They were charming fellows: they were well born, well bred, well grown, well-to-do. But the hermit was a nigger.

Here in the lee of Cocoanut was safe harbor for the *John Keats*. She had beaten to anchorage from the windy, yellow weather of that day; and she lay, now, for the night, in black water, riding at ease off a crescent of coral sand—a grove of wind-worn cocoanut palms beyond, their long fronds tossing, through all the subsequent comedy, in a slow-failing breeze from the Florida Straits. Presently the hovering bank of black cloud vanished in the train of the sun; night washed the sky clean of its red stain; the fat moon peeped grinning over the palms and adventured toward a higher vantage, from which, inquisitive and bold, it stared full upon the beach of Cocoanut Key, cognizant of all that occurred, but quite incapable of giving witness.

By this time the three boys of Key West were sprawled on the sand. A boisterous chatter had changed in the sentimental light to shy disclosures of aspiration — half-uttered, awkward, secluded with low laughter and modest protests of self-contempt. It was genuine aspiration, for all that—high, unselfish, significant, bubbling into bashful confession from the deepest wells of Youth. A rare hour: in its unabashed comradeship—in its delicate communion —it lingers, cherished, with Mercer to this present: the wind blowing cool overhead, the swish of palms, the crescent of gleaming beach, the lapping water, the filmy craft at anchor, the shy young confidences.

Hapless Key lies off Cocoanut. Between, by day, is a shallow channel of beryl and brown, sun-flashed. It boils in smart winds, and had been whipped white that day; but in the failing southerly breeze of the night it lay flat and gray under the moon. Hapless is a poor key—low, wind-swept, meager, out of the way. It is not regarded. It bakes brown in summer weather; in winter the northers rake it. The grass grows rank from stony soil; a single decrepit tree—sparse-leafed and blown to rags—spites the gales; the receding tide uncovers great reaches of slime and ooze. And now from Hapless Key a boat put off toward Cocoanut. It dawdled across; it hesitated, ventured, paused, came diffidently into the cove and nosed ashore on the crescent of beach.

The occupant was loath to pursue his errand. He idled over the business of stranding the boat—glancing the while covertly toward the Key West boys. At last, however, he advanced, but with reluctant steps. His approach was curiously observed by the boys.

"It's a nigger," Mercer drawled.

In respect to the strangers of those places, the matter of color must first of all be determined. White or black? It is the starting-point. All things proceed thereafter. This man was black—very black.

"A big brute!"

The youngest boy sat up in excite-

ment. "What's that little key over there?" he wanted to know.

"Hapless."

"If that's Hapless," said the youngest boy, "there's a hermit living there."

"It *is* Hapless."

"Then here comes the Hermit of Hapless!"

A hermit? The thing suggested some romantic past. It engaged the boys in vastly more interested observation of the slinking figure.

"What's he a hermit for?" Mercer inquired.

"Happened to see another nigger get lynched."

"What did they lynch the other nigger for?"

"Father wouldn't tell me."

"I reckon you didn't need to be told," Mercer drawled, quickly concerned for the lad. Mercer was the elder—a sound elder companion.

"No," the youngest boy answered, abashed.

"It must have scared this nigger," Mercer muttered, between a laugh and a sigh, his eyes kindling with sympathy. "It was mighty tough." He laughed bitterly—with a little shake of the head. That was Mercer's way; he was fond of niggers.

"It *did* scare him. That's why he's a hermit."

"I call him a trashy nigger," the third boy objected. "They weren't after *him*, were they?"

"Oh, he isn't a trashy nigger," the youngest lad protested, warmly. "No, they weren't after him. *He* hadn't done anything. He just happened to *be* there. But it isn't fair to call him trashy. Why," the youngest boy exclaimed, horrified, "it was enough to scare *anybody!* They burned that nigger alive."

It was an academic question. "Well—" the third boy began to argue.

"Father told me a good deal about it," the youngest boy ran on. "Father says it wasn't the lynching that scared this nigger so much as the mistake."

"What mistake?"

"Father says they got the wrong nigger."

A thing like this presents its humorous aspect to almost every mind. The third boy almost chuckled. But he was not a heartless boy; he had a lively sense of humor—that was all.

"Anyhow," the youngest boy concluded, "this nigger has lived alone on Hapless ever since."

"But *why?*"

"He's almighty shy of white folks."

All this time the nigger was advancing. A big nigger, truly. It was, however, a timid approach. The nigger was wary. He swerved off in a wide arc to the edge of the underbrush and cocoanut palms. This was a cautious design to pass at the maximum distance. Under the steady, superior scrutiny of the boys he began to fidget uneasily. He was much like a masterless dog slinking past. A dog is by turns abased, ingratiating, menacing; he advances by fits and starts, slyly, close to the ground, his eye anxiously alternating between the unfriendly group and his objective point; he trembles in the pauses; he is all taut to scurry boldly away when out of reach; being discovered, he stops to fawn; it is his policy to pretend amiability; but he keeps his distance—alert, impatient, shivering.

"Oh, you nigger!" Mercer drawled, in genial summons.

The nigger stopped. He must. It was an assured voice. The speaker was clad in white. These boys were obviously of quality. "Yassa, boss?" he replied. He was very uneasy.

"Are you a hermit?"

"So ah'm called, boss." This was gravely said. The nigger straightened. The consciousness of singularity gave him a grotesquely pompous air. "Yassa, boss. Ah'm a hermit."

"What for?"

"Ah jes' doan' want no trouble, boss."

"White folks scare you, nigger?"

"Yassa, boss."

"You don't like to be a hermit, do you?" Mercer drawled lazily on.

The nigger looked humbly down. "Ah'm accustomed, boss," said he. Apparently he did not like to be a hermit. His reply was almost a sigh.

"Come here," said Mercer. "We want to talk to you."

"Ah ain' got no time, boss." The nigger shifted, then turned to go, but lost courage, and sighed, and waited where he was.

"Oh, what's your rush. nigger? Come here."

A wide grin spread over the nigger's face. Then all at once he broke into a soft chuckle. "Some colo'ed folks livin' jes' round de point, boss," he explained. Now he writhed with humor; he guffawed, he kicked at the sand, he threw back his head and squinted at the moon. He said, gently, "Ah'm cou'tin' mah honey, boss." It was spoken with simple tenderness.

"In love, nigger?" the boy quizzed.

"Ah reckon ah mus' be, boss." The nigger scratched his wool. "In love—yassa, boss."

It was infinitely comical in a nigger—this amazingly accurate resemblance, in word and accent, to a real confession of the love-lorn state. It was like a clever burlesque. Comical beggars, these niggers! Mercer laughed. He was fond of the black rascals.

"Sweet girl, nigger?" said he.

"Ah, g'wan, boss!" the nigger tittered.

"Sweet girl, nigger?" Mercer persisted, sharply. It was his custom to have answers to his questions.

"Pow'ful sweet, boss, t' *mah* taste. *Ah'm* satisfied."

"*You're* not very much of a hermit," Mercer laughed.

"Ah reckon not, boss," the nigger agreed. "Ah on'y been tol' so."

"Come here."

"Fo' Gawd, boss," said the nigger, taking new alarm, "ah ain' got no time!"

"Come here when I tell you."

This low, slow command, clear-cut and hard, with its undertone of menace, startled the nigger out of his caution. Had he not lived so long secluded from white domination he might not have committed himself to the pregnant error of hesitation. But he had fled that domination in terror. The recurrence of authority appalled him. What did these boys want with a nigger, anyhow? Why did they persist? What were they going to do with him? Thus in his superstitious fright the nigger fell into mortal error. These were kindly boys; they intended no injury—nor any humiliation. The nigger should have approached when bidden. But he did not approach. Instead, he swiftly measured the distance to the point of land and cast up his chance of escape before he could be caught.

It was astonishing behavior. Mercer perceived in grieved amazement that the nigger was about to scamper off in despite of him. What was the matter with the nigger? Darn the nigger!—the fool nigger. What was he afraid of? Mercer resented the nigger's recalcitrance. Such a thing had never happened to the boy before. He had the mastery of niggers; he had been born to it. And all this footless derangement of the established relation disturbed him poignantly. He felt, vaguely, a little less a man; he was ashamed. A nigger had defied him—appeared, at any rate, to be about to defy him—in the presence of his friends. It wouldn't do—it wouldn't do, at all! Mercer had his self-respect to serve. He felt that his authority must surely have its answer. And to the end of compelling a response he jumped up.

Instantly the nigger was in flight. It was a chase. And the situation was by this divested of every serious aspect. It was a game. The nigger was now no longer like a masterless dog. He was more like a child pursued for its own enjoyment. He chuckled, he gasped, he laughed, he shrieked; and all the while he sped a joyous and amazingly elusive course — dodging and plunging and squirming over the moonlit beach. It was excellent sport—excellent! The Key West boys delighted in it; so did the nigger; and the moon gazed amiably upon the happy spectacle. But the nigger was altogether too elusive. His escape began to savor too much of triumph. The boys lost breath and temper; the laughter fell away—it was presently a grim and purposeful chase. And the nigger was alarmed by the silence and new fervor of the pursuit. In a panic he rushed Mercer's interposition with the aim of rounding the point and vanishing from annoyance.

It was a blunder. The nigger should, of course, have permitted himself to be caught. And he was both stupid and clumsy. He stumbled against Mercer, and the boy, flashing into rage, struck him in the face.

"Doan' hit me, boss!" the nigger

pleaded. "Ah didn't mean nothin'." He was frightened—now with cause.

Mercer struck at the nigger again. A blow—the blow of a boy's fist—is a small thing. The nigger should have taken it, rubbed the pain out of the bruise, and grinned. A sensible nigger would instinctively have done so; and a clever nigger—a nigger that knew which side his bread was buttered on—a sly old stager—would have turned the other cheek. Instead, the nigger caught the boy's wrist—and the blow failed. It was error. The nigger might with propriety have dodged the blow, but should not, in his own defense, have laid hands on the wrist of a white boy of quality.

There was a pause—of astonishment on Mercer's part, of appalling terror on the nigger's. In an overwhelming access of fury Mercer struck swiftly with his clenched left hand. This blow, also, was stopped. And now the nigger held the boy's hands both imprisoned. It was a mortal blunder. He should even then—while there was yet time—have dropped the hands and chanced salvation. Any nigger should know enough for this. But this nigger was flustered with fear. The calamity had fallen suddenly; and Mercer was struggling to release his right hand for a specific purpose having to do with the weapon under the breast of his shirt. And the nigger divined what that purpose was.

Thus it happened that in a quick wrench Mercer chanced to bring the nigger's knuckles against his own cheek.

"He hit me!" the boy screamed. He was confused. "He hit me!" he cried again.

It was an honest conviction. The boy was no weakling liar.

Mercer had never before struck a nigger. There had been no need. Never before had he suffered personal affront; never before had the offense or folly of a nigger enraged him. In his own experience he had encountered no Nigger Problem. He had knowledge of disturbances, to be sure; but he was persuaded that these futile and degrading affairs were largely the fault of the whites—immigrants from the North, for the most part, or their immediate descendants, who were constitutionally unaware of the subtleties of nigger-mastery. Mercer was contemptuous of all such trashy folk. And as for the niggers, he loved them. They were picturesque, grinning, amusing, frolicsome, fond inferiors, quick to serve, radiantly happy in their station, amenable to the lightest touch of discipline. The world would not have been half so jolly a place—nor comfortable at all—without them. One may love one's dog, and be devoted to all dog-kind; but one beats a masterless dog when he snaps; and should he snap again . . . and fix his teeth . . .

It must not be supposed that because Mercer struck this nigger he was of a choleric or savage nature—a brute, a boor, a bully. The blow signified nothing of the sort. It implied no considerable weakness. It was a necessary blow—swift with instinct. It was a salutary expression of pride and place. Mercer was a gentle, just, warm, generous boy; he was upstanding, body and soul; and he was in that very period of his youth consciously engaged in fashioning his character to conform to chivalrous ideals. He would be a gentleman; therefore he must be brave, kind, chaste—neither dealing nor suffering insult; and above all, he must not dishonor his self-respect. It was a fine endeavor, flourishing in secret; and it bore fruit in charm: the boy was much loved for his manliness and graces of heart. He was no boaster of cruel deeds; he had no pleasure in oppression; he was no callous, blustering bully, dependent on the blows he could strike.

But now in the inimical grip of this unknown nigger—held powerless—Mercer was flushed with mortal rage. A rush of vilest malediction, caught somewhere in the net of memory, lingering there for employment in emergency, came choking from his swollen throat. His oaths were broken and guttural. He fought for escape. But the nigger would not let him go. And the nigger was huge, the boy slight. It was no match at all. The brief, furious struggle accomplished only a tightened grip, a closer contact, a deeper disgust, a more bitter humiliation, a redder-flaring rage. And the end of it was that Mercer was held utterly helpless—his arms pinioned behind him, his legs locked between the nigger's legs,

his body crushed against the nigger's offensive bulk. There were little twitches of fight left in him—mere spasms of futile effort—which presently subsided; and then he rested quite still against the nigger, sobbing, for a moment, in shame.

By this time Mercer's friends had come sputtering to his help. They laid hands on the nigger.

"Keep out of this!" Mercer spat at them.

They were slow to obey. Mercer began to fume with insulted anger.

"I'll handle this nigger!" he cried, shrilly. "Leave him alone, can't you?" He was in a frenzy.

"Ca'm yo'self, boss!" the nigger begged.

Mercer made neither move nor reply. The situation was in his keeping. He waited.

"Ah—ah—ah'll tu'n yo' loose, boss," the nigger stammered, "jes' 's soon 's yo' gits ca'm." It was softly spoken: the nigger might have been addressing a naughty child. "Yassa, boss—yassa. Ah—ah—*promise* ah will."

It is a practical world. Obviously a masterless nigger may not with impunity restrain a spirited white boy. Tradition, custom, and expediency forbid it. Restraint of this sort not only humiliates the white boy, and discountenances the superior race, but disposes the nigger—and all other niggers—to saucy behavior. Practised in the presence of others, it is a monstrously aggravated affront. This nigger was aware of his offense, and acutely aware of his peril. Mercer was free to kill him. It was a question for Mercer's sense of propriety—perhaps, too, for his conception of duty. But the nigger must not kill Mercer. He might easily have done so; and had the boy been black—armed, as Mercer was, and savagely bent—the nigger would not have hesitated. But nothing could excuse the outrage of Mercer's death at the hands of a nigger. Damage to Mercer's feelings was enormity enough for any nigger to answer for. The boy must not be hurt in his person—not so much as inadvertently scratched or bruised.

With Mercer in a murderous fury the nigger dared not let him go. Mercer was armed. He must be cunningly mollified, and cautiously, abjectly released. And so the nigger began a sort of crooning plea—a soothing exhortation to self-command and to mercy.

Presently the nigger appealed to the other boys. "Ah didn't mean nothin'," said he. "Yo' take him, boys, an' jes' hold him tel ah gits a good start."

There was no response.

"Ah—ah—ah jes' wants a good start!" the nigger implored.

"You'll get yours, nigger!" the youngest boy snarled.

The nigger sighed. "Ah reckon so," said he.

Of all this, Mercer distinguished nothing at all. It was a mumble in his ears. He waited—aching with hate. There was nothing else to do. He was quite helpless. The heat and color of his fury were gone. He was white, cold, and a little weak. From time to time—as the horror of the thing struck him anew—he shuddered. How had he fallen to this? What excuse had he? Thus to be overcome and held impotent like a child! Thus to be shamed in the eyes of his fellows! And by a nigger! By—a nigger! And all aside from the degrading humiliation, physical contact with the nigger was revolting. Mercer felt that he was dishonored. It was the ultimate shame. He could never hold up his head again. He had been overcome and maltreated by a nigger. There was no depth lower. But yet he was conscious that no matter to what depth of insult a man might be subjected, he had one sure way of cleansing his honor. There was only one way. It had always been the way. It was the way now.

"Boss," the nigger whispered, "ah'm goin' t' tu'n yo' loose."

Mercer's heart leaped a little. A plan of action took more definite form as to its detail. But he gave no sign of this.

"Is yo' ready, boss?" the nigger quavered.

Other tragedies may at that moment have been approaching each its separate crisis on Cocoanut Key—little tragedies of the underbrush and grass and sand: a thousand little deaths dealt out to the inferior by the strong. But there was no sound of them abroad—neither in the shadows nor under the moon. Nor, as the nigger slowly released Mercer, was there any noise of a nearing climax in his

case. It was done silently. Water laved the sand, and the wind went playing past; but otherwise it was all still and placid on the crescent of white beach. The nigger backed swiftly off. He stood, then, tensely crouched, his hands lifted and spread, as if to fend off death. His attitude was alert — neither abject nor menacing—but intently expectant. It was as though he confronted some malignant peril of nature—a threat beyond control or any cunning manipulation. He was helpless; he was taking his one chance; there was nothing else for him to do.

And Mercer shot him where he stood.

When the nigger fell, Mercer's companions scampered madly for the small boat of the *John Keats*. They were possessed of a curiously frantic notion to escape from something. They ran like boys caught robbing an orchard, in a confusion of terror and devilish merriment. It was a scampering rush. There was a little laughter, sprung from their horror; and there was a muffled oath or two. But Mercer stood gravely over the nigger to make sure that his pains were not prolonged. He was loath to have the nigger endure more than a merciful death demanded. At that moment Mercer suffered no remorse. He was sorely troubled. The deed was a bitter thing to contemplate. He felt warm pity for the nigger, and for all niggers, and for himself.

The other boys came back from the boat. They came subdued. There was no laughter. This thing was no longer like robbing an orchard.

"God!" the youngest boy whispered, looking into Mercer's eyes. "You've killed a nigger!"

"I *had* to!" Mercer gasped. "Can't you understand that I *had* to?"

"You've killed him!"

"I wish I hadn't done it!" Mercer groaned, breaking. "Oh, I wish I hadn't done it!"

Back in Key West, Mercer, as a dutiful son, now being in bitter conflict with his conscience, made a clean breast of all this dreadful business to his father. It *was* a dreadful business. Mercer knew it. He loathed himself. His story was an intimate recital of the deed and the feeling of that night on the moonlit crescent of beach. Mercer did not spare himself. He was not that sort. In his narrative, indeed, he gave himself what he was used to calling "a little bit the worst of it." It was his custom.

The elder man listened, and questioned, and deliberated. There was a long, troubled interval. Mercer's father was horrified and aghast. This thing that his son had done was ugly. There was no escaping the horror and ugliness of it. A proper thing?—but ugly and dreadful. Mercer's father groaned. He began to pace the moonlit veranda. What should he say—to save the boy? He talked, then, a long, long time.

In this fashion:

"I'm sorry. I wish it hadn't happened. It's horrible. . . . You can't kill a nigger and forget it. I *know* that. . . . God help you! Oh, God help you! . . . But look here, son; we mustn't be sentimental. Let's get at the *rights* of this ghastly thing. The nigger struck you, you say? I can't see, then, what else you could have done. He struck you. *He—struck you!* . . . And we live down here with them. . . . There wasn't anything else to do. Nothing—nothing! It's horrible. But there wasn't anything else to do. . . . Nobody but Jimmie and Reggie there? There'll be no scandal, then, thank God! . . . Son, put the whole thing out of your mind, if you can. Don't brood. Don't fall into the habit of accusing yourself. What's to be gained by that? And of course you'll say nothing to your mother about it. She wouldn't understand. And she'd grieve, poor little woman! . . . Good night."

"Good night, dad," Mercer responded, brokenly. "You're — you're — mighty good to me."

"You'll not be very happy for a while, I'm afraid."

"No, sir."

"Good night."

"*I would have been ashamed of myself,*" Mercer sobbed a sudden violent protest against his horrible fate, "*if I hadn't—done it!*"

"I understand."

"Good night, sir."

"God bless you, son!"

A May Flitting

BY GRACE A. CROFF

DOWN the old Curtis lane, with its rambling stone walls and blossom-laden lilacs, a spare little figure was trudging along, unconscious of the late May sweetness in her all-too-familiar New England country. Skirting the wide, green front lawn, she made her way deftly through the rank grass to the side porch, where two cats blinked comfortably in the sunshine.

Even at sixty-five Rebecca Cole never "wasted" a minute willingly, and now, after shaking the door-latch softly, she stepped to the kitchen window and tapped smartly.

"Gram," she called repeatedly. "Gram, Gram, I'm here."

"Yes, Becky, I hear ye," at last came the answer, and presently a bent, gentle old lady, with bright, squirrel-like eyes, opened the door excitedly. "Well, you do beat the Dutch for gettin' round. 'Tain't more'n a minute ago I told George to step to the door an' ask you to look in on me a second." She led the way across the low-studded kitchen, spick and strangely in order, as though she were leave-taking. Her guest followed nervously.

"Don't say nothin'. I was comin,' anyway. Thinks I to myself, if my eyes 'ain't deceived me, Anabelle's gone off earlier than George and left Gram to do for herself—to-day of all days. I must say I do wonder at Anabelle."

"Rebecca, I declare you're a cute one," returned Gram, admiringly, as she put her hands on Mrs. Cole's shoulders and gently pushed her into a convenient Windsor chair. "You mustn't blame Anabelle a mite. She's got some errands up-town, and she an' George 'll meet me at the train. All I've got to do is to step into the hack and ride to the depot, slick's a mitten. But 'tis a pesterin' nuisance to have 'em both take me off on a jaunt," continued Gram, disappearing into a little, dark bedroom adjoining.

"'Tain't your son George I'm thinkin' of, nor Anabelle, neither," retorted Mrs. Cole, briskly. "I'm just wonderin' at your lettin' 'em make you take to the road so-fashion." She rose hastily and followed her friend into the tiny room.

"Oh, Becky, do let me bring my dress out, 'tis so cramped in here," cried the little old lady, fairly shoving her visitor before her. "Anabelle's done everything but git me into this dress, an' you can see 't I'm shipshape. 'Tis a real easy dress to slip into. I don' know's there's a bit o' rush, either," she exclaimed as Mrs. Cole began with nervous fingers to unfasten her soft black-and-white morning wrapper.

"No, I don't know 's there is," returned Mrs. Cole, not stopping a minute; "but I ruther have a few seconds to git my breath than be so plaguy rushed at the last minute."

"Well, anyway, it ain't my doin's that I'm posted off to-day," sighed Mrs. Curtis as her friend flitted about her in evident delight at being lady's maid. "But I 'ain't the heart to refuse Allan, if he is my grandchild. Dear suz, it beats me to see him so favorin' his grandpa Curtis in looks, and actin' like Anabelle's fam'ly."

"Oh, well, the Holts meant all right —they was jest naterally shif'less geniuses. Old man Holt had more schemes 'n you could shake a stick at," rejoined her companion.

"Now Anabelle she'd always behaved rational enough sence she married George, till Allan got this heathen notion o' actin' into his head; an' I ses to George, 'What would Lyman Curtis, your father, 'a' said to such goin's-on? You ought ter kill such nonsense out like pusley'; but Anabelle she spoke right up, 'Let him foster his



Drawn by C. E. Chambers Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I DO BELIEVE I HEAR THEM HACK WHEELS"

bent,' ses she. I declare I've never seen the minute I didn't wish his bent was some other way," she ended wearily.

Mrs. Cole, busy fastening the placket of her friend's dress, lifted a fold to her nose and inhaled the somewhat strong odor of camphor, exclaiming, cheerfully, "I guess no moths got in here an' made a nice home for themselves last winter."

"No, I guess they didn't—the varmin," said Mrs. Curtis, glad to get back to every-day converse. "I'd as soon go without my camphor balls as I would my Thanksgiving mince-pies."

Mrs. Cole straightened herself and swung her charge round very slowly, remarking, irrelevantly: "I've always said he was the dead image of his grandpa from the time he was a little shaver."

"And, my stars, how Lyman hated nonsense!" put in Gram, reflectively. "Seems as though I'm committin' the unpardonable, goin' to see his own flesh an' blood play-act."

She spoke sadly, as though she were alone, and dropped into her little, low rocker by the window.

It was still very early; the dew had not ceased sparkling on the grass, and there floated in at the open window the faint, dainty smell of lilacs, just opening by the lane stone wall.

"What a pretty mornin' 'tis!" she exclaimed, softly, her eyes wandering out across the great stretches of undulating meadow-land, where the low-flying meadow-larks, all undisturbed, were calling.

Rebecca Cole, meanwhile, with her eyes on the clock, had taken her friend's black silk bonnet from the tall, round bandbox and began fluffing up the lace, remarking, practically: "If you've got to go, you might 's well have a good day 's a bad one. I shouldn't be surprised to see it pour to-morrer. All Dadmun's cows were layin' down when I come through the upper pasture. Come, now; jest let me set this bunnit on you."

But Gram only clasped her hands together tensely and rocked violently. "I don't want no bunnit on," she cried, suddenly, the tears springing into her old eyes. "I don't want nothin' but to find what I've lost."

"Why, Gram, you ain't lost nothin', have you?" Rebecca put down the bonnet in real alarm.

"Yes, I have, an' I 'ain't told a livin' soul—I've lost Lyman's picture." She rocked back and forth, her whole frame shaken with her suffering.

"Not the one on your dressin'-case?" exclaimed Rebecca in terror. "Why, Gram, that's been there since the flood!"

"Oh, don't I know?" cried Gram, distractedly. "You remember what he had on, Becky—the big, white stock he only wore to church an' to fun'rals—I al'us starched it in cold starch to make it awful stiff—an' his black silk tie that wound around his neck twice, an' his Prince Albert coat. You remember, Becky, don't you?

"Oh, pity! I should say I do," replied Rebecca. "I done up that stock for him once myself, the winter you was to Pepperell, takin' care o' your mother."

"I recollect now, you did—such a winter that was, too," said Gram, shaking her head, woefully.

"An' you give me some o' that left-over black silk from Lyman's ties so 't I could cover some button-molds," continued Rebecca.

"So I did. I remember how awful sot Lyman was against gettin' that picture took. Oh, he was so mulish about it!" sighed Gram.

"Don't take on so; you'll find it, come fall-cleanin,' anyway." Rebecca spoke cheerfully. "You sure you 'ain't let it git behind somethin' when you was dustin'? I've done that thing time an' time again."

"No; it's gone for good. I've hunted more 'n a fortnight now." Gram stretched out her hand for the bonnet, and the two moved toward the mirror.

"Ain't that enough to try the patience of Job!" Rebecca felt helpless before her friend's sorrow.

"And on top o' that, here I be trapesin' off to a theater—I don' know what I'm comin' to. Well, I do feel better for that little mite of a cry. You needn't tell anybody what an old fool I be."

"I won't say a word, but I wouldn't

give up yet," Rebecca encouraged her friend, while she tied the long bonnet-strings. "Maybe you'll come back real spruce for gettin' out o' the rut a day."

"No, I won't," Gram returned, positively. "I don't ask nothin' but to be where I can put my potatoes on to boil at quarter-past eleven, an' I know I'll be homesick to death when I git to thinkin' how this nice breeze is turnin' over my little new grape-leaves out there, an' me not here to listen to 'em rustle."

"You look sweet 's a pink, anyway," spoke up Rebecca, giving the final touch to her friend's gown. "An' I do believe I hear them hack-wheels." She ran to the window and peered down the lane. "Yes, there 'tis."

"Dear me! The back door's locked, ain't it?" cried Gram, all in a flurry. "An' let me peek an' see if I took in the dish-wipers. That's right, Becky; you jest try them winders. I don't want to leave nothin' unlocked. Yes, let them cats stay out. Here's my glasses an' my par'sol."

The two stepped out into the porch and descended the steps to the carriage.

"Now, Gram, don't you git to worryin' about — you know — while you're gone," admonished Mrs. Cole as she helped her old friend into the hack and handed in the little velvet bag.

The sad look came back again into Gram's face as she leaned forward to wave a farewell.

"Mind what I say!" called Rebecca; but the noise of the wheels drowned the sound of her voice. Then Rebecca Cole set out briskly up the lane, sweet with blossoms, remarking, half aloud: "I might have got in and rode 'long with her up to the top of the hill. Oh, well, this 'ain't put me back much with my work."

In the great theater, beautiful with its lights and soft-toned hangings, not one of all the audience noticed the little old lady pressed close to the rail of one of the boxes. Nor did she, in her turn, take heed of them. The strangeness of her experience had numbed her. Her fierce sense of revolt at coming into the terror, which she could not even imagine, had given place to an almost pleasant feeling of unreality. She put out her hand and touched her son's.

"You're all right, mother, aren't you?" he asked, anxiously.

Anabelle bent to her. "You're not sick, are you, mother? Do you feel a draught anywhere?"

"No, I don't," whispered Gram, timidly. "No, I don't feel nothin'. I don't even feel where I be."

"You're right here with us, mother." Her son spoke softly. "Just watch the big velvet curtain, and have your glasses ready to clap on if you see anything fine."

Gram's hand went down obediently into her velvet bag. Then she stopped abruptly. The whole place had grown dark. Slowly the long curtain lifted and—all at once she woke. Surely she had been dreaming, for there—could she believe it?—there was home—her home! She uttered a little smothered cry and pressed her hands to her lips. For the first time she felt the presence of the great, silent audience. As she looked her mind was not deceived. She knew she had come in the cars a long way from the very scene before her, but her heart reveled in the imitation. With loving eyes she scanned the picture. All at once she pulled at her son's sleeve. "George," she whispered, eagerly, "who put them two stones back into that wall?"

For answer he patted her hand gently.

"My patience!" she murmured to herself, "Them parlor curtains 'way up —the sun beatin' in there 'll fade the carpet all to pieces."

Anabelle put her arm over the older woman's shoulder and said, softly, " Try to hear what the people on the stage are saying, dear."

For the first time the little old lady noticed a group of strangers on her veranda. Two pretty girls, a youth, and a sweet, elderly woman were engaged in a lively conversation. If her own home were to be imitated, what need to fill it with persons unknown to her?

Suddenly one of the girls rose and hurried across to the old-fashioned pump. The youth followed her. Gram twitched nervously.

"Don't touch that pesky pump!" she



Drawn by C. E. Chambers Engraved by F. A. Pettit

HIS SMILE WAS FOR THE LITTLE OLD LADY

breathed softly. Then, as the girl proceeded to work the handle up and down, "You'll spatter that dress—I 'ain't let nobody touch that pump for years."

"'Ssh, dear," murmured Anabelle. "She won't hurt her dress. Every one loves this little scene here."

And then the audience laughed at what was happening. Gram forgot her displeasure and laughed, too, for the pump was really a good place for a bit of courting.

Presently other people entered, and talked together. Then followed much scurrying and planning. Gram strained her ears to listen. It was clear that the pretty girl at the pump was in trouble. Yes, every one was in trouble. Finally they began to talk of some one who must come and save the situation.

"How they act!" whispered Gram, disgustedly, but with sympathy in her voice.

Then, in a trice, the curtain fell; the lights came on, and music mingled pleasantly with the sound of the people's voices.

Gram leaned back wearily, but her face was full of a sweet wistfulness. So many thoughts came crowding into her mind. Above all, she reflected how she had felt so sinful at coming. It had been like desecrating the sacred memory of one who had scorned all manner of foolishness. And now she had sat there longing for him anew—longing for him to see their old place thus.

"All the stones were in the wall the day I walked home with him a bride," she thought happily, "and the pump worked so easy, without spatterin' me at all. And the parlor curtains were 'way up, too. We had all Lyman's folks an' mine to supper that night."

"You really are enjoying it, aren't you, Gram?" Anabelle ventured.

"Oh yes, I'm enjoyin' it wonderful, even if I don't know them folks from a hole in the ground." Then she added, almost inaudibly, "Somebody else I was thinkin' of would like it awful, too."

George and Anabelle exchanged glances.

Gram spoke again, as though a thought had just struck her: "Is Allan in all this fuss?"

"Perhaps he'll come and straighten out the fuss, mother," suggested George.

"I wish to mercy he'd come and show 'em a little common sense," she answered, briefly.

Again it was dark, and once more the curtain rose, this time on an empty stage. It was the hour of sunset, and the west was softly aglow. Slowly across the long veranda came a figure—a tall man, bent a little, and white-haired, with high, white cravat, and black silk tie, and long Prince Albert coat. He walked with his hands behind him, his head bowed—meditating. When he reached the steps he raised his head and smiled. His smile was for the little old lady.

"Lyman," whispered Gram, reverently. She did not cry out; she only unconsciously held out her hands. For one short minute she forgot the loneliness of these empty years. A great peace stole over her. It was enough to see him; she did not ask for more. She had smiled back at him with all the deep, still love of her heart awake.

Many there had seen the young actor before; they had given him full measure of praise, but to-day the house went mad. They did not know that a little old lady had stretched out her hands and smiled.

In the low rocker by the sitting-room window she sat dreaming. It is so that one dreams when a vision has troubled the still waters of the spirit. She did not even see Rebecca Cole as she passed the window. She did not hear her open the door and walk in.

Rebecca stepped timidly into the sitting-room. "Gram," she began, "I had to come and see if you lived through that awful jaunt."

"Oh—Becky—I didn't hear ye even come in!" cried Gram, with a start.

"I can't stop a minute; I've got bread in the oven," exclaimed Rebecca, sitting on the edge of a chair. "Was it awful, Gram?"

"No," said Gram, smiling; "it was upliftin'."

"Then it wasn't like a circus?" put in Rebecca, evidently relieved. "What did ye see so wonderful?"

"I saw the old place here," answered Gram, and then her voice dropped to a whisper, "an' I saw Lyman."

"Then it was a spiritu'list meetin'," said Rebecca, groping for light.

"No," replied Gram. "It was Allan who was Lyman. That's where my picture went. He give it to me yesterday, all safe."

"How could he be more 'n one person to once?" asked Rebecca, incredulously.

Gram did not seem to hear. "He was so nat'ral, why I could 'a' talked to him myself! An' the old place! 'Twas so new and nice! My! when I see it, an' see Lyman comin' along with his hands right out to me—my! it give me the bride feelin' all over again!"

Rebecca rose hastily. This was quite too much. "Well, I'm glad it didn't kill ye," she remarked. "I must run along to my bread. I'll drop down again soon." She bent over and kissed Gram. Then she hurried from the room.

But out in the lane she walked slowly. She looked over the quiet fields, and there was sorrow in her face. Rebecca Cole had never realized the epochs in her life keenly. She had always been so busy working. Things had gone on—they always would go on, she had supposed. This morning suddenly all the home landscape looked different to her. She felt as though her friend had gone away from her.

"Gram's come to her second childhood," she said, slowly; and her feet were weary as she climbed the hill.

Hidden Love

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

IT was a singing hour, when little winds
And fresh-blown sunlight quivered on the leaves,
And lilac fronds hung scented thrillingly;
And all was glad as singing birds are glad,
My wild heart glad with all the things of June.

And then—there was a curtain suddenly
Drawn black across the gentle sense-delights,
And my heart broke with darkness weighing it
Where I lay sobbing on the sparkled grass . . .
As if there were no morning any more.

And then my heart moaned through its sobbing: "Why?
For it is June, and I am young and glad,
And there is nothing grievous in the world
That hurts me nearly, or could burden me!"

Then a voice tolled from out that aching dark
Which clutched my inner soul-sense terribly:

"One whom your mind and body never knew,
But whom your soul loved immemorially,
Died on this hour that you lie weeping here,
And your soul's grief silenced your singing heart."

Southward from the Golden Gate

BY ALICE COWDERY

AS we slid by our San Francisco dock, one might have anticipated that impulse to jump off, cling to home; one might have anticipated the look of that beloved city, flattening, diminishing; the low sun striking on gilded and glassy domes, on fort and sand-dune and Cliff House—but could one have foretold that the last glimpse of the home port was to be, vivid in the dusk, a whirling white cross within a white circle, and only the old familiar windmill on the beach?

And the pilot! Is it customary for a pilot to be so old, so smart, so agile; to wear a frock-coat and a dashing hat; to carry a walking-stick, and, as neatly as if he were leaving a street-car, leap from a swinging rope to a vast cavern between two waves?

The *Penny* rides low and slow, aware, from her half-century of it, that time is made for savoring. She is Yankee-built, yet inclined to the spirit of the tropics whither we were bound—some freight, some mail, some passengers, to be unloaded along that western *mañana* coast that lies between San Francisco and Panama.

To the *Penny's* motion one did not, ostentatiously, succumb; but the moon that suddenly filled the port-hole like a great reflector that first night, the moon knows how oily-smooth and yet how agitated an ocean can be.

Quoits and shuffleboard, reckless snap-shooting, speculative glances as to how we shall endure three weeks of ourselves, and then delightful vegetative days—land out of sight, but Mexico promised; warm, local color beginning; spouting whales, schools of porpoise, with holes in the tops of their heads—strange, dark creatures, who leap and dive and race neck to neck with the ship as with a great playmate. To cling there above them in the very bow, where the ship "eats up" the sea with a gnashing of foam, is to feel the ecstasy of their wild whimsy. Turtles, swaying necks and flappers, pass, and flying-fish dart like splattered ink; silly, hook-nosed pelican sail by, haughty, on driftwood; and the sun goes down in quiet yellow and green, or leaves a flaming west, where clouds bank themselves into semblance of palm-fringed villages, dark along the hot horizon; and as if this were not enough, the moon rises. Those first nights down the Mexican coast it spread us silver—not as a trickling ladder to inspire the tinkle of a mandolin, but silver that might be tossing upon the horns of mighty herds stampeding over broiling deserts.

The smell of earth—moist, hot, like home conservatories—came to us after eight sea-days, at sun-up; drew one from sleep to the port-hole, shook one in momentary homesickness. It was Manzanillo, our first port—the almost perfect circle of a bay, rimmed by hills, abrupt, clear-cut, richly green. There were launches and dug-outs coming to meet us filled with Mexicans, disappointing in their tight, pastel-colored flannel shirts (somehow one had been led to expect, immediately, serapes). We were mustered in the saloon before the fat, dark port-doctor with the incongruous blond curls.

We brought the first mail since the last little disturbance. Some of us went ashore for long journeys inland, to Guadalajara, and thence, by pack, to mines and oil-wells; uncertain as to the ardor of our welcome, but taking a chance—some of us were wives and babies. One engineer was grimly reminiscent of an occasion, a few months before, when he had been lined up here with sixty others as a sort of shootable hostage, until it was determined that the war-ship outside the harbor was Mexican and not American. And only

the black stumps of their dock remain, for they burned it with some idea of discouraging war-ships.

But no disappointment awaited us when we had left our scarred and battered lighter. We found a plaza with hot, red blossoms and slim, brown figures asleep on bench and band-stand stair; asleep before courtyard and prison; skin-tight as to trousers, with bell-shaped flares at the foot; vast straw sombreros, serapes—all there as one had hoped; narrow, pebbled streets; tiled roofs glowing through acacia and cactus up precipitous trails; Indian families camped under walls in the midst of exotic debris and a number of quite familiar tin cans; rows of dark little shops and bedrooms that opened on the streets, inviting curious glances, defying them with dark eyes; all the interiors of a Rembrandt shadowiness against sun-streaked courts. And all glimpses wavering up through vertiginous heat.

There stands out among them the dark shop-opening of a cobbler, withered and leathery as the thonged sandals he mended, and, gleaming beside him, a pair of tiny white-duck pumps. And there gleams out another incongruity—one of ourselves. He was beautifully tubbed and talcumed and white-flanneled. His breadth strove to obstruct the narrow streets, and his whiteness offered shining reproach to their antiquity. He wore a very stiff sailor hat. He wanted cigars, and ice, and a scotch-and-soda. And at the sight of the barefooted constabulary in blue jeans with a dagger, and, more particularly, at the smell of the disgraceful, delightful meat-shops, his scorn was a withering and a blighting thing. Only it didn't wither or blight.

Still, through the dizzy heat we had silhouettes of women and little girls, black-rebozo wrapped against it, or balancing oyers on their heads—impressions that what life Mexico has lost of late is about to be replaced; impressions of strange antipathies, inseparable from the beauty, too, of all strangeness; of old women — so withered, hideous, ragged, but ready to give one smile for smile; of burros with all but their staggering little legs hidden under curious girths and packs; of small beasts, dreadful, half-starved travesties of dog.

We passed a school-room opening on the street. From the children who sat at pedestal desks recitation issued forth in uproarious chorus; the others romped about the room or shrilled from the courtyard, and the handsome young Mexican who presided was wreathed in spirals of graceful smoke. Just beyond lay the lagoon, where, but a few weeks before, they had left the bodies of their enemies—and even yet a flock of buzzards circled it or perched near by, along the ridge of a red-tiled roof; symmetrically spaced, immovable—like so many raw-necked Poe's Ravens.

Somewhere off Acapulco we were halted by wireless one inky night. It was from the *Yorktown*, patrolling the coast, hidden in the dark, crackling and sparkling for its mail. The beauty of those blond American boys coming all white out of the night, in a sudden white launch, to sink and rise at the ship's side! We hang from the awning-deck inclined to waft a "Pinafore" chorus of welcome; something like, "Then give three cheers and one cheer more." Some notion possesses us that, after all these seeming years from home, every one rushes to every one else's arms. But the affair is conducted with the direst propriety. A solemn procession comes up the ladder; some one exchanges grunts with the officer at the gangway. The procession disappears. After an interval during which we still hang over the rails, but properly subdued, the procession returns and retires down the ladder. It is even more solemn. It bears a mail-sack, two heads of Romaine lettuce, and a box, partially full of what might be a supply of the sweet soda so prevalent on battle-ships.

In the Gulf of Tehuantepec now, and when one leans over the rail at night balls of phosphorus, like ghosts of stars, rise and fall along the keel, and, later, even tumble into the bath-tub if one does not switch on the light. And all day the mountains rise, high and higher; their vastness dawns suddenly when the clouds one had thought to be above them slip down and show purple peaks still pushing up. To drift for days down warm seas and watch vast mountains rise from them is a beautiful thing to do.



THE LOW SUN STRIKING ON THE GILDED AND GLASSY DOMES

It was at Acajutla, Salvador, that they first burst into life—a real live volcano breathing out a funnel of smoke. And they did it again farther down, at Corinto.

Guatemala City, cool, charming, lay up among them. We planned to go up there from Ocos, our first Central-American port, and meet the ship two ports below. But we did not. We had our little kits ready, our kodaks recharged, and our merry good-byes said, but the train, for the first time in the traditions of that locality, was in a hurry and would not wait. From the ship we saw the absurd toy choo-chooing back into the jungle, and our wrath was long and ridiculous.

At Ocos the waves pound high as a house, and landing is made by crane and chair to a lighter; after a little preliminary sculling the lighter lassoes a cable swung from a buoy to a donkey-engine on shore, and is tossed through the surf, whence its contents, human or otherwise, is lifted by native arms and dumped upon an exceedingly treacherous-looking beach.

In spite of these complications, the commandante, embossed in gold, with a cap so stiff and exalted over his baldness that it produced, from the rear, the not unpleasing effect of an intellectual egg, was fished from the depths in a little wooden chair and, without a quiver of lost dignity, mustered and suspected us.

To be mustered and suspected by gilded commandantes is our fate, as it is our fate to arrive at hothouse dawns; to depart in picture-postal sunsets; to dip and roll all day before luscious green coast, thatched huts, warehouses, and steamers stranded on treacherous beaches, while the winches rattle and the cranes swing out boxes of coal-oil or apples or cement, and swing in coffee and hides and logs, and bare, wet backs—black, red, and tan—glisten from hold, dug-out, and lighter.

At San José de Guatemala we became very rich. For one of our shining Californian dollars we were given thirty,—in grimy, germy paper slips, to be sure, but inciting to vast expenditure. So we were raised to the wharf in an iron bucket, and took a toy train aimed toward Esquintla, which is half-way up to Guatemala City. And, speaking of toy trains, the little engine that came jog-trotting down the wharf seemed so puerile that one almost forgot to get out of its way. One respected it, however, when it had knocked over an even more absent-minded native. Somehow, in these sanguinary days, whose echoes followed us so far adrift, the bruised leg of a stray native did not rouse one as it would once have done. Or perhaps it was the heat that inhibited us.

Through rank green, then; masses of wild morning-glory dotted with huge blue flowers; miles of false plantain, whose leaves break into scarlet spikes—whose spikes, it seems, break off and rise in flashing scarlet birds; through groups of cocoanut-palms and grasshoppers



BURROS UNDER STAGGERING BURDENS—ACAPULCO, MEXICO

that sound, at stations, like the pattering of rain, that cling in thick, brown masses to the ties; by ox-teams, and huts thatched like mushrooms; by naked brown babies and women rebozo-wrapped, blackly or gaily, and wearing the full ruffled skirts of the tropics which seemed so uncharacteristic, so like the cast-offs of some Northern rummage sale.

When not rebozo-wrapped, they wore white head-pads, and, beautifully swaying, balanced on them great straw trays. They gathered under the windows at every little station and offered their fried chicken wrapped in plantain leaves, tortilla and papaya cut in brilliant orange crescents with seeds piled thick like big caviare. They had also green cocoanut milk in its smooth shell—the one obviously safe, hermetically sealed, hygienic refreshment indigenous to the country. We drank it luxuriously, heads on the back of our seats. Buzzards stalked among them with all the impertinent familiarity of barn-yard fowls, and a Guatemalan on the train, completely disregardful of harmony, read a book with "Dickens" printed in large white letters across the cover.

And so, in the perpetual, excessive, humid heat, on to Esquintla. Esquintla, the snatched at, the regretted! Only fifteen minutes for Esquintla! Around a white-hot corner, and behold, a dusky market-place and women — hundreds it seemed — grouped about baskets and trays of brilliant fruits. Where the trees failed, squares of canvas, like kites mounted on tall poles, slanted over them; vision of vivid color and shade and the dark gleam of eyes turned at the apparition of a Gringo woman, frantically snap-shooting. Beyond, a cracked cathedral waited. Esquintla the alluring! A thwarted dream.

But Panama and the Canal should assuage these snatches and the lost hope of all those other ports which, because they were feverish or mosquitoish, must be foregone, lest Panama be contaminated. So, for the most part, we rolled lazily in the offing, moaning at the heat. And when cargo was light and we put off early, we swung around in a great circle and tested our compass.

To "roll lazily in the offing" was a fine nautical thing to do, but to "batten our hatches" seemed even more sophisticated. And battened they needed to be those nights when the heat broke into lightning and storm, which tore awnings,

ripped and wrecked and flooded; split sky from zenith to horizon, and opened visions of minarets and palms black upon the fire. Meanwhile, a Nicaraguan lady read her prayers vigorously, one foot within and one without her stateroom door.

Two days off Corinto, all green islands and palmy points, clear-cut mountains and pelicans. Each night at five we swung off from the deadly wharf to wallow in a mad tropical sunset. By day, the gourd and cocoanut sellers squatted on the wharf; and the volcano spouted, and a wistful shark snooped about the bathing-pens near shore or swam through the Nicaraguan navy—consisting of a rusty and stranded ship once rented by one John Moissant to start a revolution with. And, still off Corinto, protective and lovely, lay the *Denver*—where, regaled with sweet soda, we beheld two hundred cherubic sailor-boys, with tongues in their cheeks, writing laboriously home; and a dozen slightly less cherubic officers, in bathing-suits, departing launchwise for some safe and sharkless swim.

And the heat! Not even the cliffy green of San Juan del Sur, with ox-carts lumbering heavenwards, nor Punta Arenas, where the tortoise-shell man boards us with his inlaid combs and rings and pins, whose mechanism dissolves at a touch, nor the logs—mahogany, cedar, and rosewood—bobbing and sliding under straddling brown figures—not even these can curb our eagerness for Panama and our resentment against the heat.

Heat! But we who lay in our steamer-chairs, why did we take, so late, that last night's exploratory, salutary descent



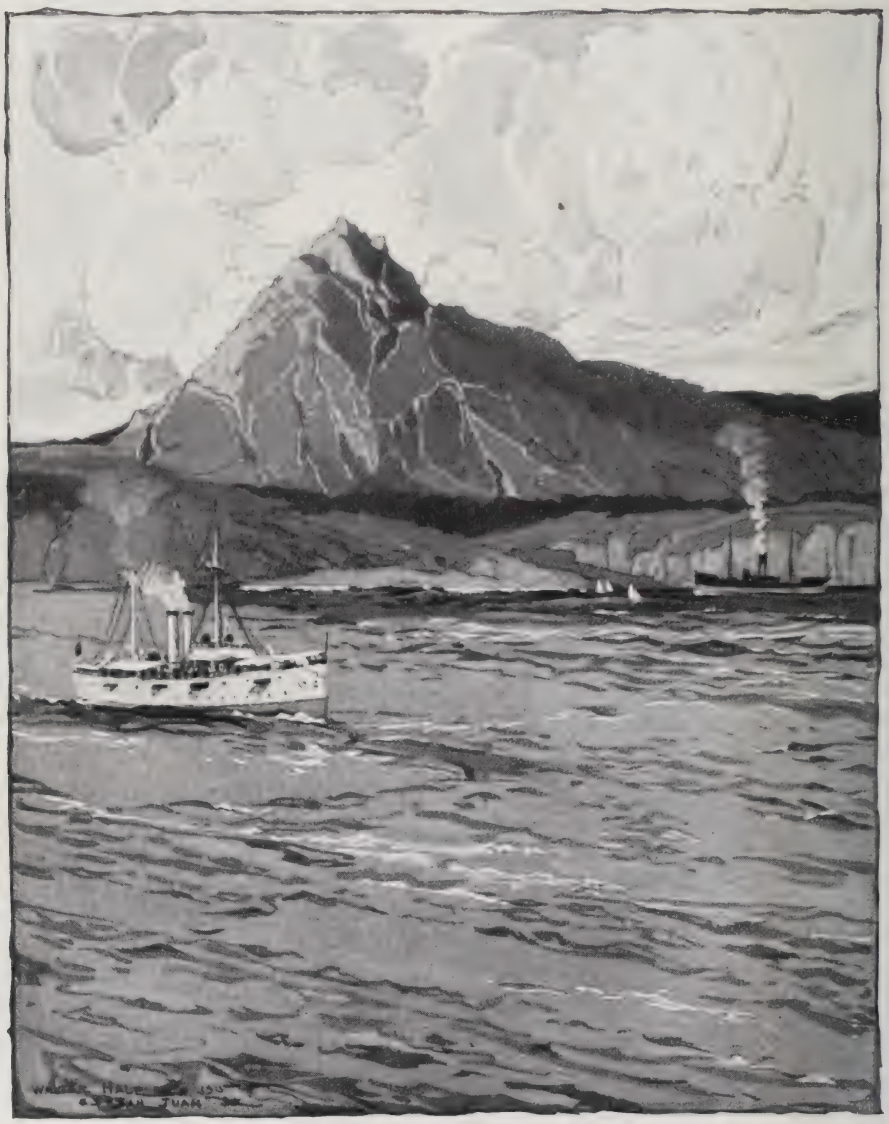
STEAMER DAY—CORINTO, NICARAGUA

down to the furnaces and the depths of the glory-hole—to fight back faintness under each canvas air-chute and emerge, clothes clinging, like wet bathing-suits? Poor suffering passengers, indeed!

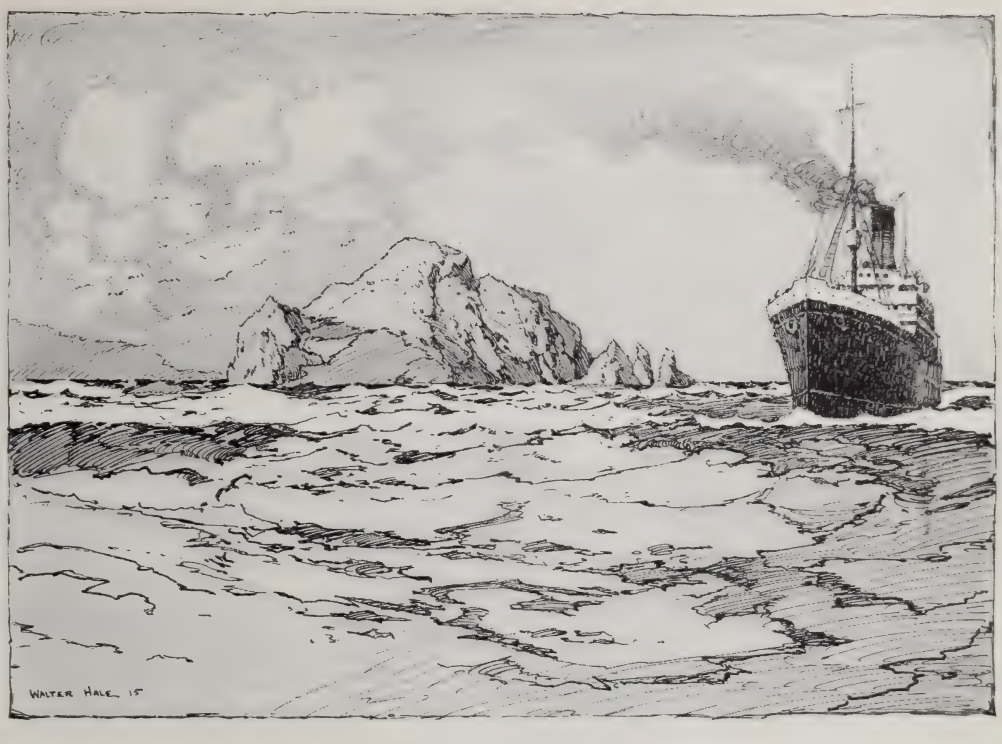
Past white ships waiting to be piloted, past fortified island, past the Canal opening, its channel marked with tall, white monuments that give it the look of some watery graveyard. We docked at five, and plunged among the homegoing workers.

That is the initial wonder—the multitudes, hurrying to their cars, their quarters. Before one even begins to wind among the narrow streets of Panama, that sense of the work, the workers, catches one; of so many drifting lives picked up, utilized by this tremendous energy—energy here so unnatural, superimposed.

Panama itself is like a woman who, looked at too closely in the glare of day, might strike one as a bit tawdry, somewhat more inclined to perfumery than good old Castile soap. But at night, leaning from a balcony against the light



STEAMING ALONG THE RUGGED NICARAGUAN SHORE



CAPE BLANCO—COSTA RICA

that streams through open Venetian windows, or half suspected in some dim doorway of the narrow street, or among the palm shadows of the plaza—then she comes into her own.

It is as if Panama said: "What matter if the day *is* too hot, or that I paint my cathedral a shiny gray with imitation marble stenciling, or that I trim with jig-saw, and harbor a garage in the heart of my most beautiful ruin? It will all come right—at night."

And the heat breaks into late afternoon showers and makes the night ready. Then, through your half-shuttered windows, where you see the still palm crowns and the tips of acacia as you wake from the hot and sleepy noon, it is as if the town stirred softly. There comes the gentle "p'sss"—that sibilant call of the tropics, so repellent, at first, as something too insinuatingly animal-like, and later felt to be eminently fitting; the gentle clang of the little landau bells grows more frequent; the very newsboys beginning to shout their "*El Diario de la Tarde*" or "*La Estrella y el Heraldo*" are not ordinary, raucous-voiced urchins, but exotic beings uttering strange messages.

After dinner, hatless, wrapless (unless, being a woman, the appropriateness of some white, slinky, shawl-thing proves irresistible), step into one of the little carriages that edge the plaza, have some one you love beside you (but this is not essential), and leave the matter of destiny to your negro driver.

Through dark, narrow streets we go, where only one on foot can pass us; by the sea-wall from whose turrets sentries look down into the prison court, and where, from the opera-house, half circled with waiting cars, comes a rollicking chorus, and actors in cavalier capes and curls and swords group for a moment's air at some vaulted door like courtiers; by the Presidential Palace, with a glimpse of palmy court and lolling guard, and on the balconies a hint of gilt and velvet; by cock-pit and dusky abattoir, where waiting cattle stir; through Caledonia, with all Jamaica flowing into the squalid, bright, happy streets; under dark, close-shuttered balconies, or where a consulate coat-of-



THE CATHEDRAL—SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

arms catches the light like an enameled jewel; across into the zone and up the hill beneath some festooned passion-vine, between rows of royal palms with smooth and silvery trunks, so subtly tapered; among American bungalows, through whose finely screened veranda openings evening lamps glow on books and tea-tables and all the dear interiors of home; by great hospitals and barracks and stables, with a glimpse, always finely screened, of a white-clad nurse, or a masculine face bending, intent, over book or blue-print; by the Administration Building, huge on a hill, flooded with light; and down again to where the band plays in the plaza and white-clad figures wind among the shadows. We get a glimpse, through some café door, of a dancer from Peru, writhing before a panel of red velvet in apparently barbaric splendor; our gaze is held for a moment by a crowd of negroes rapt before some café accordion; we see bright little shop-windows full of hideous, beloved statuettes, or uncanny florists' windows where every leaf and flower is made of beads. We have a view of some Panamanian dance through the open balcony windows, the couples eminently correct and high-necked, indulging in nothing more imaginative than waltz and quadrille. There is a sudden dash of a carriage with cockaded footmen, the horses shining and very stylish —and so, weaving from dark into light about the narrow streets, in the gently clanging little carriage, in the soft and lovely warmth, until all glimpses weave themselves together, and the mystery of that vast energy that keeps one safe and feverless, and builds great canals, and gathers in the streams of countless lives to its will, and that other mystery, seducing one to drift—until these two become as one intermingling beauty.

If one must deplore the morals of that picturesque pirate Morgan, who destroyed old Panama in the late seventeenth century, the picturesque result, at least, does him great credit. To inspect his work, you pass through miles of luscious green country; by bull-ring and rock-shrine, cross-tipped, and splashed with wax from pilgrim candles; along fences with posts capped to keep the

rain from rotting them; by the villa of some wealthy Panamanian up in the hills; by cane huts with leafy roofs plucked from the very back yard; by khaki soldiers and natives with machetes. We leave our negro driver reading, with deepest sobriety, a strange pamphlet entitled *Joke Book*.

Cathedral, court-house, nunnery, broken tower and shattered arch and every ledge and loophole outlined with the delicate tracery of tiny palm and fern and vine, arranged in the manner of our very best window-boxes. The trouble with these tropics is that they overdo it a bit. They even managed a palm-encircled swamp for us, seen through a perfect broken curve, and sent a ship at full sail across the sea beyond.

From here, over that Golden Trail whose paving-stones still mark it through the jungle, the old Panamanians packed their pearls and precious stuffs from Peru, *en route* to Puerto Bello and old Spain. And precious burdens are still being packed over difficult passes.

At first, it seemed that some low and unfelt wind was breathing across the road in a stir of tiny leaves. And then we knew that those leaves moved too purposefully. They rose and fell; they undulated like tiny, unwieldy green sails; like tiny unmanageable green umbrellas in a gale. But each little ant-pirate scurried by, unyielding to his burden. They, too, had worn through their jungle a Golden Trail, nearly a foot across, and back and forth they hurried up the ruined walls, like a slender, quivering vine, over brick mountain, through loophole cañon; and still we saw the green leaf bits trembling along the edge of the arch, high overhead.

We follow the Canal. We listen to statistics of water, high and low; of locks and levels; of towns built up and



THE SEA WALL, PANAMA—A GRAY AND ANCIENT RELIC OF SPANISH DAYS



APPROACHING THE PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF THE CANAL—BALBOA

then drowned out when the waters were let in. We see from our car the canal channel where it hugs the hills, and the white guide-towers that shine out of their jungle. Except for the streak of vivid red that marks Culebra Cut, everything that is not green is gray; the sky, the air, is a fine, gray rain; the Rio Chagres, spreading out of its banks now, and filling the hills in a great lake, is gray; dead gray trees, still upright, rot above the flood. Here and there the top of a former hill makes a green island, and here and there floating islands are forming (to be discouraged, it is rumored, by a herd of hippopotami). A vast and swampy jungle, it seems, struck dead by some uncanny influence.

The Rio Chagres—strange how, under all statistics of universal import, one's own small link with it prevails—how one remembers the story of a little boy of ten, unhappy, rebellious baby, who ran away from his New York home, and wandered to this same gray-green jungle spot, and slept out with the natives and punted boats, and had the fever and was very much alone indeed. The Chagres River—for me, it resolved then to but the figure of a little boy pulling at one's heart as only little boys and old, old fathers can.

Mysteries

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LIFE holds unmeasured sanctities,
  Immortal glories—sun and moon,
The quiet stars, the western skies,
  And the deep wonder of ripe June;

The hills, the hosts of flowers; the mood
  Of Autumn, and the rippling rain;
Beauty no heart has understood,
  Passion that makes no moment vain.

It is so strange—this gift of breath,
  This pageant of the earth and sea;
Yet stranger far than Life or Death
  Is this, O Love—your need of me.

Miss Donnithorne's Arabian Night

BY MARIE MANNING

THE night was a miracle of June loveliness: a moon like a disk of pale, beaten gold; the air reeking sweet with the scent of honeysuckle and white locusts, the deep blue of the sky—haunting in its suggestion of the sea and ships adventure. A night with a pulse in it—a night to trouble the canker of loneliness in vigil-keeping souls in whom survives the doubtful gift of sensibility.

In the moonlight, the short street where the story began had a curious, picturesque quality that did not in the least suggest the vicinity of the Potomac. On one side, a walled garden with a horse-chestnut flaunting its white blossoms; on the other, four staid old houses, intimating, in their sedate repression, that they might have many a tale to tell. Their wrought-iron balconies on the second floor, and long French windows opening on them from the drawing-rooms, recalled Civil War prints and ladies in crinolines waving handkerchiefs to departing soldiers. Beyond this decorous quartette was a big, swaggering sort of house—the kind they used to build when prosperity overtook them in a single night: all brown-stone porch, mansard roof, and overhanging copings.

To the neighborhood, this house had long smelled of mystery. For years it had been plastered with signs urging chance pedestrians to rent, to buy, to lease—to take the old house on any terms at all—but no one seemed to notice it, except the boys who threw stones through the windows and smashed the good but pompous carvings on the front door. Then suddenly a company of workmen appeared and set about putting the place in order; they even added all sorts of modern vanities, conveying to a watching neighborhood that expense had not to be considered. But to all inquiries regarding the identity of the prospective tenants the workmen were as much in the dark as the neighbors. Furniture came, good substantial stuff, chiefly leather, but no one seemed to move in; still the house presented a baffling air of being occupied. From time to time a man-servant, in quiet livery, would post a letter in the corner mail-box, and cracks of light gleamed back of the drawn curtains as summer approached and the evenings grew oppressively warm.

During the day the house was as silent as the grave, but at night there was always that furtive air of occupancy. Mrs. Tuttle, who lived in one of the old houses with the iron balconies, declared there was no family living there; she had watched for clothes-lines in the back yard, and never so much as the flutter of a maid's apron rewarded her vigilance.

The Misses Donnithorne, who lived next door to Mrs. Tuttle, paid as little attention to her talk as they did to the house of mystery; they had a petrified tragedy in their family that had kept them fully occupied for years. All their days were spent in keeping green its memory, and watering it with their tears, and being utterly and splendidly crushed by it. The family calamity had happened so long ago that doubtless the two old sisters were vague as to details, but they clung to it as a drowning man to a floating spar. Without it life for them would have lost all significance, their perpetual mourning its pleasing morbidity—and yet, in its way the tragedy was rather a small affair. Their only brother, younger than they by a decade, had consoled himself by marrying a French opera-singer, after the father of the girl with whom he had danced through one season had refused him as a son-in-law. The girl in question had allowed herself to be married to a rising young Congressman, and the affair, now all but forgotten, had convulsed Washington tea-tables in the early nineties.

That was all—but the *mésalliance*, as the two sisters regarded it, served to send them into retirement at an age when most women are still resolutely girlish. And when their brother's daughter, Viola, came to live with them, after the death of her parents, they dug up the affair all over again. They'd do their duty by the child, of course, yet each put on an extra veil when they took her to walk.

The little girl flourished in the magical way a plant will sometimes flourish from a crumb of earth dropped within the crevices of a stone wall. She was a creature all fire and quick, kindling sympathy, full of impulse, stormy, passionate. Her appearance was another grievance to the two elderly ladies: "she looked so very French"—as, indeed, she did, with soft blue-black hair that swept about the healthful pallor of her face like smoke, gray eyes with black lashes, and a mouth as scarlet as the one sung of by Solomon.

At twenty Viola had never been to a party, never been taught to dance, had no young friends, and was, in fact, an outcast from the fairy kingdom of youth. She understood that there was something "terrible" about her history, something that her aunts refused to discuss, but beyond this she knew nothing. On the wonderful June night in question Viola had had a solitary dinner, the old aunts having gone to their summer place in Fauquier County, leaving their niece to follow with the two remaining servants when the sacred family rite of "putting up" the strawberries should be finished. She was tired from the stirring and boiling of the fruit, and somewhat anxious about the result, this being the first time her aunts had wholly intrusted her with this important bit of domestic ritual. The balcony looked inviting, and she had gone there after dinner for a breath of air.

But the loveliness of the night exercised on Viola anything but a tranquilizing influence; the day with its scores of tasks about the old house was one thing, the night with its almost aching beauty and its invitation to reverie was another. The street was absolutely quiet—already half Washington had fled the heat; the house with the walled garden opposite was closed; Mrs. Tuttle's was the only one of the row except their own that was open. The life awaiting her in the country would be a replica of the life in town—the same faces of family and servants, the same kinds of meals, the same isolation; and in October they'd close the country place and return to the same desiccating monotony in town.

The witching loveliness of the June night stung like a thousand arrows, the perfume of the honeysuckle climbing over the balcony almost hurt. It all seemed spectacularly mocking — the white-flowered horse-chestnut opposite, the honey-colored moon, the night blue of the sky, and this old barracks of a house in which her very soul seemed to be shriveling.

"'Sh-sh-sh — !" The adjoining balcony began to creak under the tread of their neighbor, Mrs. Tuttle, as she settled herself in a rocking-chair like a cataclysm of nature. "'Sh-sh-sh! Did you notice that taxicab stop at the corner?"

Viola admitted that she had not noticed.

"Well," communicated the neighborly lookout, "it did. And a young man got out of it and stuck as close to the shadow of these houses as he could, then dashed up those steps." She nodded dramatically toward the house of mystery.

"Then perhaps some one is going to move in at last," Viola commented.

"People don't move in like sneak-thieves, my dear—at least the kind of people that make desirable neighbors."

But the implied offer of a private-detective partnership was not taken up by the girl; if anything could be worse than such an evening alone, it would be the desecration of spending it in the gossiping society of Mrs. Tuttle. She responded valiantly to her neighbor's catechism regarding the preserves, then went in.

In the candle-lighted drawing-room beyond the Donnithorne balcony, the twilight of a past generation seemed perpetually to prevail. In just such a drawing-room Horace Walpole might have culled gossip for a letter to the Misses



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"PEOPLE DON'T MOVE IN LIKE SNEAK-THIEVES, MY DEAR"

Berry. To step across its threshold was to step into the eighteenth century. Everything was homogeneous; nothing looked as if it had been "picked up." But the delicate spindle-legged mahogany, set in its background of time-mellowed green, evoked no admiration from Viola; to her it had a sort of Valhalla quality in which the memories of a past generation seemed to have been embalmed. It was all like the clutch of a dead hand at her youth—the drawing-room, the old house, the mummified old ladies peering out of their spectral past.

For solace, friend, and confidant in this limbo world Viola had her piano, and she played admirably. Her aunts had had her well taught—they called it an accomplishment, but to the girl it meant talking to God. So that on this particular June night when the moon, like a disk of pale beaten gold, mocked her loneliness, and the white blooms of the locusts and honeysuckle seemed to whip like thongs, she ran to her piano with the outrage of it.

Schumann's "*Fantasiestücke*" tempted her. He knew all the joy and woe of the human heart and, in the great year of his singing, had written of life in every mood. Her fingers flew to the witchery of "*Grillen.*" What exhilaration, what yearning, what understanding! She played it over and over, till the first fine edge of her revolt had expended itself. And then she unconsciously slipped into "*Warum?*" Why, why, she asked her friend, should her life be so cruelly different from other lives? Why should her heart cry out to youth, and only querulous, complaining age answer? Her plaintive questioning sang itself into the perfumed sweetness of the June night—and, as always, there came no answer.

And then, like a flash, the tropic beauty of the night was invaded by a rush of harsh sounds—the sharp fluting of a policeman's whistle, the answering call of another at a distance, the crashing thump of a night-stick on the pavement, the noisy clatter of a patrol, the alarm of distress answered by the municipal "Here!"

Viola did not move from her piano. A man-hunt in the interests of law and order was doubtless necessary, but the sound of it was horrible and she had no morbid curiosity. The long French windows from the balcony to the drawing-room were open to the floor, and the night breeze drove the curtains half-way across the room. The candles over the piano flared in their sconces. She glanced at her wrist-watch. A quarter to eleven. Time to fasten the windows and go to bed. Another gust lifted the curtains, as with a faint chilling of the blood she became conscious of something drawing her attention to the balcony. It drew her gaze surely, relentlessly as a magnet draws; she felt her eyes awaiting the next inward sweep of the curtain, then met the glitter of a pair of eyes outside the window.

In an instant the breeze had sucked back the curtains and blotted them out. She stifled her first impulse, which was to cry out, and waited. The man crouching on the balcony was breathing hard, as if he had been running; the flare of the candles caught a white expanse of shirt; the fugitive was in evening dress.

"Don't be frightened," he jerked out as well as his ragged breathing would permit. "It's brutal to descend on you like this—they just missed me by a hair."

The hubbub in the street took on a hoarser tone as the pursuers realized their game had slipped through their fingers. There were cries that he had escaped into one of the adjoining houses, cries that he had got out the back way, more whistling and stick-pounding.

"Won't you trust me?" the man pleaded. "Things look dead against me, I know. Let me come in?"

Perhaps it was due to one of those uncharted currents in the mind that sweep human impulses impartially on toward mobs or crusades, man-hunts or martyrdom; Viola never knew what it was that turned her fear of the crouching man on the balcony into blind adherence. She never stopped to ask herself what he had done, or whether he was guilty or innocent. A crowd was in full cry after him, hunting him as they would hunt a beast in a jungle. In a flash her compassion was enlisted—she was for the man against the mob.

She nodded her head in assent. "Keep

away from the window or they'll notice your shadow." He stepped into the green twilight of the candle-shaded drawing-room. After the mad scramble and breakneck escape of the last few minutes the room seemed to hold the peace of a secluded forest.

"Thank you!" His breath was still labored, his face bloodless; he was big and limber with the easy suppleness of youth. Life in the open had marked him plainly as with a branding-iron; his clean-cut face was darkly tanned, save for a white scallop across the forehead where the vizor of a cap had evidently protected it. His was the open type of face reckoned the world over as a synonym of integrity. Viola stood looking up at him—he towered a foot higher than she; her face showed gentle and soft in the candle-light, with something in it of especial compassion.

He threw back his head and shook it, the gesture of a man who has fought for life among tumbling breakers. Slowly the color filtered back to his face, his breathing became more regular. "If you had done me some trifling courtesy, I should have said 'Thank you.' You save something more precious than my life—and yet there isn't anything else to say. With all my heart, then, thank you!"

His smile, boyish, winning, was a strong credential—the tumult of the street notwithstanding. They stood looking at each other in the dim, quaint old room full of the mystic charm of yesterday, and something of the wonder of two shipwrecked survivors meeting in the sunrise after the storm was theirs. It was not merely that she was beautiful and feminine; it was the allurement of the timid gesture of protection with which she took his hand and drew him from the window. And as for the girl, the big man in his peril was as unaccountable as she to him. It was one of those moments that are a law unto themselves—it had the headlong rapture of youth finding youth; it had the intensity of fear. He drew a step nearer—the front-door bell clanged through the house with the rude summons of a tocsin.

"They're at the door!" And now it was the girl's face that blanched, and to the man came that hair-trigger steadiness of nerve that only a great moment can inspire.

"Is there a pistol here? Armed, the chances are about even."

"There's an unloaded musket from the war of 1812 in Aunt Annabel's desk." And in spite of the pounding on the door they smiled faintly. "No, I don't believe even policemen could be bluffed by an unloaded musket of 1812."

The door-bell rang again; a night-stick beat a tattoo on the panels. "Go down this hall as far as you can and you'll find a little back staircase. Be careful; it's perfectly dark. The key will be in the back door, and there's a bolt, too, at the top. If the noise wakens our old man-servant, say: 'Young miss says it's all right.' The back yard opens into the alley—I'll speak to them from the balcony." Her answer to his momentary hesitation was a brisk shove down the hall. "Go; there's not a second to waste!"

And now she was calm with the tense composure that the last turn of the screw of fear can give. She stepped to the balcony, a challenging figure of indignation: "Officer, do you know that you are ruining our door?"

"Thin why don't you open ut and let me git the man thot's hiding in there?"

"There's no one here—I've been playing the piano for over an hour."

"A man saw him drop from the third-story of eight twelve; he caught the coping, landed on that far balcony, and crept up behind thim vines. 'Tis me jutý to break in the door if you won't opun ut."

"Very well, I'll come down."

Breathlessly she sped along the hall and felt her way down the crooked stairs at the back of the house. He'd be gone by this time, and she'd turn the key in the back door, fasten the bolt, then let them search to their hearts' content—the longer the better. But at the foot of the stairs the fugitive stood.

"There were a few more bluecoats waiting in the alley than on the street," he said.

"I've got to open the door; they've threatened to break it in."

"Yes—they'll become suspicious if you wait."

Her feet carried her mechanically along the dark kitchen passage, then into the front hall, where a dim gas-jet burned. A pulse beat in her throat; she could neither think nor plan; she knew only that she had to open the door and that the big man had no means of escape.

She slipped the bolt; two policemen dashed past her with enough noise for twenty captures, overturning furniture in their rush for the stairs. A third they left outside the front door to apprehend the fugitive should he attempt to escape that way. In three minutes they had reduced the second floor to chaos, switched lights on and off, torn out the contents of closets, and, finding nothing, had rushed to the third floor. Viola, who had stuck to her post in the front hall, waited dumbly for them to make their discovery on the back stairs.

And then happened one of those miraculous things that compel a belief in fate or luck or guardian angels. Mrs. Tuttle, having found Viola unsympathetic toward the neighborhood mystery, retired shortly after the girl had left the balcony. A heavy and vociferous sleeper at all times, Mrs. Tuttle had slept, and vouched for it in the stirring notes of a bass viol during the first din of the police invasion. But finally the noise of the overturned furniture in the Donnithorne household began to penetrate her slumber, and in her half-waking state it implied the invasion of her own premises by burglars. Thump, thump, thump went the Donnithorne mahogany, and Mrs. Tuttle, at the sound, lifted up her voice and gave the troublous night the full strength of her lungs. "Help! Police! Burglars!" she shrieked, and the sentinel policeman at the Donnithorne door began to climb, hand over hand, up the Tuttle balcony. And presently the Tuttle door was opened from within, the two policemen from the Donnithorne house transferred their activities next door, the crowd poured up the Tuttle steps, gaping like young birds in a nest—and Viola and the big sunburned man walked over the forsaken Donnithorne threshold without drawing a glance. They did not dare run. The house was but a few steps from the corner, which they turned, and made for the hospitable darkness of the small public park. Then they ran along the serpentine asphalt walk as only youth and bounding pulses can run. The park was practically deserted, but, even if it had not been, the spectacle of a muslin-gowned girl and a man in evening clothes running might well have passed for youthful high spirits—a moon-tempted bit of madness inspired by the sorceries of spring. They flashed past a great purple-and-white carpet of blooming hyacinths, and the scent seemed to follow them in their headlong flight. At the middle gate they stopped.

"We'd better saunter across Pennsylvania Avenue; it's not exactly the sort of night to inspire violent exercise—it might have a suspicious look."

"A thing to be avoided, considering our guilt—" she began, lightly; then broke off suddenly, embarrassed. Was he guilty? She had given her stanchest adherence, shared his peril without knowing. He caught the ricochet of her thought, and answered:

"No, I swear to you I'm not guilty of anything worse than that of protecting some one very dear to me, some one wrongfully accused. I'll have to ask you to take me on faith—black as things look, I can't explain."

"You've no time for explanations now, at any rate—that's a patrol coming down Seventeenth Street."

He caught her hand and again they flew, this time down the quiet street that bounds the White House on the west. "The gods are with us—see!" he said, and fairly flung her into a big closed automobile that stood empty in front of the White House office-buildings, still brilliantly lighted from within. He started the machine, expecting momentarily to be apprehended, but no one appeared to question his right, and he turned its dark-blue and highly decorous nose in the direction of the Speedway. But this high-handed commandeering of the car affected Viola as the unbelievable events of the night—the surprise, the escape together, the flight—had not done. For the street-lamp opposite the executive offices had made perfectly plain to her the device on the panel of the car: an eagle with the national colors—a good thing to leave unmolested at all times. She gave one backward

glance; her suspicions were confirmed; it was the patrol.

"Do you know whose car this is you've taken?" Her teeth shut as if they might chatter any minute; this was brazen buccaneering above her ken.

"I do," he answered, as he forced the engine to the highest speed.

"Are you in the habit of helping yourself to state cars?"

"When I borrow them for state—well, party business. Rather a nice car, isn't it? Smooth, but I've seen better for speed."

Then a most disconcerting thought occurred to Miss Donnithorne; it did not seem possible, but— "You're not a detective, are you?"

"On my honor as a fugitive I'm not a detective. But there have been some awfully jolly detectives—think of Sherlock Holmes."

"I'm thinking," she said; "but, all things considered—"

"Don't give it another thought. I'm not."

Despite the hour, there were enough motors on the Speedway among which to lose themselves. The big blue car swung, darted, cut for place, and then was promptly swallowed in the stream of vehicles that seem perpetually to circle the river drive. The breeze cooled their flushed cheeks deliciously, the weeping willows swayed to the water's edge. Viola loved them; to her they seemed, in their delicate sighing and shuddering, like pale wraiths of the forest racked by phantom woe. A train thundered across a bridge high above them—argus-eyed, black, screaming; the motor darted beneath the structure, and the deafening pounding of the train above seemed to mark the climax of their escape, a sort of Strauss-like crescendo bidding them godspeed. And now the car was flying along what seemed to be an open country road. Viola kept saying over and over to herself: "This is not real. Presently I'll wake up in the green drawing-room, and the old French clock will be chiming away another hour of my life. That's all that ever happens at home—the clock kills a little of us each day."

"Has all this really happened?" she asked her companion as he slackened speed a little. "I am beginning to think I've gone quite mad."

"Isn't it splendid? Shall you ever want to become sane again? We'll both be gloriously mad together."

"You haven't told me who you are?"

"With you I'm absolutely happy. Isn't that enough? You and I speeding through the June night like an arrow, the perfume of a thousand flowers, a honey-colored moon loitering in the blue —will you have these things, or—explanations?"

Her heart rose chokingly. Every atom of Donnithorne demanded to have things explained—but the De Beaulieu half of her answered, "You have what your heart craved; be thankful for it."

"But—" said all the dead-and-gone Donnithornes, clamoring for their pound of credentials.

"'But' is the assassin of romance," whispered all the dead-and-gone De Beaulieus. "Your aunts' delicately exotic drawing-room, the mockery of the June night from your solitary balcony—they're all waiting for you!" She shuddered at the recollection of them.

"I am going to choose the June night —and without explanations," she lilted out of the darkness.

He pulled up the car with a jerk. "You mean you'll take things as they are—my coming like a thief through the window, the police, the chase, this car—everything?"

She remembered him as he came to her first, the unwavering look, eye to eye, and the clean-cut, tanned face open as daylight. There is an intelligence of the heart as well as of the head; it reasons, deduces, and passes judgment unconsciously, involuntarily; it is the court of final appeal upon which all the great questions of life are decided. "What are appearances to—this?" she answered.

"You'll never ask—always take the happenings of this night on faith, because I've given my word never to speak of them to any one not already in the secret. A cowardly attempt was made to blacken the reputation of an official—my father. For his party's sake, it must not be discussed. I've given my word."

"I'll never ask."

"To think that you and I have



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"GO; THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO WASTE"

been wandering about this grim old world for years, without finding each other!" The car with the eagle on the panel slowed down; he leaned over and drew her face to his.

She came out of the wild rapture of the moment with a start. "Are they following?" she asked.

"Who could follow us here? It's paradise, and there are no return tickets."

The car swung back along the river-bank, the beckoning weeping willows sighed and shivered, and the moon's reflection threw a ragged ribbon of gold across the dimpling stream. "I've just been thinking," she said, "that perhaps the police have made up their minds you are not hiding under any of my aunts' four-posters."

"So soon? You flatter their intelligence."

"It must be very late, or awfully early—"

"There isn't any time on a night like this—there's only us and the moon."

"While the moon holds out, you'd better take me to my cousin on Sixteenth Street; she'll harbor me for the night and know what to do about our wrecked home; she's a tremendously capable person." She gave him the number of the house, and neither of them spoke till the big car stopped at the door. He took her hand.

"Shall I tell you who I am to-night?"

"No; to-morrow will be time enough for cards and names and things like that. But to-night— Would you change anything about to-night? Besides, I know you're in the navy; that's passport enough."

"In Heaven's name, how did you know that?"

"By the white scallop across your forehead, by the tan on your face, by—" She broke from him and dashed up the steps. Her ring was quickly answered, considering the lateness of the hour, and the door closed on her.

Fifteen minutes later, the young man had returned the dark-blue car to its official bailiwick and been enthusiastically heralded for his daring adventures. Then he hurried home. His mother came to meet him with traces of tears on her face, a thing he never remembered seeing there before. She was a finer edition of her son, but more the Spartan type—a woman who accepts life on the terms of a model prisoner in a penal institution. "My boy," she said, "to think what you've been through—"

"Now, mater dear, don't be too sympathetic about what I've been through. Has father come in?"

"Some time ago—and he's bent on giving this thing publicity. He wants to call in the newspaper men, demand an investigation of the club, and sue for libel the paper back of the whole business."

"He's dead right, in principle—but the thing can't be done. If he drags the thing through the courts and the papers, perhaps a fifth who will read the accusation will not read the retraction and the apology. Of the number that read both, there are always hordes of the dismally suspicious who pride themselves on the no-smoke-without-fire theory. If he gives it out, the administration will suffer—the party will never be able to shoulder it. Imagine the head-lines: 'Member of Cabinet Caught in Gambling Raid!'"

"But it was not a gambling raid. 'The Antlers' is a veritable shrine of old-fogy respectability—never a bet, never a card played for money. Naturally they had to be secretive about it, since it was the only place in Washington where a government official could go and avoid reporters, newspaper tipsters, and office-seekers; but in that fact the paper that's hounded your father ever since he has been in office pretended to see a gambling hell."

"Oh no; they knew jolly well there was no gambling, mater, but they banked on the very issue father proposes to raise—a suit. Even if they have to pay heavy damages, they know no public man can stand that sort of thing, no matter how clean his hands are. I was dining at the Stoddard to-night when I got the tip—Toner, who's on that paper, couldn't stomach the job, at the last minute. He quit—and the cat was out of the bag. It seems that six months ago one of their local men swore to information before the district attorney that 'The Antlers' was a private gam-

bling-house where they played for huge stakes—members all high officials, government money lost at the tables, and God knows what else. The chief of police smiled over the story. He happened to know all about 'The Antlers'—knew it was nothing but a quiet little rendezvous for men like the dad, who must have their little game in peace; the chief had been there himself. But he filed away the papers as a sort of amusing Munchausen document. When he left for Chicago last night, that reptilian paper decided to get busy."

"Ah, that was it! The chief of police was out of town; the members couldn't understand, as he knew all about the place."

"It seems there was a very ambitious young lieutenant left in charge, and he was bent on making a record. The hostile paper sent a man to headquarters to prefer charges; the zealous lieutenant bit—he found the documents, filed away by the chief six months before, and decided to make the raid, which was solely for the purpose of rounding up the dad. Well, I beat them to it by about ten minutes. Doubtless he's told you the rest, except perhaps that he grew absolutely stubborn, declined to budge, and was literally carried down-stairs and put into a motor by a club steward and myself. When the motor started I felt we'd outwitted our enemy, the paper—then the dad remembered he'd left a light overcoat with some private papers at the club. I ran back for them, but the raid had begun—regular Donnibrook fair in progress—crack every head was the rule. We were all in it—club members, police, club servants. Missing father, they concentrated on me—bound to get one of the family. The first thing I knew I was making a break for an open window, below which was a foot-wide stone cornice, and a balcony a story below that—"

"My boy—my boy—"

"What I found, mater dear, was worth dropping farther for."

"And what did you find, son?"

"Heaven."

"Stephen, did you hit your head when you dropped through that window?"

His boyish laughter rang out. "No, mater dear; when I got to Paradise I had all my faculties—and needed 'em, too. There were four houses exactly alike next the club—English basement, with balconies on the second floor. When I dropped on the first balcony, the most heavenly music was pouring out of the windows of the end house. The music settled it; I decided to try my luck with that house. I crept across the intervening verandas and hid back of the vines that scrambled all over the end house. A breeze swept the curtain in, and there sat my fate! She saw me—and was scared, all right, at first; but she did not scream—and then she was sorry for me, too. The most ungodly din was raging in the street. I might have been guilty of anything, judging from the row. She looked at me a long time, sizing me up—we were in the strangest, quaintest old room, sort of place you might dream about—then she slipped her hand in mine and took me on faith.

"We had the maddest ride, in Big White Chief's car; but there we were, dashing breakneck into love, regular Montague-Capulet, first-sight sort of thing that I had scoffed at all my life. And she'd turn and ask me if it was all true, or if she'd wake up and find herself in her aunts' house where the clock killed a little bit of her each day. Their name is Donnithorne, or something like that. But what do I care about her name!"

"Donnithorne! The old house with the vines near Lafayette Square? Yes, I know—" she broke off abruptly. "The girl's name is Viola."

"Why, that's your name, mate—"

"The long arm of coincidence," she sighed. He watched the lines of her face soften, but he could not know that before her tired eyes there had floated, for a moment, the magic of another June night, and out of the dim past there had rung the sound of Robert Donnithorne's voice, begging her to leave her father's house and go with him. And the fear—the stifling dread of authority—that had chained her to all the gray years! She had married the "rising man" her father had had in mind, and young Robert had married his opera-singer, and the years had sped on; but the magic of the June night had never

returned. But this daughter of the opera-singer had had the inner vision—the faith that sees below the surface—this girl had trusted her son while the mob howled. They sat without speaking; the young man thought his mother more quiet and repressed than usual, when suddenly she reached out her hand and drew him to her and began to speak with the breathless eagerness of youth, her face for the moment transfigured:

"You must not miss it, son; it comes only once, the real call of heart to heart, and nothing else in life matters. You and the girl have found each other; love and life and the magic of eternal youth are yours."

When I Go Walking in the Woods

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHEN I go walking in the woods,
I take one thought with me,
And, unaware,
I find it there
Beside me in the sea;
Yea! could I fly,
I doubt not I
Would find it in the air;
Companion of all solitudes—
It is the thought of her.

And, when I fall asleep at night,
But for one thing I pray:
The power that stole
Away her soul
To bring it back some day;
And all my dreams,
Till morning gleams,
That through the day console,
Smell sweet of her, with her are bright
As with an aureole.

And, sometimes in the afternoon,
When all is strange and still,
When sunshine sleeps
In the sea's deeps,
And loiters on the hill,
I seem to hear
A footstep near,
A sound of one who creeps
Softly to listen—then, too soon,
The sound of one who weeps.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE other day, or week, or month, while the European powers were driving their peoples to reciprocal slaughter on land and sea, the President of this unembattled Republic was addressing a meeting to promote the interests of Berea College. For such of our readers as may not know what or where Berea College is, we will explain that it is an educational institution in the mountain region of Kentucky, founded for the instruction of the white youth of the hills at a time when the ignorance of the colored youth of the South seemed to call for collegiate training. It appeared to the founders of Berea that their mountaineers had an equal claim with these colored youth to the sympathy of enlightened persons throughout the country, and Berea has sturdily persisted in justifying their belief through well-nigh a generation, by the excellent instruction which the students have shown themselves eager to avail of. "There are colleges and colleges," the President said. "Most of the pupils of most of our universities resist being taught. Here is a college filled with people hungry to learn. If I had anything worth their hearing I should love to address a body of people hungry to learn," he said; and he said also: "What America has vindicated above all things else is that native ability has nothing to do with social origin; . . . and when one thinks of that old stock in storage there in the mountains, for over a hundred years untapped, some of the original stuff of the nation"—one must burn with zeal for the work which Berea is doing. The President declared that he himself could not think of it without catching fire, and he did not find it irrelevant in another part of his discourse to observe: "It is very amusing sometimes to see the airs that high society gives itself. The world could dispense with high society and never miss it. High society is for those who have stopped working and no longer have anything important to do."

In this observation he apparently wished to imply that if the Bereans were as hungry to learn as they seemed, they might be saved from the sad satiety of those graduates of other colleges who had no desire in them for anything but the vain distinctions of high society. But here we venture to have our doubts, except in the case of the exceptional few. We have not the statistics at hand, but we fear that if they could be collated we should discover in most of the Berean instances the same ambition ultimately to shine in the halls of pride that animates the average graduate, say, of Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, or even Columbia. At first, no doubt, the young mountaineers who issue from Berea have the nobler longing to qualify themselves by usefulness to their kind in whatever sort, for the social superiority which all men—or at least young men, and certainly all women of every age—look forward to as the reward of their endeavor for learning. But very soon this glowing illusion falls from them. They learn to know later, if not sooner, what the youth of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, have imbibed with their Alma Mater's milk; and they perceive that social superiority requires no sort of achievement from them for the full usufruct of its honors and privileges. It does not exact any kind of doing—good, bad, or indifferent; it demands only being, or rather not-being, if the President is right in saying that "high society" is for those who have stopped working and have no longer anything important to do.

We ourselves think he is so right in this that we are glad to have had him say it. At the same time we should like to distinguish, at least, so far as to note that this thing of mere being, or not-being, is by no means a light or easy thing. We are all born with the pas-

sion of doing something, but to do something is almost inevitably to become or to be something, and there you have an end of the high-society ideal of not-being at a blow. To do and to be are primal instincts, and it might be urged in behalf of high society that the suppression of instinct is in a way the triumph of reason. It might be contended that with the advance of civilization not-doing and not-being have widened their spheres so as now to include classes that never dreamed of that inclusion in the past. From kings and nobles the high-society ideal has spread in some degree to nearly every one who has not got to work with his hands for a living, and in our own happy Republic perhaps few readers of the society page of the Sunday editions are wholly without the desire to realize it, to live it.

But, as we say, it is difficult. Its prime necessity is the cultivation of the class feeling, which has been enjoined upon labor by its leaders, as we think superfluously. For labor, class feeling is very easy. It is easy for the hand-worker of any sort—the carpenter, the bricklayer, the plumber, even—to conceive of himself as inferior to the professor, the doctor, the lawyer; and, this done, you have the corollary of the social superior. But you have not yet established this social superior in the consciousness of his superiority. The skilled mechanic may have no difficulty in feeling himself lower than the person of a learned vocation, but there may very well be—and we really think there are—professors, doctors, and lawyers of such humble make that, try as hard as they may, they cannot feel in their bones that they are any better than so many carpenters, bricklayers, and plumbers. We do not say they are right, and we do not say they are wrong in this; we merely say that they differ fundamentally from the members of high society who have studied not-doing and not-being, and by that means have acquired the power of giving themselves those airs which the President finds amusing.

In a way such airs are in fact amusing, and in a way they are not amusing, but exasperating, as the highest-hearted Berean may find if he gets on far enough in the world. In the first place, it will be difficult, even to madness, for him to imagine that kind of society which he will find, all the same, one of the stubbornest of the human facts. "How," he will ask his brave soul, experienced only in lofty endeavors, "how is it possible for a person, because he has found himself in certain social circumstances, to look down upon one less fortunately placed—for that reason and no other?" He will then endeavor to look down upon that person in turn, and he will find that it will not work. That person has somehow the whip hand, and inwardly the brave Berean cowers before him, however bold a front he outwardly makes. The brave Berean is not able to look down upon the social superior who is his essential inferior, and if he is of a mind to waste himself in the inquiry he may fruitlessly explore the mystery to the end of his little chapter of the general life.

It is a mystery, and almost the greatest in the world, which has been employed ever since the dawn of civilization in contriving it. The primitive world knew it not; the savage was without any sense of it, as the child is yet. The boy, somewhat longer than the girl, plays with the children round the corner in an unquestioning equality till some day his mother comes and whisks him home, as she has already whisked his sister, and forbids him to play with those children any more. To his agonized "Why?" she answers with a stern "Because," or at the most with the unsatisfying explanation that they are low-down. Then the serpent which envenoms the life of the world is born in the boy's breast and poisons him into a swell with the will to regard some one else as beneath him; or into a snob with the desire to truckle to some one above him. Why beneath or above, he can say no more in one case than in the other. He is not aware that the swell and the snob are equally requisite to the constitution of what the President calls high society. When he becomes part of it, either as swell or as snob—if he ever does—it will not matter the least to him what the President calls it, or that he finds the airs it gives itself amusing.

Our brave Berean will discover this fact without dismay, possibly, when he

comes up to the capital to serve his country in the Cabinet or in some obscure clerkship of a department where the sacred principle of segregation saves him from contact with the colored clerks. But however he carries it off, his wife and daughters will wither before it, and shrink to their smallest compass; for it is through lovely woman and her capacity for stooping to that kind of folly that high society has chiefly its power of giving itself those amusing airs.

The Berean and his family may have really thought, even while studying the woman's page in the Sunday edition, that "the world could dispense with high society and never miss it." But high society does not care; it will not even know that it is being done without; it does not know that it had stopped working, that it has nothing worth while left to do. It can answer, if it cares to give the matter so much attention, that it has always been that way, which is in fact the only reason for its being at all. In other countries, say those countries where God gave the people kings "for the hardness of their hearts," there is chartered authority for high society whose disoccupation is logically in the keeping of the prince and the nobles the prince has created. But with us, in a commonwealth founded on the ideal that all men are created equal, high society exists simply Because. That is enough, for it is apparent that if we could get on without it we would, and as we do not get on without it, we cannot; and even without this reason Because would suffice.

From time to time mankind has proposed to get on without it, and most nations began without it. Or they go on with it until high society becomes intolerably oppressive and demands service as well as homage which the inferiors can scarcely render with their life's blood. Then these rise up, and in wars little or large rebel against authority and try to be the men they have seemed. The most signal instance of the kind is the notorious French Revolution, in which the inferiors triumphed over the superiors almost to the extreme of detroying them altogether, and brought themselves into general discredit by these excesses. They did not greatly mind that, and would have kept on cutting off the heads of their superiors, if the guillotine had not begun, in its insensate gluttony, to thirst for the blood of such inferiors as it suspected of pitying its victims. Worse yet, these dominant inferiors began to grow superiors among themselves. They grew a Directorate, they grew a Consulate, they grew an Empire, and then the game, or call it jig, was up. High society was back in force; the titled ghosts were there, as if the decapitated dead had come up smiling in spite of all the beheading.

This is not the only proof, though perhaps the most dramatic proof, of the inextinguishable vitality of high society, which consists in the very fatuity and inanity, the very tendency to give itself amusing airs, which the President notes. It remains the most stubborn of all the facts of civilization, and will probably remain such in spite of all that all the bravest of the Bereans can do against it. High society has been the prey of satire from the beginning of satire; it may be said to have created satire, which would have had nothing to feed on if high society had not supplied it. On this meat Juvenal grew so great among the ancient Romans, and probably there were lively Assyrians who derided high society in cuneiform indented on tiles, and Egyptians who made their mock of it in scathing hieroglyphics. As for the English (to take a long jump), who created high society as we have it (in dilute and mitigated form, to be sure), they could never have endured it if they had not made it their jest. If they would or must have lords, it comforted them to have the House of Peers, through one of themselves recognized in "Iolanthe" as having always done

> —nothing in particular,
> And done it very well.

After that let a chorus of peers go singing,

> Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes,

as much as it liked. All degrees of inferiority could keep in higher heart and enjoy a truer self-respect because of that gibe at the House of Peers. At the same time the scorn poured upon high society in its supreme form of British aristocracy did not impair its self-satisfaction in the

least. There is no record of its having, for instance, any more minded Thackeray, who made despite of it his whole stock in trade, than the House of Peers was moved by the burlesque of Gilbert. Very likely it did not feel the scorn; the snake was not only not killed, it was not even scotched; it simply winked the other eye, and reared its basilisk crest on both sides of the Atlantic as high as ever. Here, the society in which its spirit is impregnably lodged shows itself wherever the Sunday editions penetrate with their deleterious intelligence of the behavior, or the misbehavior, of the exclusive circles which wheel and whirl all over our continent. In every largest city and smallest town high society towers aloft and spurns with its downward glance those outsiders who cannot make out why it is above or they below.

The mystery of it remains. Why should a person who has done nothing and is nothing seem not only to himself, but to others, superior to the rest of the world which is something? What is his feeling really like? Is it a veritable consciousness, or is it a sort of obsession which enables him to impose himself on himself for a thing of importance when he is of no importance whatever? For a moment, though there is always the question whether the game is worth the candle, one might like to try and feel like what it is to feel superior to somebody else. Is it like that immeasurable satisfaction which appears to come to some white people from the mere circumstance of not being black, or is it like the Pharisee's gratitude for not being as yon Publican is? Is the feeling a pleasure or a pain? Is it like the delight of wisely measured repletion, or like the dull misery of surfeit?

Always, we say, it is a mystery, but whatever it subjectively is, there is no doubt that the President is right about it. The airs that high society gives itself are sometimes amusing to see; it is for those who have stopped working and have nothing important to do. The brave Berean quitting his groves of Academe cannot take too careful note of these facts, for on the glaring highway of the world he will sooner or later meet this alluring, this daunting shape, and will have to decide whether he will be its victor or its victim. Achievement will not avail him for its favor; it has never achieved anything and does not care. Character, the virtue of the mind and heart, will not command it; it has never asked character in its votaries and will not be bidden by it. In England, its native country, of course there are *cachets* to which it must bow. The King can bestow titles, and with them the glamour that bedevils the fancy so that high society must honor the noble he makes out of a surpassing brewer, or a brilliant statesman, or a victorious general, or (most rarely of all) a famous author; but even against these high society will remember under its breath that their honors are new, and in its heart of hearts will deal with their wives and daughters accordingly. These will be in it, they may dazzle there, but they will not be of it, and they must keep their candles burning by constant trimming, while those born to high society need be at no such trouble. This, at least, is what people say who have never been of that high society, such as novelists and dramatists.

With us, we have been told, high society is much more complex, or at least more insensible to observance. No one can say what makes it or how, but there it is, and you cannot get round it or through its air-drawn net to those worldly eminences which it guards. This will be a hard saying to the brave Berean, and harder yet to his wife and daughters, who, as fast as he conquers place and favor in law or politics or medicine, or painting or divinity or poetry, will desire to seize the social joys which they believe must flow from his achievement. But we can suggest a means of not suffering from this disappointment which we have heard has been tried by some with success. The right way to use with the high society which does not want you, O brave Berean and his wife and daughters, is not to want *it*. For it is said that if you will not seek its favor, you will go far to win it; if you will not pursue it, that it will turn and follow you; that the less you desire it, the more it will desire you. Perhaps this is not altogether true, O brave Berean family! But perhaps there is something in it: perhaps it is worth trying.

EDITOR'S STUDY

WE may not go back to Nature through the surrender of human values; it is rather because of these values that we are for ever returning to her. But in this season

When the grass brightens and the days grow long
And little birds break out in rippling song,

we are chiefly assured of the fact that, whether we will or no, Nature is always coming back to us. As Celia Thaxter, the author of the above lines, also sang,

The sunrise never failed us yet.

The late Madison Cawein, one of the most eloquent of our nature-poets, in his "Miracle of the Dawn" asks,

What would it mean to you and me
If dawn should come no more?

and suggests with what wonder and awe we should behold it, with

What rapture and what tears

if it burst upon the world

Once every thousand years!

We take it so much as a matter of course that the suggestion is startling. What if the sun and winds and waves had something of our boasted freedom, and could choose? A more startling conjecture it would be were we to conceive it as possible for any man to command the sun to stand still or fix the bounds of the sea. We would far rather trust ourselves to Nature's own arbitrary inclinations, if she could be supposed to have them. A slight irregularity in her larger movements would not only literally upset her gravity, but would imperil all her claims to consistency. She is bound to good behavior as a condition of getting on at all in her so many worlds.

It is difficult in these spring days, when germinant and freshly growing things are chiefly in evidence, to give that macrocosmic background a place in our mental vision; there is no room for anything so vast in the scene that directly meets the eye. The soft blue above, flecked with fleecy clouds and vibrant with animated song, seems to lie close about us all day long, jealously hiding the larger view. We so prize the brightness and life-giving warmth of the sun in these lengthening days that we ignore the starry brotherhood to which he belongs, and, by concealing from us our sister planets, he strengthens our favorite illusion of his exclusively earthly relationship. When he gracefully retires, or, rather, when, by an enforced altruism, we yield him to our Western neighbors, and we are permitted to behold "Hesperus with the host of heaven," then the purely esthetic enjoyment of the near scene may give way to an infinitely detached speculation.

Winter shuts us in to human society and to such satisfactions as we can give one another, largely through artifice and art. Nature, in that season, gives us the cold shoulder, compelling detachment from herself, promoting mental exercises. She emphasizes and prolongs the night-time, exalting the starry firmament as if inviting us to contemplation, thus reversing her summer allurement—just as, in the poverty of her light and warmth and in the wan slenderness of her landscapes, she attenuates our esthetic sensibility to outward things.

So does her unkindness develop mankind. Our mentality is challenged to invent artificial substitutes for the light and heat withdrawn. Our conviviality is intensified, often to excess, as if to compensate for the missed wantonness of summer. The nobler challenge is to the creative faculty. Art grows as Nature wanes, at least with our detachment from her, which is inevitable, whether she invites or repels. In the mild climate of Mediterranean countries, where civilization first came to flower, the distinctively artistic temperament especially

prevailed. While civilization implied the human detachment from Nature, this peculiarly esthetic sensibility was due to Nature's bounty rather than to her severity. The kindly aspects of Nature tempted these peoples, even in their cities, to an outdoor rather than a home-centered existence, and to this circumstance ancient art adapted itself in the form of its appeal; but its themes were never derived from Nature—earth and sea and sky were but the setting to a story, wholly human, or else divine after a human fashion.

Modern civilizations in northern latitudes have therefore been more favorable to the development of landscape-painting—of music also, since we cannot imagine a people living so open a life as the Greeks bringing instrumental music to any high degree of perfection.

The arts which may almost be said to have survived sculpture and architecture—at least in any intimate appeal to modern sensibility—are just those to which Nature is not merely a setting, but into which she enters because of the artist's conscious appreciation of her varied charms. Probably Greek and Roman sensibility to these charms and the immediate enjoyment of them were even deeper than our own, and for that very reason there was less articulate expression of the feeling for Nature in classic art and literature. The poignancy of this feeling—as in the intoxication of delight shown by Russians at the coming of spring—we should not expect to find in those who experience less "the season's difference." The pastorals of Theocritus and Vergil abound in human and mythological associations with Nature, whose breath, we know, is the inspiration of every scene, but we miss the beating pulse of her that we feel in Chaucer's verse.

But there is another kind of difference which we note when we compare the Nature-poetry of the last hundred years with all that had preceded it, modern as well as ancient; for hardly earlier than Wordsworth was there any poetic expression of love for Nature on her own account. It is worthy of note that it has been during the same period that landscape-painting and music have had their extreme modern development through a feeling for Nature which implied a discernment of her own values, for what they are in themselves as appealing directly to a developed human sensibility, divested of fanciful conceits, of mythological allusions, and of the utilitarian associations which infested the imagination of Hesiod in his *Works and Days*, and even of Vergil in his more elegant *Georgics*.

Nature is fine in Shakespeare, but she is not allowed to be herself. We are so impressed by the poetry of his expression that we accept tolerantly, but not as truth, its conventional glosses. See how full of these Perdita's speech is, as she distributes the flowers, in *Winter's Tale:*

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
> From Dis's wagon! Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength . . . .

In these nine lines five pagan divinities masque the expression. Turning from Perdita to Ophelia, performing the same office in *Hamlet*, we find another form of indirection; our attention is distracted from the flowers themselves to things of the mind traditionally associated with them: rosemary standing for remembrance, pansies for thoughts.

Not only do Wordsworth and the poets of his time, and since, treat more frequently and more variously the aspects of Nature, but they are free from all this obliquity of expression. They retain only the one veil which, for all humanity as well as for the poet, must for ever invest living Nature—the guise we put upon her of our moods and emotions. Only Science can attempt that final divestiture.

Though we cannot cast aside that old habit of humanizing Nature, it becomes more and more a loose garment, wittingly worn. Creative imagination in its modern expansion is clarified by the equally comprehensive expansion of knowledge. Science perforates all our masques, and we forgive her, seeing

Creation widens on our view. Thus mentality is a distinguishing characteristic of nineteenth and twentieth century art, including poetry. There would never have been art, in our human sense of it, without mentality, which is the condition and leverage, though not the source, of that distinctive kind of creation. The Greek mind was as wonderful as the Greek art. The evolution of creative Imagination cannot be considered apart from that of creative Reason.

The change which is so manifest in the attitude of humanity toward Nature —as expressed in the art and poetry of the last century—is not due to temperament as affected by climate or any other outward circumstance; it is a transformation of human sensibility, which is as evident in an altered perspective of spiritual as it is in our new estimate of world values. In regard to the latter, it is a change of feeling as well as of vision. There has been a joyous reclamation of sensibility, and even of the senses, by the soul; and thus Nature, formerly disguised and, in some periods, spiritually despised and repudiated, has been accepted by us on her own terms. We prefer the tree to the dryad, and need no reference to Phœbus to add excellence to the sun.

There is a thought we may well heed expressed by Sir Gilbert Parker in a recent essay on Education:

> It is impossible for man, with his senses all alive—seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting—to be wholly uninspired, to be dull, despairing, or forlorn; to be lacking in humanity or uncultured. The real essence of culture, the beginning of culture, is the training of the senses. All thought has had its origin in feeling, from the first bleat of anthropological man to the last note of a symphony by Debussy.

The elemental, whether in Nature or human life, is a constant factor in culture. Only our attitude toward it changes with the evolution of our psychical background. What we bring to Nature determines its realizable values for us. That makes the difference between modern and ancient art, between the nature-poetry of Wordsworth and Tennyson and that of Theocritus and Vergil.

In our art, as in our science, our quest for values is far more disinterested than in the earlier stages of human mental development. The satisfactions of reason and of the esthetic sense derived from real values, in which truth is one with beauty, are infinitely remote from those derived from values as utilities. Nature is more fully responsive to the spirit on this disinterested plane and, as if in gracious return for our good manners, yields us also a finer enjoyment of her purely sensuous charms.

She cannot answer us in speech. We are ourselves her articulation—her first and last word—but she is inarticulate. We boast our mastery of her, but the uses we most acclaim are the least of her all-pervasive service of our bodies and our souls. We are, for the most part, heedless of her ample bounty.

> Bubbles we buy with the whole soul's tasking:
> 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away—
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
> No price is set on the lavish summer;
> June may be had by the poorest comer.

Nature asks nothing of man — not even thanks for her service or for her bounty. Her independence of him is more patent than his mastery of her, but she does not assert it. Even if she could speak, there would be no such term in her vocabulary—the term stands for no reality in our own. Her sympathy, the key-note of all her cosmic harmony, is ineffable.

In the realm of Nature which is nearest to us—that of her living things—this sympathy is peculiarly intimate, since we ourselves are a part of it; almost it finds a voice. M. Fabre finds in bees not only instinct, but discernment. Recent science discovers sensibility in plant life. The conscious element is so evident in animate creation that there is no strain in the speculation that attributes to all life a kind of mental detachment, and so an artifice and an art not absolutely unakin to our own.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Mumping the Mumps

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

ALTHOUGH I live in New York and consider it a large and wealthy city, I have no narrow pride, and I readily accepted an invitation to spend a few days with a married cousin in Philadelphia. Moreover, I was at the time not encumbered with a lucrative position, so I was free to go and come at will, remembering always that the railways charge one more for going and coming large distances. On the morning I was expected in Philadelphia I did not feel particularly well; and, besides, it was a drizzly, cold, autumn day; but I am a man of my word, and shortly before noon I began to see the smoky chimneys and the bill-boards of the "City of Homes."

I had told my seat-mate—a gentleman with pink cuffs and a prominent Adam's apple—that I was rather under the weather, and had received in reply a boastful account of various things that had been the matter with him in times past. His narrative took me back in memory to "The Idle Hour," a rest-cure sanitarium at which I was once employed as clerk, and where I often heard the guests comparing diseases. Having finished with a fascinating account of his operation for appendicitis (it seemed that he had lost his appendix before most people even knew they had one), he gave some attention to my ailment. He looked at me thoughtfully from a front view and then poked me awhile in the region where my neck converges upon my jaw.

"It's swollen badly," he said. "Does it hurt when I touch it?"

I admitted that such was the case. This reply seemed to give him great satisfaction, for he said:

"Ah ha! You can't fool an old stager like me!" He added that if I would excuse him he would go to the smoking-car. Before I had time to inquire what it was I couldn't fool him about, he had gone.

It takes quite a while to enter Philadelphia, and for pastime I punched myself in the throat and experienced disagreeable sensations. Also I examined myself with my pocket-mirror; I did not appear swollen, but the glass was a notably poor one and gave one a wavy appearance to which one was not entitled—and, no doubt, *vice versa*. When the train entered the station shed the old stager came back to get his bag.



"IT'S SWOLLEN BADLY," HE SAID. "DOES IT HURT WHEN I TOUCH IT?"

"How did you come to have the mumps?" he asked.

I was a little nettled at this question, and replied, recalling an old anecdote, that I had not come to have the mumps, but to visit my cousin, Emmaline, who was married to a gentleman named Cuthbert Seeley, and had two lovely children.

"Emmaline," he said, as he hurried away, "will be glad to welcome you for the sake of the children."

His words filled me with foreboding; if I had the mumps I ought not go to Emmaline's house and expose Gregory and little Jessamine. I was tempted to take the next train back to New York, but it did not seem fair to the Seeleys to have them keep lunch waiting for a day or two until they heard from me. I thought of the telephone, but upon searching the book in the station I failed to find any Seeleys except James B. Seeley, who was a dyer and cleaner. So I conceived a happy compromise and set off for Emmaline's house. Not wishing to expose even total strangers to my disease, I did not take the car, but walked the entire distance in the rain, asking the way of policemen from time to time and trying to reconcile their answers with one another. At last I arrived at my destination drenched and foot-weary and not entirely happy. It was my first visit to the Quaker City, but of course it is not fair to judge a place by walking through it in the cold rain with a valise and the mumps.

I knew at once that I was at the right address because the brick house with its white doorway was exactly like hundreds I had seen in my walk, and the Seeleys are not eccentric people. If they had been New-Yorkers, they would have lived in an apartment with marble in the lower hall; in Buffalo they would have had a house with a little patch of grass; in Kansas City they would have had a stout fence around their yard to keep their lovely children from falling into other parts of that thriving but hilly city. Very dependable people, the Seeleys.

I rang the bell, then backed down the steps into the street. The maid seemed astonished to see me so far from the door she had opened, and in order not to increase her alarm I did not mention my name or ailment, but told her to advise Mr. Seeley that a gentleman was waiting for him out there.

Cuthbert came and started toward me in a welcoming manner.

"Well, here you are at last!" he said. "We've kept lunch—"

"Stop where you are!" I shouted. "I came to your house to tell you that I cannot come to your house."

Cuthbert stopped in his tracks as if from astonishment. "What are you talking about and what are you doing out there? We never eat lunch in the middle of the street when it is raining."

"Mumps!" I yelled. "I've got the mumps." As he seemed not to understand, I repeated, "Mumps, mumps, mumps!"

"He's got three mumps," said Cuthbert, inanely, as he retreated to the sidewalk. I backed away to the opposite curb, but, as the streets are narrow in that city, conversation was entirely practical.



IT WAS A DISTRESSINGLY SMALL HOUSE

"If you have the mumps," Cuthbert asked, "why did you come to Philadelphia?"

Waiting until an automobile had passed, I replied, with dignity: "Because I did not know I had them until I got here." I told him how the experienced invalid and appendicitis pioneer had diagnosed my case and refused to sit with me. "Of course," I concluded, "I must not come in now and expose the children. What had I better do?"

"Why don't you go straight home?"

"I'd thought of that, but I don't believe my landlady would care to have me bring mumps into the boarding-house. She's a particular landlady, and—well there has already been some discussion between us about some slight arrears."

Cuthbert was thinking deeply; Emmaline came out, looking very well, I thought, and, after having the situation explained to her, got to thinking deeply also. A small boy came paddling along in the rain on my side and took an unsolicited interest in the proceedings.

"Won't they let you come in?" he asked.

I had to threaten to cut off his ears (for I am fond of children) to get him out of the germ zone.

"He could go to a hospital," said Emmaline to Cuthbert.

"It would have to be a contagious-disease hospital," said Cuthbert to Emmaline. "There would be other—things there."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

A noisy coal-wagon passed at that moment and all I heard of the list was smallpox and diphtheria. I could see no point in exposing myself to these complaints, and perhaps leprosy and bubonic plague (I was not familiar with Philadelphia diseases), just because I had the mumps. So I bade my cousins an affectionate farewell.

"I'll manage somehow," I said.

"Some boarding-house, perhaps," said Emmaline, brightening a little, "with a nice motherly landlady who would be glad to help a strange young man."

"Telephone us how you come out," said Cuthbert.

"Have you a 'phone? I couldn't find your name in the book."

"Two companies here. A person always looks in the wrong book first."

I have explained this at considerable length so that all might understand how it came about that a near-sighted young man with a valise and four dollars was wandering about the streets of Philadelphia in the rain looking for a place to have the mumps. Otherwise one might think it strange.

Soon my attention was attracted by a sign, "Boarding by Day or Week." I looked the place over carefully, for I was at this time rather particular. It was a distressingly small house; it might have been all right for some wasting disease, but one does not want to be cramped while having the mumps. Presently I found a larger place. The landlady herself answered my ring.

"Pardon me," I said, lifting my hat, "but may I have the mumps here?"

The lady closed the door very quickly indeed, but I gathered from what I heard of her reply that I might not. Evidently she was not one of those motherly persons that Emmaline had recommended.

One block south and half a block east that scene was re-enacted in its essential details, with the difference that this time the door in closing struck my toe. My next experience, however, was quite otherwise. A white-aproned maid opened the door and agreed to see whether the mistress was in. Thus I was permitted to sit down and get some needed rest before the landlady came and refused my petition.

Up to this time I had treated these Philadelphia ladies with perfect frankness. I did not care to get accommodations under false pretenses and afterward perhaps find myself in the hands of a querulous and unmotherly person. Now I began to think I had been too abrupt in my tactics; better get into a person's good graces first and reveal the truth gradually. So thinking, I climbed the steps of a house whose sign announced that Mrs. R. M. Shonts had rooms to let. During my brief career as salesman for a patent coat-hanger, I had learned that it always makes a good impression to call people by their names. (That I was not successful as a salesman was not due to my following this rule.) So while waiting for the door to open I resolved to address the landlady as Mrs. Shonts, and not to mention mumps until our acquaintance had ripened a little. I still think that this was a good plan, but I was perhaps a little nervous at the sight of the sour-visaged lady who answered the ring, and my ill-advised words were:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Mumps—"

"Don't get fresh, young man!" was the reply. The slamming of the door served as an exclamation-point to this sentence.

Chagrined at my error, weary and hungry, the happy thought came to me of going to a restaurant for refreshment. I did so, remembering not to order pickles, because they do not go well with mumps. This was no hardship, for I never eat pickles, even when well and strong. The restaurant mirror—a fairly good one—showed an unmistakable swelling on both sides of my throat and my food gave it pain.

The nourishment and the rest, however, brought me renewed vigor, and at the next



I CAN TELL WHEN I AM NOT WANTED

place I was at once admitted to the house by a kindly woman. We had a very pleasant talk about the unpleasant weather, and finally I told her about my trouble. To my regret she suddenly became cold and distant in her demeanor and claimed to be sorry that her house was quite full.

"I thought you seemed a motherly sort of person," I said, gloomily.

"I'm motherly enough to have three of my own. Now I'll ask you to excuse me. I think I smell something burning." There was obviously nothing burning, so what could I do but go away? I can tell when I am not wanted.

Of course, I thought, landladies *do* have children. I changed my tactics and inquired at a number of places whether there were children in the house, as though I could not bear the thought of them. I found that the birth-rate in Philadelphia boarding-houses was very high.

At last there came a ray of light. A door was opened, not by landlady or maid, but by a gentleman with a scholarly face and an umbrella. He was evidently just going out.

"I have the mumps, sir," I said, candidly, and do you know what to do with them? Can you advise me?"

"Why do you use the plural?" he asked.

"I have them on both sides. Perhaps that would make a difference."

"That is a misapprehension, young sir. I am professor of philology in the university and have given no small attention to the subject. Mumps is singular. There is no such thing as a mump. To be sure, there is a verb 'to mump,' meaning to utter imperfectly; akin to mumble."

"Thank you very much," I said, stepping aside respectfully to let the professor pass. I am not a college man myself, but I think highly of erudition. Besides, he had given me an idea. What I must do was to express myself unclearly — to mump my mumps, as the scholarly gentleman would have said. I carried out this plan when the mistress of the house answered my ring. I do not know what she thought I asked, but she gave a glance at my valise and replied: "No, I do not care to buy any today," and closed the door upon my explanation. For a time I gave myself up to mumping, but with no success. The afternoon was far spent and I was beginning to feel discouraged. I had reached the business part of the city and was wandering along in the gathering dusk when an idea came to me, a bold yet simple idea. I was passing a magnificent hotel. With desperate courage I entered and approached the prosperous-looking young man at the desk; a muscular youth in a uniform wrenched my bag from me.

"Pardon me," I said, pretending to straighten my necktie in order to hide my swollen throat, "do you suppose I could get a room here?"

My precaution was unnecessary, for the clerk, without looking up, pushed the register in my direction, and I was soon ushered into a room which was calculated to demolish my meager resources. The next step was to telephone to Cuthbert and ask him to send me some funds. There were two instruments in the room, but as I did not remember which company I had almost patronized at the station, I took up the wrong book first and again learned, what in my own trouble I had selfishly forgotten, that James B. Seeley was a dyer and cleaner. In the other book I found Cuthbert's name, and he seemed glad to get out of the difficulty at any reasonable price.

Thus, surrounded by more of the comforts of home than my own home had, I spent three luxurious days in bed with tonsilitis.



Boy (to officer on submarine): "*Say, mister, if ye're goin' down again, would ye mind lookin' for my knife? It's got two blades an' a black handle.*"

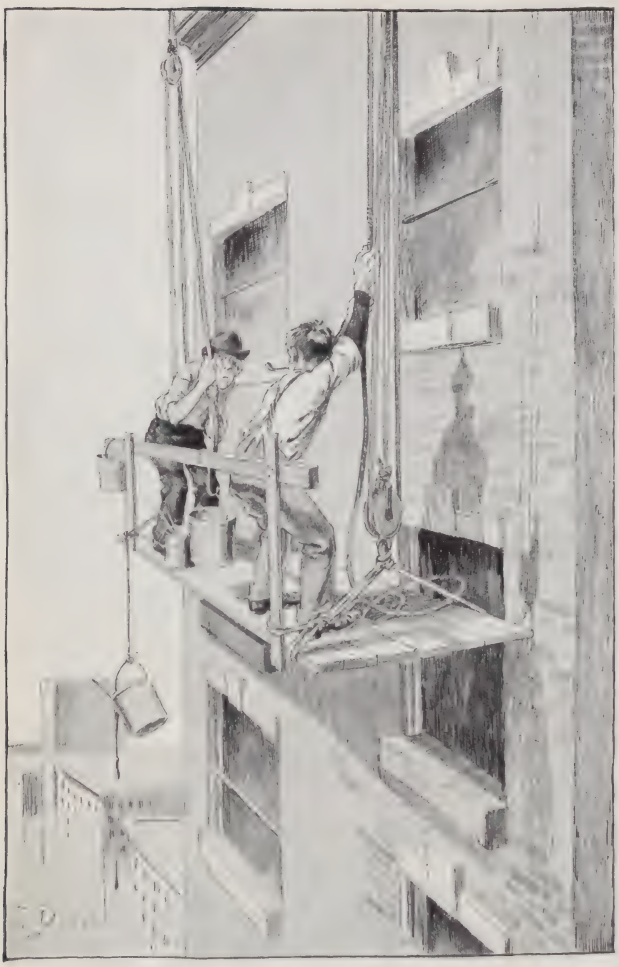
Those Wilful Toys

BY BURGES JOHNSON

MY house is quite full of such curious things.
There are blocks that have feet, there are books that have wings;
And dolls that can walk, and two old Teddy-bears
With legs that can carry them up and down stairs.
And Polly's not sure, and Jimmy can't say
Just how they were made in this curious way.

We stand each book nicely away on the shelf,
But somehow it seems to get down by itself.
And toys that we put every day in their place
All scamper about till they're quite a disgrace.
And Polly can't say, and Jimmy don't know
Just why we should find them wherever we go.

This morning I called, in a voice loud and clear,
So even the toys in the attic could hear,
"If you're all in your places at bedtime, I might
Bring home something good in my pockets to-night."
And Polly don't know, and Jimmy can't say,
But they *think* that the toys are quite sure to obey.



No Overtime

"*Leggo, Mike. There goes the twelve o'clock whistle.*"

Narrow-Minded

THE teachers of a Chicago school in the university quarter, looking out at recess, discovered, to their horror, what seemed a general fight in progress among the children, boys and girls together. When order was restored it was found that one flushed and disheveled faction gathered round the extremely fat little daughter of a university professor, and the other round the small son of a famous pianist.

"Now what does this disgraceful thing mean?" asked a teacher, sternly.

"He slapped Natalie!" shrieked the little girls.

"Did you?" questioned the teacher.

"Yes," said the boy, sturdily, "I did."

"And why did you do such a bad, rude thing?"

"I don't like her," he answered, scornfully; "she's too wide!"

For Housekeepers

MRS. SMITH gave a birthday party for her little daughter, and among the guests was Bessie, aged six. One of the principal dainties of the birthday dinner was creamed chicken served in frilled paper cases.

When Bessie returned home her mother asked numerous questions about the party.

"What did you have to eat, dear?" she asked.

"Why, mother," replied the child, seriously, "they had hash in candle-shades."

A Salesman

THE depression in business caused a local jeweler to discharge his experienced man, replacing him with a high-school graduate—a youth just out of school. He appeared very anxious to learn, and the proprietor at the end of the first week was much pleased with results. One day the merchant was obliged to be away from the store, and upon his return inquired:

"Well, Frank, did you sell anything while I was out?"

"Yes, sir; I sold five plain band rings."

"Fine, my boy!" said the jeweler, enthusiastically. "We'll make an A1 salesman out of you one of these days. You got the regular price for them, of course?"

"Oh yes, sir. The price on the inside was 18c., and the man took all that were left, sir."

Tired of It

ONE Sunday morning the weather was so bad that little Louise's mother would not allow her to attend services. The child was very disconsolate.

"Grandma will read the Bible to you," her mother assured her.

"I don't want to hear the Bible," objected Louise. "I want to say my prayers."

"Well, dear," said the mother, "God will hear your prayers just the same if you say them at home as if you were in church."

"But I don't know any prayers without the prayer-book," said Louise.

"Why, yes, you do!" said the mother. "You know 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"But, mother," remonstrated the little girl, "God has heard that so often."

Where Extremes Meet

"WHAT zone is this we live in? You may answer, James," said the teacher.

"Temperate."

"Now what is meant by a 'temperate zone'?"

"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter and red hot in summer."

Unconvinced

NATALIE was taken to church for the first time when she was four years old. She was greatly excited when the clergyman in his long white robe rose up behind the pulpit.

"Is it God?" she whispered to her mother.

Her mother shook her head; and Natalie whispered again:

"Are you *sure?*"

His Turn

MR. PREW, a widower with a little daughter, married again, and in the course of time raised a new family. One morning the daughter of the first marriage was talking of her relationship to her step brothers and sisters.

"Now," said the little girl, thoughtfully, "if mother was to die, and father married again and had some more children, what relation would they be to me?"

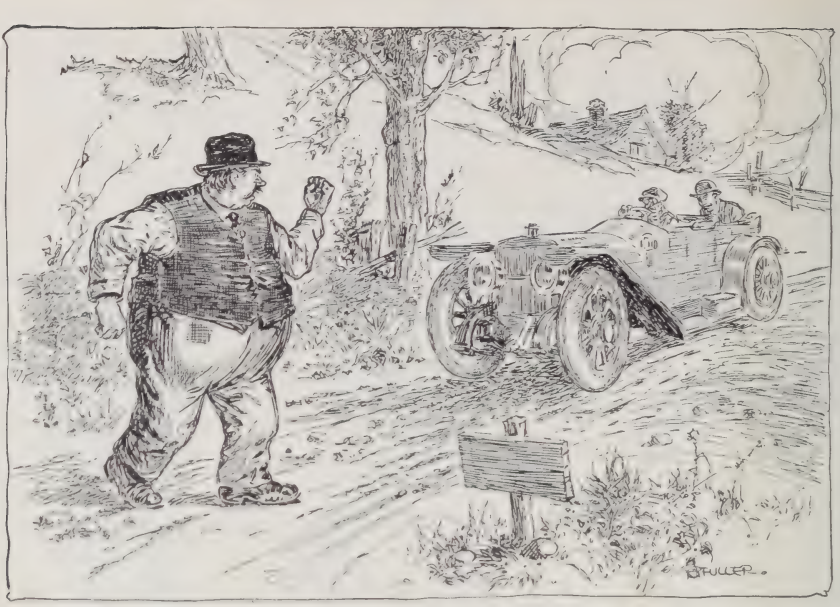
"Oh, pshaw!" cried George, who was devoted to his mother, "it's not mother's turn to die, Maude; it's father's."



OFFICER: "*Wot's the meanin' o' this?*"
EMBARRASSED YOUNG MAN: "*Well, it's like this. I'm taking a course in a correspondence school, and yesterday those confounded sophomores wrote to me and told me to haze myself.*"



"*No, I ain't the captain, nor yet I ain't the first mate. Ye see this here ship's called the 'Merican Beauty. Well—I'm the figgerhead.*"



WATCHMAN: "*No—I tell ye this is a private road, an' if ye drive along here it will be over my prostrate body!*"
OWNER: "*Turn back, James. We've done enough hill-climbing for to-day.*"

The Right Age

BERT WILLIS is a very nervous, fidgety young man. While traveling on a train one day he chanced to be seated next to a woman who held a baby. The infant's face was covered with a thick veil, and every now and then it would utter a sharp cry, which the woman endeavored to suppress. Young Willis watched the proceedings with considerable anxiety for some time, and finally, leaning over toward the woman, asked:

"Has—has that baby any—anything contagious, madam?"

The woman turned and looked at him with an expression in which scorn and pity were blended.

"Well, 'twouldn't be for most folks, but maybe 'twould for you," she replied sharply—"he's teething."



"*I Ain't a Suffragette!*"

He Taught Him

YELLS from the nursery brought the mother, who found the baby gleefully pulling small Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy!" she cried. "What is the matter with the baby?"

"Nothing, muzzer," said Billy, calmly; "only *now* he knows!"



Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "The Waterway to Dixie"

WHERE RAIL AND RIVER MEET—THE BRIDGE AT ST. LOUIS

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John Hay and the Panama Republic

From The UNPUBLISHED LETTERS of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

IN an address on "American Diplomacy," delivered by Secretary Hay at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner, November 19, 1901, he uttered a sentence which went over the country.

"If we are not permitted to boast of what we have done," he said, "we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, *the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule*. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong."

Mr. Hay had already done much to deserve to be called "the Statesman of the Golden Rule," and he was to do still more before he died. The new generation associates with his memory the qualities which justify that noble description. While he still lived, men said, "If John Hay did that, it must be right"; and since his death, they say of a given policy, "If John Hay were alive he would never approve of this."

I come now to the creation of the Republic of Panama—that transaction in his career as Secretary of State about which there has raged the most vehement debate. Opponents have called it "immoral," "piratical," "treacherous." Some supporters have defended it on the ground of international expediency, or on technical legal points; others, while reluctantly admitting the ugly appearances, have consoled themselves with the thought that if John Hay gave it his sanction the affair could not be dishonorable.

Secretary Hay once told a friend that President McKinley would often not send for him once a month on business, but that he saw President Roosevelt every day. That illustrates the difference in initiative between the two Presidents, or at least the ratio of their interest in foreign relations. From the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's accession the State Department felt a new impelling force behind it: the Secretary still conducted the negotiations, but the creation and decision of policy came to rest more and more with the President.

In no case was this so true as in that of the Panama Canal. In the earlier stages Mr. Roosevelt gave directions which Mr. Hay carried out; before the end, however, the President took the business into his own hands; and he has ever since frankly assumed entire responsibility for the achievement.

When the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in December, 1901, left the field open for the United States government to construct, maintain, and control a canal, two parties urged their claims — one, advocating the route through Nicaragua; the other, the short-

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er way through Panama. Each route offered special advantages; each had equally formidable drawbacks. Senator John T. Morgan, the most zealous champion of a canal, preferred the Nicaragua plan, and wished to bind the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to it. The government had appointed a commission of experts, under Admiral John G. Walker, to study all possible routes for a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and this commission reported for Nicaragua. Mr. Hay also at first took that side.



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN OF ALABAMA
Advocate of the Nicaragua Route

Before Congress voted in favor of Nicaragua, however, the advocates of Panama got a hearing. The old De Lesseps Company, after its collapse, had sold its plant, good-will, and excavations to the New Panama Canal Company. No sooner had the Walker Commission reported than the president of the new company, which had previously offered to sell all its interests for one hundred and nine million dollars, cabled from Paris that the company would reduce its price to forty million dollars—the value estimated by the Walker Commission.

On January 8, 1902, the House passed, by an overwhelming majority, the Hepburn bill, which authorized the construction of the Panama Canal; but this measure was fought in the Senate, and only after it had been amended beyond recognition by Senator Spooner was it accepted by the Senate, on June 19th, and by the House a week later. President Roosevelt signed it on June 28, 1902. Briefly, the Spooner bill provided for the purchase by the government of the New Panama Canal Company's rights at forty million dollars; for acquiring at a fair price from the Republic of Colombia a strip of territory six miles broad from Colon to Panama, together with as much additional land as was deemed necessary; and then for proceeding with the work of construction.

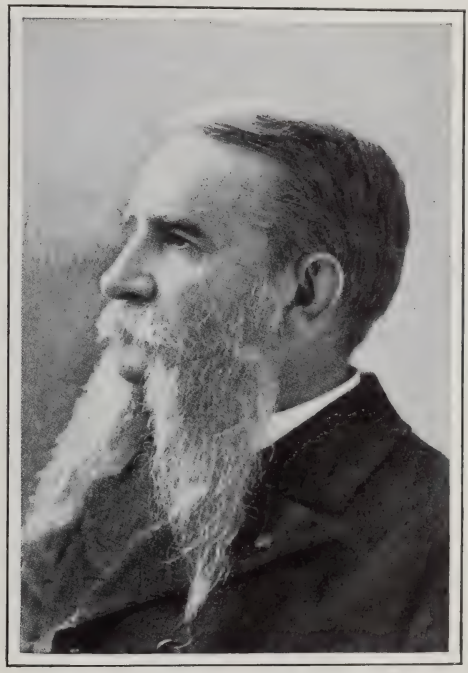
Such was the tangled skein of the Panama Canal affair when diplomacy took it up.

The American government entered into negotiations with the New Company without difficulty, whereas, from the outset, its dealings with Colombia awakened distrust. While Congress was discussing the Spooner bill, Secretary Hay had been busy sounding the Central American republics and Colombia, and he kept Senator Morgan, the zealot of the canal project, informed of each move.

On April 22, 1902, he wrote to him:

> . . . It is true that the Panama people [New Panama Canal Company] have at last made their proposition. I have been trying to induce them to make some changes in it which might render it more acceptable to the Senate and to our people. When it is completed I shall give them a note announcing the readiness of the government of the United States to enter into a convention respecting the canal, when the Congress shall have authorized the President to do so and when the legal officers of the United States shall have been satisfied of the power of the Panama Canal Company to transfer all their rights in the case.
>
> I regret to say that I have not yet been able to get a firm offer from the government of Nicaragua. . . . Let me assure you in strictest confidence that I was unwilling to send in the Panama proposition until I was able also to send in the Nicaragua proposals.

. . . The principal difficulty in the case is this: that both in Colombia and in Nicaragua great ignorance exists as to the attitude of the United States. In both countries it is believed that their route is the only one possible or practicable, and that the Government of the United States in the last resort will accept any terms they choose to demand. The Ministers here of both powers know perfectly well that this is untrue, and they are doing all they can to convince their people at home that no unreasonable proposition will be considered by the Government of the United States; but it is slow work convincing them.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER

Head of the Commission appointed to investigate possible canal routes

The next day Mr. Hay reported a more cheerful outlook:

...I conceive my duty to be to try to ascertain the exact purposes and intentions of both the Governments [Nicaragua and Costa Rica] and, when I have done so, to inform your Committee of the result for your information. . . . I do not consider myself justified in advocating either route, as this matter rests within the discretion of Congress. When Congress has spoken, it will then be the duty of the State Department to make the best arrangement possible for whichever route Congress may decide upon.

I cannot but believe that you are approaching the realization of the great enterprise which has so long occupied your thoughts and your endeavors, and, certainly, when the hour comes, no name in the world can compare with yours in the praise and honor which will belong to it for the accomplishment of this beneficent work, which will be for the benefit of many generations yet unborn. [April 23, 1902.]

But the capacity of the Latin-Americans to postpone seemed limitless. Witness this note to Senator Morgan, dated May 12th:

It is impossible for you, as it would be for any one, to appreciate the exasperating difficulties that have been placed in my way in trying to get a definite proposition from our Central American friends. I have finally sent a note to Mr. Corea [Nicaraguan Minister at Washington], telling him I can wait no longer upon the convenience of his Government; that he must, before Tuesday of this week, let me know what they propose, and that, in case I get no definite proposition from them by that time, I shall submit to Congress the proposition made by the Colombian Government, and also a statement that it has been impossible to get anything definite from the Government of Nicaragua.

In regard to your other question, the President has no desire for any delay by Congress in the consideration of the canal matter. He greatly prefers, as did President McKinley, that the question of the route should be decided by Congress, but, in case it should seem best to the Congress to leave to him the decision of the route which the canal shall take, he will not evade that labor and responsibility.

The significance of the following extract from a letter of May 19th needs no comment:

. . . In our final negotiations we shall insist upon a provision being inserted which will prevent this Government from being mulcted in enormous indemnities for land which has been recently purchased by speculators with that intention.

As soon as the President signed the Spooner bill, Mr. Hay began conferring with General Concha, the Colombian Minister in Washington, and on July 15th he writes Senator Spooner:

I embodied in a draft of the treaty with Colombia all the ideas you set forth in our recent conversations, and think we have got it in very satisfactory shape. General Concha did not think he had authority to accept these amendments to the draft, which we had formerly agreed upon, and has transmitted them to his Government for their approval and acceptance. I do not imagine that we shall get an answer immediately. . . .

Mr. Hay closes his letter with this noteworthy postscript, written in his own hand:

Gen. Morgan says we ought to acquire Panama—the entire state—from Colombia. I told him I would consult, as occasion offered, some of the leading members of the Senate on that subject.

Senator Morgan seems to have already been asking himself, as were other American public men, whether the simplest way to assure the safety of the isthmian canal would not be to annex the Province of Panama. On September 27, 1902, in one of his many urgent notes to Mr. Hay, he sends a copy of a letter just received from a Virginian friend who had spent several years on the isthmus.

In regard to the temper of the Isthmus population [this gentleman writes] looking to annexation to the United States, I think it would be favorable, but Colombia, in every other section, would be likely to be opposed, as the Isthmus is looked upon as a financial cow to be milked for the benefit of the country at large. This difficulty might be overcome by diplomacy and money.

This last sentence contains the kernel from which sprang the violent climax of the canal negotiations. The Province of Panama, once independent, had, in the course of endemic revolutions, been annexed to the United States of Colombia. Its interests were quite distinct from Colombia's, and, since the construction of the railway across the isthmus nearly fifty years before, its revenues had gone mostly into the pockets of statesmen at Bogotá, the Colombian capital, distant a fifteen days' journey from Panama. As soon as the construction of the canal seemed probable, those statesmen saw great profit in it for themselves. The government, virtually despotic, was in the hands of President Marroquin, who had crushed a rebellion of so-called Liberals in 1900.

Making a treaty with such elements was much like putting a lid on an intermittent geyser. Nevertheless, Secretary Hay took up the task with Dr. Tomás Herran, the Colombian *chargé* in Washington, and after many months' deliberation they agreed that the United States should pay Colombia ten million dollars for her consent to purchase the New Panama Company's rights and plant, and for ceding the required territory, and that after nine years Colombia should receive a yearly bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On January 27, 1903, the Hay-Herran Treaty was signed; and on March 17th the Senate ratified it. Then the instrument went to Bogotá for ratification.

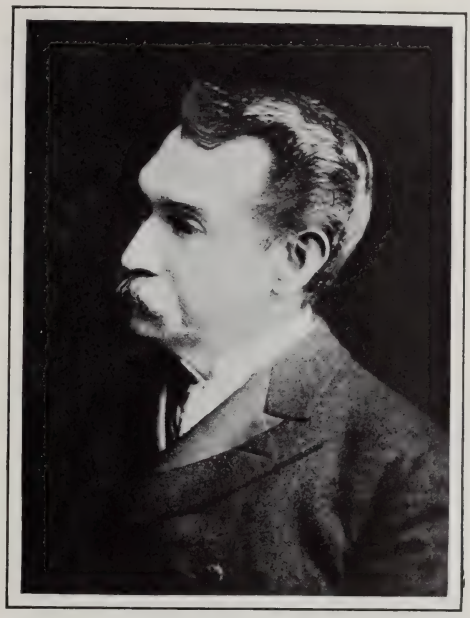
The politicians there at once showed signs of balking. Ten million dollars, followed by the annual subsidy, looked a very small sum to them—why not double or treble it?

On May 14, 1903, Mr. Hay writes Senator Hanna how matters stood:

Walker told me that there was at Colon no accurate source of information, but the air was full of rumors, which it was impossible to verify on the spot. From Bogotá we get occasional very meager despatches from Beaupré [American Minister to Colombia]. He tells us that there is very great opposition based on two or three points—one, the inadequacy of the terms; second, the pretended loss of sovereignty; and third, the talk of demagogues who want to get office by denouncing the encroachments of the Yankees. You know that for some days past there has been a rumor of the resignation of Marroquin and the succession of Reyes. This seems to be untrue. I never have believed it, and should have been greatly surprised if it had been confirmed. On the contrary, the retirement of Fernandez and the entrance into the Cabinet of Mendoza seems clearly to me to indicate that Marroquin has the situation pretty well in hand, and that he would not have called his Congress together in extra session on the 20th of June unless he had pretty positive assurances that he will have his way. Still, you know enough about those countries to know that nothing is certain until it is done.

The Colombian Congress met on June 20th, but the treaty was not even presented to it for discussion. Marroquin and his friends thought that, having committed the United States to accept the Panama route, they could extort any

price they chose—a perfectly legal, but not always wise, attitude for a seller to take. So they declared, unofficially, that the ten millions which Dr. Herran, their accredited envoy, had agreed to would not satisfy them. They planned, therefore, to hold up the treaty until they should get all they could; and instead of attacking the United States directly, they demanded of the New Panama Canal Company ten millions for allowing it to sell its rights to the United States. That company, whose seat was in Paris, was represented by its general counsel, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, of New York. He refused the demand. Colombia also intimated that it expected the United States to raise its payment from ten to fifteen millions. The Colombian dreams of avarice grew as rapidly as Jack's bean-stalk.



DR. TOMÁS HERRAN
Colombian *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington

All this while at Washington Secretary Hay kept impressing upon Dr. Herran that unless the treaty went through unmaimed, and within a "reasonable time," it would be void; and Dr. Herran kept assuring the Secretary that the statesmen at Bogotá would surely ratify it. On July 13th Mr. Hay wrote President Roosevelt:

> I have wired Beaupré to let Colombia understand that their strike for more money would probably be rejected by the Senate and that any amendment of delay would greatly imperil the treaty.

Colombia, however, was too canny to show her hand yet. Four days later the Secretary again wrote the President:

> . . . Had an hour with Herran yesterday [July 16th]. He seems to think there is a fairly good chance of the treaty passing without amendment. He has most earnestly urged that course upon the government, telling them that *any* amendment will imperil the life of the treaty when it returns here.

In July a special committee of the Colombian Senate took up the treaty, and on August 4th reported it so amended as to denature it. The warnings received through Mr. Beaupré and Dr. Herran had no effect. The Colombian Senate, on August 12th, unanimously rejected the treaty; but in order to prevent the United States from losing patience, General Reyes, in behalf of the government, said that it had counted on a speedy reaction in which it would be possible to come to terms. He asked Mr. Beaupré that a fortnight longer be granted to the Colombians. To this request Mr. Hay cabled the reply on August 24th:

> The President will make no engagement on the canal matter, but I regard it as improbable that any definite action will be taken within two weeks.

The Colombians, unable to coerce the New Panama Company into paying the ten million dollars, hit upon a still better plan for realizing their dreams of avarice. According to an early agreement, their concession to the builders of the Panama Canal would expire in 1904; but this limit they afterward extended to October 31, 1910. By asserting now that the first date was the true one, they reckoned that within a year the rights of the New Canal Company would revert to Colombia. This would bring her not a paltry ten or even twenty millions, but forty, besides whatever additional price she

could wring from the next *concessionnaire*. On September 5th the special committee of the Colombian Senate advised that the treaty be rejected; on October 14th another committee reported in favor of regarding 1904 instead of 1910 as the limit of the concession; and on October 31st the Congress adjourned, without voting on either of these bills. Why vote when their acts spoke so plainly?

To a correspondent in San Francisco who inquired subsequently of Mr. Hay as to the action of this Congress, he replied:

> The extravagant propositions you refer to were many times presented in various ways to the Bogotá Congress. None of them were passed upon, and no firm proposition has ever been made by the Government of Colombia to the United States. Their aim was evidently to pursue a dilatory policy until next year, when they would probably have declared the French concession forfeited, and have demanded of us the whole sum agreed upon with the Panama Company. The only officially ascertained fact in the case is that they refused to ratify the treaty they had made with us, and offered nothing in its place. [November 23, 1903.]



GENERAL RAFAEL REYES
Ex-President of Colombia

News that the Colombian Senate had rejected the treaty reached Washington on August 16th. Some persons inferred that the Colombian Congress intended to adjourn after delegating to Marroquin full powers to ratify the treaty; others suspected that the act foreboded a break; others again, familiar with the state of feeling on the isthmus, predicted that the Province of Panama would secede, declare its independence, and offer the canal route to the United States.

Secretary Hay, on his vacation at Newbury, New Hampshire, received frequent epitomes of the state of departmental business from the tireless Mr. Adee in Washington. Some of his brief comments are enlightening. The first refers to a note from Rico, the Colombian Foreign Secretary, when Hay believed the President was not inclined to say anything more to Bogotá:

> I can imagine his reception of Rico's calm proposition to make some new proposal next August. [Sept. 18, 1903.]

Mr. Adee's own witty summary of the situation was:

> It seems to me that the Colombian cow, having kicked over the pail, says: "See here; *if* I should kick over this pail, would you give me 'an extension of time' to see what I will do with another pailful to-morrow?" [Adee to Hay, September 21, 1903.]

By this time the New Canal Company had become thoroughly alarmed. Its officers seem to have counted on a display of dictatorial power in their favor by Marroquin, but now it was clear that he either would not or dared not interfere. From the next extract we infer that the company had carried their grievances to the State Department. Hay writes:

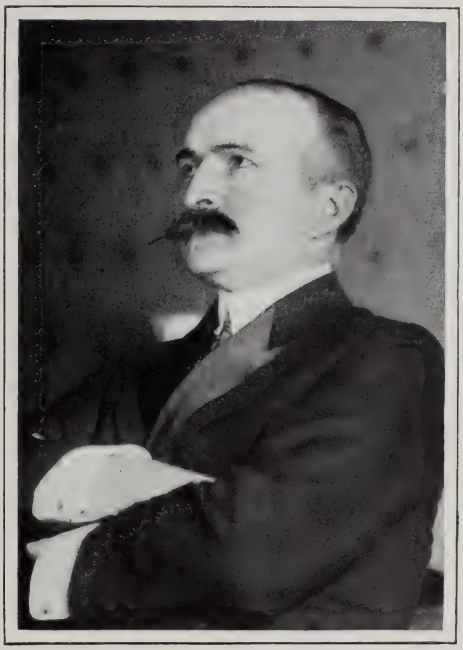
> X must not whimper over the ruin of the treaty through the greed of the Colombians and the disinclination of the Canal Company to satisfy it. If they were willing to be bled, why not say so at the time? It is a thing we could not share in, nor even decently know. [September 21, 1903.]

On September 20th the Secretary remarks:

> As to Colombia, the President has nothing to say at present. They have had their fun—

let them wait the requisite number of days for the consequent symptoms.

Meanwhile, what of the Panamanians? The territory to be ceded was theirs; the persons directly concerned were themselves. Neither love, loyalty, nor self-interest bound them to Colombia. As early as June they showed signs of restlessness, and at the delays of the Colombian Congress they talked more and more openly of independence, which would enable them to make the canal agreement with the United States, to receive the ten million dollars to be paid for the concession, and to enjoy ever after whatever prosperity the canal might bring to the isthmus. Otherwise, the political machine at Bogotá would divide the spoils.



M. PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA
Envoy of the Republic of Panama to the United States

We need not resort to the suspicion that this plot was whispered to the Panamanians by emissaries of either the United States or of the New Canal Company; they were quite competent to devise it themselves. Within the space of two years — between October, 1899, and September, 1901 — they had indulged in four revolutions against the Colombians. But as to a revolution of secession and an offer of annexation to the United States, Mr. Adee, forwarding to Mr. Hay the daily news of the State Department, writes, on August 18th:

> Such a scheme could, of course, have no countenance from us—our policy before the world should stand, like Mrs. Cæsar, above suspicion. Neither could we undertake to recognize and protect Panama as an independent state, like a second Texas. Such a state would have a hard time of it between Colombia on one side and Costa Rica on the other.

To follow scrupulously the terms of the Spooner law, which gave President Roosevelt no authority to accept amendments without the approval of the American Senate, was the feeling of the State Department. "We are very sorry, but really we can't help it if Colombia doesn't want the canal on our terms," summed up this feeling, even after Mr. Hay was assured that the Panamanians intended to secede in case Colombia threw over the treaty.

The Colombians miscalculated in assuming that the United States had fixed irrevocably on the Panama route; for Mr. Roosevelt was authorized, if they did not ratify within a reasonable time, to strike a bargain with Nicaragua. When they realized that he might do this they became panicky, like a speculator who sees his margin-based fortune about to evaporate. It is rumored that they offered to ratify the treaty if the New Canal Company would pay them *sub rosa* eight or even only five of the extra millions they demanded. The company refused, although later it was suspected that it was ready to pay up, if it could be guaranteed that a second demand and a third would not follow. What Colombian could insure against that?

For the New Canal Company, as well as for Colombia, the need of a settlement pressed. The company stood to lose forty millions by Colombia's obstinacy —a loss which Mr. Cromwell did everything to avert. Through his agent, Señor Mancini, he kept in touch with the

politicians at Bogotá; through Mr. Farnham, or by telephone, he communicated with the State Department at Washington; while various trusted emissaries were on the alert at the isthmus. Until Mr. Cromwell prints his memoirs, or the records of the New Canal Company are revealed, we shall not know in detail what went on during that September and October. But there are occasional rifts in the curtain through which we see the Panamanians being encouraged in their desire for freedom. That desire was so far from being secret that in August, when the Colombian government appointed Senator Obaldia Governor of Panama, he bluntly announced that "in case the department found it necessary to revolt to secure the canal he would stand by Panama."



HON. WAYNE MAC VEAGH
Counsel for Colombia in the Canal Negotiations

Things were at this pass when a new character broke his way into the drama —M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a Frenchman who had worked on the isthmus with the old De Lesseps Company. A somewhat picturesque personage was M. Varilla, to whom the earth seemed like a school globe which he, the teacher, made to revolve at his pleasure. He was fired with the mission to see the canal completed by the Panama route. So he hurried from Paris to New York, where he got in touch with Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, a conspirator-patriot from Panama, whom he despatched with funds to the isthmus on October 20th. Varilla himself visited Washington, and on October 9th called on the President, to whom he reported that the only way out in Panama was a revolution. A week later (October 16th) he saw Secretary Hay, and when he repeated his prediction of a revolution, the Secretary replied that American warships had orders to proceed to the isthmus, in case there were a disturbance there. From that time forward M. Varilla imparted to every one the secret that the revolution would come off on November 3d.

Throughout October Mr. Hay seems to have had less and less communication with the isthmus and Bogotá, whereas the activity of President Roosevelt increased. By his orders several ships assembled near the isthmus, and on November 2d the *Nashville*, *Boston*, and *Dixie* were instructed to keep the transit across the isthmus free, and to "prevent landing of any armed force, either government or insurgent, at any point within fifty miles of Panama." Such steps were by no means novel—similar orders had been issued during many previous upheavals, as late as 1901. The revolution "happened" on November 3d—bloodless so far as regarded the combatants, although one Chinaman and one dog were accidentally killed. On November 4th the Republic of Panama was proclaimed; on the 6th the United States recognized it.

A few days later M. Bunau-Varilla returned to Washington as the accredited envoy of the new republic, with full powers to conclude a treaty. In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Secretary Hay describes what happened:

> As for your poor old dad, they are working him nights and Sundays. I have never, I think, been so constantly and actively employed as during the last fortnight. Yesterday morning the negotiations with Panama were far from complete. But by putting on

all steam, getting Root and Knox and Shaw together at lunch, I went over my project line by line, and fought out every section of it; adopted a few good suggestions, hurried back to the Department, set everybody at work drawing up final drafts—sent for Varilla, went over the whole treaty with him, explained all the changes, got his consent, and at seven o'clock signed the momentous document in the little blue drawing-room, out of Abraham Lincoln's inkstand, and with Clarence's pen. Varilla had no seal, so he used one of mine. (Did I ever tell you I sealed the Hay-Herbert treaty with Lord Byron's ring, having nothing else in the house?)

So the great job is concluded—at least this stage of it. I have nothing else; will come up before Thanksgiving. [November 19, 1903.]

When the Colombians realized that they had overreached themselves, they made a desperate effort to propitiate the United States. They sent Gen. Rafael Reyes, their most respected public man and former president, to Washington to beg the government to reconsider. He engaged as his counsel Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh, than whom none was more resourceful or adroit. According to a trustworthy statement, Reyes was authorized to say that Colombia would let bygones be bygones and concede everything for eight million dollars.

On December 4, 1903, Mr. Hay wrote to the President:

Can you receive Reyes to-morrow, Saturday? If so, at what hour? Permit me to observe, the sooner you see him, the sooner we can bid him good-by.

I have a complaint to make of Root. I told him I was going to see Reyes. He replied: "Better look out! Ex-Reyes are dangerous." Do you think that, on my salary, I can afford to bear such things?

Mr. Hay had more than one interview with General Reyes. On December 24, 1903, he reported to the President:

General Reyes called yesterday. Said he was candidate for Presidency of Colombia.

I could give him no positive assurances of what he could accomplish. I left no doubt in his mind, however, that we regarded the establishment of the Republic of Panama as an accomplished fact which we would neither undo ourselves nor permit any outside parties to overthrow; that we had made the treaty with Panama on grounds which we thought right, and to which we still adhere; that the treaty was going to be ratified and carried into effect; but that, these facts being accepted by Colombia, we should then use our utmost influence to bring about a satisfactory state of things between the two republics and ourselves; that, as to negotiating with Colombia without regard to the existence of Panama, it was out of the question.

He then handed me a written memorandum of complaints and grievances, which is the result of Mac Veagh's work for the last fortnight. It is very long, some twenty-two typewritten pages, in Spanish. It attacks and impeaches our action all along the line with considerable energy, but with the usual Spanish courtesy of manner, which, I imagine, shows the hand of the translator more than the author, and ends by asking the submission of all pending questions to The Hague. I at once sent the document to the State Department to be translated, with orders that it be submitted to you as soon as it is written out.

Responsibility for the dynamic climax to this solution of the Colombia-Panama struggle rested entirely with the President, who seems not always to have informed Secretary Hay and the Cabinet officers of his acts. As early as October 10th he wrote confidentially to Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, that, as

there was absolutely not the slightest chance of securing by treaty [from Colombia], the alternatives were to accept the inferior Nicaragua route or to take the Panama territory by force. . . . I cast aside the proposition at this time to foment the secession of Panama. Whatever other governments can do, the United States cannot go into securing, by such underhand means, the cession.

What followed may be conjectured. The New Canal Company had encouraged the malcontents at Panama; then came from Paris the very efficient agent, M. Bunau-Varilla, and laid the train for the explosion. M. Varilla communicated the plan to President Roosevelt, who, though unwilling to occupy the isthmus and drive out the Colombians by American soldiers, arranged that American warships should keep Colombian troops from landing, and so should create the condition through which the revolution must succeed. Reasoning from results to causes, this conjecture does no injustice to any of the parties concerned.

Although Secretary Hay did not take part in the actual revolution, he immediately announced his approval of it, and he never qualified—much less withdrew—this approval. Among his papers I have found no hint that he felt remorse —as has been alleged—for the "crime"; nor can I believe that any regrets secretly preyed upon him and shortened his days.

Two or three of his letters will serve to give his own refutation of certain charges; they ought also to set at rest the legend of his remorse.

On January 11, 1904, he writes to Senator George F. Hoar:

> The President tells me that in a letter to him you refer to a newspaper publication to the effect that, in discussing the subject of the coming revolution in Panama with a Mr. Duque, on his informing me that the revolution was to take place on the 23d of September, I had said to him that that was too early, and it ought to be deferred. I now find the same statement copied from the *Evening Post* in a speech by Senator Morgan in the Senate.
>
> It seems rather humiliating to be obliged to refer to such a story, but, since you mentioned it to the President and since it seems to have made some impression upon your mind, I venture to say to you, confidentially, that I never saw Mr. Duque but once, that I never saw him alone, and that nothing in the remotest degree resembling this printed conversation was ever said by either of us.

A protest by members of the Yale faculty having reached him of the iniquity of the "rape of Panama," he wrote the following letter to Prof. George P. Fisher:

> Your letter of the 19th of January has given me great pleasure. I can even congratulate myself on the unexpected and unaccountable action of some of your colleagues which has procured me so agreeable a letter. I shall take pleasure in bringing it to the notice of the President.
>
> Some of our greatest scholars, in their criticisms of public life, suffer from the defect of arguing from pure reason and taking no account of circumstances. While I agree that no circumstances can ever justify a Government in doing wrong, the question as to whether the Government has acted rightly or wrongly can never be justly judged without the circumstances being considered. I am sure that if the President had acted differently when, the 3d of November, he was confronted by a critical situation which might easily have turned to disaster, the attacks which are now made on him would have been ten times more virulent and more effective. He must have done exactly as he did, or the only alternative would have been an indefinite duration of bloodshed and devastation through the whole extent of the isthmus. It was a time to act and not to theorize, and my judgment at least is clear that he acted rightly. [January 20, 1904.]

Among the stern censors of the "crime" was James C. Carter, then the leader of the American bar. Of his criticisms Mr. Hay wrote to Mr. Root on March 12, 1904:

> How on earth a fair-minded man could prefer that the President should have taken possession of the Isthmus with the mailed hand and built a canal in defiance of the Constitution, the laws and the treaties, rather than the perfectly regular course which the President did follow, passes my comprehension. And that he should persist in this view after reading your speech only adds to the mystery. I have not hitherto spoken to you about that admirable address, I believe, but as a work of art, as a piece of oratory and history, I think it is incomparable, and, as a legal argument, better lawyers than I think it is without a flaw. Carter could not have read it with an open mind and persist in his error. I frankly confess myself unable to add anything to the unanswerable demonstration which you have made of the case.

Not all the critics condemned him. To Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian, he sent this grateful reply:

> I thank you for breaking an occasional lance for us in the headquarters of Mugwumpery. When I think of how many mistakes I have made which have escaped notice, I ought not to be dissatisfied with being lambasted in an occasional case where I have done right. It is hard for me to understand how any one can criticize our action in Panama on the grounds upon which it is ordinarily attacked. The matter came on us with amazing celerity. We had to decide on the instant whether we would take possession of the ends of the railroad and keep the traffic clear, or whether we would stand back and let those gentlemen cut each other's throats for an indefinite time, and destroy whatever remnant of our property and our interests we had there. I had no hesitation as to the proper course to take, and have had no doubt of the propriety of it since. [December 8, 1903.]

Finally, when Mr. Hay negotiated a treaty with the infant Republic of Panama as to the building of the canal, he met with denunciation from an unexpected quarter. Senator Morgan broke loose in violent letters, one of which he addressed to President H. S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

I return herewith General Morgan's letter [Hay replied to Mr. Pritchett]. . . . He is in such a state of mind in regard to the canal that if you should answer everything he said, categorically contradicting him with his own public utterances, it would have no effect on him. As he admits in paragraph 3, page 1, he is as much the author of the present canal treaty as I am. Not only did I embody in it all his amendments to the Herran treaty, but I went further than he has ever done in getting the proper guarantees for jurisdiction over the canal. A year ago he wrote me a series of earnest and impassioned letters, which he afterward embodied in articles in some of the religious periodicals, denouncing the Government of Colombia as the sum of all iniquities, and saying that we were violating every law human and divine in favor of the Government of Colombia against the Liberals of Panama, insisting that it was our bounden duty to aid them in attaining their liberty. How can you argue with a man whose prejudices are so violent and so variable as this? [December 28, 1903.]

Haunted

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

HAVE you a garden where you walk and see
The golden flowers of Spring
Crown the new greenery
With newer blossoming?
A garden all green growth and witchery.

And does the purple evening come for you
Slow star by slow white star,
Trailing its robe of dew
With not a sound to mar
The peace, save bird-calls falling faint and few?

Ah well, I have no garden for my feet
To tread! The walls of stone
Press on the bitter street
Where I drift by, alone,
Dreading the wolf's glare in the eyes I meet.

And yet, have you not sometimes turned your head,
Just bending to a rose,
Thinking you heard the tread
And stir of one who goes
Down old remembered paths—but now is dead?

The Manager of Crystal Sulphur Springs

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

THE array of turnouts awaiting the noon train seemed testifying to the prosperity of Freeport. It was an array calculated to make the transcontinental traveler, looking languidly from his window, stroll out and ask the porter, "What town is this?" Glossy limousines panted in the proud new concrete causeway recently built for the overhead tracks, and the very baggage-wagons somehow suggested a Boosters' Committee a few blocks away.

The jaded pair of bony farm-horses which turned in there a couple of minutes before train-time seemed to know they bore an equipment which would not serve the Boosters' Committee as the "Golden State Limited" went through. They bore what in its brilliant past had been called a closed carriage. Once it had carried the society of the town to weddings and parties; when too scuffed for festivity it had a long time of somberly taking its place in the funeral procession. But that day, too, passed, and then it came to be called a hack, and met trains for a third-rate hotel until it occurred to the management that the hack perhaps kept away more people than it brought, when once more it was deposed, this time to be sold for the office it now filled. It filled that office limpingly, wheezing as the aged wheeze.

The young boy driving it surveyed the backed-up line diffidently. How could he ask any of them to move over and make room for the hack from the Poor-farm? A woman opened the door and peered out, anxiously. "No room here, Johnnie?"

But the driver of the proud new 'bus from the Hotel Freeport hastened to make it plain that he was not one to crowd out the lowly. "Room enough, Mrs. Peters," he called. "Back right in here, John. Them expressmen don't need the earth," he added, with a dark look for menials from a rival hostelry.

"Expectin' some one for the Farm?" he asked, sociably, as the woman alighted.

She nodded, shaking out her skirts and moving as if cramped by long sitting. Then she looked up and said, in the manner of one telling no ordinary thing, "Expectin' some one who never expected to end his days at *that* place. Well, no," she hastened to amend, with a growlingly significant manner, "never expected to end 'em in the poorhouse, is what I mean." Then, "It's Mr. Groves—it's Bert Groves that's coming," she said, looking at him to see if he got all that it meant.

His long, low whistle told that he got some of it, at any rate. "So *that's* what those fellows I heard talking at the hotel last night—" He did not finish it, but said, instead, "Why, my father knew him well!" He repeated it, as if it were one of the important features of the whole thing. "Drove him time and time again. And to that same place that boy 'll be driving him to now." He stood there darkly surveying the new 'bus from the Hotel Freeport, as if contemplating the possible fate of even the driver of that. "Wasn't there nobody to do for him where he went?" he asked, in a tone of incredulity.

She shook her head, but just then a whistle sounded, and, "There she comes!" broke in the 'bus-man, stepping forward quickly, all alert for his own job. But the woman stepped back and stood waiting beside the rusty hack, as if depending upon it to identify her with an institution the Boosters' Committee had not yet reached.

She might not have been so sure it was he—it was about thirty years since she had seen Bert Groves, and he was an old man now—if he had not been straighten-

ing the lapel of his coat as they got off the train. Bert Groves always was one to put up the best front.

She had a few hurried words with the man who had brought him—a kindly man going through, who had consented to act as traveling companion. While they talked, Mr. Groves stood a little apart, uncertainly watching the talking, laughing people getting into the shiny equipments. She wondered if he knew what town it was.

The man who had brought him spoke of that. "Pretty—" He tapped his own head. "Oh, not really gone, you know, but doesn't get things straight. He'll know a thing one minute, and not know it the next. But you needn't worry about him being hard to look after. He's been handed around too much for that." The conductor called, "All aboard!" and, taking a hasty leave of the man who was not going on, he turned back to the train.

The old man stood looking after him, as if not wanting to be left. But he took only a step, then stood there uncertainly.

She touched his arm. "This way for us," she said, kindly, then stood at the door of the sagging old hack, waiting for him to get in. He looked in at the lumpy, leaky upholstery, then stepped back and surveyed a motor-car near by, took an uncertain step toward it. "In here, Mr. Groves," said the wife of the superintendent of the Poor-farm, not unkindly, but firmly.

She saw at once that what the kindly man had said was true. He would not be one to give trouble. He had been "had" too much for that. He moved uneasily on the unfriendly springs, but as if trying to conceal the fact that he was moving. She saw him looking covertly at her. Several times his lips started to move, and then he would not say anything. But at length he asked, in a whisper, as if afraid of what he was doing, "Where am I going now?"

Mrs. Peters claimed she got along in her office, and helped other people get along, by making the best of things. Making the best of things was her great phrase. As she looked into the troubled face of this broken, helpless old man—this *meek* old man—and remembered the Bert Groves she had known, she had—if nothing else—to help herself out of it by answering: "Why, you're going home, Mr. Groves! To the old Groves place," she added, as he looked quite blank. After an instant's hesitation she finished, "To the Springs—to Crystal Sulphur Springs."

It was as if she had flicked something before his eyes; then he moved so restlessly, there was such a strange, excited look in his eyes, that she went on in a matter-of-fact, soothing voice: "See? This is Freeport we're going through now. In a little bit we'll turn down the river road—to the Springs."

He looked from the window, turned and looked at her, then edged a little away from her. He would steal covert glances out at the town, back to her. But he soon closed his eyes as if too tired to bother more about it—as if it had passed.

She sat there wondering just what it had meant to him, wondering how he would "take it" when they turned in at the old place. She was fluttered, more than a little awed, by her own part in so strange a thing. She sat there trying to realize it, telling herself she didn't realize it. "If this can happen," she said to herself, "*anything* can happen!" Riding along with Bert Groves now, her mind went back to the times she had seen him on that very road. The Groves place was the big farm of the neighborhood, and her father a small farmer near by. He worked for the Groveses part of the time. They were not like other farmers, for they were more city folks than country people, having a house in town and only living in the country a part of the year. One of the first things she could remember was watching Bert Groves ride past the house. He had a fine horse and rode down from town a great deal. From her father's farm she could see the Groves place. She was fascinated by their comings and goings. They had a great deal of company down from town; her mother, who would sometimes go over there and work, would report on the gay doings.

Bert Groves was in the real-estate business in town; his brother Edward was a doctor; the father ran the farm. And then one day when they were boring

for oil—oil was suspected in the neighborhood, and Bert Groves, always one to take up with a new thing, always believing in things, insisted that they try for it on the Groves place—they found, not oil, but the "Crystal Sulphur Spring," a strong artesian well of sulphur water. It startled every one to find it there, and, as the town said, it set Bert Groves crazy. What Crystal Sulphur Water did to his imagination made life a different thing for the whole Groves family. Emma Peters—then Emma Haines, a girl of about sixteen—remembered very clearly the talk of those days. There were excited people who believed it was true that Bert Groves was going to make the fortune of the entire neighborhood, and there were plenty of skeptics to scoff at the believers.

The first thing he started was a bottling-works. He was going to ship Crystal Sulphur Water to the farthest bounds of the country. All the thing needed, she remembered him emphatically saying when he stopped at their place one day to get her father to come over and work, was pushing.

So he proceeded to give his time to pushing it. It was said that he spent the whole year's crop in advertising. She remembered her father and another farmer sitting before their kitchen stove and laughing over a pamphlet that told the story of the final discovery of the spring of eternal youth. They said, "The old man 'd better look out."

But the previous stir was as nothing to the excitement there was the day it was told that Bert Groves and his brother, the doctor, were going to turn the Groves place into a kind of hospital, a place for people to come and rest and build up on Crystal Sulphur Water—a sanitarium, they called it. People got together and contributed what they had heard. Why, there was to be a lower *and* upper veranda round the whole house! That had its brief day, but paled before the later knowledge that there would be a *fountain* right in the middle of the house!

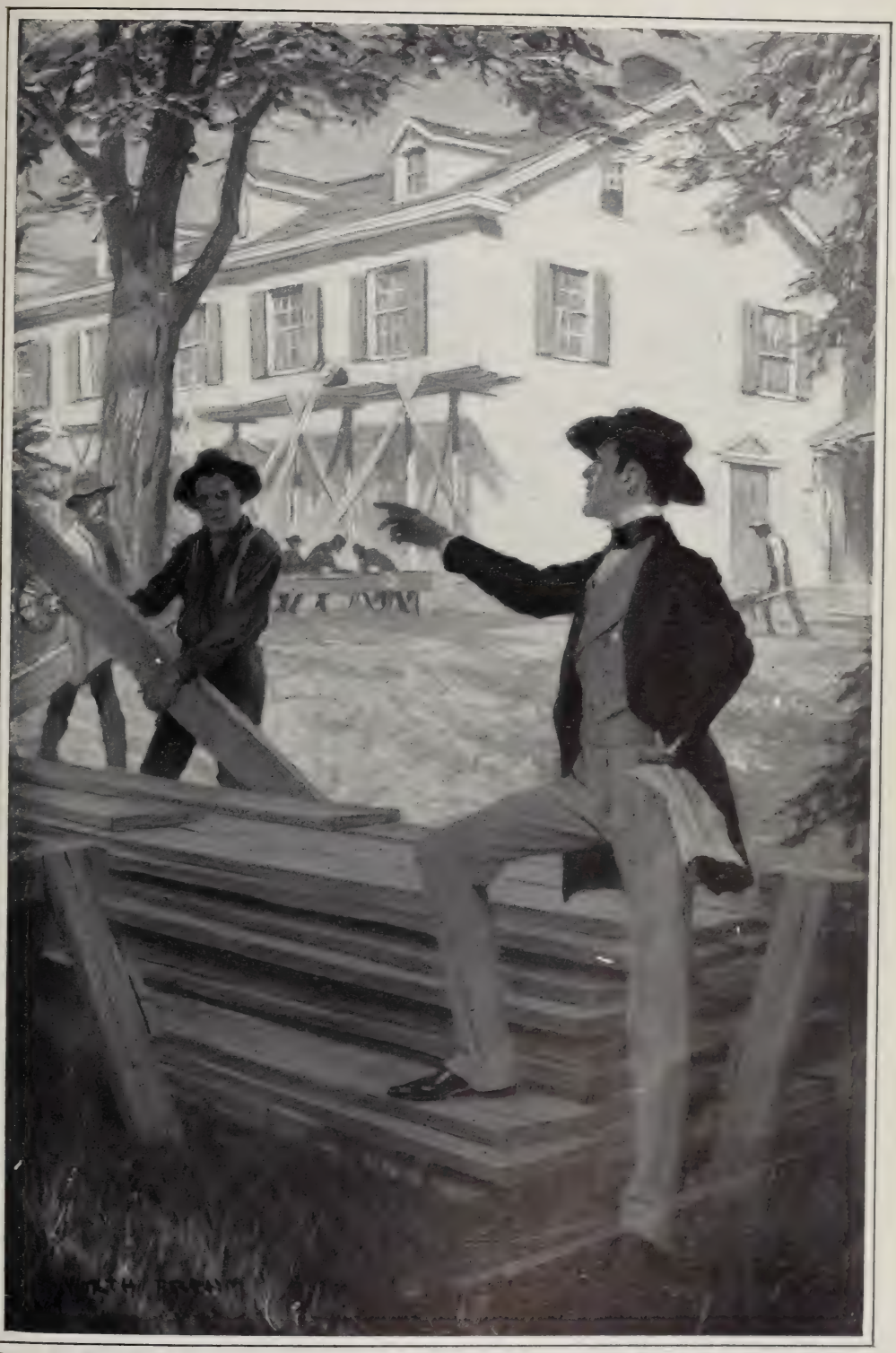
Old man Groves died during the commotion of the remodeling. People said it was just as well; later they declared it was Providence. Bert had talked him over, and he died believing.

The father's death sobered Bert, they said, but he went right ahead like what they called "a house afire." She stole a glance at the old man beside her and tried to realize that this was the man who had kept everybody on the move that summer they made the Groves place into a sanitarium. Her father was working there, so she would be back and forth on errands. She would loiter around all she could, thrilled by the excitement. And everlastingly Bert Groves was telling men a thing could be done when they were saying it couldn't; he was behind every one, making things move, keeping everybody livened up. Her father would come home and say, "That boy may be crazy—but he's a wonder, just the same."

And then the next spring there was a grand opening—all the town people down and dancing—gay carryings-on. And Bert Groves was behind everything that night, too, beaming on everybody, his face shining as he showed people around, a spring in his step, and his voice so glad and sure.

Emma Haines was engaged to work at the Springs as a chambermaid. There were a number of chambermaids, and for the most part they spent their time keeping empty rooms freshened up. "Oh, you'll be busy enough later on," Mr. Groves would call as he passed a group of them loitering in the halls because there was nothing else for them to do. She wondered just how long he kept on thinking that. Most of the people there were friends of the Groveses, but there were a few sick or tired-out people who had read the pamphlets and really came to drink the water. Mr. Groves would beam upon them as they sat round the fountain. "And how are you feeling this morning?" he would ask in a courtly way as they came down to breakfast.

But the house did not fill up, and they let some of the help go, the manager assuring them they'd want them all back a little later. But the beaming look began to fade, his eyes to look pulled together in a worried way; there were times when he spoke sharply to the help, though it took only the arrival of a new patient to make him beam again. "Why, you can't expect the thing to



Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

HE WAS BEHIND EVERY ONE, MAKING THINGS MOVE

start off all in a minute!" she remembered him saying jubilantly one night when two patients arrived after a long period of no arrivals.

They said afterward that the wonder was it lasted as long as it did, that Bert Groves had about hypnotized folks or it couldn't have been done. But there came a day when he could no longer hypnotize anybody into lending more money for Crystal Sulphur Springs. Of course, the place had been mortgaged at the first, money borrowed right along. The crash came. Crystal Sulphur Springs was closed. The Groveses had lost everything.

She was there the last night it was open. After the reduction of help she did various things, and she waited at Mr. Groves's table that night, though, as a matter of fact, it was the only table in the dining-room. But there were two guests at it, and he went on talking to them in that pleasant, courtly way he had with the guests. But when she passed things she noticed how awkward he was about helping himself, and when he laughed it was hard to keep her place by the table—she wanted so to run away.

After that they did not see Bert Groves on the road between town and the farm any more. For a little while he went on with his real-estate business in town, but she heard a man tell her father that deals couldn't be swung without any money to draw on, and that Groves wasn't making a living—that he had lost his snap, anyway. In town one day she passed him on the street. He did not see her, for he was looking straight ahead, his face drawn, driven-looking. She turned and looked after him, and what made her feel the worst was that she could see he was trying to walk in the old way.

He went away from Freeport soon after that; people said they guessed he'd rather be a poor man in some other town. One of the farmers who went to the state capital saw him a couple of years later behind the cigar-stand of a farmer's hotel. He said Bert looked as if he wanted to drop behind the counter when he spoke to him, but he pulled himself together and they had quite a talk. Groves said then that all the thing had needed was pushing; the trouble was they hadn't given him time to push it.

Then they heard nothing about him for a long time. Edward Groves, whose practice had been hurt by the sanitarium craze, died about ten years later. There was no near relative left. Things changed; no one seemed to hear from Bert Groves. The place for a long time was a white elephant on the hands of the creditors. They rented the farm, but who wanted that great building which Bert Groves had believed was going to be crowded with people coming from far and near to drink Crystal Sulphur Water? A woman tried it for summer boarders, but Bert Groves's hopes had been too high; it was on too big a scale. For years it stood there deserted; and so, when with the growth of the town "The Farm" as well as other things needed bigger quarters, the Groves place was eagerly offered for consideration. It was run down; it could be had very cheap. And so at last a use was found for the sanitarium.

And so, too, it came about that Emma Haines went back to work at the old Groves place. She had married Henry Peters, who from working the farm at "The Farm" managed to get the place of superintendent. Twenty-five years elapsed from the time she waited on Bert Groves's table that last night the sanitarium was open until she went there as wife of the superintendent of the Poor-farm. She had seen queer things in what she called "our business," but one day Henry came into the kitchen with a scared sort of look and said:

"Who do you suppose is coming here?" He sat down weakly as he said it, and sat staring at her, his mouth a little open.

"For the land's sake," she had replied, flurried with something she was doing, "how do *I* know who's coming here?"

"Bert Groves is coming here," he told her, and she dropped the cup she was measuring with, and stood staring at him.

He had to tell her all he knew about it before she would believe there was any truth in it, though he didn't know a great deal—just that the commissioners had had a letter from the wife of a cousin

of the Groveses, from Simpson County, in the west of the state. She said she had "had" him for two years and could have him no longer. She was poor herself, and he was getting in his dotage. It wasn't as if she were a blood relation. There was nobody left who was a blood relation who could have him. So the county he came from would have to do for him. Emma Peters and her husband had a very late supper that night; for a long time they could do nothing but sit there gaping at each other.

They had wondered with something akin to bated breath how he would "take it." At first there was no way of telling how he was taking it. Mrs. Peters was not able to "make out" his look when they turned in at the old Groves place, could not make up her mind just what it was made him look frightened in so strange a way. It gave her what she called the creeps to see him staring up at the house he had remodeled thirty years before. And then before they reached the house he stopped looking from the window; when they pulled up at the side-door he was looking straight down at his feet, hands clasped on his stick, so strangely still. She had to say, "Come, Mr. Groves; we're here." And when they went in the house he did not look around at all, but was all the while so still in that queer way. Mrs. Peters told Henry she couldn't make it out; she didn't know whether he *knew*—and *that* was why he was like that—or whether he didn't really know, and yet, in a way, did. "I think it's kind of *working* on him," was the nearest she came to a decision.

The first time she saw him in the dining-room she felt, she said, as if her knees were going to let her drop. It was the same dining-room in which she had waited on him as manager of Crystal Sulphur Springs. Now he sat at a long table with the other men "inmates"; when he looked up he seemed only to look a very little way, all the time so still in that way that made her feel "queer." The men who were not able to work about the farm sat a good deal on the big porch which Bert Groves had designed for the guests of the Springs.

"Out here is a nice place to sit, Mr. Groves," she had cheerily said to him the second day when she found him in a somber place back of the stairs. She took him out to a chair. After that he sat always in that same chair, as if he had been told to sit there. But every time he sat down he edged it a little away. "Too good for the other boarders," she heard Joe Minor laugh in a rough way.

But after the first week or so he began to steal covert, frightened glances around. She would catch him looking at things—looking in a dazed, troubled way. One day she came upon him rubbing his foot in an annoyed way over a broken board in the porch floor; he even began to venture away from the chair where he had seemed to think he had to sit. One day she saw him down in the yard, walking round and round on a little rise of ground. She could not make out what he was doing until it suddenly came to her that on that piece of ground there had once been, in crushed stone, the words, "Crystal Sulphur Springs." She stood and watched him rubbing his foot around on the not-very-well-cared-for grass. The stone had long before been taken up and used on the road running round the house. But some traces of it apparently remained, for she saw him pick up something and stand staring at it. Then he turned and stared up at the house. One big wing of it had been entirely taken away, sold years before to a prosperous farmer; there were other changes, and a general run-downness. It had been fresh-painted the day Bert Groves opened the sanitarium; it was a long way from fresh-painted now. A little while after she had watched him thus staring up at the house, she came upon him in the chair where she had suggested he sit. He was almost crouched there, and looked covertly out of the corner of his eyes when he heard her footsteps. He looked very old and frightened—and something more than that, something she couldn't find words for. She spoke pleasantly to him, and stood there hesitatingly. She wished she could help him; she wished she knew where he *was*, as she thought it, so she would know how to help him.

After that it became a common sight to see him about the place, looking for

things that used to be there. One day she saw him hobbling round and round the chicken-yard. Then it came to her that there used to be a grape-arbor where the chicken-yard was now. The guests of the sanitarium were to have sat out there. And always after those things he would go back to that same chair and sit there very still. In the dining-room she would see him stealing puzzled, troubled looks at the others.

In the large hall before the dining-room there had once been the wonder of half the county—the fountain. Now that hall had been partitioned off for the superintendent's own quarters. One day she came upon Mr. Groves in the straight hall that replaced the big, open place, staring at the partitions. This time he stepped up to her and spoke.

"Where's the fountain?" he asked, in an excited, tremulous voice.

"Why—why, they had to take it out, Mr. Groves," she faltered.

"Nobody had any business to take it out!" he cried, angrily, pounding his stick on the floor. He was trembling and his cheeks were flushed. And then of a sudden his face went colorless; he stumbled, and she thought he was about to fall. She helped him into her own rooms and hastily got a stimulant for him. The man who brought him to Freeport had told her of "attacks," of a very much weakened heart that must at times have immediate stimulant. That was not a strange thing to the people who ran the poorhouse; many of the old people were like that.

He was soon sitting out in his chair again, looking weak and yet somehow different, not *still* in that same queer way. The next day he came up to her as she was out feeding the chickens.

"Things are run down," he began, abruptly, jerking his head toward the house. "That's why we don't get a better class of people."

She was aghast, but it was her policy of making the best of things that made her answer, soothingly, "Why, maybe that's so, Mr. Groves."

"Of course it's so!" he cried, with an energy that, burning there in his frailness, made her want to cry. He hobbled away, muttering, "I'm going to discharge half the people round this place!"

That was the beginning of it—of things that soon caused every one, not only the Farm, but the town, to know that Bert Groves did not know he was an inmate of the poorhouse, but thought he was manager of Crystal Sulphur Springs. There were people who laughed about it and people who were disposed to cry, but every one who heard wanted to hear more. Never had the Poor-farm been so much on the public tongue as in those days of telling the story of how old Mr. Groves believed he was still running the sanitarium. The "inmates" were glad of the new excitement, of the new interest in the place, and it was easy enough to get them to tell the tale of all that went on. Perhaps it was wanting to have a tale to tell which, quite as much as kindness, made them keep up the pretense. Perhaps most of all it was the love of every one for "play-acting" that made them humor the old man in thinking he was still running the place he used to run. There were tales of how some of the number wanted to "tell," kept threatening to tell, and how the others in turn threatened them with what would happen if they did tell. Perhaps, if they had, it would not have mattered as much as they thought, for "The Manager" was, after all, pretty well protected by that almost drawn veil which, for the most part, shut out things as they were. Had Joe Minor really said: "Don't be a fool, or don't expect us to be fools any longer. This is the poorhouse, and you're one of the paupers, like the rest of us—no better, no worse. You ain't running a hotel. Your hotel went busted long ago. You're on the county now"—had he said it, it is probable he would only have troubled the waning mind for a little while, not likely he would have brought it really out into the hard light of facts. Doubtless Mr. Groves would only have gone to Mrs. Peters, as he did when things displeased him, and said: "I tell you we've got to get things in better shape. Then we'll get a better class of people," and she, making the best of things, would have answered: "That's so, Mr. Groves. We must do that as soon as we can get around to it." Something like that would satisfy him, for he never pushed anything very far;

he would forget the next hour what he had proposed the hour before. The very cloudiness, fitfulness, of his mind safeguarded him. Often when the inmates were coming down-stairs in the morning Bert Groves would be there at the foot, bowing and smiling to them, and asking, solicitously, "And how are you feeling this morning?"—and some of them would say, heartily, "Feeling fine, Mr. Groves," with a wink for some one near by, and others would look sheepish, and some would grin, and some would grunt. "Might as well let him think so," was the feeling of most of them, adopting the good-humored attitude of Superintendent Peters. "What harm does it do?"

One day he said to Mrs. Peters: "I think I'll move into my old room. I don't want him"—jerking an elbow toward the old man with whom he shared a room—"in my room any longer."

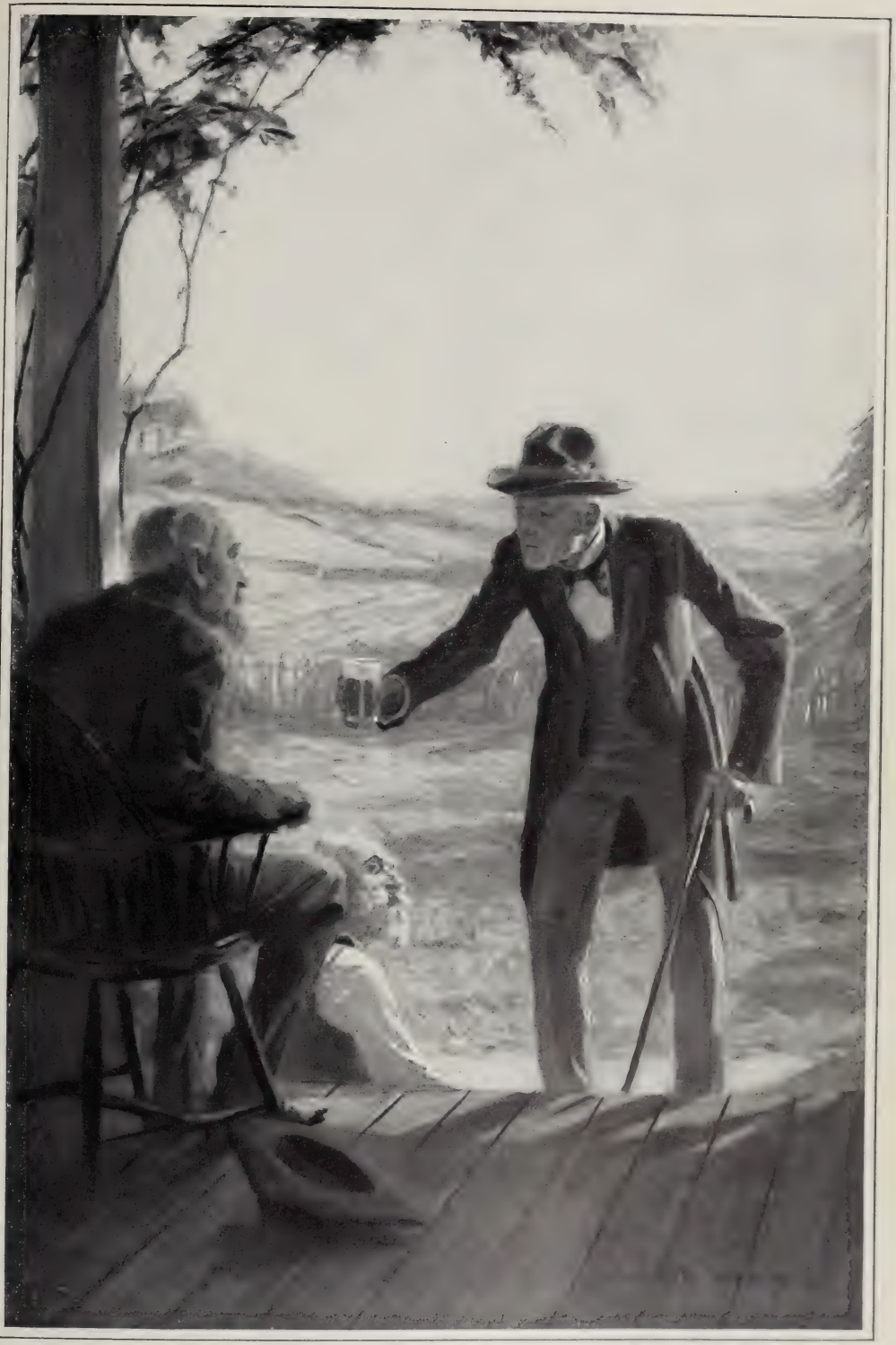
"Well, now, Mr. Groves," she said, "if you could just let it go on that way awhile longer. We really haven't got a room for him—and it wouldn't look well to send one of the patients away, would it?" He was content, going away and sitting down by himself, dozing and ruminating in that thin, fitful shaft of light left to his brain, perhaps getting up to tell a man coming with coal where to put it, not long disturbed if the superintendent told him to put it somewhere else.

The "Crystal Sulphur Water" was still piped to a place outside the house, and every day he could be seen going over to get his drink of it, frequently carrying a glassful to some one else, saying, in a cracked voice, but with something of his old manner, "Don't forget that you're here to drink Crystal Sulphur Water." And the person, as the case happened to be, would reply volubly, leading him on to talk more, or good-humoredly take the water with a thank-you, or snicker, or maybe say, "What you givin' us?"—in which case he would go to Mrs. Peters and talk of ways of getting a better class of people.

It went on that way for two years. People would come down from town to see him. There were a few, a very few, of his old friends left, and a number who as younger people had known him slightly, and he would receive them in a courtly way, tell of improvements he was going to make, show them around the place, ask them to stay to dinner. By this time the inmates, instead of calling the place "The Farm," called it the sanitarium—giving the word various inflections; their little jokes about the good that Crystal Sulphur Water was doing them, and how soon they thought they would be able to get away, enlivened life for them. And all the while the old man—he was over seventy-five now—grew more feeble; the times were increasingly frequent when some one had to run fast for the drops that would persuade his heart to go on beating.

And then the Boosters' Committee, or at least the spirit of boosting, at last struck the Poor-farm. There were more people than Bert Groves who talked about things being run down. Superintendent Peters's easy-going "What harm does it do?" with which he humored Bert Groves in the idea that he was running the place, was his policy, it seemed, about too many other things. It was a time when a great deal was being said about efficiency, and the discovery was made that Hen Peters didn't so much as know the meaning of the word efficiency. And so the upshot of it was that the Peterses were to be succeeded by a man with very efficient-looking red hair—a brisk, shrewd, decisive man. The Peterses would go back to farming.

One sunny afternoon in very late fall Mrs. Peters, after a hard day's work in the house getting things in shape to leave—the new superintendent was to come the following week—walked out across the yard, slowly pushing her feet through fallen leaves. She had come out for what she called a breath, but she walked on over to the far side of the yard—just this side of the pasture-land—and stood looking at some fruit trees that had been set out a little while before. Despite her protestations that she did not mind leaving, that it was a thankless job, and anybody who wanted to be saddled with it was welcome to it, she was making a number of little pilgrimages in these days. And as she sat now on a bench by the new fruit trees which she herself had helped set out, old



Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"DON'T FORGET THAT YOU'RE HERE TO DRINK CRYSTAL SULPHUR WATER"

Mr. Groves came hobbling across the yard and joined her. He was bent, and trembled as he moved; it was strange how, being like that, he could still seem Bert Groves.

"I'm going to have a lot more of these put out," he began in a shrill, quavering voice. "There's no reason why they shouldn't run all up this line." He pointed along where he meant, then sank to a seat and sat there breathing with difficulty, as if he had moved too fast.

"Why, that will be nice, Mr. Groves," she said in her humoring tone.

He fell into the quiescence of age, but after a minute roused to say: "Oh yes —and I've got a lot of other plans. A lot of things I'm going to get right at in the spring."

"That will be nice," she repeated, a little break in her voice, for she wondered how things would be with Mr. Groves by spring.

The new superintendent said he was not going to have any such fooling after *he* took the place. There was to be an end to special privileges; there would be rules and regulations, and people would *keep* them—old man Groves as well as the rest. It was a scandal the way everybody had pampered that old man in thinking he was running the place! It interfered with discipline. First time he gave an order he would be told that he wasn't giving orders there now.

And so Emma Peters sat there, sadly wondering how it would be with Mr. Groves by spring.

She thought of the day she went to the train to meet him. He was more feeble now than then, and yet in those two years of what the incoming superintendent called "tomfoolery" he had in another sense come back to himself. He no longer looked around in that covert, frightened way. Feeble though he was, he would give an order quite briskly. And, as the deposed, too easy-going superintendent would say, "What harm did it do?" when all he cared about was giving the order, forgetting it almost as soon as it was given. But the power to give orders had somehow brought him back to his own. In the two years he had emerged from that meekness that told the story of those years of being "had." And now? Now, at the very last, was the comfort that delusion had given him to be taken from him? Even though the truth did not actually come home to him, it would distress him, spoil the poor little peace in which he rested, send him back to that crushing sense of dependence. What would he think had happened? To whom would he turn? Where, she wondered, sudden tears blinding her, would he think *she* was? It was the thing that made it hardest to go. She wished, for the little time that was left, she could be there to shield him, just to continue to say, "Yes, Mr. Groves." What harm *did* it do? she thought with a rush of resentment against this man with the red hair whom they talked about as being so "efficient"—whatever they meant by that! Why not, as she had always said, just make the best of things?

The old man beside her again broke out in his rumination. "Well," he said, in that quavering voice, and nodding toward the house, "the old place has seen a good deal."

"It has, Mr. Groves, hasn't it?" she agreed.

"Yes—yes, seen a good deal." Then, after a pause, looking at her, "Why, I was born in that house," he said, as if telling it to her for the first time.

She nodded.

"Yes, born right there in that house. My grandfather was living there then—and my father and mother—and Ed." He sat nodding over it.

But again he roused himself. "Yes, and if it hadn't been for *me*—" He nodded wisely, leaving it unfinished. "Why, do you know," and he made a little move as if to nudge her, "my father didn't *want* to make the place into Crystal Sulphur Springs!"

"Now, is that *so?*" she murmured.

"Well, 'tis," he chuckled. "Why, I had to talk—and talk—and talk—" He stretched his legs, as if wearied beyond endurance just to think of how he had had to talk.

Then he sank back, and when once more he roused, it was as if less of him came, as if a little more of him had been claimed. He made a feeble motion as if with the idea of nudging her, and with a chuckle whispered: "And my brother

Ed—*he* wasn't for it first, either. Well, he *wasn't*," he affirmed, noddingly, and sat there feebly chuckling at the joke on Edward.

And she sat there thinking of the whole story: of that house when it used to be the Groves place, the gay doings, Bert Groves riding his fine horse down the river road; thinking of Crystal Sulphur Water, of Bert Groves when he was like "a house afire," of the way he had been able to make people believe in things. Her eyes were misty again, thinking of the strangeness of life, of the hard things people had to meet. There was a wonderful sunset; the color flamed through the bare trees. It was for Emma Haines Peters one of those moments which come to all sensitive human beings of a certain mellowing sense of the whole wonder of life.

When she felt the chill of night and rose to her feet her voice was gentle as she said, "Guess we'd better be gettin' in, Mr. Groves."

He looked up at her, his eyes a little glassy; he started to get up, but fell back to his seat. "The drops!" she said, under her breath, and wheeled as if to run, as if to call to some men raking leaves up near the house. And then she did not run, did not call. She stood there still—stood mute, held.

He was gasping; she knew that his head was sinking to his chest. She had seen it before; she knew what had to be done—what must be done in a hurry. She tried to move, but something in her would not let her move. Before her was a picture—the picture of what would happen the first time Mr. Groves walked into the dining-room and told the new management what to have for supper. And so she stood there with her back to the gasping old man, stood there as if *locked*, looking off at the men—their backs to her—raking leaves up near the house, looking at the wonderful sunset streaming through the bare trees. Even after there was silence—complete silence—behind her, she still stood there, hands clenched, looking at the color flaming through the dark branches. And then at last she moved—found she could move—and her lips moved then, too. "But it's *better*," she breathed, with passion. As if imploring something off there in the color that flooded the old Groves place, she breathed again, "*Wasn't* it better?"

The Cloud

BY SARA TEASDALE

I AM a cloud in the heaven's height,
The stars are lit for my delight,
Tireless and changeful, swift and free,
I cast my shadow on hill and sea—
But why do the pines on the mountain's crest
Call to me always, "Rest, rest"?

I throw my mantle over the moon
And I blind the sun on his throne at noon,
Nothing can tame me, nothing can bind,
I am a child of the heartless wind—
But oh, the pines on the mountain's crest
Whispering always, "Rest, rest."

The Waterway to Dixie

BY W. J. AYLWARD

WHEN in a spirit of tame adventure I started out to make an inland voyage down the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, the first fact that confronted me was that it could not be done; that the traffic on the extreme upper river was of such a fugitive and excursion-like nature that it disappeared absolutely with the first hint of coming autumn.

There was the river in its best season, placidly reflecting the rich color of a glorious September day. There was plenty of water, the channel was clear, but, as a steamboat-man lugubriously remarked, "It takes something more than water to run a steamboat." And, that something being lacking, the boats had stopped. Along the bank they lay with their stacks canvased over against the still far-off winter snows, hauled clear of the ice that would gather later, and ready for their long sleep.

Well might the inhospitable signs on the raised stages have read "Keep off the river," for it was strangely deserted, and as I made my way from point to point in stuffy, overheated trains no human life disturbed its surface for hundreds of miles save an occasional pearl-fisher, a ferry-boat crawling crab-fashion from shore to shore, or perhaps an excursion-barge making its way to winter quarters after a season of "exclusive dances" at fifty cents a head.

It was significant, too, that the tow-boat which had the barge in its charge was a powerful and well-known "raft-boat" whose trade had disappeared with the rest, and the thrilling sight of a million or so logs floating to a destination a thousand miles away "as peacefully as though each log had a propeller and rudder of its own" is one thing more that has become a river tradition.

All down the river it is the same story. Impressive, solid stone warehouses stand by the waterside, empty or given over to small retail trade. In the larger towns of the upper river the old landings have become "levee parks," neatly covered with sod and walks and benches where once were piled many cargoes. And in the pictures is sure to be another feature—a double line of rails, to cross over which you must watch your chance. It may be only a switch-engine shunting an "empty" down to the malt-house; it may be a "world-famous" train of Pullmans that has paused for a moment in its swift flight westward, a white-clad Ethiopian with his little rubber-topped step standing at each entrance and saying, invitingly, "Denvah, sah?" or "Los Angeles this way." Or it may be an interminably long freight rumbling heavily along, loaded with cattle, coal, logs, or lumber, flaunted defiantly before the gaze of the serene river which has hitherto always claimed these things as its own.

Nor are the railroads to blame for thus encroaching on the water-fronts of towns that now would like them elsewhere. Time was when the towns were glad to get them on any terms, and as the roads knew exactly what they wanted they took what was offered them as a matter of course.

It so happened that my first stop on the down-river journey was on the St. Croix, at a typical mill-town of the great lumber industry. Back of the mill, and sending the logs in leisurely fashion to the runway that led to where the saw hummed a droning whine, was a typical lumber-jack whose name was Jim. He was a big fellow, with the easy grace of an animal about him, and he was quite as sure-footed when, as occasion sometimes demanded, he went boldly out on the slimy logs themselves after the next victim for the saw.

His strong, dark face seemed cut in mahogany, his black hair met his shaven neck in a sharply defined half-circle, wide suspenders spanned the heavy checks of a flannel shirt that covered his broad shoulders, and his woolen trousers were tucked into the high, water-soaked "corks" whose soles and heels were a currycomb of spikes. Perhaps it was the contented purr and steady activity of the mill, or perhaps the long separation from his native wilds, that had tamed the savage in him, but, whatever it was, he was far from seeming the semi-wild man his kind is popularly supposed to be. Quietly he chewed and spat in the water as he followed a log and gazed afar over the river where it widens into a lake, at distant Stillwater and the great plume of creamy smoke that hung above the mills there.

George, his partner, was a much older man, lacking snap in his movements, with a sallow face of the beardless type. But he was equally deft in snatching a hopeless cull from the sedgy water, and with a few wonderful strokes of a woodsman's ax reducing it in no time to suitable lengths for the furnace.

"Lumbering hereabouts is about played out," he declared, and it was a patent fact, for they were cutting poor enough stuff that day—"hemlock in by rail from 'bout twenty miles north of 'Yew Claire'—or Eau Claire, as some on 'em calls it."

No longer in great spring drives comes the prime white pine in huge logs by the million; the way a once despised stick of timber is now shaped into broad planks, boards, edgings, lath, and kindling in bundles is a revelation in modern economy and efficiency. Out in the great yard they stood in sorted tiers of fresh-smelling lumber, the garnered harvest of the forest seasoning for the market. Ruth would have hard gleaning after reapers who had gathered into neat piles everything, even to such small stuff as two-foot lengths.

A hoarse whistle announced that it was twelve o'clock, and with many groans and squawks the belts and pulleys subsided. In the abrupt silence that ensued, the men's voices sounded strangely loud in the airy vastness of the interior as they leaped from their stations and each sought a chosen nook, where, with a dinner-pail clasped firmly between his knees, he settled himself comfortably for the pleasant business of the hour.

I left the red mill with its clean, whitewashed walls, bright machinery, the sweet odor of freshly sawn lumber, and the pleasant glimpses of the sparkling river through great yawning doors, and I still carry the picture in my mind's eye, with the men laughing and joking over their generous lunch-pails. Before long, however, the whole must be a silent ruin, picturesque and weather-stained beside a small mountain of stale gray sawdust. And those great black stacks, sending forth voluminous clouds of creamy smoke from wood-fires, red with rust, will crash awkwardly through the rotting roof and frighten the swallows nesting in the vast, echoing interior. The birds will gather in alarm on the cross-beams of abandoned telegraph-poles and discuss excitedly what has come over their old home—the empty shell of a once great industry.

There were five of them until Fred came bounding in, a spry old gray-beard, who announced gaily to the rest that he had run over to see if he couldn't "skeer up a game of seven-up." Presently six stalwart lads, all above seventy, were grouped comfortably in smoke around the stove in the Commercial Hotel in Hudson. And they were discussing old times.

Now when six people discuss old times or anything else in the room in which you are trying to write, and if one is "a trifle deef," the situation has its drawbacks. And so I gave it up, and sat in the glass front with the dozing woodenware salesman to wait for the 'bus.

While watching the gentle breeze toy with the awnings across the street, it was impossible not to hear what went on near by.

"Be you or I the oldest, Sam?" a brown-bearded giant in a Fedora demanded of a comparatively spare white-haired man, the one who was "hard-o'-hearin'."

It seems that Sam was the elder of



Painting by W. J. Aylward

A TIMBER RAFT ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

the two by six weeks, nearly seven. Six weeks in eighty-two years! I have forgotten how long it was since they had come out from York State, but it appeared that things had changed greatly since then. This remark was seconded by the shy one called Tim, a youngster of seventy-one, in a rather dusty derby, whose gray eyes sought the floor as he nervously rubbed the dark growth on his chin, smiled reminiscently, and repeated,

"Aye, things has changed lots since thin!"

The history of St. Croix County having been disposed of, there bellowed forth in a facetious tone:

"Got an automobile yit, Sam?"

It seems that Sam had not—decidedly not—by a somewhat profane long shot! Also it was not the automobiles Sam objected to; it was the folks in 'em that r'iled him. Only that very day one of them had come up behind him, "'thout makin' a sound, and so skeered Mollie she almost climbed a tree—old Mollie, fourteen year old come next June"—a feat which somewhat belied a former statement that "with a hoss you know where you be."

And then the talk drifted to dirigibles and submarines, whose activities the man with the G. A. R. button and enormous mustache would not admit constituted warfare. Not the kind he knew, anyhow, which on one particular occasion was fighting indeed. Taken altogether, it was a rather warm time they had had that day at Cold Harbor, and if somebody "sure did git hell," it was not the Wisconsin Iron Brigade, nor yet the something-or-other Ohio Volunteers.

When the 'bus-driver entered and announced in a bellow that he was about to leave for the 2:15 westward-bound local, big Dan of the dark beard called for the cards and began to shuffle, and the rest made way for the table to be pushed into the circle. And so we left them, a cheerful group of men who had known toil, but who had neither toiled in vain nor so laboriously that they could not enjoy its fruits. There was no trace of the sour, hard-scrabble farmer of stony Eastern fields in that group. They were intelligent men, keenly alive to the moment, interested not only in what went on about them, but far afield as well.

On the jolting drive to the station, through a valley drowsy in the hour just after lunch and musical with the merry shouts of school-children at play and the soft drone of the mill, I thought over what I had seen and heard, and how back of the school, back of the mill, and fire-house, and domed court-house, above the dark, furzy wood where the flag-pole cuts the sky, you can see thirty miles of rolling countryside heavy with Minnesota's famous harvest. And for thirty times thirty in almost every direction you know that the wood-topped hills are checkered with just such fields of shocked wheat in great stacks or in countless rows like soldiers on parade.

And hill after hill will be dotted with those comfortable white farm-houses and great red barns, and cut with roads that climb and wind through a fully settled and thoroughly prosperous section—to me, at least, the greatest of this wide land.

How differently it must have looked to the old fellows playing "seven-up" in the hotel when they first saw it sixty years and more ago! They were not explorers, who, after all, were apt to be missionaries zealous for souls, or traders equally zealous for the red man's skins. Nor were they the frontiersmen, almost as migratory. They were the men who blasted out the stumps, planted the crops, built homes, fenced the fields, and reared families—they were the real pioneers of the great Northwest, the First Settlers.

Quite unexpectedly an opportunity came to pursue my down-stream journey afloat. It so happened that on entering a good-sized town I saw from the car window two steamers on the opposite bank. There was nothing unusual in this, but the smoke was pouring out of the filigreed stacks of one of them. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to fathom such a clue. And so, at a little past one that same afternoon, I made my way down the bank, happily aware that I was about to embark on my first trip in a Mississippi River packet.

A negro roustabout, languidly rolling a cigarette, paused in the operation long enough to remark that the landing was on the other side, meaning the other side of an empty coal-cart with its off wheels in the water. Here a greasy plank led up to the stage, monopolized for the time being by wagons unloading freight in a steady stream of boxes and barrels and crates. With a breathless old lady leading, and a blue barrel of kerosene following, I made my entry upon the lower deck of the *Helen Blair*. There was coal-dust underfoot, the heat of the boilers full in our faces, innumerable darkies racing past with package freight, and yelling "Muscatine," "Nauvoo," or "Keokuk."

But in the cabin, on the deck above, all was as it should be: the long, narrow interior flooded with light from above, and flanked with white state-room doors on which were painted sentimental landscapes and horse-shoes grouped in water-lilies; hunting scenes, and a Landseer dog watching with approving eye children romping about a May-pole. At the far end of the art collection was the "Ladies' Cabin," with carpeted deck and rattan furniture instead of red plush, and above the piano, stretched boldly across the full width of the bulkhead, the name of the ship in gold. Close at hand was the purser's office. He assigned me a room and carried my bag thither.

Here was the rare luxury of space on shipboard, with running water and a commodious bunk, and a screened door opening directly upon the promenade-deck, through which you could watch the shores and shining river reflecting the sunny sky.

The steamer's soft whistle admonished belated ones to hurry; the last piece of freight was being stored under the direction of the mate. The big bell forward tolled the parting, the engine-room bell jangled, and with a gentle, wheezy cough the steamer backed out and we were off.

We had not gone far when the whistle sounded again, and we paused to take on the "Hoosier Girl Company," and some more passengers and freight, including a piano and an aristocratic equine family of three.

The sire came aboard as though he rather fancied a trip on the river, but the mare came up to the point of putting her foot on the stage and balked. Farther she would not go—not she. They coaxed and petted and cajoled to no purpose. Soon she was surrounded by all hands, with the captain in charge. The other horse was brought back to show her how easily it could be done; she was led around and up to it smartly, as though the momentum would carry her past the dread spot. But the stalking horse stalked in vain; the reluctant one would go anywhere else gladly, but put her foot on that stage she would not. Finally, blindfolded and completely surrounded by darkies, they got her aboard, while the little colt came trotting after.

Barring the loss overboard of a keg of beer out of a consignment billed to a dry town in Iowa, nothing further happened, and soon, with whistle blowing and bell tolling, we were again backing out to the accompaniment of ragtime pounded out on the piano down among the freight, where our black-skinned virtuoso puffed joyfully at a pipe while his mates lolled about luxuriously in true African enjoyment.

Through an idyllic landscape we journeyed on, pausing briefly now and then at either bank in the hazy mellow light of a warm September day, which deepened as the afternoon waned, until the setting sun found us headed directly toward it down a path of beaten gold.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" said a pleasant voice from the pilot-house, where a man in shirt-sleeves smoked a cigar and spun the big wheel that kept the steamer in the channel. It did, I had to admit, and just then a blue heron's languid flight gave a Japanese touch to the whole as the bird drifted slowly across the big red disk now about to dip below the horizon.

"Come on up if you like," was an invitation not to be overlooked, and, climbing into the glass house, I met Captain Blair, acting pilot and managing owner of the line, a ruddy, clean-cut man of erect, athletic figure, close-cropped white mustache and hair.

"Taking the place of Brown. Had a good chance for a steady job for the winter if he took it now," he briefly ex-



IN WINTER THE RIVER BECOMES A GREAT PLAYGROUND

plained, and from the vantage of the pilot-house we watched the last of the sunset and caught our first glimpse of the rising moon. Drinking in these splendors, I listened to Captain Blair as he talked of the river that he loved and the people whose world it contained, in the mean time spinning the big wheel this way and that, and calmly smoking a long cigar while he kept the steamer in the way she should go. And then came the hazy night.

I have never had any experience just like that watch I stood with Captain Blair. The sun's parting glow faded and disappeared, while the moon's rich radiance grew and flooded all with a silvery light that crept into the darkened pilot-house and stole across the floor in criss-cross squares. It filtered through woods which we sometimes fairly brushed against, turning them into a sort of elfin-land in which startled feathered creatures settled down to roost after we had swept by. The deep shadows awoke and softly repeated the steamer's gentle cough; the crickets chirped, and the sudden scurrying of a scared animal or the drowsy tinkle of a cow-bell told us we were disturbing slumbers that were not deep.

And then, headed for a light so distant it could scarcely be seen, we made a "crossing" that took us out into an expanse of waters so vast that it seemed like the open sea. Farther on the whistle spoke again—"Nice voice, hasn't she?"—and the steamer drifted down to a spot where a merry party of young folk awaited us and trooped aboard to fill the decks with gay laughter. Again under way, when, with the suddenness of the tap of a drum, the piano struck up, and happy faces tangoed by the windows, making one wish to be eighteen again.

Roughly speaking, the difference between a river and the sea is that if you keep off the latter you are reasonably safe from its dangers. Not so the Mississippi, which at times breaks all restraints, beats down every barrier, and turns a peaceful valley into a watery wilderness for hundreds of miles, over-



THE EMPTY SHELL OF A ONCE GREAT INDUSTRY—AN ABANDONED SAW-MILL

whelming with disaster families who had never been within a score of miles of its banks, and drowning cattle by the thousands.

The record of disaster is appalling, the rage of the stream unbounded, the devastation truly terrible. Millions have been spent to redeem it, to coax it in the way it should go, to keep it in any channel it chose to follow, but in vain. The Federal Government and a dozen states have joined forces to fight it. Every bale of cotton, every piece of land, pays its tax, but the river is as untamed as ever, and when once reared up in anger the swollen giant laughs at wing-dams, undermines rip-rapped banks, brushes aside levees, and wreaks its will over a vast territory and a terror-stricken population.

But it was not of these things we talked when once more back in the pilot-house, with Captain Blair again at the wheel, but of the better side of the river, its people afloat and ashore, and of other days "when steamboating was good." Here was a town site long deserted; there a railroad had tried again and again to cross; yonder island, once a great farm, is now overgrown with willows. On this one right abreast an old hermit lives who— "By George! there he is now! Wait a minute, and you'll hear something."

Some distance ahead there was a lantern, and by it a man dimly seen on the bank. The captain crossed over to the other side of the pilot-house, and with one hand on the wheel, with the other drew back the sliding window and hailed.

"Hello, Jim! What time is it?"

Promptly came the surprising answer, "Go to hell!"

The captain laughed, said "Good-by, Jim," closed the window, and chuckled as he told the story.

It seems that Jim, from raising garden truck and tending a government beacon for a considerable period, and having on his island absolutely no means of spending his accrued wealth, amassed what is vulgarly and expressively called "a roll," and with this in his pocket he

had gone to Burlington in the *Blair* on a Fourth-of-July excursion some years ago. On the return trip he was reticent—glum, in fact—and the captain with considerable effort drew from him the reason. It was the old tale of too much faith in four kings in a game with strangers. And so, minus roll and minus watch, a sadder and wiser Jim was going home.

About midnight we came to a place strangely named East Boston, a wild-looking spot in the woods, with not a vestige of life or human habitation in sight save a man who stretched and yawned before the tiny warehouse with a lantern in his hand, which threw a stagy light up in his face and a grotesque image on the wall against which he stood. There were the usual few pieces of freight coming and going and no passengers. But the captain's watch was up. We said good night, and turned in.

Perhaps it is because of the fresher vision that I prefer morning on the river. But I like to think it is because it then seems to awaken and roll back the shadowy blanket of night and smile in the sun's warm caress. It is then, too, that the heads of the creamy limestone bluffs appear most impressive as they peer from their eerie posts in wooded copse and resume watchful guard over their charge with the caution of masked fortresses.

Through the vast solitude of open spaces, and between densely timbered banks that tower above and darken our tortuous way, past wide and unoccupied areas, and into narrow defiles where the mountainous hills melt down in flowing lines to the placid river, from a perfect wilderness we suddenly emerge upon a bustling city snuggled at the base of a great cliff which hurls impudently back in our faces the four blasts of our whistle, the snort of a switch-engine, and the resounding crash as it sends three "empties" down upon the string of cars by the sheet-iron malt-house. The *Helen Blair* skids on the current as she swings in midstream and gently comes to rest alongside the bank.

But the serenity of the river is undisturbed by the town. All unheeding, it pursues its calm way, reflecting placidly and impartially the majestic headland that turns its flood and the wharf-rat washing his shirt; the switch-engine's great white plume of steam, and the swallow's low, swift flight—all are the same to that great flood moving like fate to a mysterious destiny and carrying with it at exactly the same rate of speed the derelict log and the swirling ring left by the sudden leap of a catfish from its depths.



A LUMBER-JACK

And whether those depths are mysterious in the growing dawn, cooled with the fresh breath of dewy woodland and newly plowed fields, or star-studded in the perfect silence of a quiet night, the ancient stream moves steadily along its chosen way to the sea.

All the powers on earth combined cannot stop it. They might dam it to the top of its towering walls, lead it this way or that—if they can—but in a short time and within a few miles it will have resumed its old ways and be again the wilful mistress of the valley it has ruled eons of ages before man discovered it, and continue to be—as always—the All-Powerful River.

A typical Northern town of the old river days is Prairie du Chien, a place of importance once as the western terminus of a pioneer road which has since grown into a colossus reaching to the Pacific coast. A great future was predicted for it. Men still in active life will tell you of the time when wheat was hauled by wagon-teams for as much as eighty miles across the Iowa prairies, to be transhipped here for a Lake port, and thence to the seaboard and a European market.

This meant a big river traffic up and down, and an immense brick warehouse and elevator, now strangely disproportionate to their surroundings, stand in mute testimony of a prosperity that was fleeting. And the cargo doors, tier upon tier, like the gun-ports of an old three-decker, suggest a picture of smoking steamers, heavy-laden, crowded there and pouring into those yawning portals the rich treasure trove of the opening west. The elevator, cracked and shored up, stands stark and empty, while the warehouse serves as a sort of garret to a great railway system which stores strayed freight there to await a periodical auction.

These buildings, with a hotel equally substantial and proportionately as large, stand apart from the town itself, which lies farther inland. It is a pretty place, proud of its Marquette Park and the monument to the Discoverer who en-



THE QUAINT OLD FARM BUILDINGS OF ST. DONATAS—AN EARLY FRENCH SETTLEMENT



BEYOND THE RIVER LAY THE WEST—AN INCIDENT OF PIONEER DAYS

tered the Mississippi just below here from the Wisconsin. There are the usual squares of business "blocks" on Main Street, flanked by tree-shaded avenues lined with comfortable dwellings, and, like all cities of the valley, it aspires to being "a manufacturing center." Riverward, however, one sees signs of a once great but fleeting prosperity in the size and character of the business houses. For here the buildings are larger and built of brick and stone and iron. Some four stories high and —empty! The drawn shades hanging in shreds but half conceal stores long surrendered to the rats, and on those blue and fly-blown pieces of rotting linen there is something pathetic in the once brave gilt legend, now scarce discernible, "Latest Yankee Notions."

But about the Dousman House, directly opposite the steamer-landing, there still clings some of the glory of days that have flown, and one can easily believe its boast of having at one time been the leading hotel in the Northwest. There is a good deal of quiet dignity in the gray old brick structure with its porticoed front and the early-Victorian glass cupola on the square dormered roof. What gay parties have climbed the bank and ascended those tin-patched stairs with their huge balustrades, now disappearing in dry-rot! What fashion has graced the lobby, vast as a ball-room, whose lofty stuccoed ceiling is now criss-crossed with wires unthought of when the building grew! What political big-wigs and real personages have signed their names at the elaborate walnut desk that flares out of its ample alcove into the great room beneath an arch that spans it with a flourish!

There is still much cheer in the place and a promise of winter comfort in the



A MISSISSIPPI PEARL-FISHER

huge wood-burner that stands in the middle of the floor, a promise of good store in the great fuel-box in the corner, while a broad staircase with flamboyant walnut balustrades touched with dim gilt and sweeping boldly into the room seems to invite you to stay overnight and sleep in a room equipped with walnut washstand, bell-pull, and inside "blinds."

And when the steamer's bell tolls "all aboard," and the passengers are hurriedly picking up their traps in the arched doorway, one gets beyond the darkly silhouetted figures a lunette suggesting other days. At such a time one can easily imagine the grouped figures to be of another generation, when crinoline blocked that capacious entrance, and swaggering beaus swept out with ladies fair, followed by dusky servants with saratogas and portmanteaus on brawny shoulders, *en route* for their Southern home.

As we back away from the old caravansary and swing around to continue our journey, the assembled populace straggles townward in scattered groups down the dim road, the lights on the porch snap out, and, wrapped in the gathering dusk, the old place goes back to its humble rôle of being "The Traveling-Man's Home," perhaps to dream of other days when steamboat time meant a swarm of planters from the rich South, and of happy couples who spent a joyous honeymoon under its hospitable roof, and of delicate hands long cold in death, which have written their names in its rat-gnawed records in the dusty garret.

"Good morning," said I, and "Mornin'" said he, as I ranged alongside in a borrowed skiff and inquired of the pearl-fisher if he were getting any clams. He was of large build, smooth-shaven and ruddy, deep-voiced, and of the age which he himself described as "gittin' along in years." Facing aft in the stern of his power-skiff, he was drifting slowly down-stream. With the lines of a sort

of canvas drogue called a "mule" in his hands he controlled the slow movement of his craft as it dragged over the river-bed a long iron bar, to which were attached the many lines and leads for the clams to foolishly close upon.

"No," he said; "don't expect much this time o' year. Ain't any market, anyhow, on account of this pesky war. Looks as though that Dutch Kaiser 'll get what he's been looking for, don't it? Any news this mornin'?"

But I did not come to discuss world-politics, and steered the conversation to other channels.

"Oh yes, get some good ones sometimes, but they're mostly 'slugs' or 'dog's teeth.' Get a quarter apiece for 'em. Use 'em in this here new-fangled jewelry. But it's the shells we depend on most. Brought twenty dollars a ton regular till the war broke out. They send them to Germany for imitation mother-o'-pearl in inlay work.

"I got a dandy pearl once—was new at the game and lucky. It was as big as a pea, round as a shot, and pure white 'ceptin' on one side, where there was a tinge of pink like you see on the clouds at sunup. It weighed five grains and was considered the best stone ever taken out of the river around here.

"I didn't keep it long—worse luck. There was a Chicago chap up at the hotel who heard about it, and soon as he saw it he offered me five hundred dollars for it. I was green then, as I say, and I let him have it, sayin' I'd leave it to his honesty that it wasn't worth any more. Guess he felt kinder mean about it afterward, as the next time he came he brought me a gold watch. Could afford it, I suppose, on my money."

We were drifting slowly toward a wing-dam and had to shift a bit farther out in the stream, when a launch bore down and, swinging in a sweeping circle, came close, while a pleasant-faced, youngish man sang out, "Hello, Ben!" and aimed a question at me.

It was even as I thought; so, passing him my painter, I got my anchor, climbed aboard, and bade farewell to my new acquaintance, Ben Williams. I hope the god of chance will send him another gem as rare as the one he lost, and a buyer rich as Crœsus and generous as the noonday sun.

Tucked in among the Iowa hills near here, a few miles back of Bellevue, is



WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO HANNIBAL

one of the quaintest settlements in America, called St. Donatas. This little French-Luxembourg farming community, with its clustered row of adjoining stone dwellings facing the road, its tufted, delicate poplars so suggestive of the Seine fringing the fields, its tiny church at the foot and the shrine on top of the little mountain against the sky, seems like a bit of Europe transplanted to a spot where least expected. And it appears to have been there for centuries.

From Burlington I made a flying trip overland to catch the St. Louis packet, giving up a pleasant trip in the little *Keokuk* for a stuffy railroad journey. It was a wild-goose chase.

In course of time I reached Hannibal, and in company with "Tom Allen's Great Shows" entered the boyhood home of Mark Twain, while a full-powered calliope in charge of a muscular operator broke the Sabbath stillness and surrounding atmosphere in modestly announcing our approach.

Almost the only thing interesting about the place is how it could have produced a Mark Twain. The town itself seems to have been surprised, and has named almost everything in sight after him, including a good hotel, which displays in its writing-room a placard reading, "Boys—when have you written Mother?"

Dreaming that the white-clad sage of the Mississippi ran the place and was rapping at the door, I woke to discover that it was a Senegambian to announce that the 3:55 Iron Mountain Express for St. Louis was reported on time and would leave in thirty-five minutes.

I caught it.

Dedication

BY DANA BURNET

A LITTLE while to pass within the throng,
To dream, to toil, to weep, to love, to die—
And then the silence, and the closing Song,
And no more of the riddle that was I!

My Book shall stand upon the quiet shelf
Like some bright banner that the fates have furled.
My dust, that was the symbol of my Self,
Shall scatter to the distance of the world.

Yet who in this brief passing finds despair
Denies the certain God within his breast.
Life has a crown for every man to wear,
Though 'tis a thing of moments at the best.

A thing of moments, scattered preciously
Across the level causeway of the years!
And yet what sudden Light may I not see?
What Vision making glory of my tears?

Mayhap if I sing bravely, true, and well,
My song shall strike God's universal rhyme,
And like the echoes of a sweet, stilled bell
Live in the heart of heaven after Time.

The Show-down

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

HE was thirty-two, pleasant and impressive to look at, and blessed with as much intelligence as is necessary to earn eight or ten thousand a year by selling clever lithographing for a New York corporation. He had transient friends in every city east of St. Louis; he called a number of "merchant princes" by their first names; and in his time he had bought cigars for a full regiment of captains of industry. It follows that he enjoyed an unlimited expense account, and justified it by his welcome habit of bringing home the orders. So, when his sales-manager received an inquiry from the Iroquois Biscuit Company, mentioning half a million six-color catalogues, he naturally selected Kendall to run up the state for a solicitation on the ground; and because the health and humor of good salesmen is almost as tangible an asset as bankable funds, he told him to stop over at Buffalo on the way, and be sure to get a good night's sleep.

Accordingly, Kendall stopped at Buffalo; and when the hotel clerk saw him he ran a pen through a reservation just made by telegraph from the West, and assigned him the best room in the house. The porter who carried the bags took a grin and a dime as cheerfully as a quarter from a stranger; and the head waiter respectfully declined to accept a demand for fried oysters, and told why. He said that they weren't exactly up to Mr. Kendall's standard, and suggested a steak. Later the billiard-room marker greeted Kendall with great cordiality, rang the bell himself, and even as the victor in a little session at three-cushions refused to allow his friend to sign the check. This wasn't simply because it was Buffalo. The same procedure would apply anywhere on the main line, proving that Kendall was a good salesman.

Having finished his billiards, Kendall went out to the *café*, where he found a young man, in the correct dress for young men, discoursing fluently upon the futility of human endeavor. And as Kendall seated himself at a small table and prepared to profit from the free lecture, the young man paused, hesitated, and then came smilingly over to him, holding out his hand.

"Hello!" he said. "*Hel*-lo! I'm Bobby Huntington. Who are you?"

Kendall laughed. He, too, he remembered, had once been young and irresponsible.

"I'm only a spectator," he admitted, "and an admirer of logic."

Within the quarter-hour they were friends; or at least Huntington was. Beginning with a summary of the deficiencies in his education, he passed on to the nature of society in the small town, to the essentials of heroism, and to the qualities which, if he were ever married, he should require in his wife. If he should sometime condescend to marry one of the sex, he should choose a rather plump one, fond of dancing and light wines, and not a suffragist. There was no chance of his marrying the wrong girl; . . . he was invariably most diplomatic in his correspondence. And that reminded him—wasn't Mr. Kendall going to New York? To-morrow night? Excellent! Would he be kind enough to mail a letter in New York? Many thanks, and no hurry at all.

They were friends, or at least Huntington was, for another quarter-hour before Kendall could escape him; and the opportunity came with the arrival of a big, boyish, clean-skinned man in frequently-worn cheviot. At sight of this man Mr. Huntington leaped from his chair and advanced.

"Take him; he's yours," said Kendall, generously. "He's doing thirty minutes of refined monologue, and the second show is about to commence."

Mr. Huntington turned to the newcomer. "I was bored!" he said. "I was *bored*, . . . and I talked to him, and now he thinks— Oh, what do *I* care what he thinks! *You* sit down and talk to me!"

On his way up-stairs Kendall dropped into the billiard-room to ask the marker what manner of kindergarten the hotel had adopted as a side-line.

"Huntington? He's a rare bird, isn't he?"

"He isn't the best advertisement in the world, Pa."

"Oh, he doesn't have a room here," said the marker, contemptuously. "He just comes in to use the stationery. I'd shoot you another game if I wasn't so busy—"

"That's all right, Pa. Happen to know when the Iroquois trains run? The clerk says they've shifted the schedule."

"Somebody asked me that once before to-night. It changed yesterday."

"Nobody from Continental Litho, was it?"

"No, I don't recollect who it was, . . . but the first train is six-forty-seven—gets there about noon. And the next is eight-forty. Here's a folder."

"Fine!" said Kendall, appreciatively. "Get up for a six-forty-seven? I'll be ashamed to look my watch in the face! Well, there's one consolation, Pa. . . . I'll sell ten thousand dollars' worth of printing to-morrow, if I ever get there."

"In Iroquois? Go on!"

"Bet you the cigars."

The marker shook his head.

"Gosh!" he said. "I didn't know there was that much money in the whole town. Hello! Here's the Duke again! Maybe you can get a game with him."

Young Mr. Huntington, cherubic but dim of eye, was leaning comfortably against the frame of the nearest door.

"Sorry," he alleged. "I can't afford it."

"Oh, come on. We'll play for the check and the smokes."

"Sorry. The only indoor sport I can stand to-night is conversation."

"Then," said Kendall, "you'll *have* to shoot me a game, Pa."

They played until midnight; so that it wasn't until he was in his room that Kendall read the folder thoroughly. Iroquois, he found, was a hundred and twenty miles distant, and the schedule called for five hours each way.

"That," said Kendall to himself, as he instructed the office to call him in season for the eight-forty, "is what we call service plus!"

So he got out the dummy and estimate he had brought along, and raised the price five per cent.

> The time given herein [stated the folder] shows when trains may be expected to arrive and depart, but it is not guaranteed, nor does this company assume any responsibility therefor.

Kendall called the attention of the conductor to this paragraph.

"What I want to know," he said, "is, if anybody expects this train to arrive anywhere? It seems to spend all its time departing. Of course I know the tracks are slippery when it rains, but—"

"We're pulling in now," apologized the conductor. "We're only an hour late."

"Pulling in where?"

"Iroquois."

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Kendall, staring at the dripping landscape. "I thought it was Venice. What's the best hotel?"

"The best? I should say the Union House."

Kendall went to the Union House in the hack. He found it a structure built when the guests liked to look at engravings of Niagara Falls, and considered white marble a very tasty material for the surface portions of ordinary furniture. But there was a dining-room, and a special dispensation for cash customers even at three in the afternoon; and there was a waitress wearing a coiffure which would have been fashionable on Fifth Avenue—in 1906; and there was roast-beef and Irish stew and ham and eggs (choice of one). Afterward Kendall telephoned to the biscuit company, and learned that the president would see him immediately.

The rain had stopped; the sun was trying to shine; and Kendall needed exercise. The clerk said it was about a mile. Ten minutes later a passer-by opined that it was about a mile. "But now," he said, grimly, to himself, as he



DAZEDLY HE SAT DOWN, AND THE PRESIDENT SMILED UNDERSTANDINGLY

lifted his feet out of the water to put them down in the mud, "I'm going to *sell* these people." And mentally he increased his prices by five per cent.

He was little heartened by his impression of the Iroquois Biscuit Company. It wasn't a factory; it was more like a ruin—a vast, shambling building, fifty yards from the road and ten feet above it, surrounded by unkempt trees, and set off by the terraced and weed-grown conceptions of an inefficient landscape surgeon. The entrance was by way of a narrow, jig-saw stoop, with galvanized iron crenelations along the ridge; and twin lions of terra-cotta panted amiably at each other from the foot of the steps. Behind, a swale of a thousand acres lay steaming peaceably; and a spur track with a lonely freight-car on it came creeping out of the marshes to take the company by surprise in the rear.

Inside, the building was cold and depressing. There was a sort of lobby, thrust like a poor relation into the coldest and dimmest corner, and here, at an ancient desk, Kendall perceived a small girl chewing gum and checking invoices. She took his message, and giggled, and departed, leaving him to gather what inspiration he could from the clatter of typewriters and of sharp voices floating over the ceiled partitions; and from the dull rumbling of machines overhead.

Incontinently, he sneezed. "*Now*," he said to himself, "I've got a cold!"

The small girl reappeared.

"Go right up-stairs," she said. "First door to the right. Walk right in." And she giggled intelligently.

Kendall went up a bare, disconsolate chute, rapped at a door with his knuckles, and turned the knob. Before him a tiny office sprang into perspective: a most

unbusiness-like little office, with a rag rug on the floor, dimity curtains at the windows, and a chintz-covered sofa between them; geraniums in red pots along the sill; a mahogany flat-top desk with nothing on it, not even dust; and to one side a little mahogany table, at which sat a woman of perhaps forty, knitting.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was looking for the president—"

"I'm the president," said the woman, smiling. "Won't you sit down?" Her tone was rather more hospitable than executive; and, too, she kept on knitting. She made Kendall feel both intrusive and lazy. And she was a wonderfully sweet-faced woman.

Dazedly he sat down, and the president smiled understandingly.

"A good many people are astonished," she said. "But I've been here for two years now. Ever since Dr. Roberts died." She understood the expression he was wearing, and smiled again. "People are astonished at my office, too. . . . But why, when I spend two-thirds of my waking hours here, should it be any less livable than a room in my own house?"

"It's very charming," he murmured. "And . . . are you the manager of the company — " he hesitated. "Is it Mrs. Roberts?"

She inclined her head, graciously. "Mrs. Roberts. Yes, I'm the titular head, . . . and I supervise nearly everything. Of course I have competent assistants and department heads—I don't pretend to be omniscient—"

"Would you naturally talk about printing?"

"Not naturally," said the president with a wry little smile. "It's a developed taste. And the absolutely final word I always leave to my treasurer, Mr. Gaylord; but I'm interested."

"I came up here," he told her, "on account of an inquiry sent to my firm. It mentioned a very large number of catalogues in several colors, and so I came prepared to plan with you, and show you what we can do, and agree on prices, and . . . in the first place, I want to be constructive. I want our service department to work for you. I want not simply to manufacture a lot of booklets, but to be an actual link in your campaign. And so before we go very deeply into the mechanical part of it I'd like to know what the catalogues are *for*. Who's to get them, and under what circumstances? Are they sent broadcast, or only to those who ask for them? Are they included in packages of your goods, or mailed? What effect do you want to produce? What—"

"Why, I want them to help sell our biscuit for us!" said the president, surprisedly. "You see, we've never advertised. We're going to advertise very soon, and then, when people are kind enough to write to us for catalogues, we must have something attractive to send them."

"Attractive," he agreed, "but consistent. It all depends on the effect you're aiming at. It might be the best plan for you to let me know the exact nature of your campaign. It's just possible that I might be able to make a new suggestion or two. For instance, these booklets are to be sent to prospective customers—consumers, I take it, and not dealers. Well, what sort of people are they likely to be? That is, will their names come from country newspaper advertising or from literary magazines?"

The president regarded him earnestly.

"I don't see what difference that makes," she puzzled. "Biscuit are biscuit—eaters are eaters. We've made an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for advertising, and now we must have some good printed matter." Across the swales a train whistled mournfully. Through the window Kendall could see it picking its way through the miasmatic swamps; and he saw, too, a handkerchief fluttering from a car platform. The president raised the window a foot, and allowed her own handkerchief to snap crisply in the freshening breeze. "I always wave to them," she said, apologetically. "Don't you?"

"Usually," he said. "Here, let me put that down for you. I was just going to ask if you have an advertising agent."

"No," said the president, putting her knitting away in a drawer of the table. "I don't see the advantage in having one, Mr. Kendall, because I use my own judgment. You see, I won't let any one

share the responsibility of this business with me. If it's to fail—"

"Fail!" he echoed. "Why, that isn't the way to talk—"

"Let me explain—then you can judge how important this campaign is. The recipe for our crackers was invented by Dr. Roberts, primarily for a patient of his; then he decided to put them on the market. He built this plant; he financed it himself. It was a one-man enterprise. He didn't want to involve anybody else. And it was never successful, . . . although sometimes it paid expenses. The doctor was hampered by lack of capital, and then by credit, . . . and finally, just when it seemed as though the road were clear, he died, . . . and I'm trying to realize his dream for him—a national product made in Iroquois. I said he was hampered by lack of capital. . . . I had some money which he wouldn't touch, and I put that in. We've doubled our sales, but the overhead is greater. And competition is keen, you know. So we're trying out this advertising as very nearly the last resort; and obviously the catalogues, the circulars, the advertisements themselves, will have to be very convincing. If we make any arrangement with you, it will have to be for the best possible work, Mr. Kendall, . . . and at the very lowest price." She paused, and caught her breath. "I'll put the last atom of my energy into this business," she said, "and, if it's necessary, my last cent, but for the doctor's sake, if for nothing else, it must *go*."

"You've taken a big contract, Mrs. Roberts."

"You mean for a woman, don't you? It wouldn't seem very big for a man."

"Do you really mean that this one splurge in advertising is your final word, Mrs. Roberts?"

She smiled ruefully.

"Last year," she told him, "we came out exactly even. This year we're falling off. The money we'll spend for advertising is my own money—it's all there is. But I'm absolutely confident! I'm confident in our biscuit, and I'm confident in my advisers. And I'm confident in good printing. Unfortunately, I don't know much about it. So for the details you'll have to see Mr. Gaylord, our treasurer. I trust him implicitly. It would simply be a waste of time for you to show me your samples—and Mr. Gaylord is in New York. He'll be back to-morrow, if you can wait."

"In New York?"

"Yes. He went down to superintend the opening of our New York office. My nephew will be in charge of it. I'm very fortunate in having two men to depend on in these emergencies."

"And he'll be back to-morrow?"

"Quite early. I hope it's worth your while to stay."

To himself he said that he intended to get this order if it took a month; to the president he intimated that his time was as nothing. And so, after a few more sentences, he accepted her eager invitation to inspect the factory.

When he left it, he was troubled; and his perplexity wasn't quieted by the fact that a fine mist, singularly dank and penetrating, was beginning to creep in from the marshes. On his walk to the Union House he reflected that rarely had he seen such a splendid woman so enthusiastic over so unpromising a situation. He decided that she must have money; and that it was none of his concern how she spent it.

"Well," he said to the hotel clerk, "I've got to stay with you. What is there to do in this town? I don't mean when it's normal and lively—I mean when it's raining."

"Not much," conceded the clerk, fingering his scarf-pin, which, if genuine, would have been worth three Union Houses. "There's not much doing this time of year.

"Any old thing. Moving pictures?"

"Yes; but they only run on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday."

"Where's the news-stand?" he demanded, brusquely.

"Three blocks north."

"For the love of Mike!" exploded Kendall. "I can't go out in this rain again. It's a regular cloud-burst. You can send a boy, can't you?"

"He's sick," said the clerk, shooting his cuffs. "I'd go myself, but I can't."

"Well, you can call a hack, or a truck, or something, can't you?"

The clerk wound up the local telephone, and spoke languidly:

"Hello, Aggie! . . . Yes, dear. . . . You're feeling fine to-day; how d'you look? . . . Any news? . . . No? . . . Oh, I'm able to sit up for a little nourishment. . . . Yes, one feller from town. . . . Guess he likes our cooking; he's going to stay. . . . Say, call up the stable, will you? I want a rig. . . . *Sure*, I want a covered rig! What d'you think he is, a trout? . . . A' right, Aggie. . . . A' right. . . . Goo'-by!"

He hung up the receiver, grinned victoriously, and said, "Forty minutes."

But the livery also failed to guarantee its schedule. It was an hour before Kendall buttoned his coat, turned up his collar, and fled through the downpour from the curtained surrey to the haven of the leading—and only—stationer in Iroquois. The stationer was both sympathetic and second-sighted.

"You don't want no light fiction," he declared. "Oh, I c'n tell all right. I c'n tell by your looks. I c'n tell anybody's looks. Half the time I c'n tell what folks want when *they* don't know. Now you like heavy stuff. . . . Lamb's Essays from Shakespeare . . . Here's a book you'd like. It's on the power of the will!" He selected a volume from the shelf of plugs, and spun it across the counter. "You're a drummer," he said. "You need this. Listen! What makes the lion cringe before the trainer? What makes the criminal dodge the cop?"

"An automatic seven-shooter—"

"*No!* The power of the will! This book teaches you how to be master of yourself—how to get a resistless will—how to concentrate—how to throw off troubles like a duck throws water off its back—how to bend men to your purpose—how to remember everything and anything. The price—" He examined *CVX* on the inside cover. "Two-fifty, net. Seeing 's it's you, I'll say two dollars, net. Wrap it up with the magazines?"

"Hello!" said Kendall. "Here's a chapter on salesmanship! Ever read this yourself? Or are you an eclectic?"

"I'm a Progressive," said the stationer, cautiously, "and a Methodist, and an Elk."

"It's funny," pondered Kendall, "but I've been selling things all my life, and I never read how to do it. If I buy this, you'll guarantee it, of course?"

"Er . . . how's that?"

"You'll stand back of the warranty?"

"I act only as agent," said the stationer, quickly. "But—well, seeing 's it's you, I'll say yes. If you don't get your money's worth out of it, bring it back. Anyway, you'll find it deep—and that's what you asked for."

Kendall bought it; bought clean linen at the best—and only—haberdasher's; said "Home, James!" to the ruminating youth who drove the surrey; added, on perceiving the charioteer's blank uncertainty, "Let go their heads!" and went back to the Union House, where he registered, bargained for a room, and weighed its disadvantages against those of the lobby. There was a fireplace in the lobby. Kendall risked all on a single cast, and mentioned a fire.

The clerk, according to his ability, was generous. He caused hickory to be brought, and kindled a cheerful blaze.

"There!" he said. "I been cold all day. Why didn't I think of that before!"

Yes, the clerk was generous. He went away, and left Kendall with the two magazines and the book and the fire.

The magazines were beneath contempt; for although they were literary, they were badly printed, and it hurt Kendall to look at them. So eventually he came to the book; and as he surveyed its smooth sides he wondered dumbly why he had bought it.

At any rate, he tempted the *sortes Vergilianæ*. He allowed the volume to open where it listed, and a maxim to seep slowly into his innocent conscience.

Carry always with you a strong sense of resolution.

"It's a chestnut!" said Kendall, disgustedly. "I *know* I'll sell these people! What's next?"

Remember with whom you come in contact. Consider no one as your superior.

"Well," said Kendall, reminiscently, "I don't exactly hate myself, anyway!" He tried a third time.

Gaze steadily at an object eight or ten feet away. Count fifty. Keep the mind wholly on the thought. Put back of it the mood of a strong will. I will! I am forcing will into the eye!

Kendall laughed immoderately. He

put the book down and yawned. He picked it up again, and re-read the instructions. He read further:

The soul in the eye is power to man. Practise!!!

Out of sheer ennui, he practised. He focused on a door-knob, and exerted his resistless will to the utmost.

"Bring me a criminal and a half-portion of lions!" he requested of an imaginary servitor.

He reduced the door-knob to pitiable subjection; and then he quailed the bellows, and waited for the andirons to cringe.

"If this," he said to himself, "is an element of salesmanship, I'd better go home and save money!"

At this juncture the door opened and a man in an expensive raincoat came in. He was a big, healthy, clean-skinned man with twinkling gray eyes—gray eyes which covered Kendall and the fire and the psychology in one volley.

"Well," said the big man, shedding his soaked raincoat to the nearest marble-top and dropping his hat on it, "this is the best-looking place I've seen to-day!" He approached the fire, rubbing his hands. "Is this a private conflagration, or is it an open game?"

"Free to the public on Tuesdays," welcomed Kendall. "Unless I'm mistaken, I saw you in Buffalo last night. Didn't I?"

The man shook his head imperturbably. "I hardly think so."

"No? Weren't you the man—"

"Not in Buffalo," he denied.

Kendall rubbed his eyes. Then he shrugged his shoulders.



"IF I DIDN'T THROW THE ORDER TO YOU, YOU WOULDN'T MAKE A CENT, WOULD YOU?"

"Oh, very well. Sit in and smoke a cigar, anyway."

"If you don't mind," demurred the stranger, "I'll give *you* one—I notice you're working on a Union Special."

"Typographical error; should have been Onion," said Kendall. "Thank you."

The big man straddled a splint-bottomed chair close to the fireplace, and took Kendall's psychological treatise from the floor.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you find this? I thought I was the only man in the world who ever read it."

"I got it at a shop up the line."

"So? You'll enjoy it!" He puffed contentedly. "We need more philosophy, . . . especially ethics. Mighty few of us have any will power; none at all when it comes to dealing with the other fellow. Everybody ought to believe in the brotherhood of man, and then be his brother's keeper."

"The part I happened to be reading," said Kendall, "seemed to refer to the cowing of wild beasts."

"It's possible to develop anything," declared the stranger—"magnetism, virtue, or a taste for George Eliot. Why not suggestive influence by the eye? I take it you're traveling?"

"Why in thunder is it," protested Kendall, aggrievedly, "that everybody spots a salesman! I'm with the New York Litho."

"Oh, you are!" His voice wasn't altogether so cordial; Kendall reasoned that it was the natural result of the damning revelation. He had encountered that particular brand of exclusiveness before. Stiffly he presented a card.

"I haven't one with me, but my name's Gaylord. I'm with a manufacturing company up here. You weren't calling on us by any chance, were you?"

"Gaylord! Treasurer of the—Why, I came up simply to see you!"

"You did?"

"Yes; I was staying over to-night to see you in the morning. Mrs. Roberts said you were in New York."

"A probable explanation for your not seeing me in Buffalo—but you saw her, did you?"

"I certainly did, and—"

"And she referred you to me?"

"Precisely. I came up in answer to a letter—I suppose it was a form-letter—"

"I don't know about that; I hadn't anything to do with it. All I do is to buy the printing. I know your firm."

"I brought up some stuff for you to look over—"

"The first thing I want to know is the terms."

"Why, the usual terms—three per cent. ten days, thirty days net."

"No, no," said the treasurer, smiling quickly. "Wake up, young man! Get aboard! I started in the premium business on Canal Street! What we're talking about is some thirty-two-page catalogues, with one eight-page color-form, printed on both sides, about five by eight—half a million of 'em, with tension envelopes, all good, coated stock; tint block running all the way through the text pages with our trade-mark. You can get up an estimate and then we'll talk terms."

Kendall obligingly got out his samples and a scratch-pad, and together the two men came to an agreement.

"That's different from what I'd expected," said Kendall, thoughtfully. "But the price, delivered to your factory, will be thirteen thousand and a half."

"Eighteen and a half—"

"I said thirteen and a half."

"I heard you. Eighteen and a half—and it's all right."

"Say," said Kendall, apprehensively, "this is no place to talk like that!"

Mr. Gaylord grinned.

"This is the safest place in Iroquois," he said, reassuringly. "Except, of course, around meal-times."

A dull flush spread slowly over Kendall's cheeks. "*Remember*," he said to himself, "*with whom you come in contact!*"

"And the—the rake-off—"

"Twenty-five per cent. to you and seventy-five to me; . . . and, pardon me for suggesting it, but as I said—or should have said—I was born on Nineteenth Street, west of Third Avenue. Your check with the order!"

Kendall looked hard at him.

"It doesn't listen awfully well—"

"You want fifty-fifty, I suppose. . . .



THE LAVENDER SALTS SOON REVIVED THE PRESIDENT

It can't be done. See here, man—who's taking the risk? Take it, or leave it. Figure it this way: if I didn't throw the order to you, you wouldn't make a cent, would you? I'm offering you twelve hundred and fifty dollars velvet. And if it doesn't take you too long to make up your mind, you can catch the last train back to Buffalo to-night."

"But . . . your president—"

"President!" snorted Mr. Gaylord. "Leave her out of it, please. *I*'m the buyer."

"But . . . double-crossing a woman—"

"It isn't her fault she's a woman, is it? And you'll have to run faster than I think you can if you want to catch that train!"

"Hang the train!"

"You don't need to camp here with the idea of getting a better split out of me," warned Mr. Gaylord, "because you can't do it; but if we should do any business this next season, there might be a good bit more coming your way. You never can tell."

"It wasn't that. . . . Frankly, I never made my money that way, Mr. Gaylord. . . . Naturally, I want your order, but I want it straight—"

"I've told you the only way you get it. You bill us at eighteen five, and I'll look after the readjustment so that your house won't get wise, and—"

"But a woman! It's double-crossing a woman!"

"If," said the treasurer, mildly, "you were thinking of tipping this off to her, let me tell you something. This is only a tank-town, and there isn't much excitement in the streets; but if you let

this idea once get to Mrs. Roberts, I'll promise to hand your mentality the worst jolt it ever got. And in the next place, she wouldn't believe you." He looked at his watch. "You've missed your train, anyway. We'll go over the proposition again to-morrow — maybe you'll feel better after you've slept on it." He rose and picked up his raincoat. "I'll see you later, then."

"You certainly will," agreed Kendall.

After the treasurer had gone, he sat gazing stupidly into the remnants of the fire.

"He thinks we need more ethics, does he?" he declaimed fiercely to himself. "And we ought to be our brothers' keepers, ought we? Well—suppose I begin to carry that strong sense of resolution around with me! Double-cross a widow? Not if she's . . . pretty!"

And then he read doggedly the rules for becoming a master of men; and he quitted them only when the gong rang for the evening meal and the soup hush settled over the Union House.

Mrs. Roberts looked even less business-like than she had the day before.

"I came in," said Kendall, resolutely, "to make sure that we understand each other. And I certainly don't mean to be impertinent, but I wish you'd answer a few questions. Will you?"

Categorically she told him of the past, present, and future; and when she had finished, Kendall moistened his lips and called her treasurer an unpleasant name. In the midst of his elucidation she paled and began to slide gently out of her chair. Without much effort he helped her to the chintz-covered sofa; and then he hurried out to the adjoining workroom, selected a gray-haired and capable-looking forewoman, and told her to come in and be capable. The forewoman glanced once at the figure of her employer, calmly opened a compartment of the sewing-table, produced a bottle of lavender salts, and held it under the president's nose.

"Open the window," she ordered, "and tell those girls I'll fire every one who isn't at her desk inside of ten seconds." Kendall obeyed briskly.

The lavender salts soon revived the president, and she sat up and talked of lithographed cartons and trade organizations until the forewoman felt obliged to depart.

"Mr. Kendall," she said, "we can make short work of this; . . . there are only two alternatives. What can you prove?"

"Prove?" he repeated. "I can't prove anything. Only—" He thrust his hand in his pocket and touched the letter which the young man in Buffalo had given him to mail. "Well," he said, "the boy who gave me this is the only one in the world who saw us there at the same time. If it's vitally important, I suppose we could look him up. He said his name was Huntington—"

"*Huntington!*"

"Bobby Huntington—yes."

He thought she was about to faint again, but she didn't. After a moment she reached out, took the letter, and deliberately slit the envelope with a hairpin. She read a few lines, and looked up.

"He gave you this in Buffalo?"

"Night before last," said Kendall, wonderingly. "Does it matter?"

"Only that Bobby Huntington is my nephew, . . . and I thought he was in New York, too, . . . opening our office there." She leaned back and gripped the arms of her chair tightly.

"Dear lady," said Kendall, "I had to tell you. I'm sorry—"

The president tried to laugh.

"Do you know," she managed to say, "perhaps I'm lucky, after all. I've just lost the last of my illusions . . . and I'm forty-one years old! I guess it's time for me to retire."

"I lost mine ten years earlier. . . . Is there anything on earth I can do for you?"

"This much. Mr. Gaylord hasn't come in yet this morning. Would it be a source of satisfaction to you to stop at his house—you pass it on the way to town—and tell him that you've told me?" She sighed dispiritedly. "Would you care to do that?"

"Why don't you send for him, and let me be here when he comes?"

"No, no," demurred the president. "You forget, Mr. Kendall; he was a friend of the doctor's. But if you'll be where I can call you if I need you—"



"I CAME UP TO THIS TOWN TO GET AN ORDER, AND I'VE GOT IT. NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU!"

"I'll be at the hotel until the afternoon train, anyway—"

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "You haven't taken the order with you."

"My dear lady—"

"No," she insisted. "It belongs to you by rights. "I'll sign it myself." She telephoned for a stenographer and dictated a brief letter in accordance with the specifications which Gaylord had approved and Kendall had shown her.

"There," she said, when the epistle was ready. "There is the smallest reward I can give to—to a very gallant gentleman." She signed it and gave it to him.

"And that," said Kendall, inspecting it without joy, "is very gratifying." He suddenly remembered the two increases in price he had made to balance his personal inconvenience. "Of course," he added, "there's ten per cent. off for cash!"

"Ten per cent.!" she stammered.

"That," said Kendall, "is the least consideration I can give to a very brave woman. And now, will you be kind enough to describe Mr. Gaylord's house to me?"

The house was easier to find than to miss. It was a hideous little clapboard house, full in the blazing sun, which had blistered great patches of paint from its battered sides. There was a graveled walk leading to the doorway, but the recent rains had escorted the greater part of the gravel to the adjacent grass.

Kendall was admitted by a slatternly Amazon who left him standing in the hall while she held converse with the master. Later, with a gesture of pronounced antipathy, she bade him enter the library. Her manner inferred that she dared him.

Gaylord was seated at a roll-top desk in one corner of a room so bare that it chilled his visitor almost before he had

crossed the threshold. The treasurer had in front of him a pile of papers and documents arranged in orderly piles; and on the flanking blotter were keys and a check-book.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought you'd be along about this time. . . . Didn't know I was a mind-reader, did you? Have a seat and a cigar."

"Thank you, no," said Kendall. "I'm a little particular this morning. I came in to tell you that I've seen Mrs. Roberts."

"Indeed! What did you tell her?"

Kendall took a step forward. His face was whiter than usual, and his eyes blazed in cold anger.

"You know what I told her!"

"My dear fellow, . . . I've read the same book! You don't need to glare at me like that. Sit down and be reasonable."

"You'll excuse me. Look here! I came up to this town to get an order, and I've got it! Now I'm going to get *you!*"

"Don't be absurd. It may be I have something to say—"

"Yes—and I'd like to hear you say it! I'd like to hear you say it to the woman you— Oh, what's the use? Canada's in the other direction. Anyway, she knows! Get that, do you? She *knows!* She knows you weren't in New York. She knows you were in Buffalo, padding your expense accounts. She knows the deal you tried to put over with me. She knows you for the crook you've been for God knows how long—"

"Kendall," said the treasurer, sorrowfully, "what a merry little world this is!" He decapitated a cigar and lighted it. "There's not much to be gained by subterfuge now, is there? I'm a grafter, you say. Very well. There's the graft!" He indicated the papers and the documents and the check-book. "The Iroquois Biscuit Company never had a chance, Kendall. It never had one chance in a million. And there was a woman at the head of it— Do you realize what that means? Lots of heart, dear fellow, and no head. And the *biscuit*—they're something fierce. They're the vilest crackers in the universe. But she wanted to carry out the doctor's dream. And I had to sit by and watch her throw her money away. A very pretty little situation, Kendall. Most amusing! And her last bit was going in one wallop into an advertising campaign that would have been the most terrific frost in all the history of advertising. She thought it would turn the tide, but it wouldn't. It would have left her stranded, with a decrepit shack of a plant, good-will worth nothing, a formula worth less than nothing—" He stopped, blew a great cloud of smoke at the ceiling, and peered at Kendall through the haze. "That's all."

"And you—*you* greased the tracks! And you have the nerve to sit there and tell me—"

"No argument, my dear chap, no discussion. Why, she wanted to open a branch office in New York! Think of it! Bobby Huntington in charge! Could I stand for that? Of course I couldn't! I sent Bobby over to Buffalo to stay until we could work out a scheme. We gave letters to people to mail as though we were *en route*—one at Syracuse, one at Albany, one to New York—"

"That one he gave to me. And I gave it to Mrs. Roberts this morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry. That's too bad. I hoped I could keep Bobby out of it. The night you saw him he'd finished a week in a second-rate boarding-house, and it was too stiff for him. We're partners in iniquity, Kendall. I've lived in this bungalow, and Bobby's done a number of things to save money—just waiting for the crash — waiting for the crash."

"And the crash," said Kendall, "has arrived."

"Exactly. You couldn't reason with her—she went ahead in a straight line. I had to do as she said. And so . . . it's a long time since a contract went out of our office without something sticking to my fingers."

"As a crook you're interesting—"

"Yes, I am—I'll admit it. But what else was there to do? I'm telling you this because I want to put myself square with you—"

"*Square!*"

"Certainly. I did my darnedest, Kendall, to save the ship, but it couldn't be done. As soon as I saw it couldn't, I started out to save what I could out of

the wreck. I imagine we'll close down any minute now. Strictly between ourselves, when they come to an audit they'll find that the president's last fifty thousand will just about balance the books. And that leaves only what I've got here—not a great deal, but still . . . enough to provide a little income until I can start in something else. And, I repeat, it was the only way."

"And do you imagine I'm going to let you get away with that?" demanded Kendall, his voice shaking.

"Get away! What do you think you're talking about?"

"Well, what do you think you *are* going to do?"

The treasurer flushed.

"Not that it's any of your blamed business, Kendall, . . . but you're a pretty good scout. . . . I had a hunch last night you'd be the man to queer the whole game. . . . I'm going to marry her!"

Kendall fell back in horror and amazement.

"You! Why, you miserable hypocrite!—"

"Wake up, wake up!" said the treasurer, mildly. "Haven't you *any* intelligence? I've been telling you how I've saved forty thousand dollars for *her*—in spite of herself! It isn't mine, you idiot!"

"You — you're taking it back to her—"

"If a hundred salesmen still think I'm a thief, Kendall, you and I and the president won't. . . . By the way, nothing else under the sun could have stopped that fool advertising. What are you going to do about that order?"

Kendall produced it, scrutinized the figures, and suddenly tore the sheet into a dozen pieces.

"A man who'll throw away a perfectly good contract for more than thirteen thousand dollars doesn't need any books on will power!" said the treasurer, quizzically. "Thanks, old fellow!"

"Will power! And you've let every man you do business with think you're a common grafter!" He coughed aside. "I'm not going to apologize—it's too big for that."

The door-bell rang impatiently, and Gaylord leaped to his feet.

"Do me a favor?" he asked, excitedly. "I'd like to have you talk to the president again before you go. You wait here about half an hour—I'll telephone you when to come, and where." Here the Amazon entered with a small parcel. "You see," said the treasurer, as he jammed his hat over his eyes, "I figured this all out last night—*this* is a ring from the jeweler's. Instead of apologizing, you can come along and be a witness—maybe!"

In going from the Union House to the station, Kendall was suddenly prompted to stop at the book-store, where he removed the philosophical treatise from his bag and laid it on the counter.

"I want to return this," he said, "and I'd like my money back."

"I'm afraid I can't do it."

"You said you would."

"Yes, but I've had to pay some bills, and I 'ain't got much cash left."

"But I've bought some silverware, and I've got to get to Buffalo. I'll be all right when I get there."

"I'm sorry."

Kendall backed him into a corner.

"Look here," he said. "That was a book on will power. It's no good. It's rotten! You said you'd take it back if it wasn't satisfactory, . . . and it isn't. You come up with the money, or there'll be trouble. It isn't worth a nickel. Hand out that two dollars."

His manner, his bulk, and, above all, his determined and unwavering eyes, were conclusive evidence. The stationer wilted visibly, and reached for the cash-drawer.

"Well," he protested, mournfully, "I will if you say so, . . . but it seems to me you must have got *something* out of it."

Compensation and Business Ethics

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

AMERICAN public opinion is grappling in strange new ways with the problems of business as they affect the well-being of the masses of the people. The public mind seems to have been convinced that in a country of our enormous wealth and relatively sparse population the existence of poverty with all its ugly attendant evils is not only inhuman, but stupidly wasteful.

So long as the belief prevailed that poverty was merely a symptom of inherent viciousness and a thing for which the pauper was directly and solely responsible, the public took thought of Adam's sin, shrugged its shoulders, and resignedly left the individual to face his penalty, tempering the rigor of sin's discipline the while with the mercy of penitentiaries, reformatories, jails, poorhouses, charity, and training-school hospitals. But when one scientific investigation after another conclusively showed that children born in poverty are peculiarly subject to early death or to incurable defects of mind and body, that a large proportion of all apprehended criminals are boys and girls whose criminality is directly traceable to their adverse economic environment, that a large majority of the unemployed are idle because there is no work for them to do, then public opinion began to perceive that to penalize the poor for their poverty was to impair the productive power of the nation and thus to transfer the penalty to the nation itself. Poverty came to be regarded not so much as an indictment of the individual, but rather as *prima facie* evidence that as a people we were not making the most intelligent use of our resources, that there was something wrong with the management of both public and private business.

Among the first and most conspicuous reactions to this changed conception of the causes of poverty was a sensational and indiscriminate attack, not only upon public officials, individuals of great wealth, and the leaders of organized labor, but upon the essential structure of business itself. For a time, muck-raking was widely popular, and when it had run its course in the popular press it was taken up by reform clubs, political parties, state and federal commissions. No doubt all this planless agitation had value in arousing the sluggish mind of the masses. But the American public indulged in a veritable debauch of scandal-mongering and personal vituperation before it began to realize that business and economic problems cannot be settled by impassioned talk and wind-jamming, but must be adjusted through patient, unbiased scientific inquiry. Today signs are multiplying that American public opinion has gathered itself together, not in petulant determination to wreak vengeance upon individuals or to destroy the essential framework of our business life, but to discover means by which business may be strengthened, not as an irresponsible instrument of individual aggrandizement, but as an instrument under social control, for the promotion of the general welfare, the elimination of human waste, and the ultimate abolition of poverty.

The greatest of our initial experiments in this direction is the widening application of workmen's compensation to protect the industrial fiber of the nation against the insidious consequences of unrequited industrial injuries. Besides the federal government, twenty-four states, containing fully two-thirds of our industrial population, have written compensation laws into their statutes.

The American people entered upon this experiment with grave misgivings. It was generally recognized at the time when the first compensation law was enacted that it marked a radical departure from our traditional economic

policy. For the first time in our history the public stepped in between the employers as a group and the wage-workers as a group, and definitely restricted the ancient freedom of contract in the interest of the general welfare. Through this action all industry, and not the so-called public utilities only, was declared to be "effected with a public interest." At one stroke industry was called upon to set aside millions, not as a tax, but as a supplement to wages. For the first time American public opinion envisaged poverty, in so far as those made dependent by industrial injuries were concerned, not as a problem for charity, but as a problem of business management, and fixed a minimum standard below which industrial workers must not be permitted to fall.

The principle of compensation is based upon the fact that in machine-driven industry an overwhelming proportion of all injuries are due, not to the deliberate fault of either employer or workman, but to the risks inherent in machine operation. In the simple days of hand-made goods it was fair to assume that if a man was hurt, he owed his injury either to his own negligence or to some act of another due either to negligence or malice. The relation of the workman to his employer in this matter of accident or injury was a simple personal relation, in no way different from the relation between any two other individuals. An injured man had either himself to blame, or another; and if another, whether employer or stranger or fellow-workman, he might obtain redress by seeking damages at common law, precisely as he might in case of assault and battery. But when, at the behest of steam, wheels began to fly, pulleys to whirl, buzz-saws to spin at the rate of hundreds of revolutions a minute, fingers, arms, eyes, legs, lives were lost through no fault of the employer, through no fault of the employee, but as an inevitable consequence of man's struggle to harness and drive the impersonal forces of nature. Men were exposed to wounds, disease, and death in the interest of the general welfare just as definitely as soldiers are so exposed in the interest of a warring nation.

And precisely as a nation at war makes every effort to restore the wounded soldier to the line, and to protect his dependents in case of death, so society has come to believe in the restoration of the injured workman to his place at the machine and the protection of his dependents in case of his death as measures not only of justice but also of self-protection. How to do this without placing too great a burden upon private employers, who could no more be held responsible for machine-produced injuries than the workers themselves, was for a long time a seriously debated question. It had always been supposed that the risks of industry were covered by wages, and that it was the duty of wage-workers by thrift to forestall the possibilities of accident. Various European governments, acting upon this theory, established national insurance funds to encourage workmen to protect their families by carrying insurance. In the United States, as well as in Europe, fraternal societies, trade-unions, and well-disposed individual employers attempted to meet the situation by organizing systems of voluntary accident insurance and benefit funds. But these attempts failed almost completely, for the simple reason that the wages of a large majority of wage-workers is at a bare subsistence level. Even in the United States a recent authoritative analysis of the best available data has shown that while "two-thirds to three-fourths of all productive workers depend upon wages or small salaries, from four-fifths to nine-tenths of the wage-workers receive wages which are insufficient to meet the cost of a normal standard of health and efficiency for a family, and about one-half receive very much less than that." And gradually, as the human wreckage resulting from industrial injury and death grew into a public menace, society determined that in its own interest and in the interest of our industrial future, it must itself assume the burden. In one nation after another, therefore, and in state after state, schedules of compensation were fixed by law, to be paid by the employer in behalf of the public to the injured workman irrespective of all questions of fault, with the understanding that the employer might charge the cost of compensation, like the cost of wear

and tear to his machinery, in the selling-price of his goods. In other words, society resolved to get at this one cause of poverty and human waste through the normal channels of industry, instead of relying upon the slow and ineffectual methods of charity.

The demand for compensation came at the height of the muck-raking fever, and it may not have been unnatural that many business men, while believing in the principle, should yet have doubted the public's ability to apply it with restraint. In the light of this widely expressed apprehension, the actual temper of public opinion in its approach to a difficult administrative problem is an invaluable commentary upon democracy in action.

From the first, prevailing public opinion was manifestly free from class bias. Its interest was emphatically a social interest. There was not the slightest evidence of any desire to penalize one class in the interest of another; public opinion had been aroused not so much by sympathy or pity for the wage-workers as a class, as by the fact that uncompensated industrial injuries increase the burden of pauperism which must be borne by the taxpayer while detracting from the productive efficiency of those upon whom society depends for its commodities. And for this same reason it gave careful heed to the warnings that compulsory compensation might put an intolerable burden upon industry unless industry were given time to adjust itself to the new requirements. As a result of this extreme caution, though we had the experience of practically every European nation to draw upon in determining the scale of compensation which might safely be established, the scale fixed by the majority of our first twenty-four laws was on the average the lowest in the world.

The experience of Europe had abundantly shown that two-thirds of average weekly wages, supplemented by reasonable medical attendance, was the lowest amount that could effectively protect the injured wage-worker and his family from pauperism. Even this has been considered inadequate by the nations that have most recently adopted the compensation principle. The Netherlands fixed seventy per cent. of average weekly wages as the minimum; and the Swiss law, the latest to be enacted, has raised this to eighty per cent. Our own American Association for Labor Legislation has given the weight of its unquestioned authority to the view that wise economy would dictate one hundred per cent. of lost wages if it were not for the possible danger that full compensation might encourage malingering. But the majority of our legislatures, taking account of the experimental nature of the new policy under American conditions, and as eager to safeguard business as to protect the injured from permanent disability and pauperism, adopted one-half of average weekly wages as the maximum. And in order that this might not in any case prove disastrously high, a majority of the states further limited the maximum amount, irrespective of the injured's actual loss of wages, to $10 a week, balancing this with a minimum of $5. The principal departures from these limits are the maxima of $9.30 in Wisconsin, $12 in Illinois, and $15 in Kansas and Texas; and minima of $6 in Kansas and Minnesota, and $4 in Michigan, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. And that these tempting sums might not lead wage-workers to inflict self-injury or magnify the seriousness of their honorably acquired wounds, most of the laws provide that no compensation beyond medical attendance shall be allowed during the first two weeks, that no compensations shall be paid where the injury has resulted from "the intoxication or wilful misconduct of the employee," and that the payment of compensation shall be suspended "so long as the injured shall fail or refuse to submit, upon the written request of the employer, to examination by a practising physician or shall in any way obstruct the same." There are, no doubt, employees who would feign injury for the sake of idleness even at the rate of $4 a week, just as there are citizens in good standing who will dodge their taxes; but the safeguards established by our laws are so comprehensive and stringent that successful malingering has been made practically impossible. I have examined the records of many states, and found no complaint by the employers on this score.

The first of our state compensation laws was enacted in 1911, and already it has become apparent that the allowances for compensation are insufficient to accomplish the purpose that led public opinion to the experimental adoption of the compensation principle. A recent analysis of the records in New Jersey shows that a very considerable number of the families of injured men have had to beg for charity to keep them from starvation, and there are trustworthy indications that the fifty-per-cent. scale has had the same results in other states. The Boston Provident Association, for example, reports that in the cases of thirteen per cent. of the families aided during the year 1913, accident or occupational disease was an important contributing cause of dependency. A compensation law that does not provide minimum subsistence for injured workers and their dependent children is a socially inefficient law.

In recognition of this fact, a definite upward tendency appears in the amended drafts of the earlier experimental laws and in the compensation bill that was favorably reported to both houses of Congress last winter. The Federal bill, which has the approval of representative employers as well as of the representatives of organized labor, is a serious attempt to embody the best experience of the various states, and may be taken as a fair expression of the standard toward which public opinion is tending. It covers all civil employees, clerical workers under certain grades, as well as workers engaged in the trades; it provides compensation for occupational diseases as well as for industrial injuries; it reduces the waiting period, during which the injured are entitled to no money compensation, from the two weeks of most of our state laws to three days; it provides for disabled workers two-thirds of their wages throughout the period of disability, so that a permanently disabled man and his dependent family shall not be exposed to pauperism after a period which the laws of most of the states now limit to a few hundred weeks; it guarantees reasonable payments to widows and orphans and a small number of others who may have been dependent upon the wages of the worker at the time of his death; and finally, perhaps the most important of all, it creates intelligent and well-tested machinery for preventing industrial accidents and occupational diseases. The recognition of occupational diseases like lead poisoning, phossy jaw, certain forms of tuberculosis as tantamount to injuries is especially significant. The supreme court of Massachusetts recently held that tuberculosis contracted in the course of employment was as properly subject to compensation as the loss of an arm or finger or eye. Certainly, a lung would seem to be quite as necessary a part of the worker's equipment as a finger or toe. But the importance of this decision lies in the question it raises as to whether our compensation laws as now drafted can carry the weight of insurance against sickness, or whether we shall soon be confronted by the necessity of developing some specific form of social sickness-insurance to supplement compensation.

This tendency to widen the scope of compensation and to standardize the laws to a scale of compensation that will protect the injured and his dependents from pauperism is largely due to the fact that business has found it surprisingly easy to adjust itself to the new conditions. Those who feared that so conservative an extension of public control would prove disastrous strangely underestimated the resourcefulness of American business men. The industry that has gone into bankruptcy because of the weight of enforced compensation has still to be heard from, neither has any state suffered from the terrified flight of capital to states where such laws do not yet obtain. On the contrary, the persuasive pressure of the laws has stimulated new and universally welcome practices that have actually increased the prosperity of business wherever they have been adopted. The ablest and most resourceful of our business men have proved that just and certain compensation, like high wages, where these are accompanied by executive efficiency, not only provide the greatest incentive against malingering on the part of the workers, but pay large cash returns. And this demonstration that reasonable social demands justify themselves on economic grounds

is profoundly modifying the ethical postulates upon which American business has heretofore been usually conducted.

An illustration in point may be found in the recently published records of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission which administers the compensation law of that state. The moment public opinion in Wisconsin decided that injuries to wage-workers must be charged in the cost of production, precisely like injuries to machines, employers were immediately stimulated to take every precaution against accidents. Individual employers retained safety engineers, and the Industrial Commission created a staff of experts in accident-prevention which was put at the service of all the employers of the state. The results have been such as would have been called Utopian and impossible a few years ago. A steel company has made a reduction of sixty-eight per cent. in its accident record since 1910. A large stove manufacturing concern during the past two years has made a reduction of more than sixty-five per cent. in the number of days for which compensation has had to be paid. A coke-and-gas company, whose industry has always been regarded as "extra hazardous," reduced the cost of compensation in 1914 under 1913 about sixty-five per cent. Out of two hundred and forty-five industries employing two hundred or more wage-workers each, two hundred and nineteen have so greatly reduced the time lost on account of accidents that the average during the year ending July 1, 1914, was less than one day per employee per year. This means less than thirty cents on one hundred dollars of pay-roll for compensation and medical service. And the measures required to produce these amazing results are so simple that it seems unbelievable they should never have been adopted before compensation identified the economic with the ethical motive.

Recently a boy in a certain factory was sent up a ladder to cross a dark platform, ran into a belt, and was whipped around the pulley and killed. Three or four old fence-boards nailed together and placed in front of the belt, or a single light, would have prevented this accident.

The manager of a foundry sent for one of the commission experts. He said that he had had to lay off thirty men in a single day because of burned feet; burned feet seemed to be the will of God with respect to the men who worked in that foundry, and it seemed unfair to him that the law should require him to pay damages. The expert suggested the purchase of a lot of foundrymen's shoes and their sale to the men at cost. After six months the records showed a reduction of eighty-five per cent. in the burns suffered in that foundry.

What ecstatic preaching and profession of abstract brotherly love had not been able to accomplish in thousands of years the compensation law accomplished in three years by allying the economic motive with socially advantageous aims. It is not that manufacturers were less well-intentioned before the law was enacted; only they had never before been spurred to inquire whether their own interests could be safely reconciled to the interest of their neighbors in this matter of accident prevention. In this particular field, at least, it has been proved that human conservation through the normal channels of enlightened business may do more to prevent poverty than all the charities in the world can do to remove poverty, once poverty has been allowed to become a fact.

And in its bearing upon the future development of business practice, an incident in this work of accident prevention is quite as rich in promise as the resourcefulness of the business men who have demonstrated that safety can be made to pay. Out of five years' experience in the industries which have made the largest reductions in accidents, says the supervising expert of the Wisconsin Commission, has come this striking fact, that not more than one-third of the reductions actually made have been accomplished or could have been accomplished by the use of mechanical safeguards, while two-thirds of the reductions have been brought about through the organization, education, and active co-operation of the wage-earners themselves.

By far the most important feature of

organized safety work [this expert writes] has been the workmen's inspecting committees. In each department three rank-and-file workmen are usually appointed to serve two or three months and are authorized and encouraged to make a thorough inspection of their department once a week, or at least once a month. In many plants they also investigate serious accidents.

I have made a careful investigation of a number of plants in which workmen's committees have been appointed, and in every case they have been successful. The experience of all factories with which I am familiar reveals the fact that from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the suggestions which these workmen's committees make are practical and are accepted by the company. The eight hundred workmen serving on the committees of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad during the first three years of safety work reported more than six thousand points of danger, with suggestions for their removal. All but two hundred of these suggestions were found to be practical and were adopted by the officers of the company.

This demonstration of the executive and inventive ability latent in the common rank and file of the workers, who have so long been thought to have nothing but their brute labor power to justify their existence, raises the question as to whether the extension of such co-operation in the administrative control of business might not open unsuspected reserves of initiative and leadership. Incidentally, it gives welcome confirmation to our faith in democracy.

And quite as impressive as this new attitude of business toward the wage-workers is the changing attitude of business toward business itself. One of the most spectacular outgrowths of the old legal system was the employers' liability insurance company. With the introduction of power machinery injuries multiplied and damage suits came to be a harassing menace to the free evolution of enterprise. It is an interesting fact that in the early days of machine production public opinion was much more deeply interested in the free development of the machine, with its promise of abundant and cheap goods, than it was in workmen whose injuries were commonly regarded as an inevitable sacrifice to the general prosperity. There was a disposition on the part of the public, as reflected in the verdicts of juries, to frown upon the injured man who brought suit for damages, much as it would have frowned upon a soldier who should claim damages from his captain on the ground that the captain was responsible for his wounds. And this attitude was in turn reflected in the decisions of the courts, which took vigorous and in some instances startlingly arbitrary steps to safeguard industry from the importunities of the industrially crippled.

As early as 1837 the courts had decreed that an employer was not to be held liable where an injury of a worker was attributable to the fault of another employee. This so-called fellow-servant rule was the first of three defenses which made recovery of damages, except in cases where the employer was grossly at fault, almost impossible. For in order that the menace to which industry was exposed should be reduced to a minimum the courts reinforced this fellow-servant defense by declaring that a workman who had knowingly assumed the risk of his employment—and to accept employment at all was evidence that he possessed such knowledge—had no legal ground for complaint; and, further, that he might not recover damages in cases where it could be shown that his own negligence had contributed to his injury.

With the increase of production, industrial injuries in this country began to number hundreds of thousands, and even millions, each year. Industrial cripples cumbered our hospitals, and thousands of families were rendered destitute because the workers upon whom they were dependent had lost their earning power. The organized protest against the injustice of this situation, and against the legal system which aggravated its evils, was led by the railway workers, and originally took the form of an attack upon the employers' three defenses. In 1887 the railroad men of Massachusetts, with the support of a considerable body of far-sighted employers, carried through the legislature a law which made the employer liable for damages in cases where it could be proved that the injury had resulted either from the negligence of the employer himself or of his agent, the superintendent, or by reason of any

defect "in the ways, works, or machinery connected with or used in the business of the employer." And this law specifically provided that in the case of railway-workers the fellow-servant rule was abrogated.

The enactment of this law, which, while not the first, was, up to 1887, the most effective of its kind, was a signal for similar action upon the part of the better organized groups of labor in all parts of the country. In view of the fact that it was now universally recognized that a large majority of all industrial injuries were suffered by workmen through no fault of their own, public opinion came in the course of time to sympathize with the injured workman, not only on his own account, but because of the increasing burden which uncompensated injuries were placing upon the taxpayers. In one state after another laws similar to that of Massachusetts were enacted, extending the grounds of recovery not only to railroad-workers, but to all industrial employees whatsoever. The changed temper of public opinion appeared in the fact that, whereas formerly an injured workman who sued for damages was likely to be regarded as an enemy of society, and dealt with accordingly by juries, the tables began with equal unfairness to be turned against the employers, and verdicts in the sum of five, ten, twenty, and even twenty-five thousands of dollars began to be awarded. And in some states—notably in Ohio—the later liability laws went so far as to provide "that the entire question as to the amount of damages was to be decided by the jury, the jury action being final in this respect." Deprived of the defenses, threatened with a limitation of their right to appeal from the decision of juries, all except the very wealthiest of employers found themselves perpetually confronted by the nightmare of a catastrophe beyond human control which might plunge them with the injured and their families into utter ruin.

To protect themselves against this danger, the employers encouraged the organization of the Employers' Liability Insurance Companies which before 1887 were practically non-existent in the United States. The total premiums collected by all such companies in the United States amounted in 1887 to only $203,132. But for the ten years from 1887 to 1896, inclusive, their total premiums had risen to $21,000,000, or at the rate of something over $2,000,000 a year; while during the ten years ending with 1906 these premiums had increased to the enormous total of $110,183,588, or at the rate of $11,018,358 a year. The new laws were putting an enormous burden upon industry, but the expenditure of these millions did nothing to check the evils that were a growing menace to the productive efficiency of business. Instead of approaching the situation in the spirit of justice and conciliation, the liability companies capitalized the predicament of the employers and used it not only to mulct the employers but to defeat the reasonable claims of the injured. Every case was fought to the limit of the law by an army of legal retainers, and all manner of trickery was resorted to in settling claims out of court. The total premiums reported by the fourteen leading employers' liability insurance companies for the ten-year period ending December 31, 1910, amounted to $181,276,782; the total amount paid out on account of injuries, as reported by these companies themselves, was $37,142,355. That is to say, only one-fifth of the money paid by employers on account of injuries to their workmen reached the injured; four-fifths went to solicitors, claim-agents, attorneys, managers, and stockholders.

As these facts became generally known, they released a flood of resentment which focused upon the insurance companies as the arch-villains of a system for whose evils they were no more responsible than any other section of the public. As a result, the moment the old employers' liability system gave way to compulsory compensation the companies had to fight for their very existence. The workers in whose eyes all the evils of the old system were hatefully embodied in the agents of the companies whose business it had been to defeat their claims, were everywhere determined upon the companies' destruction, and demanded the establishment of state monopolies of the compensation-insurance business. In Washing-

ton and Ohio such state monopolies were actually created, and they have, on the whole, worked well. The employers were in many states only less hostile than the workers. The state monopolies of Washington and Ohio could not have been established without the assent of a large number of employers; and in Massachusetts, where the law provided for the creation of an employers' mutual insurance company, by which the whole business was to have been turned over to the employers themselves, it was only at the last moment, and by extremely energetic lobbying, that the companies succeeded in securing the inclusion of a clause that permitted them to remain in the field.

But in the majority of the states fear of a state monopoly in the present condition of our civil service outweighed hostility to the companies. It was generally recognized by the workers that for them the first conditions of a good compensation law were definite amounts of compensation and certainty of payment. The employers quickly saw that their first interests were to secure insurance at the lowest reasonable cost and effective machinery for the prevention of accidents. To accomplish these ends, most of the laws created some form of industrial commission with jurisdiction over disputed claims and with power to organize an accident-prevention service. From the workman's point of view the existence of such a commission, devoting its entire time to industrial questions and freed from the technical rules of the courts, is indispensable; but such a commission in itself gives the employers an insufficient guarantee that they will get either the best accident-prevention service or the lowest reasonable rates of insurance. Most of the laws, therefore, provide that an employer who can give adequate guarantee may carry his own insurance; or that employers may band together to form mutual insurance companies; or that they may insure with a state fund established for the purpose. In those states where state funds or employers' mutuals have been organized —and they are steadily growing in favor—they are being used by the employers as "regulators" of the liability insurance companies, now generally distinguished as "stock companies." In other words, the employers have virtually said to these companies: The public in its own interest has interfered with our old freedom in the conduct of our business by compelling us to provide for compensation in all cases of industrial injury. We in turn are compelled to take steps to restrict your freedom. If you can provide us with insurance as cheaply as the state or our own mutual organizations, we are ready to do business with you. If not, we shall create insurance companies of our own, or, much as we are opposed to the idea of public ownership, we shall resort to state insurance.

The effect of this challenge upon the stock companies has been immediately to bring to the surface capacities for social service which had been supposed to be entirely foreign to their nature. "The fundamentally important fact," their leading spokesman has recently declared, "was that the law of employers' liability was a bad law. No agency can administer a law that is based on wrong social principles and get good effects. The situation to-day is entirely changed. Workmen's compensation is now dominant; the stock companies are no longer in opposition to public sentiment, and their aggressiveness now finds its place in developing the good effects of a good law instead of the bad effects of a bad law." For many years these companies had found it necessary to conduct their business along the lines of the worst type of cut-throat competition. Their policies were frequently placed at rates far below the level warranted by sound insurance principles on the apparent theory that they could recoup their losses in certain cases by overcharging in others and by defeating the claims of the injured all along the line. For a workman rarely had money to fight his claim through layer upon layer of courts; lawyers had to take such cases on "contingency fees"—that is, on a gambling chance of winning their suits and getting their pay out of the recovered damages, so that unless the injury was serious and of a nature to appeal to the emotional sympathy of the jury it was usually necessary for the injured to let his claim go by default or to take whatever

pittance the companies' claim-agent offered to keep the case out of court. But when laws made the payment of fixed scales of compensation compulsory, this system, which had placed a premium on fraud and legal trickery, was destroyed at a stroke, and as a matter of sound business policy the companies began to direct their "aggressiveness toward developing the good effects of a good law instead of the bad effects of a bad law."

A group of the largest companies, representing more than a billion of capital, formed a co-operative alliance under the designation of the Workmen's Compensation Service Bureau. They are naturally opposed to monopolies either in the form of state insurance or employers' mutuals. They maintain that the best social results will be secured where the law provides for fair competition among state funds and employers' mutuals and themselves, by which they mean that the states shall not subsidize the state funds or the funds of the employers' mutuals out of general taxation, but shall establish scientifically determined non-competitive insurance rates. Under such conditions, they assert, that organization would prove its right to do the business which was most aggressive and efficient in preventing accidents. For by non-competitive, scientifically determined rates, they do not mean inflexible rates, but rates that may be modified not only in the light of the accident experience of a given employer, but also with reference to the safeguards against accidents which the employer adopts. With "fair competition," state-controlled non-competitive rates, including a definite schedule of "individual-merit rating," the only remaining field for competition would be "competition in service"; the organization best equipped to help the employer in reducing accidents would, under these conditions, be able to furnish insurance at the lowest rates, and would naturally secure the business.

In recognition of this fact, the leading companies, through their Compensation Service Bureau, have actually done more than the state funds or the mutuals in discovering what the true scientific rates are, and they have created an accident-prevention service which, while not superior to the best state services like those of Wisconsin and Massachusetts, is doing more for the reduction of accidents in the country at large than any other body—almost as much, it is fair to say, as all other organizations, exclusive of a few very large corporations, put together. "Objection may be raised," says the manager of this Service Bureau, "that this is commercializing safety. Exactly! It is the height of genius to be able to produce ethical results on economic grounds—to make safety a paying proposition."

These are only a few of the more striking lessons provided by our initial experiences with workmen's compensation. Their character is such as to warrant the belief that American public opinion will be encouraged to extend its experimentation with social insurance beyond industrial injuries into the province of sickness, old age, and unemployment. For if compulsory insurance against the evil consequences of industrial injuries, by identifying the economic with the ethical motive, has succeeded in reducing injuries and increasing the productive efficiency of business, is it not a fair assumption that social insurance against sickness, old age, and unemployment will have similar beneficial results? Such experiments are not free from grave economic and administrative difficulties, but the experience of the most highly developed nations of Europe has shown that the difficulties are well overbalanced by the social gains. And America is in the advantageous position of being able to profit by the mistakes of the pioneers in the field of social insurance. Most of the defects of the too elaborate administrative machinery of Germany, for example, have been avoided in our compensation laws, which were largely inspired by German experience. And it is well to remember that the criticism of the German system by Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, which has received such wide publicity in the United States through the zeal of American liability insurance companies opposed to state insurance, is directed against its administrative defects and not against its underlying principle.

"On the basis of a service of twenty years on the governing board of the Im-

perial Insurance Office," Dr. Friedensburg says, "I have sought to set forth the operation of our working-men's insurance, not as it might appear to the superficial observer, or its juristic, economic, or political foe, or even to the blind fool who fails to recognize that the blessings of this insurance cannot be adequately described even by the usual phrases of unconditional laudation. I have written in the hope that I might render some aid to this *great achievement.* What is next to be done? . . . First of all the organization must be simplified, and simplified essentially."

The only declared opposition to social insurance in principle comes from the groups that our industrial evolution has segregated at the opposite extremes of the economic scale—the violent conservatives and the violent revolutionists. The violent conservatives believe that all life is a fateful struggle between individuals, and that any attempt to interfere with this struggle through legislation is nothing more than a sentimental effort to protect the unfit and thus to poison the blood of the fit in their heroic battle with nature. The violent revolutionists believe, too, that the law of life is war, but in their minds the struggle is not between individuals, but between groups, and they preach the predestined dominion of the working-class. Any attempt to avert the proletarian revolution by ameliorative legislation they scorn as an attempt to blunt the fighting edge of the workers and a subversion of the revolt through which alone the "wage-slaves" can break their chains.

Between these extremes stand the great heterogeneous masses of the people whose common thought is prevailing public opinion, equally opposed to the violence of the militant individualist and the militant revolutionist; instinctively holding all life sacred; perpetually preoccupied with the healthy, just, and normal development of the whole nation; striving to curb the centrifugal militancy of the extremes and to lead all groups to subordinate their special interests to the common interests of all. Social insurance is a part of this effort. It is inspired by faith in the possibility of a peaceful approach to wisdom and justice in human affairs. It is an appeal from violence to constructive human intelligence —an attempt to substitute mutual aid for war.

"I Shall Not Cry Return"

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

I SHALL not cry Return! Return!
Nor weep my years away;
But just as long as sunsets burn,
And dawns make no delay,
I shall be lonesome—I shall miss
Your hand, your voice, your smile, your kiss.

Not often shall I speak your name,
For what would strangers care,
That once a sudden tempest came
And swept my gardens bare,
And then you passed, and in your place
Stood Silence with her lifted face.

Not always shall this parting be,
For though I travel slow,
I, too, may claim eternity
And find the way you go;
And so I do my task and wait
The opening of the outer gate.

The Battle of Frogtown Harbor

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

LAKEVILLE, like that territory of which Cæsar wrote in a deservedly dead language, was divided, for educational purposes, into three parts. These, in ascending order of importance, were the West Ward, which had nothing but a wooden school-house; the East Ward, which boasted one of brick, but only two stories high; and finally the Center Ward, with its vast three-story brick building and all modern improvements, including a high school and a janitor. Randolph Harrington Dukes was of that privileged class which attended the Center building. On this balmy Saturday morning, however, he was not doing so, but along with the rest of the rising generation was giving homage to "Frogtown," which was enjoying a spring flood. It was a time of rare prestige for the short street between the railroad and the marsh. The spring rains had swollen the lake, which had "backed up" over the low ground and finally crept up the street and entered people's yards. The transportation system of "Frogtown" now consisted of a raft and a flat-bottomed boat navigated by the fortunate youth who lived there, while the envious outside world begged rides in exchange for valuable consideration. Ranny, unable for the moment to purchase a position as mariner, was enjoying a quarrel between "Fatty" Hartman and a member of the submerged third who went to the East Ward school.

"We got eight rooms in the Center Ward," said "Fatty," who was one of the leading boasters of Lakeville and environs, "an' a high school, an' a janitor, an' steam-pipes that crack like the dickens."

"Tug" Wiltshire made gestures indicating contempt. "Yeah, high school!" he said. "Fellas with high collars, carryin' books for girls!"

"Fatty," who could not deny this accusation, fell back upon the delights of steam heat. "They go crack, crack, crack!"

"You sound like a duck."

"The Center Ward's three stories high, ain't it?" asked Ranny, argumentatively.

"The Center Ward's got no marsh," said "Tug"; "the marsh b'longs to the East Ward."

"What's the matter with ya?" "Fatty" now returned to human speech. "The marsh don't belong to nobody."

"I s'pose," "Tug" said, sarcastically, "a fella don't know that b'longs to the Supprise Hose Company! I s'pose he didn't tell me his *own* self."

"What 'd he say?" asked Ranny, somewhat impressed.

"He said like this: The East Ward is by rights the Second Ward. He said the marsh b'longed to the Second Ward—'nd 'Frogtown,' too."

"Are you crazy? Don't the 'Frogtown' fellas go to our school?" This from "Fatty."

"The marsh b'longs to us," said "Tug," stubbornly. "If you don't believe it, we'll fight you for it—East-Wards an' Centerses."

"Ya mean a war?" asked Ranny—"like snowball fights or green apples?"

"Not on land," said "Tug"; "the marsh is all water, ain't it? We gotta have a navy."

"Yeah," said Ranny; "where'd we get a navy?" As a matter of fact, Ranny had a very imperfect idea of what a navy was.

"Tug," with the superior wisdom of one who was already past ten, instead of merely eight-going-on-nine, knew all there was to know about navies—in fact, owned a book called, *With Perry on Lake Erie*. He now told the assembled Center-Warders what little he thought them worthy to know about naval warfare.

"The East-Wards," he concluded,



"THE MARSH B'LONGS TO US. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, WE'LL FIGHT YOU FOR IT"

"will come over with a navy nex' Satu'day. We'll show you who owns the marsh!"

"We c'd lick ya with our eyes shut," said "Bud" Hicks, another person who was enthusiastic about the Center building—outside of school hours.

"They's a place in our marsh where they's no bottom," said "Tug," tantalizingly. "It goes clear down to China."

"How could it?" demanded "Fatty." "The water 'd all run out and drownd the Chinymen."

"Maybe it does sometimes. How'd *you* know? You never been to China."

Ranny's eyes shifted from the desirable inland sea to a "Frogtown" crew which had stopped seafaring to investigate this delightful clamor.

"This kid here," Ranny proclaimed, "says the East Ward owns the marsh an' 'Frogtown,' an' they'll fight us with boats nex' Satu'day—us Centerses."

"Us Centerses" now constituted themselves a committee on abuse and vituperation, and "Frogtown" promptly succumbed to the interesting idea that the East Ward and its inhabitants should be abolished. It was rather a triumph of diplomacy, for if "Tug" had first proposed an alliance, no doubt "Frogtown" would just as eagerly have taken up arms against the lordly Center. Educational matters did not interest them in the least; they would not fight and bleed for a three-story brick building and a janitor.

"All right," one hardy mariner said at last, "but you can't use our navy; you gotta make one your *own* self."

All proper Center-Warders now repaired, upon invitation, to the barn of Tom Rucker, Ranny's particular crony.

"They's lotsa room to make a navy," said Tom; "we 'ain't got no horse now."

At Rucker's barn plans were made and quarreled over; the East Ward was thoroughly denounced; and there were some thrilling, if irrelevant, gymnastics in the haymow. But by noontime, except for Tom's getting the hammer from his father's tool-chest, nothing had actually been accomplished in the way of making the Center Ward mistress of the seas.

At the dinner-table Ranny, without going into needless details, took up the

merits of the inter-ward crisis with father. "'Tug' Wil'shire says 'Frogtown' an' the marsh an' ever'thing belongs by rights to the East Ward. That ain't so, is it?"

"Well, yes—kind of," said father. "You see, Ranny, it's like this: There are three wards for electing councilmen. What you call the East Ward is really the Second Ward; the one in the middle is the First, and the one on the west is the Third. Water Street—you mustn't call it 'Frogtown'—belongs to the Second Ward. So does the marsh, but that doesn't matter, because frogs and turtles can't vote."

"But the fellas from 'Frog'—Water Street goes to our school."

"That's because it is too far around the marsh to the East Ward school, and it wouldn't be right to make the children swim. They'd get their books wet."

"And their feet," said mother, dragging in a favorite topic of hers.

This novel method of going to school occupied Ranny's thoughts for a moment to the exclusion of more important questions.

"You see, lots of boys and girls do not go to school in their own wards," father continued. "Now there's a young fellow I know—let's see, what is his name, now?—well, no matter. He and his family live west of Jefferson Street, so they belong to the Third Ward. But he goes to the Center building because it is nearer. Oh yes, I remember his name now—Randolph Harrington Dukes."

"Do we live in the West Ward?" asked Ranny, in dismay.

"Yes; I vote in the Third Ward. But you don't have to go to the West Ward school. Don't worry."

But Ranny *did* worry; not because he doubted father's assurance that he need not attend the poorest of all possible school-houses, but because his pride was shaken and his naval career threatened. He could not understand why his parents had so far forgotten themselves as to live west of Jefferson Street. As he made his way back to the ship-yard after as small a dinner as mother would let him off with, he resolved to defend his shameful secret at all costs.

Other Center-Warders had taken up the geographical question with their elders and had received similar replies. When they found that "Tug" Wiltshire was right in his contention, all parties were very angry at the East Ward. If they had found that "Tug" was wrong they would have been equally angry. In military matters the rights and the wrongs are of less importance than the we's and the they's.

"Anyhow," said Ranny, "it's where ya go to school that counts."

This sentiment was heartily approved, though it did not cover the case of the marsh; if, as father had said, the turtles and frogs could not vote, neither could their young go to school.

On this Saturday afternoon there was laid down in Rucker's roomy carriage-shed the keel of the largest and only fighting craft that the land-loving Center Ward had ever known. Ted Blake, a pugnacious, able-bodied youth a little older than Ranny, had joined the group and appointed himself manager of construction. "Fatty" Hartman boasted a great deal about what he would personally do to the presumptuous Easterners, but did very little actual physical work, owing in part to a certain vagueness as to what a navy was like. Ranny and Tom and such willing but undersized fighters and bleeders were chiefly useful for bringing boards and nails, and responding quickly when Ted said: "Hey, hand me that hammer. What's the matter with ya?"

Ted's knowledge of naval construction was founded upon an illustrated book describing the contest of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

"We gotta have a *Monitor*," he said.

"I'm a monitor in school," Clarence Raleigh suggested, helpfully.

The work of building the navy was delayed while Ted heaped scorn upon the youth who thought this matter had anything to do with school work. Ted then explained what a *Monitor* was. There would be a large raft—the largest in Lakeville, and probably in the world. In the center there would be a barrel containing sticks and such ammunition. As the throwing of stones was forbidden by the accepted rules of warfare, any stones should be concealed.

"How we gonta make it go?" asked "Fatty."

"We'll push it with poles, you crazy."

Displays of ignorance now ceased and Ted was given his masterful way. It was Ranny, however, who, while searching for nails, made an important discovery.

"Oh, lookee!" he cried. "We could use 'em for bullets!" He indicated a heap of half-burned carbons from an electric arc-light.

"Ya can't throw away my carbons; it took me a long time to get 'em," said Tom.

"What do ya use 'em for?" asked "Bud" Hicks.

As they were of no conceivable value, Tom had to fall back upon the time-honored, "Oh, somepin." At this point Ted took enough time from his work to rule that all carbons be requisitioned for war purposes.

When the afternoon had waned and Tom had twice been invited to supper, the *Monitor* presented a tangible form. The outside framework had been laid down, based largely upon the ruin of Mr. Rucker's board pile. "Fatty" had taken upon himself the task of guarding the door against spying enemies. As no spies had come near, this was pleasant and easy work, well suited to his temperament. He thought it best, however, not to forbid Tom's father from entering his own barn when he came to coerce his son in to supper.

"What are you kids making there?" Mr. Rucker asked.

"We're makin' a raft—f'r 'Frogtown,'" said Ted.

"Now, look here, Tom; you can't—" Mr. Rucker had stepped inside the shed and was examining the ambitious structure upon the ground. It was a critical moment for the rising young navy, and all the tars fell silent.

"Well," said Mr. Rucker, with a face that seemed trying to be grave against heavy odds, "don't bung yourselves all up. Skip along home now."

Even Tom did not understand his father's sudden change of attitude. The Center Ward went home to supper with light hearts and high hopes.

At Sunday-school the next day Ranny explained to a youth (who belonged to the lowest order of society and attended



THERE WAS LAID DOWN THE KEEL OF THE LARGEST FIGHTING CRAFT THAT THE CENTER WARD HAD EVER KNOWN

the West Ward school) that there was going to be an "awful war nex' Satu'day between the Centerses and the East-Ends."

"Who wants the old marsh?" said this fellow, in the approved sour-grapes' formula. "We gotta lake."

This was presumption to which even the Easterners had never risen. The West Ward did abut on the lake, but so did the Center and the East; so did people of every nation and every clime, including farmers. The fact was that the Westerners, deprived of the consolation of a marsh, had made the most of their share in the lake. They swam and fished and rowed boats; when the softer races farther east were venturing timidly upon the pond ice, these hardy Occidentals were skating upon the precarious rim of the lake.

As the teacher at this point demanded order, Ranny could only say, "Yeah, you gotta wood school-house—that's what ya got."

But he hoped more than ever that nobody would discover Jefferson Street's peculiar place in geography.

In the days that followed, navy-building was confined to the late afternoons, owing to the unfortunate necessity of attending, as well as defending, the Center school. Although most of this activity concerned the pupils of Miss Edith Mills, the patriots did not consult with that instructor; the teacher's interest in geography was confined to such remote matters as the course of the Kennebec River and the principal products of Uruguay. Several times there were verbal encounters between representatives of the hostile powers. On Wednesday afternoon "Bud" Hicks, who had a roving soul, safely penetrated the fastnesses of the Orient and reported that the East-Enders were resurrecting the old sail-boat. The pretenders were shoveling mud out of this ancient vessel and patching up its holes. It had long since ceased to have a mast, and would have to be propelled by poles or paddles, but it was a veritable dreadnought for size. With this news, work on the *Monitor* went forward with renewed vigor. Meanwhile the high water continued, and "Frogtown" still ruled the wave and its soggy environs. The low-landers never mentioned the Center Ward in this connection, but seemed to proceed on the theory that the marsh belonged to "Frogtown" down to where China began.

The better to conceal his dark secret, Ranny worked with great zeal. Positions in the navy were in demand; if his title were proved faulty Ted might give Ranny's place to some taller patriot. And some outspoken person like "Bud" would surely say:

"Why doncha go to the wood schoolhouse? Ya belong to the Wes' Ward by rights."

But up until Friday night nobody apparently had discovered the skeleton in Ranny's closet. The *Monitor* stood complete, the barrel in the middle filled with legal and illegal ammunition. Ted Blake had chosen the exact spot on the deck at which he was to stand (with feet far apart) and give his commands. Two boys' express-wagons had been requisitioned to take the navy to its ocean at eight the next morning. Everything was in readiness except a slogan—somebody had discovered that it was necessary to have "somepin to holler." Ranny proposed his favorite sentiment, "It's where ya go ta school that counts," but aroused no enthusiasm in Ted's breast. Finally Tom suggested, "*Monitor* for ever!" and Ted Blake, on behalf of the Center Ward and civilization generally, accepted this as "somepin to holler."

It still lacked a few minutes of eight on the morning of the war when Ranny, having supplied mother with a censored statement of what he intended to do with his holiday, set out for the place of mobilization. It was a glorious morning of balmy breezes and spring sunshine, an ideal day for slaughter and pillage. Under the mental stimulus of great deeds about to be performed, Ranny's short legs twinkled and skipped, and now and then treated their owner to a brief run. One of these runs carried him to the entrance of an alley at which three boys appeared with rather startling suddenness. Ranny saw at once that they were neither enemies nor friends, but timid neutrals from the West.

"Goin' to see the war?" he asked, sociably.

For answer, Ranny was seized and

pulled into the alley. There, while one timid neutral on each side held an arm and attempted to control a leg, the third tied a handkerchief over his eyes. Ranny's hands were then fastened behind him and he was requested in a hoarse, unnatural voice to "come along now and don't git smart."

"Wha's the matter with ya?" Ranny asked. "You kids ain't in this war."

Ranny was informed that persons who did not obey invariably died in "horbulagony." An unmilitary snicker from one of his captors mitigated the force of this threat; but he was intimidated into silence by that long and unfamiliar word. After a long journey he was led through a gate, felt soft grass underfoot, and was permitted to stumble over a sill. A brand-new voice asked him for the countersign.

When his bandage was removed he found himself in a dim and unfamiliar barn surrounded by Westerners who threatened him with lath swords. One of his captors whispered in the sentry's ear, and Ranny was requested to climb a ladder. At the top of the ladder he found an inclosure banked high with hay.

"Crawl into that there hole," said his escort. "We can't stand here all day!"

It is one thing to make a tunnel in a haymow and traverse it at will, but it is quite another to enter a totally unfamiliar tunnel in an alien barn. Thus at the very moment when Ranny should have been helping to move a navy he was crawling painfully through a pitch-dark hole, followed by a person with a tendency to jab, and going to some unknown fate. The choky blackness removed what little heart Ranny had left.

It was with vast relief that he at last saw faint daylight ahead. As he crept out of the hole he was jerked to a standing position by the proper authorities and hustled toward injustice at the lighter end of the hay-loft. The important personage who sat there was a stranger to Ranny, but it was evident that he was a monarch of some sort, for he sat upon a throne composed of a small box placed upon a larger one; he wore a pasteboard crown, and brandished a scepter which in humbler days had been part of a broom. This autocrat was several sizes larger than Ranny. He was as dark as a pirate. Beneath the trappings of royalty there was something vaguely familiar in his face and figure. When he spoke it was in that gruff, im-



"WHA'S THE MATTER WITH YA? YOU KIDS AIN'T IN THIS WAR"

personal voice so common among potentates:

"Wha's the charge a g'inst this here pris'ner?"

"He said," reported one of the guards, "the Wes' Ward only had a wood schoolhouse."

His Majesty rumbled and kicked the throne.

"An' he said the Wes' Ward didn't own the lake."

"When did he say that?"

"He said it las' Sunday in Sunday-school, 'Butch.'"

The monarch brandished his scepter, not at Ranny, but at the witness. "Don't git fresh with the king!"

The varlet's ill-advised remark solved the problem which had been troubling Ranny ever since he had entered the Presence. He thrilled a little at the revelation. This, then, was "Butch" Willet, heir of Willet's meat-market, and known far and wide as the bully of the West End. He had been pointed out to Ranny one day on the lake skating far beyond his fellows, 'way out toward open water. His name was a commonplace, yet Ranny had never seen him at close range. "Butch" had never wasted much time upon the effete civilizations farther east; therefore he had become a tradition—an amazingly straight-throwing, hard-hitting, long-winded boy; an amphibious animal, a prodigious swimmer and skater. And it was generally admitted that he ate raw meat at his father's emporium.

"Lemme go, 'Butch,'" said Ranny, sullenly. "I gotta go to the war."

"Lookee here, young fella," said the monarch; "if ya want ta go ta the war, ya gotta go with the Wes'-Wards. Ya live west of Jefferson Street, don't ya? Answer me that."

"The Wes' Ward ain't in this war."

"Listen to that, would you?" said the king to his court. "Oh no; not at all. Proba'ly nobody can't have a war except the Centerses."

"The Centerses thinks they're smart," said a flunkey.

"I won't fight against the Centerses," said Ranny. "It's where ya go ta school that counts."

"Is the dungeon ready?" asked the king.

A dungeon specialist replied that all was prepared, including "horbulagony." Of course no person wants to go to jail and miss a war, so what could Ranny do but agree to go with his captors? A few minutes later the king and his cohorts, with their prisoner carefully guarded, took their way lakeward, Ranny angry and disappointed, chagrined that his West-Wardism had become public property, but under it all yielding a grudging admiration for the scientific way he was being mistreated.

At the shore they were welcomed by a body of fighters and bleeders equal in numbers to their own. Three rowboats were filled with throwable sticks. Every jolly tar had a lath sword in his belt and carried a lifelike wooden gun. Ranny's admiration for his captors rose another notch.

The fleet was soon under way, Ranny in the flag-ship with the king, who, by changing his crown for a cap, had now become an admiral. As the navy sped along the coast its commander cleared up a few points that were hazy to the prisoner. It seemed that "Butch" had made speech with "Tug" Wiltshire of the East Ward and had agreed to aid in the laudable enterprise of removing the Center Ward from the map. The West Ward expected every man, including prisoners, to do his duty. Ranny's capture had been a challenge to the arrogance of the lordly Centerses; any misconduct on his part would be dealt with by means of marlinspikes and belaying-pins. While they were navigating the shoal that separated the lake from the marsh, "Butch" was pointing out the disadvantages of walking the plank.

"Butch" now rose to his impressive four-feet-three. "Hardaport, you lubbers!" he cried, pointing toward "Frogtown" harbor in order to make his meaning perfectly clear.

The first thing that caught Ranny's anxious eye was the East Ward dreadnought well in toward shore and bristling with belligerents. Soon he saw the raft and flat-bottomed boat of the lowlanders vigorously defending their altars and their fires. But where was the *Monitor?*

Where *was* the *Monitor?* Ranny's hope that it was hiding behind the

dreadnought was dispelled when he discovered Ted Blake and his command standing on the shore, trying to bombard the Easterners with sticks, shouting, "*Monitor* for ever!" but not stating where it might be found. Had Mr. Rucker at the last minute refused to allow them to bring the navy?

As they drew into the harbor Ranny saw a moving-picture of defeat. "Fatty" Hartman was attempting to launch what looked like an abandoned cellar door, but the minute it struck the water it was occupied by eager mariners, and sank with universal feet-wetting. Without the aid of the Center Ward navy, "Frogtown's" fight was hopeless. The Eastern dreadnought was creeping steadily toward shore—and "Butch" Willet's reinforcements would complete the sad work.

With an impulse that was three parts anger and one sheer desperation, Ranny arose and hurled a stick at the dreadnought. It was a little stick, ragged and water-soaked, but it changed the course of history.

Ranny aimed at the East Ward in general, but what, by some miraculous chance, he hit, was the left ear of the inventor of naval warfare. "Tug," cut off in the midst of an important command, turned in surprise to the flag-ship.

"Hey! What's the matter with ya, 'Butch'?" he demanded.

Without waiting for orders, one of the Easterners fired a shot in return. The stick bounded off of the knee of no less a personage than "Butch." In that instant the unnatural alliance between the East and the West was dissolved.

"Give 'em one, men!" shouted Admiral "Butch." The flag-ship responded with a shower of sticks, and the playboys of the western world were soon closing in upon the unwieldy craft. That is, two of the three boats were closing in; the third, not yet aware of its country's change of policy, was exchanging missiles and insults with the "Frogtowners." For a few moments the world was presented with the confusing spectacle of one navy fighting on opposite sides of the same war; but presently the admiral put a stop to this illogical slaughter and summoned all patriots against the Eastern dreadnought. Soon the lighter vessels had it completely surrounded.



"IS THE DUNGEON READY?" ASKED THE KING

Admiral "Butch," well versed in the literature of piracy, now ordered his vassals to board her, and at the cost of a few bruised fingers and one splash in the shallow water this was accomplished, Ranny being among the first invaders. Meanwhile the Center Ward shore batteries had located the dreadnought with the long-range Rucker carbons, and were inflicting slight but impartial damage upon friend and foe. It is a curious fact that the only missile which actually



ADMIRAL "BUTCH" NOW ORDERED HIS VASSALS TO BOARD HER

struck Ranny during the engagement was one of those carbons which he had himself discovered.

Admiral "Butch" now demanded that "Tug" and his crew surrender; this they naturally refused to do.

"Ya said ya was comin' here to help *us!*" Tug shouted, "and then ya turned around and fought for the Centerses!"

"Yeah, help you! Why did your fella sling at me?"

This argument never reached its logical conclusion in a personal encounter between the two commanders, for at that moment the dreadnought, which had been leaking increasingly during the engagement, now, under the weight of the buccaneers, began to sink, the water pouring through its bottom in little geysers. It required the combined efforts of the mariners of all nations to run the craft close to the shore where its old bones could rest comfortably upon the mud, and to get its occupants safe to dry land.

This event was regarded by the Westerners as equivalent to surrender. On the strength of it they claimed all territory in sight. The Far East declared the proceedings null and void because King "Butch" had gone back upon his royal word. The Center Ward boasters proved to the satisfaction of one another that if they had only got their navy there they would have defeated all comers, and therefore the marsh, as always, belonged to them. The "Frogtown" tars, having no interest in political discussion, swarmed upon the sunken craft and marked it for their own. Thus, happily, the war had not settled anything, and it would be necessary to have another one next Saturday, weather permitting.

Because of the fortunate turn of affairs, Ranny could now meet his old Center Ward cronies without shame.

"Wha's the matter with the *Monitor?*" he asked. "Why didn't ya bring it?"

"Aw," said Ted Blake, "they made it too big. They couldn't get it outa the barn."

"You was bossin' everything," said Tom Rucker, hotly. "You thought you

was smart. If it hadn't been for Ranny bringin' help, them East-Wards would won."

"If I could only got my boat afloatin'," said "Fatty," "I'd 'a' showed 'em." This ridiculous remark restored everybody to good humor.

The Westerners having, by their own admission, added a vast amount of subaqueous territory to their realm, now embarked for home, Admiral "Butch" standing up in the boat in that commanding, perilous way in which Washington is supposed to have crossed the Delaware. They made a brave appearance as they sped away, the three boats racing side by side, bristling with black gun-barrels and waving swords.

"Them guns wouldn't shoot," said "Bud" Hicks, with ill-concealed admiration.

"They got the best navy of all," said Tom. "Howja come to be with 'em, Ranny?"

"By rights," said Ranny, proudly. "I *belong* to the Wes' Ward."

The Open Door

BY MARY SAMUEL DANIEL

NOW choristers are on the wing,
Blackbird and thrush and soaring lark;
Now all the rapture of the spring
Breaks forth from winter's dark:

All set against a peerless sky,
A radiant arch of stainless blue;
Lilac and gold-green poplars high,
Apple and pear bloom, too.

All intermixed with warm brown thatch,
Or set by lichened, mossed brown stone;
Crowding round many a cottage latch,
Or sweet, apart, alone.

O breaking joy of sun-kissed bloom,
O bridal earth and blissful sky!
How is there any aching room
For sin, or tear, or sigh?

For sigh, or tear, or evil thing,
When Heaven's door is flung so wide,
When all the angels dance and sing,
Bidding us look inside?

Give me a homely cottage latch,
Four lichened walls of mossed brown stone,
A heart that primrose peace to match,
Serene, apart, alone.

Then, though I tread an earth-bound floor,
Fettered by many an earth-bound thing,
I still can lean against the Door
And hear the angels sing.

Current Literature and the Colleges

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English in Yale University

NOT long ago I saw a college professor drop into a chair at his club, glance over the table of contents of a well-known periodical, and fling it down in disgust. "I can't read the magazines," he snorted. "What is the matter with American literature?"

In the trolley that night I sat next to a business man who was studying the pictures in the same monthly. "Do you read that magazine?" I asked.

"Part of it," he said, indifferently; "I suppose all of it is trash."

I cannot see that such critics have a right to ask, What is the matter with American authors? Superciliousness and indifference were never friends to criticism or to literature. The worst way to improve a national literature is not to read it; and the next is to read it badly.

I bought the magazine, and read it, all but the advertisements. It was not great literature—some of it was not even good literature—but it was certainly not "trash." A task in research once led me to read with thoroughness the magazines of the mid-nineteenth century, when English literature was, so the critics say, greater than now. They were not so good as this modern periodical—they were not nearly so good in average of content, even though here and there a poem or a story or an essay since become famous lightened the toil of reading. My professor, if he had lived in the mid-century, would never have grappled with the diffuse, sentimental writing that filled so many pages. He would have stopped with the table of contents, and missed perhaps a chapter of *Vanity Fair*, a sonnet of Longfellow's, a story by Poe, or an instalment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. And my philistine business man would infallibly have skipped these good things, read the bad, and proclaimed that most modern stuff was trash.

What is it that makes us contemptuous when it comes to current literature, and especially to current American literature? Is it modesty? I doubt it. Is it hypocrisy? Do we sneer at our reading (for most of us *do* read the magazines, and with some interest, too) lest some learned critic or scornful foreigner will laugh at our taste? Or is it timidity, because we lack confidence to discriminate between the good and the bad in current publications? Lowell said that there would never be an American literature until there was an American criticism. If he meant that there must be great critics before there are great writers, the history of many literary periods is against him. But it is certain that until we are ready to stand by our books and periodicals—to be honest in our praise and blame, and intelligent in our discrimination—American literature, in spite of occasional achievement of distinction, must, as a whole, remain second-rate.

To sneer at contemporary literature, whether native or foreign, because most of it must disappear in the test and trial of time, is more than ridiculous—it is dangerous. Of the hundred short stories of the month, ninety poor ones are less important than a single paragraph from Fielding or Thackeray, and yet the ten remaining may mean more to us than all but the best works of earlier centuries. We are partners in the literary speculations of our own age—mere investors in the established enterprises of earlier periods. In the works of our best writers the speech is our speech, the mode of thought our mode, the clothes, the streets, the events, the philosophy, our clothes, our streets, our

remembered history, our philosophy. If it is to the so-called "classics" that we must go for eternal human nature and perfection of expression tried and sure, it is in the "newest books," in the newspaper on its way from the press to the kindling-box, in the supposedly ephemeral magazine, that we must seek a record of ourselves as others see us, and find the self-expression of our age. If literature is to be taken seriously at all, current literature is in some respects the most serious part of it—even the photoplay, even the comic supplement. It is like the breakers on the shore-front: the ocean lies behind, but it is in them that motion, energy, and life are concentrated and made manifest. Few take seriously our current literature, and that is why the bilious query of the supercilious and the indifferent, "What is the matter with American literature?" is so irritating. It is because I, for one, do take it with enormous seriousness that I dare to ask the question myself.

That there really is something wrong —at least with current American writing —the evidence proves only too readily. A comparison of American stories, articles, plays, poetry, with the product of Europe need not inspire a native reader with the despair which English critics profess to feel for us. Our writers are the cleverest in the world, barring only the French; and in their special field of fiction and journalism, the most skilful and most vigorous. They have energy, versatility, promise; and for the most part are free from the marks of decadence visible in English paradox and French morbidity. But depth, truth, sincerity, are not so evident; nor is the craftsmanship which completes a perfect work. The best foreign plays are better made than our best native drama. The best English fiction strikes deeper, means more, is truer, than what we are accustomed to put forward as our most representative work,—although one must except three or four of our chief writers if the scale is to tip against us. English poetry, on the whole, is more vital, more beautiful, more perfect than ours. And the cultivated American reader not only recognizes these differences, he exaggerates them. Much of the humor that he laughs at he believes to be cheap, even when it is not—unless, like Mark Twain's, it comes in book form with its prestige stamped on the cover. Short stories, more clever than anything being written in England, he delights in but does not wholly admire. Plays that hold his interest he damns with a "good melodrama, I suppose," at the end; and he calls the best sellers "virile," "wholesome," "stirring," or "sweet," without supposing for an instant that they are true. Current literature may tickle the current American reader, and it often plays successfully upon his emotions and his sentiment; but, like current religion, it seldom stirs him to faith. Its roots are not about his mind and his heart.

There are two fairly well-marked extremes in American literature—the strenuous and the delicate. Between them is to be found that writing of the first order which, in despite of critical sneerers, we have for a century been producing, and the mass of featureless publication which has neither form, content, nor significance. The bulk of our circulating library and news-stand literature belongs to the first extreme—that which I have called the "strenuous" order. It is loud-voiced, aggressive, exuberant, and appeals frankly to the multitude. In articles and editorials it affects the positive and the picturesque. It deals in paragraphs of three lines' length; its subject-matter is interesting, but it has little accuracy and a minimum of thoughtfulness. In fiction, it acquires such head-lines as "A Virile American Conquers the Love of a Beautiful Balkan Princess, and Wins Her by a Method which must be Read to be Appreciated." Its stories are built like cantilever bridges, and their construction is quite as evident. The characters are like the clothes they wear in the illustrations—ready-made; and the advertising pages, devoted to the ideal American as he dresses in New York, presents them quite as fittingly as the picture in color on the cover. Sometimes the theme is adventure, in which case the pace is rapid beyond hope of realization in this jaded world; sometimes it is business, and then we learn how luridly romantic are the lives of our bankers and brokers; sometimes it is pathos—then the tears are never far

from the surface, and the honest American heart, be it never so practical, is touched, or your money back; sometimes it is humor, and, as the quotation from the press notice describes it, "you roll in excruciating delight upon the library rug, and only save yourself by herculean self-control from falling into the fireplace."

I do not intend to be sarcastic. On the contrary, one must admire the abounding vitality of this literature of the democracy. It may not be "virile," but it certainly is vigorous. It may not be "literary," but what remains when you skip the "dramatic openings," the "happy endings," with "uplifts," the mere adventures, and the conventional characterizations—what is left after this contains much real literature, in which American conditions are mirrored with humor and with genuineness, and with a shrewdness that almost makes up for depth. The magazine that advertises, "This is the best number ever published in America," may be as disappointing as certain "boosted" towns of the West, but it is likely to contain passages that really do depict America; and this is something that the merely "literary" may never accomplish.

In fact, the strenuous, extravagant, aggressive school of American literature—the popular school—is as full of strength and confidence and promise for the future as American business. But it is far cruder than American business. It has less brains behind it. It is a plant that runs to vigorous stems and over-abundant leaves. It is lush in growth and not highly productive of valuable fruit, because as yet it is deficient in roots.

The strenuous school is certainly preferable, however, to the other extreme—the delicate, scented variety of writing, which, though not hardy in our practical America, is replanted annually in astonishing abundance. This is a flower of art that the multitude who make popularity are ignorant of, and yet it, too, is typically American. In occasional contributions to the general magazines, in a hundred "paid-for-by-the-author" books, and in thousands of essays, stories, and poems read before clubs or printed for the few, there is a gentle, highly personal, highly polished style of composition which, if not literature, is certainly literary. People with no story to tell write it excellently and call it art; people with nothing to say polish their style and call it literature. As if by some survival of the curse of Babel, careful writing, discrimination in words, restraint, grace, beauty—all that goes to make a style—have become associated in America with the privately printed or the sparingly read.

It would be invidious and merely confusing to single out examples. The kind of writing I have in mind is not restricted to individuals, nor to given essays or stories. It is a tendency rather than a method, and shows its empty, graceful head as unmistakably when the commercial writer turns the spotlight upon his purple patches, or breathes soft sentiment, as in the labored mannerisms of the cultured dilettante. Nevertheless, there is an astonishing production of American work whose only recommendation is its "literary" form, though it is not literature in substance. In poetry, especially, the vice is prevalent; in truth, there seem to be as many poets as there are readers of new poetry; and a discouraging percentage of their verse is mere graceful flower and leaf. The scribbling itch, of course, is common to all nations; but the depressing factor here is that so much of what is really well written, artistically written, so much of the thoroughly civilized writing in our current literature, is of this fragile order; so much of what has real juice in it, real promise—fresh thought, keen observation, cogent truth—is slipshod, vulgar, ugly, or warped by sensationalism and the fear of reality into a sentimental or exaggerated imitation of what the public is supposed to consider life. The one school runs to lush and wasteful growth, because it sends no roots down into the heart of America. The other, for all its grace and perfect form, is not hardy, is not at home among us, because it, too, is not well rooted in our soil.

No one will deny that we lose by this; those least who know and admire the work of the many American writers who, in the face of discouraging conditions, are earning more discriminating praise than has yet been given them. Only the

supercilious can fail to regret the vigorous imagination running waste in our "popular" productions—so little of it directed to any end which may serve art and truth. Only the indifferent can see without regret that the study of perfection which leads to art is bestowed chiefly upon subjects which contain little promise and no hearty life. Let us take from the comparison the few writers of whom we may well boast; let us confine ourselves to pure literature; and then admit that in the drama, in fiction, and in poetry we are just neither to our talents, to our needs, nor to our desires in literature.

Excuses are as plentiful as blackberries — and, to a critic with some national pride, as sour. The commonest of them take the form of that ogre which lurks in all the dreams of culture: commercialism. It is a fallacy. Venice was commercial and had Giorgione and Titian. The Florence of Boccaccio was the center of fourteenth-century commercialism. The Holland of Rembrandt was commercial to the core. There is sure to be a vast output of low-grade literary ware when, as with us, the vast majority of readers are money-makers necessarily intent on their gains, and deprived of the leisure necessary to form a taste; exactly as there is an enormous production of the common conveniences of life—shoes, newspapers, collars, and phonographs. But this is no necessary deterrent to high-grade work. The more money, the more chance for the artist with high ideals to live. Surely our industrial development since the Civil War has brought us to the level of old New England of seventy years ago, when the exploitation of the seaboard states had ended in an accumulation of wealth and a freeing of time and energy for our one great literary period. Commercialism may be a proffered excuse, but it certainly is not a necessary cause of our mediocrity in literature.

America is too heterogeneous, too shifting, for mature literature, say others; it is so various in blood, so transitional in its civilization, as to offer few subjects for finished work. This is the critics' excuse. The thousands of writers who are satisfying the growing clamor for "something to read" do not present it. They are not troubled by lack of subjects, nor are they confused by the complexity and movement of our national life. It is true that they do not seem to get to the heart of this life; and it may be that they rush in where the wiser and less vigorous fear to tread. But what arrant nonsense it would be to hold off until New York and Chicago and the Pacific coast are "finished," as an Englishwoman put it, asserting that they would be worth looking at when that time came. The scientist nowadays does not wait for his specimen to be full-grown or dead before he begins his examination. Nor should we. There is no greater lack of homogeneity among races here than among classes in Germany. There is as much significance in our mental and material development as in English pessimism or Russian melancholy. I admit the difficulty of making literature from towns that change their populations as they change their pavements, and a country still largely unassimilated. But if we lose one way, we gain another. Forests and mountain wildernesses, emigration and immigration, the clash of racial habits and ideals in an amalgamating society; industrial, moral, social transformation—these are assuredly subjects for literature; and that they challenge originality and the interpretative imagination does not make them less interesting. And yet American literature does not live up to its opportunities. It is not so good as American machinery. And the trouble is neither commercialism nor a dearth of subjects; it is a lack of proper soil. It is the fault of the soil that our novels, plays, poetry, articles—unrefined and over-refined—lack the roots which would make them better literature.

The soil from which good books grow is intelligence. Our current writing is clever, it is shrewd, and it is not wanting in imagination; but, with due and grateful exception, it falls short in the meditated experience and thoughtful observation that spring from intelligence. Its art is less bracing, less vital than the best in our lives. The best English novelists are superior to any group of Americans; England has better dramatists than we have; her poets are better than ours—not, I think, because they

have more brains, more art, more imagination, but because they *use* more. They strike deeper, perhaps because it is easier to do so in old soil, but also because deeper striking is required of them.

The deficiency, however, is not, I believe, primarily with the writers. By all the laws of probability, we should have more than our share of literary genius. The American has shown himself more fertile in literary talent than in any other of the arts; and, furthermore, wave after wave of restless intellect has moved with successive immigrations across the sea to us. One of the great Welsh poets, says George Borrow, died in New Brunswick in North America. If the soil had been right, Henry James, Whistler, Sargent—to look at the matter differently—might have flourished here. If the soil were right, there would be genius to grow here.

What we chiefly lack is intelligent readers. Good readers make good soil. No actor can act his best to a cold audience or an empty house. Nor can a writer write his best when there are none or few who will read him. It is true that there have been independent geniuses, such as Browning and Shelley, who seem to have defied the neglect of the reader. If we could call forth such men, might we not make an American literature, regardless of what America wants? Unfortunately, rare spirits like theirs do not come at call; and even they are not entirely independent of the circumstances in which they must write. Shelley, it is true, did his best work for an audience which was few as well as fit; but then his best work is the purest of lyric poetry, the most personal form of literature, the least dependent upon a circle of readers. As for Browning, his isolation was a prime cause of his obscurity when, as so often, he was needlessly obscure. Great writers do not come ready-made. Good readers help to make them.

We are the greatest readers among the nations. Everybody in America reads—from the messenger-boy to the corporation president. It never was so easy to read as now in America. A journey is measured by discarded newspapers and magazines. Fifteen minutes on a trolley-car without something to read has become a horror. We read so much that the publishers, who do not expect us to think of what we are reading, crowd their magazines with explanatory illustrations in order to save us from embarrassment. This hunger and thirst for the printed page has resulted in a flood of writing that is good, but not too good; clever, but not too witty; emphatic, but not too serious, lest the unintelligent reader be confused; lest the intelligent reader have to waste his reading-time in thinking. A year of such indiscriminate perusing and a man of good natural taste will swallow anything rather than be left without something to read. And we have been doing it for a generation.

Hence it has come about that, while we are the greatest readers in the world, we are also the worst. We read too much to read intelligently. We are bad readers, some of us, because, like Benedick, we have "a contemptible spirit" for the books we spend our time over; but most of us because, if we have intelligence, we fail to use it when we read. If as great an exercise of sheer brain power were demanded from our novelists and our playwrights as from our engineers, superintendents, architects, and lawyers, a real literature would follow. But we cannot stop reading long enough to make such a demand. We have no time for a great creative literature. "People want to be made happy by their novels. They don't care about truth." "Any old stuff in a play will please the public, if there are laughs enough." So long as this can be said of the intelligent, educated men and women who determine true popularity, good writing in America will come only by accident. We are bad readers; and that is what is the matter with American literature.

I do not mean to excuse either author or publisher. The author — so many think—underestimates the quality of his audience. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he does not dare to be as funny as he can. Often he is unwilling, often unable, to pass the mark of "good enough." The publisher is certainly over-timorous, and much prefers the rear to the van of progressing taste. Nevertheless, the root of the difficulty lies elsewhere.

Supply in literature may not be created, but it is inevitably conditioned, by demand.

In the past a number of circumstances, social and economic rather than intellectual, have made the American voracious and superficial in his reading. And this is true to-day, with the addition that France, England, and Germany are threatened by the same evil. There is only one remedy: education. How else can you prepare for intelligence? Education in the broadest sense makes a good reader. In one of its departments —knowledge of life, shrewdness, common sense—we Americans are abundantly competent to read. It seems that in another department—the will to think, to interpret, to appreciate—we lag behind. Our colleges are blamed for their failure to turn out the authors of a great American literature. The charge is unjust, for not the most Utopian of universities could produce a great literature before it was wanted. Let them be blamed rather for their failure to produce good readers. Great writers they can, at best, train and encourage. Good readers they can make.

In our society it is the college graduates who must make the soil for literature. Thanks to sheer numbers, they will form, in the generation now under way, the majority of those who by competence or opportunity become readers of good writing; they will determine the policy of the better newspapers, the quality of the best magazines, the success of most books worthy of consideration. Are they reading better books than men and women who have never been to college? Are they asking that their fiction shall be truer, their plays more dramatic, their wit wittier, their articles more intelligent, than all that is purveyed for those without a degree? In some measure, yes, especially among the women; in the proper measure, emphatically no. And the reason is that the college graduate, while in college, was too busy with other things to acquire intellectual interests.

The undergraduate of to-day is certainly possessed of a reasonable amount of intelligence; the criticism most justly made is that in intellectual matters he often fails to use it. It is easy to present him with information, and get it—not seriously damaged—back again. It is not difficult to make him comprehend theories, developments, conclusions, ideas. But it is hard to make him think. He will spend enormous sums on tutoring; he will memorize whole pages; sometimes he will even forego his degree, rather than think. And as good reading demands a certain amount of thinking as a prime requisite, his books suffer in proportion to the laziness of his mind. If he enters business in after-life, this defect in thoroughness is remedied by a stern necessity, and what intelligence has accrued to him he rapidly puts to work at full efficiency. In preparation for law and the professions generally, he passes through a period of higher training, when thinking is forced upon him. But when it comes to reading for pleasure, there is no such compulsion. If he was lazy-minded in studying in college, he will be lazier in reading afterward. If he was content with a sixty-per-cent. efficiency, he will scarcely seek a higher ratio of appreciation when there is only his own pleasure to consult. And how can a considerable literature—how can a really first-rate newspaper—be run for a man who does not care to comprehend more than, say, sixty per cent.

It is not a duty I am urging. I suppose that we have a moral obligation to become better readers, but such an argument is quite unnecessary. If, crossing the hotel corridor to the man who is reading a novelized photo-play to rest his mind, I should say, "Dear sir, ought you not to be reading good literature?" I should expect the retort that Francis Thompson made upon the shoemaker who asked if he were saved. I have neither the right, nor the desire, to put such a question. I am more concerned with the pleasure and inspiration which the man in the hotel corridor, and his hundred thousand companions, are losing. What stories the really able American authors might write for him, if he were sufficiently interested in life to read them! What plays they would produce, if he would take the trouble to discriminate between drama and melodrama; between sentiment and sentimentality; between wit and horseplay! What essays they would compose if they

believed he could be interested by thought!

And I repeat, I do not know how this is to develop except through the colleges —unless it is to begin in the schools and the homes that send us an undergraduate already predisposed to regard matter as more important than mind. Every modern nation has depended upon its schools and universities—not, it is true, to create literature, for genius has never required a degree, but to spread that intelligence, and still more that interest in intelligence, by whose warmth good books ripen into literature. We shall get a distinctive literature when we are willing to appreciate one. We shall be willing and able to appreciate one when our education arouses intellectual interests as well as trains character and disciplines the mind. And this will happen when, among other things, boys and girls are sent to college to become intelligent.

I shall probably be scoffed at by the professional writer who has learned his trade in the school of experience, and condemned by the esthete who is more interested in culture than in life. The one will laugh at the idea that upon education can depend so unacademic a thing as creative literature. The other is too contemptuous of the masses to believe that our artistic welfare is bound up with theirs. But the facts are against them. The lack of art which foreign critics urge against our professional literature is due, in part at least, to the lack of an audience that will demand it. The lack of vitality which is evident in our merely literary compositions is the result of writing for the sake of writing, in despite of those who will not read. No author is independent of his readers. He can distance them, but he cannot escape their influence. I have no formula for genius. But when we have good readers, we shall get that American literature of which now we have no less and no more than we deserve.

Herb of Grace

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I DO not know what sings in me—
  I only know it sings
When pale the stars, and every tree
  Is glad with wakening wings.

I only know the air is sweet
  With wondrous flowers unseen—
That unaccountably complete
  Is June's accustomed green.

The wind has magic in its touch,
  Strange dreams the sunsets give.
Life I have questioned overmuch—
  To-day, I live.

The Royal Way

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WHEN the time comes to die, and when, as you know very well, the journey must be taken alone, you reach out for the hand that you best love. With your last glance, ever so vague though it may be, you seek to search into the compassionate depths of those other eyes—the best-loved ones. For some there has never been any companion glance nor any hand that, through its holding, could index desire. Perhaps these lonely ones, those with the heart unopened, depart more placidly.

Mehetabel was not one of these. She had been lovely and fierce, blazing up in an instant, attracting, compelling, all the time. Now she was old and widowed—just a gipsy lying on her bed alone, under a roof, and very slowly dying. Yet at her going, when the time came, there would be no grief, but only joy; for she had lived and she had accomplished. What more do you ask?

But under a roof! That was what hurt her and delayed her, for how could she die unless with the sky for a canopy?—that, and the hand of the loved one to hold! She would think upon it bitterly, lying alone in the small room, her bed close to the wall, while her two sons were at work through the long May days. Her keen eyes would travel scornfully round the room. Yet once she had been proud of it, inordinately proud. She had been so glad to get into this cottage, square and thin like a cardboard box, which was all her very own.

It was built at the foot of the great hills, and it assaulted them with its foolish peaked roof coming to a silly point in little chimneys. Mehetabel had not thought so once; she would have flown at the throat of any one who had dared to say it. In her middle life—that sleek time of the settled emotions—she had been proud of this four-roomed place with its yellow walls, its red roof, and its bit of vegetable-ground. Her husband built it in his prosperity and they had both felt ashamed of their gipsy birth and vagrant early days. Mehetabel had tried to take her place among those other wives and mothers who had lived under a roof all their lives. It was a serious and quite unavailing effort. When she had been born, her mother's bed was bracken—bracken in the springtime, with juicy fronds just uncurling. They had uncurled; the swarthy baby girl had opened her black eyes. That had been her beginning. Now, under a roof, she was dying. Every day the doctor came to feel her pulse and survey her. Every day the nurse came to make her bed and feed her. Then they went away. Hers had been a poetic beginning; it was to be an inglorious end.

If her bed had been near the window that might have been better, but those who tended her would not hear of this. Near the window she would have felt closer to Morris, and it was Morris she wanted. He, fifteen years ago, had dropped dead in the triangular patch of meadow which was theirs—and from the window she could have marked the very place. Fate had been kind and had spared him the slow fretting of a sick-bed. It was June when he fell dead, and the meadow grass had been high, just ready for cutting. Wild purple orchids had lifted royal heads, and his dear body, falling, crushed them. The two boys had found him and come to tell her. She remembered that he had been carried back to the house and laid, a ghastly burden, upon this bed. Beside it she flung herself then, in a deep rebellious passion of inconsolable weeping; for she loved him, and she yearned now, herself dying upon the bed, for his hand—something to hold at the last and to steady her.

Every day she lay glaring at the primly curtained window. She had been

proud of it—of white curtains, of a Sunday parlor, of all those things which pale, tame women strive for, clutch at, and keep. Now she was ashamed of herself and ashamed, altogether, of that deadened, opulent time thirty years ago when Morris had saved money and bought the bit of land and built the place and started a greengrocer's shop in the town.

In doing this she and Morris had been not only fools, but traitors. She saw it very clearly now. They had been false to the quality of their blood and to the strength of their tradition. For her people and his had all been gipsies from the beginning. The name they bore was a royal name—in Romany dynasty! What had they—the Lees and royal—to do with little houses and little trading ways? This prosperity of theirs she had been fool enough to consider attainment, and it was nothing but a slur. Jehu and his brother Silas, her two sons, they still were proud of it. Yet they were gipsies, too, and some day they would see, as she, lying so long alone, was seeing.

What little dark rogues they had been as babies!—just dewberries, ragged, sun-kissed things. Her daughter, too, Rosina—such a slim queen of a creature! She had flashing eyes for crown jewels and sleek plaits of hair as a diadem. And she was dead.

When Jehu and Silas grew old and when they came to die—perhaps without the hand that they best loved to hold—then they would learn, too, as she upon this bed lay learning. Then they would revert to their sense of a royal, free lineage; they would cast aside all common cares and thoughts. They would long—as she with all her soul was longing, every hour of each slow day—for some majestic passing, away out on the hills.

This was really what Mehetabel wanted—not to have the bed set near the window, looking at a corner of the meadow where Love dropped dead, but to stretch herself out upon the aromatic grass of the great sheep-down. She wanted to die as the rest of her race did; not here, prisoned in cheap brick, but in a sea of open space. Those who loved her best, Jehu and Silas, they would watch her; they would keep guard until the last. When her spirit burst, glorious, through her tattered, her time-fretted body, then they would burn her clothes. Purging flames would blaze very near her cold feet as she lay motionless at last upon the hillside.

She longed for this and she would certainly have it. Gipsies, of her tribe, died in this royal way always. It was traditional with them.

It was not much to ask when it was one's last request. Yet she dreaded that, because they loved her, Jehu and Silas would refuse—just as they had refused to put her bed near the window in a draught. Love was a queer thing, for it sometimes cheated you.

She, for her part, had in the same way certainly cheated Rosina when she was dying. There had been some wild light in the girl's eyes through her last moments which her mother had not understood. She understood now. Death, the angel, coming close, slipped the key of knowledge into her hands.

Rosina, tossing upon the bed, following her mother about the sick-room with her eloquent, haunting glance, had been wanting to die out of doors. This desire was in the blood of them all. She had cheated her daughter at the last, just as Jehu and Silas would try to cheat her. But they should not. She gave a savage chuckle. Now, alone, in the ugly, square room, she meant to have her way.

Lying here, coming to dying, Mehetabel longed for her daughter—that woman half yourself, flesh of your flesh, token of your wedded love. No other woman could ever be the same. Sons! What were they? She felt the subtlety of the tie between mother and daughter as she had never felt it while Rosina lived.

Jehu and Silas—they were men, and blunt, with the man's ardor for fighting and with very little else. Yet now they only fought tamely for a respectable living. At this moment Silas was very likely in the fields hoeing long rows of cabbages. He had said this morning, before he went out, that he would do it. Jehu was at the shop, selling fruit and vegetables. He had said when he came up to kiss his mother good-by that he loved selling fruit best. He had laughed and looked sheepish. He said that fruit

—those apples, just delicately flushed—were like a sweetheart's cheek. He, of the two, had a sweetheart. Silas was heavy of mind, with his eyes on the hoe and his thoughts not rising above the price of cabbages. Yet he was a faithful son.

To say that apples were like Susan's cheek, that was fine of Jehu; and it was a thing which Morris, his father, might have said. What a tongue Morris had had—a golden tongue.

Mehetabel, lying in the bed, was a young woman again when she remembered everything! One May-day, wooing, she had flung her head back until it lay in the grass, mocking her lover with her dark eyes, luring him. And she could feel now—yes, here and dying in the limited house—the way he had leaned over her, fire in his returning glance, flame through his quick kisses. Bluebells had been tangled in her loosened hair. They had driven him mad, and he had called her his goddess and a queen of the woods. Now that wood was only just over there on the other slope of the great hill. And it was upon the open hill and within sight of this secretive wood that she would die; there and nowhere else at all. She made up her mind, lying alone and fretting in the tidy bed.

That night when her two sons came home and had eaten their supper she called down to them, and, as they came lumbering up the creaky stair, her heart was beating very fast. She thrilled—she was young again. When they came in and stood by her bed she signaled to the ugly window. The blind had not been drawn down and the moon looked in, a yellow one to-night.

"Like a big fruit and a girl's cheek," said Mehetabel, quizzically, to her son Jehu.

By his returning look of comprehension, of softness, and of fire, she almost imagined him a daughter and no mere son—an understanding woman, and not a blunt man with his heart absorbed in getting his living.

She looked at her two children eloquently: at Jehu, flushing with the tenderness which her words had aroused; at Silas, sullen, as he always seemed, and thinking, without doubt, just of cabbages or of rabbits. For he grew the one, bred the other, and sold both at as high a price as he could get.

"I shall die to-night," she said simply; "I feel it—here." And her hand, so thin, so ugly, nothing but a pucker and a claw, pressed hard against her breast. "Lift me out; carry me up on the hill, dearies. I can't go else, and it's a long while waiting for me and for you. I'm better dead, for my time's over."

She spoke solemnly in the high manner of a priestess, and in the deep, mellifluous voice which—of all her early graces—she still kept.

They listened. They looked at her—Silas in his ox's way, Jehu with the alert brightness of a bird. To her amazement, to her joy, they entered no protest, nor did they mean to. This was clear, she saw that at once. They merely stood attentive.

"A warm night," she cooed, "and I can smell the hills. And I can smell the wild campion. It's like a hundred honey-pots overset, my darlings. She looked delighted and laughed like a child. "Wrap me in the old shawl that's hanging there at the foot of the bed, and carry me out—now, quick!"

She took her hand from her breast and with it made a martial tap, a regular tattoo, upon the side of the mattress. She addressed herself to Jehu, her firstborn, and she let her old head with the scanty hair—all desolate gray and black, a magpie flutter—fall deep upon the pillow, revealing her throat with all its dreadful ravages of time and sickness. Just so had she as a young woman, glorious in the full tide of beauty and desire, flung back her head, tangling her hair with bluebells, that day years back upon the slope of the hill, deep in the wood.

That had been Love, then, and that had been Youth. This was a son, merely, and Death was near. But the compelling power of the wild, free woman with warm gipsy blood had not departed. You could not ignore the command of those dark eyes, yet bright, that showed beneath the wrinkled, half-closed lids. In this mood she could still do as she chose with a man. "Carry me," she repeated, majestically; "I'm thin; it 'ull be a featherweight, Jehu."

He was won. She read response on his face, and eager, quick consent. With Silas one never needed to reckon, for he would do as he was told.

"You to carry me"—she held out her arms to the elder one—"Silas to bring two guns and my bundle of clothes to be burned when I'm gone. We all die that way, dears, when our time comes—all of the tribe; and I won't be false to it."

Her voice was faint and she could hardly speak at all. Both men looked hard at her, and they drew their breath hard, too. She had aroused in her sons the sleeping sense of blood and tradition. They were honorably fired to do the thing that she wished; and all the other things of daily life seemed now, through this ecstatic moment, only attributes, and quite unworthy. Just building a little house to assault the solemn hills, just keeping a shop and selling things by pennyworths—what was it all to them!

Yet Mehetabel had loved it once and been elated with it. Morris had loved it and striven for it and attained to it. They had been proud of it and ashamed of their gipsy fiber. But treachery had not lasted long. *He* had fallen dead in wild orchis and the meadow sorrel; she was to be carried out now to die, royally, as all their race did.

So these three to-night, in the neat room with its tiresome air of small prosperity, were as lawless and as regal as could be. They were gipsy through and through; nothing else in the world—each one reckless, wild, and free, trouncing out at settled things and small ways.

Silas went down-stairs and got their guns, while Jehu, always more of the woman, gathered together his mother's clothing; not so very much of it to collect. She, by fast-moving eyes, by twitching hands upon the upper sheet, by mumbling lips from which came very little sound, instructed him. He gathered it together from drawers and cupboards and hooks. When he had it all he tied it in a bundle and called out to Silas to fetch it down.

Then he lifted Mehetabel from the bed and carried her. She was a frail burden. With her peaked nose and chin, with her keen eyes and her tufts of old hair pinned into a crest at the top of her head, she was just an emaciated eagle. She tucked her cheek beneath her son's thick beard. Jehu had a flaming beard and Silas had a black one. Jehu wore it pointed, but Silas cut his square.

For the last time, she went down the narrow flight of stairs, and she listened to their creaking.

As Jehu took her up the hill she was alert to everything—she was chuckling, even, and it pleased her to think that his footstep was blithe as he went so easily up the steep, setting his feet in a track. She remembered that track. Once wild, quite uproariously young, she had sat down and slid from the top to the bottom of the hill, on a smooth part. Morris had stood at the foot, laughing and idolizing. When she came down he had caught her in his arms, and then, letting her free, he had run a bit of the way up the hill again to kiss the faint track that she made as she slid. That was Morris all over; a strong man and yet nothing but a worshipful child. A creature who could lift you up just as easily as if you were a handful of thistledown, and yet one who would lie with his head in your lap. There was a husband for you!

Going up this loved, this well-known hill, for the last time, she was alert to everything—sound, smell, sight. She was more alive than she had ever been. Half-way up, she looked down at her house and found it disfiguring. It snapped its fingers in God's eye. This was how she rudely translated her feeling—since, to her mind, God was merely the sense of and the center of all beauty. Every one who impaired any beauty mocked at Him. To Mehetabel, love of the hills, yearning for the wood upon the other slope, all her passion for Morris, her husband, and all her tenderness for her babies as they came—that had been God. She was going back to Him, taking flight from the peak of the hill. So the house which she had been so proud of was her shame to-night, and to build it had been Morris's one great sin. If there was such a thing as sin (and the clergyman spoke constantly of it, for in her later days she had gone regularly to church), then it had been wrong to raise that ugly house at the foot of the charming hills. It had encompassed and

crushed her, the yellow-built, four-roomed place. She had lived in it, that was true; yet it had been a blind life. Die in it she could not, since dying, like loving, was a noble act.

All of this she reflected upon in her simple, downright way as Jehu carried her higher and higher. When, by painfully lifting her face from out of his beard and looking down, she could see the house no longer, she was very glad. To build a house, to buy land! What folly, to be sure! Land belonged only to those with eyes to see. The woods were her own, and the hills, too. She could now see the other slope of the hill, for she was on the top. There was the wood, and to-night, without doubt, bluebells were in it—the ground one sweet blue nod! Bluebells had been in her black hair years ago. Morris's lips lay upon her drooped lids then as he murmured.

Jehu carefully laid her down. Not speaking at all, he, with Silas, drew up close to her and sat upon the grass in a watchful attitude, with their guns in their hands. They knew what to do—knew what was always done. Knowledge was in their blood. Their mother watched them gratefully. She did not speak, either, for, at the very big moments you do not.

Deep in the wood, from some low branch, a nightingale was singing. Very, very often Mehetabel had listened to the nightingale with its pained recitative, the sound that made you mournful even in the midst of your joy. She knew all plants and birds and outdoor things; they were her friends, and once, for her and for Morris, they had made sole company.

She knew the lark's boundless song, which in her mind she linked with the cry of April's lambs upon the hills; the rollicking, bold blackbird, the robin and the thrush, the musical, persistent wren, and all the finches. She knew all of them; lots more! The song of that hidden bird to-night upon a bush down there in the wood burned away the present and revived the past. So, lying upon the hill at her last she was again young and adored. Again she lived her moment. She remembered Morris and their wooing and their early married days, before they—according to their canons of such things—became rich. She could only dwell upon the beauty and the perfect joy and the airiness of those days; her spirit, so fine now, so near its last release, rejected all thought of the bodily pain and weariness that there had been: interminable trampings along dusty roads, beseeching at churlish doors for a drink of water; being hungry, being sleepy, being wet, and being hot. She remembered all this, yet she dismissed it and ignored it—since never in spirit had she suffered one pang. For Morris had been close beside her always—a husband of faithfulness and mirth and fire.

Shifty night sounds came as she lay upon the grass, a son on each side as sentinel; sounds of small marauding animals, scurrying by; sleepy twitters from new nests; crackings of boughs; furtive heavings of leaves. This was a royal way to die! For she lay easefully upon grass, and it was fragrant; very soft and springy, too.

She lay with her head low and her old throat candid to the observant moon. Her head fell back and back. Silas and Jehu, at the last fearful moment, signing to each other, not speaking, gently putting aside their guns, linked arms to make a rude cradle for her head. She neither opposed nor yielded, she was so very far away.

Jehu was staring brightly at that white campion growing in the inclosed field upon the hillside. She had spoken of it to-night. In other years she had seen and smelled campion. That field was all moving silver stars; it rejoiced and consoled Jehu. Silas had his eyes full on his mother's face—big eyes, black and oddly dull; a tear or two went down his cheeks. She was dying, and she—for him at least—meant all that he had.

Upon the faces of both men was that flicker of vagabondage, the token of their race. Mehetabel had purged her sons by her last desire, and very likely they, when the time came, would die upon the hills as she was dying, and as all of them did.

Just before she died the very earliest streak of dawn came; first a thinning of clouds, then a dropping of the moon; last, a little line—only a pencil streak of finest pink. It was that hour of curious,

cold quietness that comes before the new day. She lay suddenly rigid. Jehu and Silas unlinked their arms and, shivering, withdrew them. They stared at each other and, stiffly, for the first time through the long watch they stood up. They stretched themselves, leaving her alone.

Now that she was dead, how old she looked, and vacant — quite deleted! Those eyes below the strong brows, eyes which forced you to do things, were shut. She looked a wasted, brown old creature, and she was no longer triumphant. So the spell that she had cast was broken.

Jehu and Silas stared down and, as they stared so, the wild torrent of their gipsy blood stopped racing. They were sensible men once more and they felt ashamed. They gazed askance at that bundle of hers lying near, which presently they must certainly burn as she had commanded. They would burn it, then they would carry her down to the house and slip her back into bed before the world woke up. They looked at her, and in a forlorn, brotherly way they looked at each other. Yet Jehu's face, even through his sorrow, was illumined; for he thought of his sweetheart, and he stared at the starry campion. Silas had nobody and nothing—no sweetheart, no delicate gift of vision. He, indeed, was left alone. In his dumb way he felt heartbroken, and presently he went away by himself. Jehu knelt down upon the grass; he took his mother's hand and covered it with kisses. Down there in the wood he could hear the snapping of dry boughs. When his brother came back, a shadowy figure against the vague dawn, and framed in feathery twigs which he carried upon his back, Jehu stood up. Feeling scared, he approached the bundle and opened it. His mother's things were scattered upon the grass; to do this seemed an outrage, and his face, fine-cut and proud, quivered. Silas, stolidly, yet with wet cheeks, was building the sticks into a pyre. He did everything slowly and did it well.

From what one might call the abiding foundation of Mehetabel's more solid possessions—her gowns and cloak—there tumbled little trifles—ends of bright ribbon, a couple of flowered handkerchiefs, a gaudy silk shawl to tie over the head. Jehu had hastily collected everything and pitched it together, tying it up in the cloak before they all left the house.

Mehetabel's black gown, cloak, and silk bonnet which she wore for best had been her pride, yet her heart had been given to the discarded gipsy things—those crimson, those green and orange tags with which once she had decked herself—faded, torn fineries and sorry wrecks of her young splendor. Morris had loved them, and she remembered just how flame color had looked knotted round her firm throat, and remembered, too, the things that he had whispered of it.

Jehu now took a bright handkerchief and spread it over her face. It lay like a flower-patch, and there was not the tiniest bit of a breeze to lift even a corner. Nothing of her fluttered or was stirred in the least. She was royal, and even the elements respected her.

She lay dead upon the great hill, and faint, beginning scents of aromatic wild plants growing in the grass stole up now to perfume her death-bed. Perfume, too, from the resinous spray wood that Silas had lighted. He had brought paper and matches in his pocket, so very soon they had a big fire. Smoke twisted in lovely spirals to the dimly seen sky; flames curled round Mehetabel's wardrobe and burned up everything together: solid stuff and shiny silk of which she had been proud; tawny flutters of old rags of which she had been ashamed, and yet had romantically loved, since they expressed her lost life of long ago upon the open road.

Jehu, just in time before the fire took it, pulled out a shabby leather case. He had not noticed this when he put the things together, and he said so now to his brother.

"It must have been in a pocket," said Silas, and he looked covetously over Jehu's shoulder as he opened the case. Their mother's ear-rings lay in it—heavy gold crescents, handsomely chased.

"Pity to burn them," said Silas. "Waste of money." He looked doubtfully at Jehu; for money meant a great deal, yet a mother's commands meant more.

"We can't sell them." Jehu looked down at the solid-gold ornaments.

"To bury her in them, that would be waste, too," answered Silas. He spoke in his ponderous way, yet his mouth under the full, square-cut beard was twitching and pursing like a baby's. He blinked at his brother, who blinked back. They drew together and away from the mother. They were both thinking the same thing.

"They might do for Susan." Jehu, speaking their thought, slipped the case into his pocket. "She might have wished that," he added, and glanced timidly back at that gaunt shape upon the grass. "We can't be sure."

Yet he need not have been afraid nor doubted. Mehetable would have understood his heart. How well she would have understood! And she would have loved her son more than ever because, even now, he was rapturously imagining what those gold ornaments would look like when worn by his white Susan.

The fire burned well, and they would not leave the hill until it was out. There was nothing now to say and nothing to do but to wait. Their hearts were heavy, yet also they were in a strange state of excitement and of dread, for they did not wish the neighbors to know anything of all this. They did not wish to be laughed at or derided or thought less of than other people.

Presently Silas again lurched off and went into the wood with his gun. He trod the grass softly, just as down there in the little house he had trod softly in his mother's sick-room, or upon the stairs at night when he went to bed, for fear of waking her. Jehu, left alone, sat by the fire, huddled up, and coaxed it into a brighter blaze by pushing charred ends of stick into its heart. There was little now to burn; everything lay in gray ash or shapeless black flakings. When Silas returned they would carry her down and put her into bed again and fetch the doctor. Nobody need know anything.

Jehu was sitting still, the sky lifting visibly over there in the east, the fire fading out, when a girl came up the hill, stepping in the track along which they had carried Mehetabel. She was outlined against the tender young sky, and she looked to Jehu radiant and light, delicate and angelic. Every clammy terror went away at her appearing, for she expressed life and hope and love. He lifted his head, which had been sunk while he played with the fire. He jumped up, advanced to her, and said, half in joy and half in shame:

"Sukey!"

She was a blond girl, with neat, small features and a narrow brow, this sweetheart of his.

"Jess!" she returned. "Jess!"

She would never call him Jehu, for it was a ridiculous sound in her ears, and it held something both comic and profane. She felt this about Old Testament names, and she associated them with Sunday-school.

She could see nothing but him for the present. Just he and she stood alone together upon this great dim hill, and she never even saw, at first, the flattened, dying fire, nor that long body with its dreadful air of stiffness that stretched upon the grass.

She came up close to Jehu gladly, yet for all that with an element of reproof and even suspicion. For she was never quite sure of his love or easy about his actions. He was different. He was not —by birth—respectable; he was a gipsy.

To-day at dawn, up here and all unexpected, he appeared unshaven and slovenly. He looked a haggard man, unkempt yet always handsome. He held out his arms, then, closing them tight around her, he put his head down until his chin touched her cheek.

"Susan!" he said. It was a sob. "Why did you come?" he asked, his arms tighter. "Did you know I wanted you? Were you warned in a dream?"

"Dream? Warned? What?"

Her three words were crisp, you might say accusing, and she drew herself away. She regarded him, standing free and a pace off. She thought how handsome he was and that whatever he did she would feel proud of him, just for his looks, if for nothing more. And she saw nothing upon this hill but Jehu. There was reproach in her shallow blue eyes; yet there was love, too, and also—this he noted gladly—she was unkempt. This disorder linked him to her; it made a bond—of the blood, almost!

"Dream?" she repeated. "No, I never. Father called me up in the middle of the night to go after Dimple. He can't stir himself; he's got lumbago, and there was nobody else. That old cow will stray when she wants. I've been calling over the hills till I am hoarse. Didn't you hear me?"

"No," he answered, dully, "I never heard you," and he looked behind him.

Susan looked, too. Then she realized, and then, for the first time, she noticed the fire burning near her feet. She looked with apprehension and always with suspicion, with an air of being ready to condemn. For she never forgot that Jehu was only a gipsy, while she was a farmer's daughter. Nor did her own people let her forget it. Jehu for Susan was considered a poor match.

She looked around her; then, glancing fretfully toward the wood, she heard the cracking of twigs as Silas broke his way through undergrowth. She was afraid and tired. Suddenly she burst out crying, petulantly. For she had been weary and sleepy and cross for hours, calling across the dark hills for the stray cow, and robbed of her night's rest.

Jehu wrapped his long arms around her again. His face was heavenly tender, and no longer did he sob. He had sobbed for his loss; but for his gain, close here in his arms, he could have laughed outright. And, holding Susan, he already half forgot his mother. Love is so heartless when it is young! But Mehetabel, whose own heart never grew old, would have understood perfectly. Perhaps she already did.

"My mother," he whispered, his voice close at Susan's ear, "is dead on the grass behind us, darling. Me and Silas made this fire to burn her clothes up afterward. It's the way we all die when our time comes."

He spoke proudly. Susan would never, never understand. Forlornly he felt this, and he was assured of it by the instant, subtle retreat of her body from his as he held her. Yet she loved him wildly, too—in her way. Well, that makes everything clear and easy. When his time came to die she would have him carried out upon the hill if he begged hard enough. But dying was a long way off. Love, which is Life, lay here in his arms. Why be sorry, then, for anything?

"Dead? Your mother?" Susan flung her head back, eyes and mouth opening. "You brought her up here? Why?"

"We all do. We carried her," he said, with regal simplicity, with sternness.

This impressed her and it burned out, for once in a way, her sense of being his superior. She looked humble as he went on speaking; polite and attentive. She carried an air of rustic courtesy.

"I carried her, and Silas carried her clothes and the guns. We watched her with our guns all night. She died at dawn, and we've burned her clothes, as she commanded. Our tribe does die like that."

He spoke with a magnificent air, yet quite unconsciously. It was not braggadocio—it was too assured of itself for that. You do not look for bluster in a monarch, and Jehu was just a king condescending to a subject. Susan felt this. She was in awe of him, and she adored him more than she had ever done.

When he said "our tribe," with his head held up and his wild eyes flashing, it was wonderful. Often she had laughed at him for saying that, and twitted him. Out here upon the hill, with the sun only half arisen—one leg out of bed, as it were—she was subservient. Jehu was doing to her what his mother had done to him and to Silas. He was imposing his pride of race. And just as his mother had lashed herself in her bed, scorning common, small prosperities, so he, although he loved her so, was lashing Susan, the farmer's daughter, now.

"She's dead—there?" Susan pointed to the figure upon the grass as soon as she recovered herself, and primly drew away again from Jehu's embrace—they went through steady processes of advance and retreat. "It is awful," she proceeded, coming again to herself; "it isn't respectable. Why did you do it?"

"It is grand," Jehu told her, "and it is our way. We do."

That, to him, finished it. His sweetheart kept on staring at the grass and at the rigid figure lying there.

Jehu fetched out the leather case and, opening it, revealed the heavy ear-rings. "They were nearly burned," he explained; "I pulled them from the fire

just in time. I think she'd like you to have them, my dear."

He seemed, however, to weigh and to speculate, and he looked behind him at that patch upon the grass, but one would never get any answer from there!

"Ear-rings?" ruminated Susan, and she took the case. "Funny, queer, old-fashioned things! They could be fastened together into a brooch, Jess. It would be a handsome ornament. I would wear it"—she sounded properly sentimental—"for her sake." Her eyes glittered and her hands looked greedy.

"Would you like"—he turned, his heel digging into the turf—"to look at her?"

He spoke with a marvelous softness, and the expression upon his face she did not understand.

"No, no," she answered, quickly. "I could not bear it. I've never seen a dead person. Don't touch the handkerchief, please. It ought to be a white handkerchief, poor thing!" This seemed to trouble Susan more than anything else, and she began to cry again.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," he said, simply. "She is happy and we shall be. There's nothing to cry about, that I see, this morning."

He took the case away and returned it to his pocket. "Not a brooch," he said, staring at Susan's delicate blond beauty—she was fragile as snow this morning in the early dawn. "If you won't wear ear-rings, then they shall be made into an ornament to hang round your neck on a gold chain and be a charm. Something to shine upon your throat, my very dear. Love of my soul, but I love you!"

He concluded with rapture and quick fire. He seemed to pounce upon her in one lithe movement, and he kissed the throat around which his mother's ornament should hang.

Sometimes, in this mood, he startled Susan, and she drew herself away now, blushing, radiant, and very tender—yet with an air of restraint.

"I must find Dimple," she said, "or father will be cross. Oh"—she quickly returned and clung to her lover—"what's that awful screaming in the wood?"

"It's only Silas killing something—a rabbit most like. He is half off his head with our loss, poor lad. To kill something will do him good. That's his way. The other day he killed some rats that we caught in a trap; and the last one, the old mother rat—Sukey! You are quite white. I shouldn't have told you."

"It is awful," she said; "everything is awful this morning, and I shall be glad to get indoors again. But you didn't kill the rat?"

"No, not that one; it would have upset me. But they've got to be killed. You know that as well as anybody, living on a farm."

"Oh yes, I know that," said Susan, more composedly. "I'll run away now, Jess, before your brother comes back."

"If you like, if you wish, dear, dearest one!" Jehu's flashing eyes devoured her, nevertheless—for he was wild in every way this morning. He was a gipsy, and as Morris his father had been when he wooed Mehetabel.

"Here comes Silas from the wood," he added. "Doesn't he look big and savage, the poor old fellow? But there's no harm in him at all. The hill is so dark that it makes things and people look very funny, and I'm light-headed, I think, with sitting up all night. Go and find Dimple, Susan, as your father said. Silas and I must carry mother down to the house before people are about. I don't want any talk. Remember that." He looked cautious at once.

"You may be sure," returned Susan, "that *I* sha'n't say a word. Is it likely?"

She slipped off, sliding as it were from Jehu's last embrace. All the shifting shadows absorbed her and she was out of sight before Silas came from the wood, a dead hare dangling at his strong wrist.

She went calling for the cow, making that queer hooting cry which is so uncanny when you hear it sometimes piercing through the tender dawn.

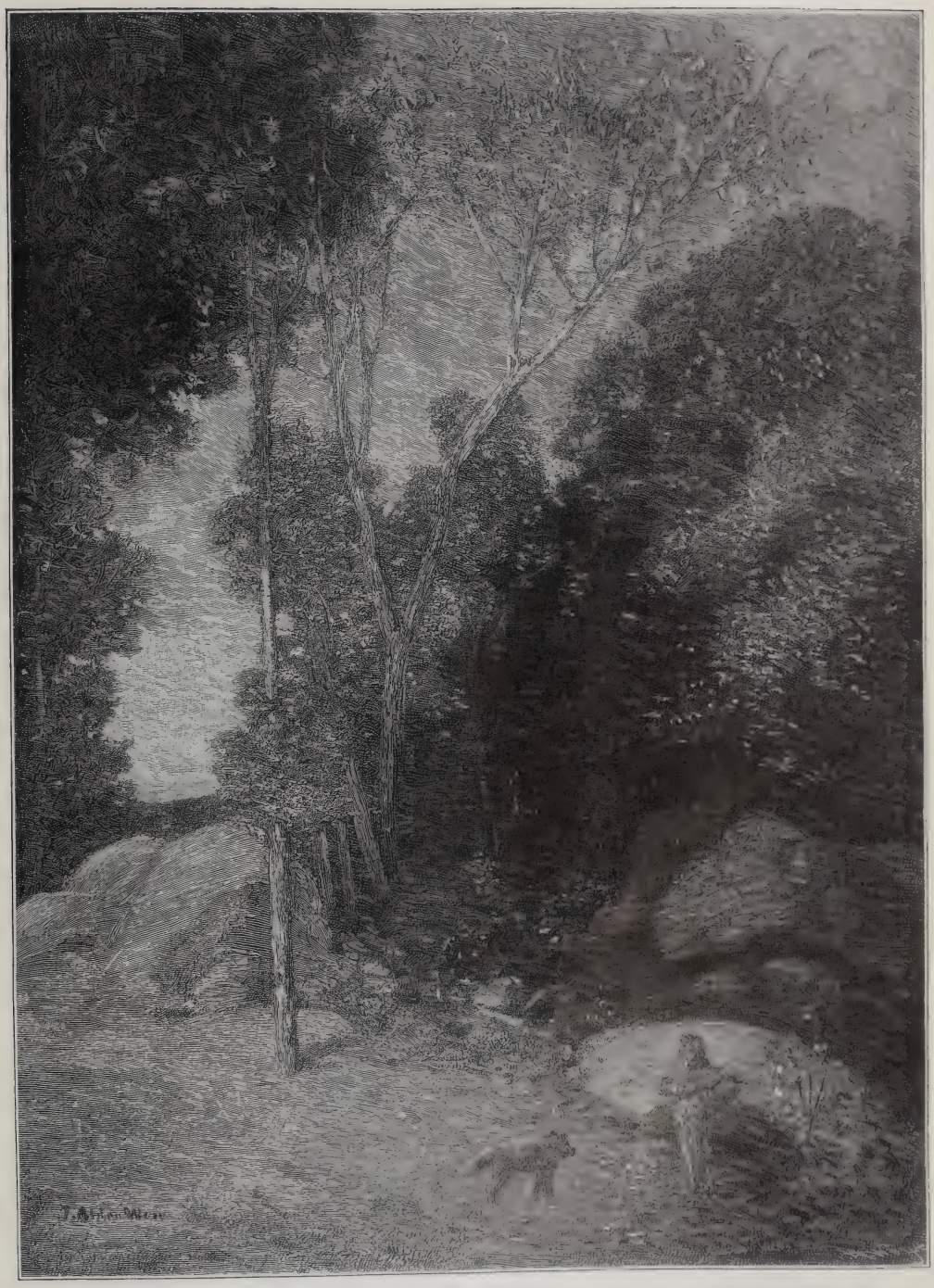
When Silas came up to his brother they lifted their mother, without one word passing, and carried her solemnly down the big green hill to her little house. Silas hid the guns and the hare in a low-growing bush of thorn. Later on he would come up the hill again and get them.

"Landscape: Pan and the Wolf," by J. Alden Weir

BAUDELAIRE said that a man without special temperament ought not to paint, however good a craftsman he might be. Mr. Weir is a man of special temperament. In a former paper in this series admiration was expressed for the lyrical suggestiveness and idyllic charm of his landscape art, qualities which distinctly mark the present work. Indeed, a better example could hardly have been chosen to show his personal accent, the impress resulting from searching vision. Our painters, more sensitive and more eclectic than their predecessors, unveil for us the inmost recesses of Nature. It is only in modern days that the solitary regions, with their silence and mystery, have found interpreters whose works afford Nature-lovers delight. The painters who perceive these illimitable manifestations of Nature are the most ardent seekers, ever pushing further and further their study of her infinite variety. Landscape in their hands is vivified and personified, and takes on a new interest, bearing, as it does, the intimate accent of the painter's own feeling.

Mr. Weir, working in this direction, has established his individual idiom of expression. This individuality is one sharply defined and easily recognizable. He pushes to the extreme the assumption of the ability of painting to express the indefinable poetry of Nature, opening for our enjoyment a dream-world full of secrets and possibilities. The rocky covert, haunted by the woodland god, under the pale, glamorous, moonlit haze, carries an atmosphere of misty longing and peace. There is exquisite harmony between his dreamy, impressionable mood and the atmospheric color that awakens a haunting memory of things felt rather than seen. His concern is not so much with the outward aspect as with the mood of Nature, and he leaves the result to make its own appeal, knowing that it must ever remain uncomprehended by the crowd.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"LANDSCAPE: PAN AND THE WOLF," BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Customs of an Irish County

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

SOUTHEAST in Ireland lies the County Wexford, a fair, serene surface that covers rich treasury of the sorrow and romance of the many different peoples who chose it for a home, fought to keep it, and died yearning and dispossessed, or triumphant but insecure. At first blush the county is like some fine personality, inconspicuous from its very perfection of harmony. It lacks the bold headlands of the north and west of Ireland, and the desolate loveliness of the bog. Its beauty has a softer, more insinuating quality; its lures get into one's blood, and then one understands why the ancient peoples built their great raths and towers and churches on Wexford sod, and gave her a fierce and loving testimony of birth and living and death.

The old peoples coming in from the sea to take Wexford must have been struck by its emphatic definition, its possibilities as a theater for partisan warfare. Its undulating surface, which measures in miles fifty by twenty-four, is checked on the east and the south by the sea. On the west stands Mount Leinster, which has always marked the boundary of the province, while north, to break the back of the winter winds, rise the Black Stairs mountains, the three sharp pinnacles of which are known as the Leaps of Ossian's Greyhounds. Within, the beautiful river Slaney divides the land into two unequal parts. On the side of a well-wooded hill is the town of Wexford, which for untold centuries has stood to the fierce races who wooed the land as a symbol of their might. A thousand years ago the race then in power built a magnificent city wall to keep out all invaders, and ever since then the old streets of Wexford have been so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass without special arrangement. It was there that in the early days the great fair for all Leinster was held, when there was buying and selling, and sports and games, while the chiefs and brehons debated in council. It was there hundreds of years later that the gentlefolk had their town houses and the narrow streets echoed to them riding to the hunt or driving in their splendid coaches to the county balls.

It was after the Anglo-Norman came that the face of Wexford took on its present appearance. Up to that time there had been old memorial stones and raths, and some forts and castles, but the stout new-comers meant that no one should take from them what they had taken from others, and as a farmer sows his seed, so they sowed Wexford with castles, forts, and abbeys. The county is divided into ten baronies, and in four of them alone there remain one hundred and twenty castles and towers. There are fifty-nine on a surface of less than sixty-three square miles. The castles were very heavily built, with thick masonry and deep windows. They were generally characterized by a single square tower, at one corner of a square battlemented courtyard. From this tower a warden could see from two to six castles; a beacon signal could soon be spread. These homes could not be easily given to the flame, nor the flesh of the inhabitants to the eagles.

And if there are many ruins about which any Wexford gossoon can tell you the legends, there are others of which nobody knows anything. One is perhaps driving along a road where the honeysuckle and wild roses are delicately struggling for mastery, and one sees suddenly a square tower rising gaunt and high from a grazing-meadow. On approaching, one sees the marks of the moat; one steps through the arched, open doorway and looks up at the roofless structure. The stones rise higher and higher; the blue, serene sky shows above and through the deep, narrow

windows—and on the broken floor is tethered a cow, who gazes blankly at the intruder. Another case of usurpation, and no one can tell whose was the castle, and no one is concerned with the many centuries of living, quiet and stormy, which went on inside these walls.

Old-fashioned people are apt to lament the past. There is always some one to say that Wexford has degenerated. The landholder complains that, with the rents going down and the income tax rising, people of his class have much ado to keep going; that young men of good families are forced to emigrate to America, like any gossoon who expects to work with his hands; that though the rents go down, the laborers and tenants who have always depended on the big house for certain supplies do so still. He will say that the farmers, since their rents have been lowered and they are buying land, are becoming so prosperous that they no longer have the old feudal feeling, but educate their children above themselves; that the common people in general are no longer as respectful as they were, and that while home rule will ruin the country, still it would not be surprising if it came.

The farmers say that home rule is not going necessarily to be good for them, with the income tax increasing, and with England no longer helping with the rates, but that they dare not show their real feeling for fear of boycott from their laborers and the tradesmen. It is true that they may eat more nowadays than bacon and cabbage and potatoes; and they can have houses with tiled instead of thatched roofs. But look at the difficulty of getting laborers! Nowadays a government board will build a poor man a cottage on an acre of ground for which he will pay a weekly rent of from eight pence to a shilling — neat little cottages without a taste of mud about them! When a laborer can live in a place like that, and has a child or two in America to send him home money, he is not going to work unless he feels like it; and his son will only work till he has earned enough money to buy a bicycle and a suit of new clothes with which to impress the girls.

Until something less than a hundred years ago the inhabitants of Forth and of Bargy spoke a language different from that spoken in the rest of Wexford or in any other part of the country. It was a language that Chaucer and Spenser would have understood. To this day



CULLINSTOWN—COTTAGES BY THE SEA

some of the old words still survive, such as "let" for "hindered," "kennen" for "known," "math" for "meadow," "fash" for "shame," "ractsome" for "fair," "redesman" for "adviser," "chour" for "giant," "lewd" for "ashamed." An angry person will still say, "I'll make *gobbets* of you!" Other Wexford expressions, rarely to be heard in other parts of Ireland, are "renegged," meaning "changed of mind"; "coknowsure" for a knowing person, "ramshogues" for "foolish stories," "shandrumdandy" for "broken down," "sharoose" for "displeased."

Wexford conservatism further shows in the keeping up of many of the old customs. In some quarters the matchmaker is still an important personage. He or she—usually an old bachelor or a spinster or widow—has a long memory for the marriageable girls and boys among the peasantry of the county, and even of adjoining counties. The young people are not at first consulted; the parents of both are approached, and the talk is not at all of the inclinations of those who are to marry, but of how much dower is to go with the girl, and what the young man's father will allow him. For all their warm hearts, the Irish are practical enough; they have to be. There is plenty of innocent love-making which never leads to marriage, because the chances for a living in Ireland are limited, and a couple must have a little degree of certainty about the future. Sometimes a young man cares so much for some particular girl that he breaks through custom and finds a way of marrying her. One youth of the barony Forth loved the daughter of a Wicklow farmer who had two hundred acres and corresponding high ideals for his daughter. The youth had ten bare acres and a bare cottage. He appealed to the sympathies of his neighbors, who straightway lent him cows and horses and sheep, carts and machines and furniture, so that when the Wicklow farmer came down to look over the claims of his prospective son-in-law, he saw such shining prosperity that he gladly yielded the daughter.

But in general the parents are very keen about the settlements. More than once all negotiations have been stopped because one father would not set a heifer against the feather-bed of the other father. There are not, as in America, wide, hopeful horizons which promise sufficient heifers and feather-beds. The young people, knowing this, are content



THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF FERNS, STRONGHOLD OF DIARMUID, THE TRAITOR-KING



SAGGINSTOWN CASTLE BY THE SEA

to leave the settlement of their marriage to older heads. The story goes that once a hearty, managing dame of Wexford came out to the paddock where her daughter was milking the cow. Worn out with negotiations which had not been entirely to her advantage, she looked sourly at the girl, and remarked:

"Well, Maureen, your banns 'll be put up to-morrow. You'll be married in three weeks' time."

"Who to, mother?" asked Maureen, timidly.

Upon which her mother snapped, "What's that to you?"

Doubtless Maureen's family gave a great dinner, with the priest sitting at the head of the table, and, at the end of the meal, blessing and cutting the bride-cake, each guest giving him some money for taking a slice. Then dancing and drinking would follow far into the night, and perhaps the cost of this hospitality would cripple the bride's family for a year. Nowadays, if young men or women do not like the marriages which have been arranged, they can borrow from sympathetic friends and slip away to America. Almost invariably these practical marriages turn out well. The young people are pleased to be given their own speck of land and their own little cottage; they are true to each other, and their habit of daily companionship soon grows into a fine, deep devotion.

The Wexford people have not given up the old custom of the brown shroud. When a Wexfordian is about to die he has brought to him from his own special chest this shroud of brown cloth, usually made by the nuns, and which has already been blessed by the priest. If he is so poor that he does not own one, a neighbor lends him the garment. If he is too near the end to put on the whole garment, some one guides his arm into a sleeve and helps him hold a lighted candle while the prayers for the dying are said over him. In this way he hopes to escape the pains of purgatory.

Almost equally impressive is the curse. An Irishman feels a wrong keenly, but it must go very deep indeed before he will put a curse upon one who has injured him. The harm wrought must have been so heavy that there is no remedy and no chance of personal retaliation; the matter must lie in God's hands, and Him the injured one invokes. He who has done the harm fears the curse, feeling it, at least temporarily,

almost as much as the man whom he has made suffer. One would not care to witness twice such a scene—the wronged person, trembling with emotion, on his knees on the green sod, calling down with passionate, vibrant voice this age-old curse upon another who cowers, who cannot but dread:

"May the grass grow at your door and the fox build his nest on your hearthstone. May the light fade from your eyes, so that you never see what you love. May your own blood rise against you, and the sweetest drink you take be the bitterest cup of sorrow. May you die without benefit of clergy; may there be none to shed a tear at your grave, and may the hearthstone of hell be your best bed for ever!"



WEXFORD TYPES

There are some Wexford people who will tell you that the fairies went away when Parnell was thrust out of power, and that is the only thing for which they blame Parnell. The young people do not believe in fairies any more, but many of their elders do. They know that if the butter does not come they have done something to offend the Good Little People, such as throwing out water after sundown, or blessing themselves when they put their foot on a rath where fairies live, for these fear a blessing like red-hot iron. The old men and women, if they sneeze, say, "God between me and harm," to keep the fairies from getting power over them. Any young man or woman who is very beautiful or is a good dancer, it is said, is liable to be stolen by the Good Little People. There are many stories such as the one about John Fitz James, who dropped dead as he kissed his bride in the church, and for years the knowledgeable persons who are called fairy doctors tried to bring him back from fairyland, but they never succeeded, for his beauty was too great to be parted with.

Sometimes a fairy changeling is put in the cradle in the place of a new-born child. He is to be recognized because he is old-looking and ill to please, with wise, watching eyes. Then a fairy doctor should be called in, who will fill a cup of oatmeal, and saying over it a prayer in Irish, and covering it with a cloth, he will apply it to the back, heart, and sides of the changeling. If it be a fairy, half the meal disappears, and the rest is made into three small cakes, and baked for the mother to eat, one each morning. On the third morning the spell is broken, and the changeling goes back to fairyland, leaving the rightful child in its place. Sometimes these doctors give a prospective mother a pishogue, or charm, to keep the fairies out for the first nine days after the baby's birth.

Nowhere in Wexford could you find a laborer who would disturb a fairy rath, as the people call the old forts made by the prehistoric peoples. These round or square mounds often occupy a good many square yards of space, and the use of them is coveted by the landlords, who know this unused land is especially rich and do not like to see it wasted. But they cannot contend against the many

stories of men who dug into raths and were blinded by some sharp thing the fairies threw into their eyes, or who put down the spade and went home to sicken and die. It is not safe to work near land where the fairies have been offended. The Good Little People will never be dispossessed in Wexford.

Many other superstitions still linger. People no longer light fires on May-day in the milking-yards and jump over them, afterward driving the cattle through the flame, following an old custom which is supposed to have had some relation to the Druid fire-offerings to Baal. Even now some people watch their cattle carefully about May-time, or even inclose them in a paddock, for if any evil one were to milk a small portion in the name of the devil, there would be little butter for a twelvemonth. People don't like to meet a red-headed woman in the morning, for that betokens an ill journey. They often count magpies, for one means sorrow; two, luck; three, a wedding; and four a death. It is said that the blood of a black cat's tail, laid on a wound with a raven's feather, will effect a cure, and that the milk of a white cow drawn by a maiden's hand will ease heartache. Nine hairs plucked from the tail of a wild colt and bound the ninth day after birth around a baby's ankle will make him sure and swift of foot. A hen that crows should be killed. The cock's warnings should be heeded; if one rises early to start on a journey, and the cock crows, that means it will be unlucky to go so soon. One should never fill up an old well, because those who once drew water there will come back. It is bad luck to stumble in a graveyard or fall from a car at a funeral, and a mother should never go to the grave of her first child. Moreover, coffins should be unscrewed, so that the dead may rise easily on the last day. When an old proprietor dies, the birds and the bees always desert the place. The will-o'-the-wisp is the spirit of a man who was banished from heaven and hell because he had offended both God and the devil. It is well to have pity on a frog in the road, for once frogs were Christian people.

On Shrove Tuesday they still practise pancake tossing in Wexford. The eldest daughter of the man of the house begins. Upon her success in tossing depends her luck for the year. If she fails to toss the pancake high in the air, and turn it neatly, she can have no chance of marriage for a twelvemonth. On St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, in many



THE COURTYARD OF BANNON HOUSE

places in Wexford they still hunt the wren, because it was the bird which betrayed Christ; they impale the little bodies on holly bushes. They keep many feast-days still; at Christmas and Easter time especially they have long holidays. In addition there is Twelfth Night, St. Bridget's Day, St. Patrick's Day, the Feast of the Invention of the Cross; St. John's Day, when they still light fires on the hills; the Feast of St. Luke the Evangelist; the Feast of Our Lady, and St. Martin's Day. And they still have "pattern days," when they pray at the holy wells.

The Wexford people, like all the Irish who live in the country, have marked spiritual qualities. Long, solitary hours of walking by the roads that lead to the sea, and past their many empty towers and castles, eloquent of other years and other men—gone, who knows whither?—have brought them near to unseen powers, religious and traditional. They are as often silent as talkative when they sit about their hearth at night.

"Ah, then," says old Mogue, the "dark fiddler," perhaps a descendant of one of the old bards so reverenced by the Wexford people, "you are asking me why I smile, sitting by my lone in the doorway, with only the warmth of the sun on my face to tell me there is light at all. I am smiling because I heard a lovely thing—the voice of our blessed Lord's mother. Grander it was than the whispering of the Little People I hear sometimes back beyond in the rath."

All the inhabitants have a deep love for their home. It is perhaps because their ancestors fought so fiercely for every rod of the land that their descendants are loath to leave their country. The scenes when our emigrant says farewell to his home and his neighbors are distressing in the extreme. Sometimes, indeed, the call of the sod is too strong for the prospective exile.



A WEXFORD FARM-HOUSE

"Your Michael didn't go to America, then, Mrs. Murphy?" a woman is asked whose son had a ticket for New York.

"Ah no, ma'am; the yellow clay held his feet, and his mother's milk got about his heart, and he couldn't go."

Michael gives various unsentimental reasons why he remained, but he finally says, "Sure, I couldn't l'ave my mother alone with a long, soft family to bring up; and her heart was in me, and sure it's hard to draw the heart of a woman back."

"Ah, well," says Mrs. Murphy, with vague religious flavor in her tone, "there's many a thing falls out between the milking of the cow and the print of butter coming to the table."

But the Wexford people are not all compact of tenderness and spirituality.



WEXFORD HARBOR—A SEA-HAVEN SINCE PREHISTORIC DAYS

They are many-sided. At their markets, when they are haggling about prices, they show the most perfect acting of indignation, despair, surprise, and scorn when they are merely trying to overreach their neighbors. They have keen, hard heads and long memories. When in an expressive mood, they can talk by the hour on all sorts of subjects, from folk-lore two thousand years old to the current local affairs of the parish, and their talk reveals shrewd observation and a high, critical faculty, sarcastic humor, exaggeration, and even personal attack. Let half a dozen of them meet around the fire after a nipping day, with a slight grievance against some neighbor who has offended by having secured a widely desired appointment from the county council, and the fortunate listener will hear some vivid remarks. They don't mean what they say, and they would do any amount of kindness for the neighbor, but they cannot resist giving play to their tongues.

"I saw Tim Dugan coming up the street just now," says one. "He was not drunk, but he had drink taken, and he had a face on him would frighten a horse from its fodder."

"Is it that murderer?" asks a listener, though every one knows Tim Dugan has never been suspected of murder. "Sure, he'd not stir a finger to lift a red herrin' off a gridiron, but he'd ask yourself to lift the rock of Gibraltar."

"Ah," puts in a third speaker, with mock sympathy, "sure the poor crather spends his strength running about giving advice to his neighbors. He's so generous with his absence from his own field that he's out of his gates twenty times for once he comes in. And I wouldn't say he tosses his little finger too high [drinks too hard]; sure he never drinks except when he's alone or with a friend."

This is appreciated, and then some one says:

"I'd not be after calling him a liar, exactly. Sure, he was complimenting Mr. Carew on the speech he made, and says Mr. Carew, 'Tell me, then, Tim, what part of it did you like best?' And says me bold Tim, 'Sure, it wasn't a particular part, so to speak, but your perservarance, the way you went over it and over it.'"

After the laughter subsides, the same man continues: "That one, if he was courting, would tie many a knot with his tongue he couldn't untie with his teeth, and if he had to follow the track of his own words, it's a grand hunt he'd give

himself. I'm thinking 'tis a fine thing for his wife he's single."

"Sure," answers a former speaker, "I'm thinking marriage is on his mind. For says I to him, thinking I'd incense him into a little law, him being so above himself with his new office, says I to him, 'Tim, what is the penalty for bigamy?' and he says back to me, 'Two mothers-in-law.'"

Nor are smuggling stories lacking, the favorite one being about a fine old landholder of Barony Forth with more enterprise than money. He and his devoted tenantry decided to cheat the excise. He got a ship, and began a trade with Holland in tobacco and gin. When his ship would arrive at night on the Wexford coast he would go out with a trusty man or two to meet it in a small boat, some of his tenants guarding the store with stones in their hands to repel all intruders. Others were standing in their peat-carts, ready to carry away the merchandise. The landlord, once the wares were landed, stood on an upturned cart and sold on the spot to likely peasants, who, in their turn, would dispose of the tobacco and liquor to dealers throughout the county. The authorities made the greatest efforts to trap this business-like gentleman, but he was never caught. They searched everybody who came off his place except the people in the funeral processions, who bore coffins full of tobacco, the newcomers carrying loads under their cloaks. On the occasion when the gaugers stormed the cottages of the peasants they found the whole community apparently ill with smallpox, and they fled, leaving the landlord to make prosperity for himself and his tenants.

But despite old stories, Wexford is ceasing to live in the past. Looking out of some old window in Wexford town, it might not seem so, as one sees the irregular sky-lines, made of drooping roofs and sagging chimneys, and, beyond, the broken towers on seacoast and hill, while near by the little gardens creep inside walls, whence the stones and mortar are falling. About the town, in such a glance, there seems an air of crumbling decay. It is almost as if the people inside are holding together their narrow, bleak-faced old houses. The little alleys and streets shrink together, as if it were of no use to go very far, as if it would be safer to stop inside those bounds still marked by the ruins of the great Danish wall of Wexford. Down on the quay —on that long, well-built water-front where the ships used to anchor—there seems at first glance again an atmosphere of decay. An old hulk lies in a water-nook. A few aged men talk in couples—their work, too, past. But then, it is seen that the old men are not merely idle; they are waiting for something. A little sloop comes in and begins unloading. A boat puts up a sail and scuds across the wide breast of the river Slaney. Over the long Wexford bridge above the green waters pass the young men and women, going to and from their work in Wexford town. In those young faces there is no sign of crumbling age, no looking backward. It is they who put life in the old sagging houses; it is their hope and spirit that goes marching up and down the narrow, twisting streets.

Patricia, Angel-at-Large

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—II

BY MARGARET CAMERON

MRS. YARNELL was playing a very astute game. She read clearly all Bob Chamberlain's boyish doubts and fears as to his worthiness, and knew that she had only to lower her walls a little to bring him leaping across to her. But she did not underestimate the strength of the forces that would be brought to bear upon him in that trying period between betrothal and marriage, and she wished to make sure of her power to hold him against any inducements to leap back over those lowered walls before escape should be impossible. To this end nothing could be more effective than a little active rivalry—and what rivalry more effective than that of a middle-aged and attractive diplomat?

On the other hand, Mrs. Fairweather, a pretty, faded, worldly woman, although cherishing no sentimental prejudices against marriage for revenue only, felt strongly that for a woman of Elise Yarnell's age to risk yoking herself with a boy of twenty-four would be too perilous a venture, even with the Chamberlain fortune to lubricate the wheels of their apple-cart. Therefore she hoped Blaisdell's eagerness to see her guest might augur the renewal of an early attachment, and an opportunity for Elise to make a more suitable marriage—an impression Mrs. Yarnell would have been the last to dispel, even had there been no undeclared suitor whose chains it might rivet.

Consequently, when the American Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay arrived at Fairweather Hill, he was received with timbrel and dances and high-sounding cymbals by his hostess, with coy cordiality by the engaging widow, and with a chastened and rapidly diminishing enthusiasm by young Chamberlain, who from the moment of the diplomat's arrival found himself inexplicably but quite definitely occupying the position of cup-bearer at the feast, a service for which he had less and less relish.

All that afternoon Blaisdell looked and listened in vain for any sign of the angel-at-large, and when Mrs. Fairweather tried at frequent intervals and by various means to win from him an assurance that he would remain with them at least a week, he temporized, pleading that official duties might call him away at any moment. As he said these things, however, he invariably looked at Mrs. Yarnell, who as invariably assumed an elaborately unconscious expression, whereupon the elder woman astutely told herself that those two thought they were being very artful, but they need not try to deceive her.

By night, when she gave an impromptu dinner dance in the minister's honor, Mrs. Fairweather was sufficiently sure of her conclusions to confide them to several friends. Before the evening was over her guests were smilingly intimating to one another that the widow had more than one string to her bow after all, and the men were laying bets as to whether maturity, moderate means, and a distinguished position would win out against callow youth and a large fortune, with odds in favor of the fortune. When, however, it was skeptically suggested to Mrs. Fairweather that Blaisdell might have no more serious intention than to renew his acquaintance with an old friend, she demolished doubt with logic.

"What else could have brought him flying out here in that precipitate fashion? It's an old affair—and there must be some good reason why so attractive a man is still a bachelor. He'd never heard that she was a widow until just before he telephoned yesterday afternoon, and he broke any number of im-

portant engagements to come out here this morning. No merely friendly interest accounts for that, you know—especially in a man of his position!"

Rumors of this even reached Mrs. Chamberlain by telephone, through interested friends, and she immediately called up Mrs. Fairweather, obtaining her promise to bring her guests over to High Haven for tennis and luncheon the following day. That night, for the first time since the beginning of Mrs. Yarnell's campaign, Bob's mother closed her eyes with something approaching thanksgiving and a glimmer of hope. Not so her son, who spent the evening vainly trying to extricate himself from the position in which he was placed and skilfully held by the diplomat's entirely courteous and friendly assumption that the younger man was very young indeed. Bob drove furiously home in the small hours, raging, sore at heart, and more than ever determined to prove his manhood in the eyes of his beloved.

He was also determined that he would so arrange matters the next morning that Elise should be his partner at tennis, leaving the minister to play with whomever else his mother might have invited. Great was his consternation, therefore, when he lounged down-stairs just before the hour set for the game, to learn that there would be only four players, the other being Janet Howard, the fifteen-year-old daughter of their neighbor, the "water-power wizard." He was still hotly accusing his mother of stacking the cards—assuring her that if Blaisdell chose to stand for that kid as a partner, well and good, but as for him, he wouldn't, and she needn't try to make him—when the arrival of the party from Fairweather Hill put an end to the discussion.

High Haven was remarkable for its many fine trees, and the tennis-courts had been laid out near one of the largest, beneath the spreading branches of which non-combatants took their ease in gaily cushioned chairs while watching the games. To this inviting spot the Chamberlains had escorted their guests when Janet exclaimed:

"Oh, Bob, did you see the monoplane?"

"Monoplane? Where? When?" Blaisdell demanded.

"This morning—about an hour ago. There were two people in it, and they circled around here quite awhile."

"Somebody from Mineola, I suppose," Chamberlain explained. "We often see them. Great sport! I'm going in for it."

"Now, Rob!" his mother fretted. "You know the one thing I ask of you is not to take up aviation! It's so dangerous!"

"Sorry, but I can't always be a perfect lady, even to please you, mums. Come on; let's get some action! Elise, shall we do up these people?"

But again Mrs. Chamberlain interposed. "Now, Rob! It's probably a long time since the minister's had Mrs. Yarnell as his partner, and you and Janet play together beautifully."

"That sounds like an excellent arrangement," the diplomat approved. "You're probably in practice, Chamberlain, but Mrs. Yarnell will be indulgent to me as an old friend. I can ask her to accept defeat with better grace than I can impose it on Miss Janet here. Do you remember the back-hand stroke I taught you once, Elise?"

She said she had thought of him every time she had used it since, whereat Bob sent a ball spinning across the court with a savage cut, and feigned not to hear when she asked him to fetch her racket from the table under the tree. After they had played two furious sets, in which Blaisdell gave no indication of needing indulgence, Mrs. Chamberlain insisted that they must rest and cool off before beginning the third. They were lounging under the tree and the minister was telling an amusing story, when he broke off, asking sharply:

"What's that?"

"Aeroplane," somebody said, and they all looked up.

"Jove!" shouted Chamberlain, springing to his feet. "It's right on us! Run! Run!" He pulled his mother and Mrs. Fairweather out of their chairs, and they scurried away as Blaisdell, making a megaphone of his hands, roared a warning to the occupants of the flying car.

"Look out there! Look out!"

Elise clasped appealing fingers on Bob's arm, and he ran with her down the path toward the house. Janet, shrieking, fled across the courts. But Blaisdell

stood transfixed and staring, while the monoplane swept on toward the catastrophe he had so lightly planned.

The machine struck and settled in the broad top of the tree, which swayed and shivered, dropping a crackling shower of leaves and twigs about him. With an ejaculation he ran a few steps and held up his arms as a slender, khaki-clad figure broke through the leafy thatch, clinging for a moment to the yielding upper branches, apparently half-conscious and struggling for a foothold. Then it dropped into the crotch of one of the high limbs, where it lodged precariously, inert and limp.

"Patty! Oh, Patty!" he gasped, not realizing that he spoke. He dragged a chair under the lowest bough, swung himself into the tree, and climbed rapidly toward that relaxed figure, huskily reiterating: "Patty! Are you hurt? Patty!"

As this repetition of her name reached her, her drooping lids opened a little and then popped wide, disclosing very bright, alert, astonished eyes.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, looking down at him. "You go back!"

Instead, he found a firm footing on the branch beneath her, and reached up to lift her from the higher one over which she still hung lifelessly, exclaiming:

"How could you be so foolish? You're hurt!"

"I'm not, you idiot!" she wrathfully whispered. "*Will* you go back? Where's Bob?"

"Oh, Mr. Blaisdell!" called Janet, who had ventured near enough to see them indistinctly up among the leaves. At the first sound of her voice Patricia's eyes closed again. "Is he killed?"

"No," was the curt response. "Tell somebody to bring a ladder."

"Have you got him? Is he hurt?"

"I don't know. Don't stand chattering! Get that ladder!"

Janet ran toward the house, crying: "A ladder! He wants a ladder!" and Patricia opened her eyes, demanding, in a wrathful whisper:

"What are you doing here?"

"Saving your life." A glimmering smile relaxed his drawn features a little.

"You sha'n't!"

"But I have!"

"Mr. Blaisdell, is he badly hurt?" whimpered Mrs. Chamberlain, from the edge of the tennis-court where she and Mrs. Fairweather were clinging together and trembling.

"I think not; but you ladies had better keep back," he called. "You can't help at present, and this infernal thing overhead may come down any minute." Whereupon the two women retired precipitately.

"Cheat!" breathed Patricia, hotly, trying to wriggle out of his firm clasp.

"Careful! They're all watching," he whispered. "How could you be so reckless? You might have killed yourself!"

"Stop that! Let me alone!" she protested, as he prepared to lift her. "Where *is* Bob Chamberlain?"

"Steady! You're getting pretty active, aren't you? Mustn't recover too rapidly from such a dead faint," he warned, with amusement.

"Hey, there!" Bob was heard shouting in the distance.

"Hullo!" the minister replied. Patricia, who was still resisting his efforts to change her position, promptly collapsed on his shoulder, to his huge enjoyment, and he seized the moment to lift her off her branch and wrap one arm firmly about her.

"Anybody hurt?" called Bob.

"Can't tell yet. Hope not. Just beginning to revive." Blaisdell stepped carefully down to a larger branch, upon which he seated his apparently unconscious charge, propped her firmly against the trunk of the tree, and sat beside her, supporting her with an encircling arm. "Keep everybody back, Chamberlain. I can manage all right." Without turning her head, Patricia treated him to a baleful glare, and he chuckled.

"Mother! For Pete's sake, somebody come here!" Bob entreated. "Elise has sprained her ankle."

Mrs. Chamberlain and her friend again approached, timorously, and again the minister warned them off.

"Better go around the other way, ladies. Give this thing a wide berth. It may slide off any time!"

"But you!" twittered Mrs. Fairweather. "You're in such danger!"

"We're pretty safe against the trunk here, but the rest of you keep away."

They were not slow to act upon this advice, and hurried off, Mrs. Fairweather ejaculating: "What heroism! What wonderful heroism!" When they were out of sight, Patricia backed up against the tree-trunk, withdrawing herself as far as possible from contact with her rescuer, and remarked:

"Well, my word!"

"All right, Miss Carlyle?" asked a cautious voice overhead.

"What? Oh yes—yes, Kate, all right."

"Who's that?" Blaisdell demanded, with startled eyes.

"My mechanic."

"But—but that's a woman!"

"Of course!" was the laconic retort. "All firm, Kate? No danger?"

"Sure! Safe as safe! Prettiest landing I ever saw!"

"Look here!" Blaisdell burst forth. "Haven't you a man with you?"

"A man?" Patricia repeated. "Why should I have a man with me?"

"Does Ned Davenport let you go out in that devilish thing without a man?"

"My good sir, would you have me travel for a week with one?" she inquired. "And in any event, what has Ned to do with it?" Even as she uttered the words she unexpectedly toppled against him, nearly tipping him off the branch.

"Patty! Patty, you *are* hurt!" he exclaimed, before he, too, caught sight of Bob running toward them under the trees. "Oh, I see!" he said, laughing. "You imp!"

"Can I help you, Blaisdell?" Bob called, as he drew near.

"Yes. Get some brandy," commanded the other. "Quickly, please."

Bob came under the tree and looked up, asking, "Think he's badly hurt?" Then he stared. "Jove! Is that a woman?"

"Yes. Hurry up that brandy," snapped the minister, feigning great solicitude for the girl in his arms, who immediately developed symptoms of returning consciousness. "And water. Pitcher of water."

But Patty, her head still on Blaisdell's shoulder, chose this moment to unveil her lovely eyes and regard the big, good-looking young fellow staring up at her.

"Jove!" he said again. "She's coming to!"

"Is she? Well, you hustle along for that brandy," advised the elder man, whereat she lifted her head and turned her slow gaze upon him.

"Oh!" she faltered. "I—I fell, didn't I? So sorry! Is this your tree?"

"You bet it isn't!" Bob informed her. "It's my tree."

"Is it?" She smiled down at him faintly. "It's a very nice tree. So—so hospitable!" She stretched out her hands to Chamberlain, asking, "Could you take me down, please?"

"Sure!" Straightway he swung himself up to the lower bough, but Blaisdell tightened his arm about the girl and drew her back, as he counseled, soothingly:

"Better not. Not just yet. Hurry that brandy, Chamberlain. She'll faint again in a minute."

"No, I won't! I want to get down!" she insisted, more imperiously, and Bob, holding up ready arms to take her, echoed:

"She wants to get down!"

"Steady! Steady!"—still that soothing tone, in the possessive authority of which Bob vaguely heard a challenge, but which to Patricia was full of smooth mockery. "She's revived several times and gone clear off again when she moved. Better be quiet a little longer."

"No; give her to me." Bob was imperious now. "We can get her down all right, and she may be hurt."

"She doesn't seem to be—in pain, exactly." Blaisdell smiled down at her quizzically, adding, with enjoyment: "All she needs is a stimulant. Oh, by the way," he suggested, as Bob dropped to the ground, "there's another woman up there. You might come back and help get her down. Janet's gone for a ladder."

"All right." Bob ran toward the house, angrily muttering: "Just my darn luck! He's gone and hogged the whole show again! I never even had a look-in! Heroism! Huh! Anybody could have done that!"

After one eloquent glance at Blaisdell, whose eyes alone betrayed his humor, Patricia commanded, "Kate!"

"Yes, Miss Carlyle?"

"Come down."

"No, no!" countermanded Blaisdell. "Stay where you are. The ladder will be here presently."

"You hear, Kate? Come down."

"Coming, Miss Carlyle."

"Then let me help you." The minister scrambled to his feet and began to climb toward the figure already rustling the upper branches.

"Me?" The girl laughed, descending rapidly and surely. "Thank you, sir; don't trouble. I'm just as near a monkey as any man—when I'm dressed for it."

Patricia had seized the opportunity, while his attention was diverted, to swing herself out of the tree, and now stood, erect and trim in her khaki costume, watching his vain attempts to help her nimble maid.

Somewhat discomfited, he finally dropped beside her, twitching his clothes into shape and remonstrating: "You'd have let Chamberlain help you. Why won't you let me?"

"Why should I pretend helplessness to flatter your vanity?" she asked, lightly. "Offer me help I really need, Billy, and I'll accept it very gratefully. Any damage, Kate?" When she learned that the only visible injury to the monoplane consisted of a hole or two punched in the canvas, and that the machine could probably be brought down without much difficulty, she despatched the woman for ropes and assistance, and then turned a searching eye upon Blaisdell, suggesting: "Now perhaps you'll be good enough to explain this?"

"With pleasure. Mrs. Fairweather kindly invited me down to meet my old friend Mrs. Yarnell—and I came."

"You deliberately blocked my scheme!"

"I had an impression that this life-saving business was *my* scheme," he reminded her, "and a fool scheme it was, too!"

"Is this your idea of fair play? Of loyalty?"

"Why not? I'm willing to admit, in confidence—to you," with an air of engaging candor, "that the visit to Elise was more or less a ruse."

"Are you, indeed!"

"More or less. Of course, I'm very fond of Elise. You'll find her charming. But if the whole truth were known, I suppose I really came to be a barrier."

"To be a what?"

"I'm Bill the Barrier." He nodded at her, reassuringly. "You said you expected to erect a few barricades, and I thought I'd save you that trouble. I came to be one."

"Well, you succeeded!"

"I feel that I've not entirely failed," he modestly acknowledged. "And if that youngster attempts to climb over me, I'm prepared to give him some lively exercise."

"You don't mean—" she broke off in amazement. "You're not planning to *stay* here!"

"Well, that depends. I hope not, but—it depends."

"On what?"

"On the length of the game," he told her, slowly. "I'm going to see it through."

At this moment Bob appeared in the distance, carrying a water-bottle in one hand and a decanter of brandy in the other. A servant behind brought glasses and various restoratives, and Mrs. Chamberlain hurried in the rear.

Patricia spoke quickly, under her breath: "You find this very humorous, don't you? Amusing!"

"Do I?" He regarded her steadily. "Are you sure I do?"

"You think it's all absurd and ridiculous," she continued, not heeding him. "But please try to understand that I'm serious about it. I laughed, of course, when we planned it, but underneath I'm quite serious. I promised Ned—and it's worth doing. It appeals to me."

"My dear girl, it may be a sweet, generous, lofty ideal you're following, but it's utterly fantastic. It can't be realized."

"It *can* be realized!" she retorted. "In any case, there's no occasion for you to interfere."

"I was protecting you to the best of my ability," he offered, with specious meekness.

"Protecting me from what, pray?"

"From yourself, my dear child, and your own ill-considered impulses."

"If you'd protected me from *your*self and your wholly *un*considered impulses,

it would have been more to the point! Anyway, what is it to you? Keep out of it!"

"That's impossible, you see," he murmured, "because I'm already in it. And I feel a growing conviction that I'm in it to stay." To this she vouchsafed only a withering glance before she turned, an indignant flush still tingeing her cheeks, and called to Bob, now quite near:

"I'm so sorry to have made so much trouble!"

"You're better, then? Bully!" he exclaimed. "You're looking fine!"

"I'm quite all right now, thanks. I'm afraid I frightened you terribly!" she added, glancing toward his mother, who now joined them, panting.

"Indeed you did! I'm all upset yet. But I wouldn't have gone away and left you if I'd known you weren't a man." Mrs. Chamberlain gazed with obvious disapproval at Patricia and her costume. "It never occurred to me any woman would be flying around like that! Weren't you hurt at all?" Her manner indicated that if this adventurous young person had escaped physical injury, justice had miscarried, and Bob made haste to interpose with conventional phrases.

"This is my mother, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss—er—"

"Miss Carlyle," Blaisdell supplied.

"I'm awfully sorry to have given you such a shock, Mrs. Chamberlain," the girl deplored, her manner a winning admixture of grace and penitence. "It was stupid of me! Do please forgive me!"

"You had the worst of it," said Bob. "I suppose it's too late to present Mr. Blaisdell? He's probably introduced himself."

"I have," the diplomat admitted; whereupon Miss Carlyle fixed upon him a clear glance, calmly stating:

"He didn't need to. We're old friends."

"What? Really?" Chamberlain was puzzled. "But—you didn't seem to know him!"

"Well, he was the last person in the world I expected to see," she explained, truthfully, "and just at first I was a bit dazed. Besides, it was years ago that we knew each other—when we both lived in Detroit."

Mrs. Chamberlain took the bait at once. "In Detroit!" she cried. "Are you from Detroit? I wonder whether you ever knew my cousin, Ned Davenport, there?" She spoke to Blaisdell, but it was Patricia who replied:

"Oh yes! Is he your cousin? I know the Davenports rather well."

"Indeed?" The response was uncertain. Bob's mother had already classified the girl in her own mind as a questionable person of spectacular tastes, and this nonchalant claim of acquaintance with perfectly reputable, conventional members of her own family was disconcerting. "Do you know him, too, Mr. Blaisdell?"

"I used to know him very well indeed, but I've been away too much to see him often of late years. As a matter of fact, Patty, I think the last time we met was at the Davenports'. Wasn't it?"

"Was it?" she returned, thoughtfully.

All this put rather a different face upon the situation from Mrs. Chamberlain's point of view, and she invited Patricia to join her informal luncheon party with less reluctance than she would otherwise have felt. The girl's laughing protest that she was not dressed for the drawing-room was overruled by the men, who argued that her aviating costume was quite as formal as their tennis flannels, and eventually they all strolled over to the house, where Patricia was presented to the assembled guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Howard and several other neighbors. Mrs. Yarnell was missing, but it was explained that her ankle had proved to be only slightly strained, after all, and that she would join them presently.

"And you really came through that awful accident quite unscathed?" Mrs. Fairweather marveled.

"Quite," Patricia assured her, smiling.

"Thanks, I'm sure, to Mr. Blaisdell! A hero's wreath, Mr. Minister, in addition to the laurels you already wear!"

"You give me too much honor. I really did nothing," he deprecated, while Bob glowered.

"Oh, listen to the man! He was wonderful—standing there so calmly waiting for the crash, while we cowards all ran away! I thought he'd be killed!"

"It must have seemed much worse

than it was," Patricia said, with her candid smile. "There really wasn't the least danger. I stupidly lost my bearings, and the big tennis-courts here looked as if this might be the Country Club. There's no very good place to land—we can't always be perfectly exact in volplaning — and when I found I wasn't going to make that little patch of lawn out there, I took the tree. Rather nicely, if I may say so."

"Intentionally?" asked Bob, astounded.

"Why, surely! I didn't want to risk colliding with something and smashing my plane. But when I stepped out, I missed my footing, somehow. Perhaps a branch broke. Anyway, I fell, and I suppose I must have struck something that stunned me for a moment. That's all. I'm sorry to deprive you of that wreath," she smiled in friendly fashion at Blaisdell, across the veranda, "but I cannot tell a lie."

"Sincerity was always your crowning virtue," he mentioned, laughing a little.

"As generosity was yours," she returned.

At this point Mrs. Yarnell made her appearance on the veranda, exquisitely coifed and tailored, and limping ever so slightly. Several of the party moved toward her with sympathetic questions, among them Blaisdell. Bob, leaning against the rail on the opposite side of the group, straightened up alertly, but before he could take a step Patricia exclaimed, softly:

"Oh, what a good-looking woman! Who is she?"

"Elise Yarnell?" His assumption of carelessness by no means disguised the quick glow in his eyes. "She's a widow, staying at Fairweather Hill. She *is* good-looking, isn't she?"

"I should think you'd all be crazy about her," she declared, youthfully, and he, laughing and flushing slightly, acknowledged:

"Well—some people are—rather. I haven't known her very long, but she and your friend the minister are old pals," he added, his face darkening a little. "He plays a corking game of tennis."

"He always did. We used to play together a lot. I wonder whether he goes in at all for aviation?" was her next move. "You do?"

"N-no, I haven't—yet. I'm going to take it up, though."

"Oh, you must! It's wonderful sport! I'm sorry my plane's temporarily out of commission, but perhaps my mechanic will get it in shape so I can take you up this afternoon before I leave. That is—would you trust my driving?"

"Try me! Gee! I wish you lived near here. Oh, by Jove!" A germinating idea suddenly took form, and he perceived it to be of Machiavellian subtlety. "I say, you don't have to go back right away, do you? Why can't you stay down a few days?"

"I?"

"Sure! Why not? There'd be four of us then—you and Blaisdell, and—oh, bully scheme! Hey, mums!" he called, heedless of Patricia's laughing dissent.

Mrs. Chamberlain had been summoned to the telephone, but by the time her son allowed her to take up the receiver, she was, if possible, more perturbed than ever, and it seemed to her little less than providential that Davenport should have chosen that particular moment to call her up, ostensibly to inquire whether the situation between Bob and the widow had improved at all. Fortunately she could not see the grin with which he listened to her disjointed account of Patricia's amazing exploit, and his expressions of surprise sounded entirely sincere. At the first mention of Blaisdell's name, however, he uttered a sharp ejaculation, followed by rapid questions concerning the diplomat, the time of his arrival, and his plans. When she told him, as a crowning calamity, of Bob's insistence that she must invite Patty to stay at High Haven, he returned:

"Well, that's a perfectly good scheme! You do it!"

"But—Ned!"

"No buts about it! If the kid's that much interested in Patty already, you keep her there as long as she'll stay!"

"But suppose *she* tries to marry him?"

"She won't! Don't worry."

"But if she should? A girl of that sort!"

"Of what sort?" The wire vibrated to a warning note. "Don't make any

mistake about Patricia Carlyle, Cousin Julia. Bob may be a lucky kid, but he's not that lucky! She won't marry him. And you can't be too cordial to her. She's all right in every way—and a brick, besides!"

"But—Ned!" wailed Bob's distracted parent. "She'll be sure to get him interested in aviation!"

"All right! Let him marry the Yarnell woman, then."

"No, no! But Mr. Blaisdell's so devoted to her—and he's a diplomat and all— Oh, Ned, don't you think she'll marry him?"

"Give it up," said Davenport. "I don't know what Billy's up to, but it's probably just pure deviltry. I'll try to find out. But whatever you do, don't you let Patty Carlyle get away from you! She's your best card!"

Meanwhile, having been established in the most comfortable chair on the veranda, Mrs. Yarnell prettily declared that she must meet "the heroine of this wonderful adventure," and Blaisdell duly took Patricia to her. In the moment that the two women sat chatting together, most of the observers became aware that Elise seemed suddenly to have lost freshness. Notwithstanding the widow's white simplicity, something about the frank khaki-clad girl made her seem a little artificial and over-groomed. Nobody phrased it, but everybody felt it more or less consciously.

Presently Bob joined them, and a few moments later, his mother—still beset by doubts and misgivings, but habitually submissive to the dominant male—came out to proffer her invitation, which Patricia at first declared she could not accept. One by one, however, she permitted her objections to be overruled, and in the end Mrs. Chamberlain hurried away to order a room prepared for her.

"Three cheers!" Bob rejoiced. "Now we're all set!"

"How delightful! But what of your poor steed? Or does it require neither food nor stable?" The widow's smile was sweetness itself. "Perhaps it habitually browses about on people's treetops?"

"My steed, as you may have noticed, is winged, and moves rather rapidly," was the light reply. "It's never necessary—though it is sometimes convenient—that it should roost on the premises." Mrs. Yarnell still smiled, but she shot a sharp, appraising glance at the girl, who turned with a pleasantly casual air to Bob, adding, "Before I send it over to Mineola this afternoon, perhaps you'd like to try a flight?"

"Rather!" he agreed, and in the same breath Blaisdell objected:

"No, no! You mustn't attempt that!"

"Mustn't I?" There was a warning gleam in Patricia's eye. "Why mustn't I?"

"Not until it's been overhauled by a competent mechanic, anyway."

"My mechanic is entirely competent."

"That woman?" he scoffed. Then, to the others, "She has only a woman mechanic!" There were exclamations and questions, as the group gathered closer, and an alert-looking man, whom Patricia afterward learned to be Frederick Howard, commented:

"Excellent! That's up to date! I hope she's making good, Miss Carlyle."

"She is."

"Do you mean to say," Blaisdell demanded, "that you think running an engine is a job for a woman?"

"Anything she wants to do is a job for a woman, provided she can do it successfully," Howard replied. "That's the proof of the pudding."

"Hear! Hear!" cried two or three of the guests, laughing; but Mrs. Yarnell arched delicate eyebrows and shrugged dainty shoulders as she smiled up at Bob, perceiving which, Patty promptly flung him a challenge.

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid nothing!" he flouted. "I'm for it if you are!"

"Good! Sensible man! Now will somebody please take me to a telephone, so I can send for some clothes? I really can't dine in these!"

Bob escorted her to an instrument in the library, and called up her number, but it was Blaisdell whom she found awaiting her when she turned, after hanging up the receiver.

"Look here!" he began at once, warmly, "you don't really intend to use that machine to-day? It's a bluff, isn't it?"

"Call it, and see," she suggested.

"All right. Unless you withdraw from that arrangement before coffee is served at luncheon, I shall gently explain to you, in the presence of several people, that flying-machines of all sorts terrify Mrs. Chamberlain inexpressibly, and that it would subject her to the most acute suffering if her son should go up in one."

"My word! That's a nice, catty trick!" she observed. "May I ask how long you intend to keep this up?"

"I don't know," he said. "How long do you?"

"I suppose by this time you've persuaded yourself that the whole scheme was yours, and that blocking it is legitimate amusement!"

"Amusement has not been my dominant emotion this morning," he told her.

"No? Then what are you doing it for? You must have *some* object!"

"That cub's more than half in love with you already!"

"He's nothing of the sort," she contradicted. "But even if he were, what of it?"

"You're not going to fall in love with him if I can prevent it," he asserted, doggedly, and she declared:

"Oh, there's no more danger of my falling in love with him than if I were his nurse!"

"That's all right. Lots of men have married their nurses."

"Very well. Suppose I do marry him. What business is it of yours?"

"Well—this isn't just the moment I should have chosen to tell you, but if you must have it—I want to marry you myself."

She met his steady gaze with an astonished stare, and then laughed shortly. "Oh, you're too absurd!"

"It may seem absurd," he quietly conceded. "The deepest emotions frequently do—to other people."

"The depth of your emotions is about equal to their duration, I fancy," she said, turning away, but he stopped her.

"Don't make that mistake! My emotions are not transient. But I'm accustomed to make quick decisions, and I knew before we left Davenport's house Monday morning that you're the only woman in the world I want for my wife!"

"Still afraid the girl crop will run out?" she inquired, lightly.

"More than that," he went on with increasing ardor, not heeding her; "I knew it had been the unconscious, unrecognized memory of you that had kept me all these years from *ever* wanting any other woman for my wife! I know now that it's you I've been hungering and thirsting for all these lonely, blind years—just *you!* And when I've found you at last, do you think I'm going to give you up without a struggle? Do you think I'm going away and leave that young jackanapes yonder making love to you? Do you think it's fair that I should have no chance at all?"

"Is diplomacy always as precipitate as this?" she asked, dimpling.

"But remember, I've no time to lose! In two months I must sail for South America—and I'm going to take you with me!"

"Does it occur to you," she suggested, with an amused little grimace, "that your method of—attack is the word, I think—savors somewhat strongly of the cave-man and his club?"

"I can't help that," he retorted. "You're forcing this situation—not I."

"I!"

"Do you think I choose to come at it this way—hands down? Don't you think I'd have preferred to approach you more gently—more subtly? Give up this outlandish thing and go home, and I'll woo you as conventionally as you please. But, by the Lord Harry! I will *not* go away and leave you here!"

"Then, by the Lord Harry! you'd better! Do you think I'm going to submit tamely to this sort of thing?"

"N-no; that's too much to hope." He smiled a little. "What are you going to do?"

"Do you suppose for one moment that you can gain anything yourself by the sort of thing you've been doing this morning?"

"Well—as between the frying-pan and the fire"—a dancing gleam lit in his eye—"I've decided to throw myself on the mercy of the cook."

"Well, I'll cook you!" she promised.

"You'll marry me!" he asserted, under his breath.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

Pirates! Pirates!

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

GOING to the West Indies can never be the same as going to Europe. They are too near, and a portion of them belongs to us—belongs to Indiana and Kansas and all the rest of the states taxed for their upkeep. But a gangway remains magical, for, once crossed, the sensation permeates us that we have cut ourselves loose from gas bills, the steam-radiator which leaks, the annoying elegance of a neighbor's fur coat, and, in our case, the Illustrator's cough.

The Illustrator developed a cough after careful observance of a colored advertisement in the Subway which depicted an orange sunset, three palm-trees, and a steamer. It grew with practice. Brochures and cabin plans of ships made heavy the morning mail, and within the month we were driving away in two taxies toward the steamship docks.

It is our custom to depart for steamers in this ostentatious fashion. I am a nervous woman, and have found no pleasure in arriving at the wharf within a minute of sailing-time. The Illustrator must remain behind to do up his sketching-materials in the "hold-nothing." This elongated strip of canvas was designated a "hold-all" by the blond and untruthful young man who sold it to us many years ago, but usage had given it its rightful appellation. Yet we have never discarded it, for the Illustrator has a belief that it brings him luck, a deduction made after its first voyage, when several ladies admired him and he won the big pool on the day's run.

I watched him from the deck as he dashed up the gangway after the first whistle had blown. He was coughing, partly from habit and partly to hide his embarrassment at the behavior of the hold-nothing, which was dripping sketching-stools and other belongings *en passant*. I was accustomed to this behavior, but took him aside before we had weighed anchor, to speak of his newly acquired impedimentum—the cough. As I pointed out, demonstrations of this kind are not welcome on Southern boats, robbing the scene of its festivity. And he agreed with me, declaring that he felt he would not cough once after dropping the pilot—which he didn't, proving all that the pamphlets had to say of the benefit of the trip to the Canal Zone for affections — or affectations — of the throat.

One must "begin right" on the Isthmian cruise. And this, in my interpretation, is the assuming of a friendly attitude toward the rest of the passengers, and desperately maintaining it. On Atlantic steamers one can be as unsocial as one pleases. Within six or seven days the guests part, never to meet again, in spite of the passionate exchange of visiting-cards. But one goes to the Isthmus and returns with the same party, and each is as feverish as a clergyman's wife in a desire to make a good impression.

Not that all are to my way of thinking. As we backed away from the dock I was "ousted" out of a chance steamer-chair into which I had dropped by a determined-looking gentleman who said it was his—labeled his—and "we must begin right." And before the apologetic whinny which he granted me had died in his nose I discovered still a third manner of establishing oneself properly.

This had also to do with chairs, and the vigorous uprooting of those belonging to absent holders while a lady placed in the choice positions fourteen others, evidently her own. It was daring work, accomplished in spite of the protests of the deck steward. He was not the man he should have been, for he capitulated in a spineless fashion, seemingly hypnotized by a short black veil which waved above her like a pirate flag.

We had seen her come on board marshaling a troop of women. They

had carried a great many books, and, out of our usual fear of consorting with those bent upon self-improvement, we had agreed to give them a wide berth. As a punishment for this plan we found ourselves at the table with them; and as we rotated our chairs belligerently into the oblong of guests, the second steward whispered that She had insisted upon us. We knew immediately who was meant by "She," and we attacked the clams with mixed emotions of pride and despair—pride that we were chosen by one who exercised such a rare discrimination in steamer-chairs, and despair that it must be so.

It developed, by the time the roast came on, that the "Company," as she termed her specially conducted party, were from Darien, Connecticut. And she continued interesting, if not delectable, after we had all solemnly exchanged the names of our home towns, for she was not voyaging with any idea of viewing the Canal, nor were her timid ladies, nibbling qualmily at their food. They had come down from an interest in pirates. It was only a month ago, while delving into the history of her Connecticut habitat for a paper on "Darien—Its Past and Future," that she learned of another Darien in bucaneering days which was not less than the Isthmus of Panama.

This knowledge had given her "somehow, a sort of sympathy with this far country, although it was so different from New England and its strict blue-laws." She even quoted, bursting into it greedily:

> "Come to the wide gray sea,
> Ye who are brave and free!
> Come to the rover's aid,
> Ye who are unafraid!"

After she finished I said, with an attempt at modesty, that I was familiar with the verse and knew the author. At which she looked me over as does the guess-your-weight-man at Coney Island.

"I knew you would," she returned. "I am interested in the Bohemian world myself."

She is not alone in this. The living habitant of this strange artistic land ever piques the interest of the sober-minded citizen. I was sitting on deck the second night out, wondering if lard, instead of butter, really made the better pastry, when a sepulchral voice boomed at me from the dark, and I discovered that a very long passenger was occupying the Illustrator's chair. The voice was asking me if I did not sometimes miss a home, and although I assured him that I had never been without one, and he accepted this in a heavy silence, I knew that I could not make him believe my mind had been at that moment in the kitchen.

In the smoking-room, one will grant, hearts are opened immediately, no matter what the destination. But on English boats there is a gray disapproval in the eyes of the ship's officers regarding women entering this domain. On German and French steamers one cannot tell the smoking-room from the saloons, except for the smoke. The Illustrator approves this ruling out of the ladies, and refuses to see that it is less scandalous to talk with a fellow-traveler sitting on a leather couch in a blue haze than on two steamer-chairs (one of them his) in the dark. He knows that a woman whose circulation is not of the best must soon enter the warm cabin to glean what she can of wisdom, and so I made my way to the knitting zone a little later, hoping to intrigue my own sex into a rash unburdening of their affairs. But women on shipboard are cautious, and when we become circumspect we grow dull. Perhaps it is the hard, unyielding divans of the saloon which give a stiffness to our conversation. We remain impersonal—and talk Europe.

They had all been there, or were going. And one knows that they will go, for the American is an explorer from the cradle to the grave. What they appear to derive from their journeyings is a deep satisfaction with the home to which they return. Still, they can be generous: one traveler, who was known as Number 22 in her European party, summed it all up as she knitted a pink pocket on to a white sweater: "We went about everywhere in Europe—saw everything—and I've come to the conclusion that they are ahead of us in just two things"—we hung upon her words—"flowers and fruit," she completed.

An intellectual atmosphere was by no means lacking. Whenever the Lady

from Darien joined us our brains took on a sort of panic-stricken vigor. This stimulation was accompanied by some bodily discomfort, for she managed to dispose her Company full-length on the sofas, to the great disapproval of other squeamish ones, while she slid easily up and down the long piano-stool, thus defeating the clergyman's suggestion for a concert.

Although there was no evidence in the Subway advertisement of rough waters, the big ship for the first three days rose and fell in the trough like a wise sea-bird that lives along the line of least resistance. Those of the Middle West who had spoken boastfully of Lake Michigan storms and had wanted to see the racks on the tables, did not feel up to regarding them, after all.

It was, however, pirates, not diets, which held the Lady from Darien's interest—and ours. And on the third morning one of the Company, feeling too near death to claim an erudition that was not hers, bluntly, if feebly, asked just what began piracy, and to tell her before the broth was passed round.

We had already learned that the high-sounding word bucaneer came from so simple a process as salting meat. *Boucan* was the act of salting, and the result was the main provender of the sea-rovers. But we had not expected the trade of bucaneering to be the outcome of so homely an attribute as jealousy.

It was no doubt trying to nations other than the Spaniards to find themselves in possession of what seemed to be the entire New World, and no less a person than Admiral Drake was the first to question forcefully this privilege by a broadside of his guns and a subsequent plundering of San Domingo. He was upheld in this by Queen Elizabeth, who declared that "she did not understand why her subjects, or those of any other European prince, should be debarred from traffic in the Indies. That, as she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by the donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of,"—an excellent presaging of the Monroe Doctrine, although ending in a preposition. Yet evil came out of good. Upheld by this manifesto, English, Dutch, and French merchantmen trafficked honestly, then dishonestly, among the islands. Little bands of shipwrecked sailors, mutineers from frigates, failures in the grocery business, and those crossed in love went to salting beef on the isles where luck had cast them. Grown bolder, they seized Spanish ships come to the shore for water, hung out a black flag in place of the red-and-yellow emblem of old Spain, and developed into the greatest menace the seas have ever known.

This dissemination from the Darien lady's knowledge gave a fillip to our interest in the islands we were now approaching, and by the time we reached Havana there was a stirring in our veins that consorted oddly with a tightening of our purse-strings. Yet Havana was ever too formidable a city to encourage the attacks of the filibusters. If they visited the capital at all it was for a "good time," and in some such spirit the passengers clambered down the gangway into the ship's small boats.

We were not the first to leave the vessel, and the Illustrator resented this. He welcomed Havana for the reason that he had embarked four days ago with the expressed hope of never quitting the seas again, and was now most eager for a sight of land. Besides, he bore the hold-nothing, and was full of that zeal which attends the intention of work and which dies so utterly as the task goes into operation.

There was an advantage in delay. The longer you stay in Havana the shorter time your letter of credit remains with you. Actually, piracy is suppressed by gray-clad police, who know the tariff on everything, from a red sea bean to the park drive. They hold court on the sidewalks, and the case is disposed of swiftly. But they have no jurisdiction over hotels which "take," as the French appropriately say, twenty-five dollars for two rooms and bath. Nor do they enter a restaurant and warn you against the price of a Spanish stew.

It is a gentle gibe of the Cubans that they acquired the prices of the United States along with the cleanliness which was forced upon them. But there are no greater "spenders" in Europe than the



Drawn by Walter Hale

MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO



SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA

South-Americans, and it is their own prodigality which doubtless has encouraged the *hôteliers* to fly, in figurative fashion, the skull and cross-bones.

But one "begins right" in first landing here. It is a real Spanish city—with no offense to the nostrils. It possesses all the features of Spain. The new arrival hurls himself into a victoria and is driven immediately to the Prado. The Prado is an open space where the citizens walk or drive, or sit at café tables to watch others walk or drive, and these occupations embrace the primary life of the Spaniard.

In our country, after a town gives evidence of outgrowing its short skirts, a piece of property, later known as the park, is grudgingly purchased by the aldermen. But a Spanish town must surely lay out its prado or alameda—call it what you will—then infold it with shops and domiciles as humbler needs demand.

The West-Indian, who is at heart a Spaniard, seldom extends his exercise beyond the city. Therefore only the visitor may know that there is a fine drive around the sea, which a guidebook urges him to take for the reason

that the waves often break over one there.

It was a poor inducement, to our mind, yet we made the trip and were rewarded by seeing the Leader of the Company all but lifted over the sea-wall. She was undampened in her ardor, and returned to attack the coachman, deducted a sum equivalent to laundry prices in Havana, and with black veil piratically flying bustled her Company into a train for Santiago.

We found some delight in this beating of a system—any system. It recalled to me inversely a lost Iowan farmer whom I personally led from a Subway train where he had been riding, and who, after gaining the light of Forty-second Street, asked me where he should pay his fare.

There were others of us who crossed Cuba by train. The steamer proceeds slowly around the island to take us on again in the harbor of Santiago, each of us wearing one Panama hat and carrying another like the prudent beggar with a cold in his head, and all full of a misty recollection of an exceeding greenness of herbage. Indeed, Number 22—she who had boiled down the question of European supremacy into flowers and fruit—generously admitted that Cuba was greener than we were, "a great deal greener."

There was nothing green about Santiago when it chose its location. It selected a bottle-shaped bay to hide behind, and added to its elusiveness by erecting a stronghold which our fleet, in 1898, found impregnable. The town then built itself up in warm reds and yellows, and set a band to playing.

Our community took exceptions when the Lady from Darien boasted that her pirates had captured Morro Castle three times in one century, and she didn't see why the United States couldn't have done it. They were very much annoyed, and when she set sail for bed they put their little tables together—which is a demonstration of perfect sympathy—and decided that the woman was entirely too high-handed.

She and her Company had tumbled into the first of the small boats in Havana harbor, driven off in the shiniest of the victorias, snatched at the most coveted places on the train, and were pursuing a policy rather in proud emulation than depreciation of those pirates who could storm a fortress which We couldn't. It was the general opinion at



THE CATHEDRAL, PANAMA

the congress of tables that something ought to be done about it.

The cruise continued. Sweaters gave place to white ducks, flying-fish were served for dainties, sharks begged for food with the simplicity of the sea-gull, and the crocodile—to quote from the annals of the pirate Esquemiling—"ufually come every night to the Sides of the Ship and make refemblance of climbing up into the veffel."

This last statement was no more true in 1600 than in the present century, yet we were willing to lend our attention to the story, for insidiously the color of the seas was clothing our sober selves. And this investiture of old and young alike is worth all the *châteaux* of France. In Europe we live in the warm history of past lives, but every zephyr of the trade-winds blows to us the musk of enduring romances.

The occupation of Spanish Island by the less glowing Anglo-Saxon does not dispel the charm—the sensation that the experience of a lifetime is around the next street corner is a matter of geography, not race. The Kingston of Jamaica is as provocative of gentle sighs as the islands still under Latin rule. British conventionality is tempered. Always the best of colonists, the English condone that which they cannot correct, and absorb such of the customs as lend ease to living.

We went inland by train to Spanish Town from the port of Kingston, and I bore with the reproaches of the Illustrator as patiently as possible—which is an indefinite statement, and shall remain so—when the Company from Darien seized all the carriages. The Illustrator felt that I had gone over to their side since the night the men had put their tables together. I had never cared for the spirit evoked from tables in juxtaposition, and this, combined with a woman's instinctive disloyalty to man (the Illustrator's words), gave him an uneasy feeling that I might at any moment join the Company itself.

Yet a carriage was found for us, and at the old negro coachman's request, made with a fine cockney accent, we drove Mrs. Dr. Blank—who had been shopping and was tired—to her home.

We hinted at pirates as she accompanied us, and she warmed to the subject. She was dressed with mid-Victorian respectability, but she was very



PORTO BELLO, COLOMBIA—A FORMER STRONGHOLD OF THE BUCANEERS



LA GUAYRA, VENEZUELA

proud of the place Jamaica held in bucaneering history. It would seem that this island was their headquarters. Sir Henry Morgan—an Englishman, and of course the best worst pirate—had lived in Spanish Town, even burning up his wife there when he wanted to get away.

"Ah, yes; pirates have made the island," she completed, humorously. "They always paid their debts here. British influence, I suppose. Very good blood—some of them. Here's my house. Half a crown is my share. Sir, I insist. 'Spiggiti' money, but it's all right."

She went briskly in, leaving us to rotate the "spiggiti" piece in our palms and the meaning in our minds. We solved the question that night and rushed back to the boat to confute others. "No speaka the English" was the cry of the natives when they first met their rulers, until in some twisted fashion the coin of the Indies, less in value than ours, became "spiggiti" money.

One of the pleasures of a cruise is this returning to the steamer, and, in the exchange of shore escapades, regret that all did not see what we saw. The Illustrator maintained that he had encountered every joy that had been experienced by others, and topped all dangerous tales with more deadly ones. This was irritating to the others. The weather grew hot after Jamaica, and one lady took swift revenge by staring moodily at his sketches of various ports which had granted him sights that had been withheld from her. "For these are unfamiliar to me," she finished in a sort of prickly heat.

It was well that we reached Cristobal shortly after this flurry. Once in the Canal Zone, we again felt the bonds of patriotism, and a serenity born from the orderliness of military sway permeated our being. The visitor who crosses the Isthmus is as systematically propelled as are the great engines which make the scheme possible. All distracted, early morning thoughts as to the responsibil-



BRIDGETOWN HARBOR, BARBADOS

ity of getting over and back are allayed at sight of the first khaki uniform, and we render ourselves up blissfully to the government.

To be sure, the Culebra Cut was not as decorative as Number 22 would have had it. She had expected it to be laid out in flower-beds like the terraces of a cemetery.

The bucaneer Sir Henry Morgan took nine days to cut a trail across the Isthmus and sack old Panama. The trip through the Canal takes eight hours, but the toll of men, from the time de Lesseps undertook the Canal until the French abandoned the project will put to shame the murderings of all that piratical crew.

Morgan left the western coast with its beautiful cedar houses in flames, and carrying with him so much gold that the men were weak from the weight of it. Our ship's passengers quitted Panama with less money than upon our arrival.

We also carried lighter hearts and a lighter train, for at the hour of departure it was discovered that the Company from Darien were undoubtedly "left."

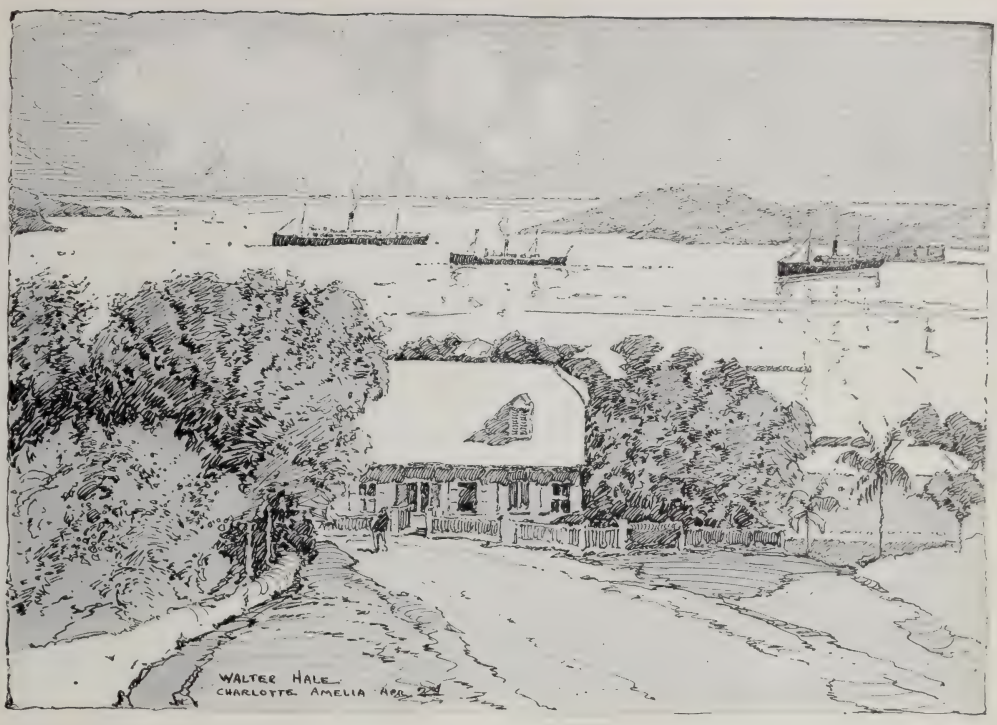
We were exclaiming over this, with suitable sympathetic clucks in the throat, when, half-way across, our engine suddenly ground to a standstill, and before we could tell each other that the Culebra Cut was sliding down again, the lost Company climbed on.

This was too much. There was a secret meeting behind the funnel that night to discuss ways and means of opposing these intrepid ladies. That they had waved the American flag to stop the train, furling it as they climbed aboard and displaying only the black pennant of their leader, was proof positive that their tactics were entirely those of the filibusters of other days. And it was generally agreed that the best method of competing with them would be by the method of piracy also.

The men found no lack of dignity in this combination against a band of the gentler sex. One may observe that on shipboard a sense of the relative importance of things is lost. Therefore it appeared not incongruous to yokel minds to borrow the pirate library and search for a scheme of defeating the Company.



IN THE DAYS OF CAPTAIN KIDD



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, DANISH WEST INDIES

It was at La Guayra that our ruse to outwit the leader and her crew signally failed. It is related of Morgan that, finding his fleet bottled up in a river with a well-equipped fort threatening his exit, he spent the day sending his crew off in boats, yet returning from the shore with all but the rowers lying flat under the gunwales. Under cover of the darkness he then slipped out into the open seas, and this had so successfully deceived the garrison, prepared for a land attack, that the committee behind the funnel made an effort to emulate the doughty captain.

It was reported that the small boats taking us to the land would touch upon the port rather than the starboard side, and the ship passengers foregathered there with the intention of watching the Company from Darien, who were solidly first against the rail, become the last when the gangway was dropped on the other side. It was delightful to contemplate until the officer on the bridge, thinking the error universal, signaled the launches to draw along the port side—and the Company trooped down the ladder and waved us *au revoir*.

Then they gave up, and were rewarded by a sort of internecine strife among the Company, precedence for which could also be found in the borrowed library, had they not been so keen for strategical moves. It was Bucaneer Lussan who, fearing to lose all his gold, so great was his share, divided a portion among his men who were less heavily weighted. That the men would claim their burden as their own was his natural conclusion, but he saved himself a dagger thrust.

In view of that historical episode, read aloud by the leader herself, it is curious that she should have felt annoyed when two of her Company claimed the chameleons which they carried for her from Caracas to La Guayra. The two members went further. They said they had paid for the chameleons. And they had witnesses. One lady who would have bought a monkey (who, in fact, had said, "I'll take it," and would have but that the leader swooped it out of her arms) was ready to testify to anything. And



THE FORTRESS OF THE HEADLAND—SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

another whose red macaw had flown back to its master, although he insisted it was not the same, declared that she hadn't been born in Darien, anyway, but in New Canaan, and was a slave to no one.

After this fearless statement it developed that others of the Company were from towns adjacent to Darien, Connecticut, and as the English diverged from the French pirates they formed themselves into an opposing faction. The separation was not definite, at first, beyond a steady contention between the two for the clergyman. And this bore the unmistakable stamp of the sea-rovers.

It was the latitude and longitude that wrought this turmoil. We were in a zone of revolutions. There is always a foreign war-ship off the harbor at La Guayra waiting for money for its government, or getting it, or not getting it, and the haze that hung over the Spanish Main would seem to be of gunpowder.

As we laid our course toward Trinidad we felt that we would soon be regaining our balance, and reclothing ourselves in sober thoughts with the resumption of sweaters. The change was not immediate. The wool stuck to us. Yet there was serenity of the spirit, if that of the flesh was not appreciable. The scramble for first place was weakened by a lack of team-work among the Company, and we enjoyed for the first time the monotony of peace.

We were not satiated by this new dominion, for, in contrast to our estate, the life of the islands was as varying as the opalescent seas which surround them. In the markets of Port of Spain, the most commanding town of Trinidad, are sold the wares of Benares, for the English found that the East-Indian can labor better in the wet heat than those native to the country. The turbaned workman stalks through the Spanish parks, and his East-Indian wife waddles deferentially a few feet behind him.

Bridgetown of Barbados is, on the other hand, known as Little London. Although pirates cannot be denied a place in its annals, and parties are still digging for Captain Kidd's treasure, the inhabitants lay stress on the fact that

he was a good pirate, burying his Bible before he took to the sea, and marrying on the island with full church ritual no less than a clergyman's daughter.

It was not the usual attitude of the tropics, and we embraced Martinique in the vain hope that French rule would be less decorous. It is gay as to head-dress and cheerful with the chatter of French *patois*, but the island is still bent under the blow of its seismic horror in 1902, when the hot breath of Mont Pelée withered the thirty thousand inhabitants of St. Pierre, and the sea swept in to complete the destruction.

Fort de France is now the stopping-place, and that Josephine was born there gives one only a slight stimulus. Her statue rises from a little park, a monument not significant in itself, but rich with the thought that the country which she would willingly have forgotten was the only one eager to perpetuate her name.

The captains of the tourist ships secure here a permit to enter the harbor of St. Pierre. And when we had entered and gone to the shore we wished that we had remained behind, for visiting St. Pierre is like an unlovely walk through a graveyard too recently made to lend a beauty to death.

Our depredations there were less ghoulish than the efforts of the few remaining inhabitants to make a living. Gruesome souvenirs were exposed for sale, even to a limited supply of human teeth. We would like to think that they were the output of an enterprising dental concern, yet they were all bought up by those who had secured the first boats, and as we were not of the first—owing to the delay in doing up the hold-nothing—we escaped the most inconsequential molar.

The Lady from Darien was with us at the time. Abandoned by her Company, she had, in a sort of dogged bewilderment, taken to us. The Illustrator was exceedingly bitter over this, although, as I told him whenever occasion permitted, he had been among those behind the funnel who declared for her deposition. Hoist by his own petard, he now became desirous of regaining for her the scepter. He claimed that it was for motives of sympathy, and perhaps the presence of the deposed leader recalled to him his own earlier and abandoned dreams of holding supremacy in his household.

He did not hit upon a means of effecting this until Martinique slid down the horizon and St. Thomas rose sweetly up to greet us, wafting the scent of the odorous bay-leaves far down the harbor of Charlotte Amalie.

He claims that the inspiration was his own, but it may have been the leader's last words gulped out with her final tear as we made our way back to the boat after visiting St. Thomas. For her lament was not lost power, but her lack of booty on her piratical cruise. The monkey had died, the parokeets had flown into the forecastle and mysteriously remained there, the chameleons had crawled into cracks, and she was too late in St. Pierre for anything—she hesitated—of distinction.

It was immediately after this that the Illustrator entered upon his diplomatic mission of welding the Company together as a unit and restoring the leader to her own. He consulted with them behind the funnel. We were approaching our own Porto Rico, said the Illustrator, once the last touching-place of the Spanish galleons—if they evaded the skull and cross-bones—before they swept on to old Spain. The pirates of our acquaintance had been mostly hanged on the many islands left behind us, and with our emergence from their sultry atmosphere we, as he phrased it, must lay aside the passions of the South and return to the clear, cold vision of our countrymen.

There were tears, and a concrete wish among the Company to offer their erstwhile leader a gift significant of their concerted affection. They parted with their trophies generously, and late that night the Lady from Darien had in her possession a complete set—lacking an eye tooth.

The Lady from Darien was very happy. She again quoted the verse-maker of our acquaintance:

> "Skull and bones no longer fly—
> Steam and screw the reason why."

"I wonder," mused the Illustrator, as she jangled her collection in her netted purse.

The Return to Favor

BY W. D. HOWELLS

HE never, by any chance, quite kept his word, though there was a moment in every case when he seemed to imagine doing what he said, and he took with mute patience the rakings which the ladies gave him when he disappointed them.

Disappointed is not just the word, for the ladies did not really expect him to do what he said. They pretended to believe him when he promised, but at the bottom of their hearts they never did or could. He was gentle-mannered and soft-spoken, and when he set his head on one side, and said that a coat would be ready on Wednesday, or a dress on Saturday, and repeated his promise upon the same lady's expressed doubt, she would catch her breath and say that now she absolutely must have it on the day named, for otherwise she would not have a thing to put on. Then he would become very grave, and his soft tenor would deepen to a bass of unimpeachable veracity, and he would say, "Sure, lady, you have it."

The lady would depart still doubting and slightly sighing, and he would turn to the customer who was waiting to have a button sewed on, or something like that, and ask him softly what it was he could do for him. If the customer offered him his appreciation of the case in hand, he would let his head droop lower, and in a yet deeper bass deplore the doubt of the ladies as an idiosyncrasy of their sex. He would make the customer feel that he was a favorite customer whose rights to a perfect fidelity of word and deed must by no means be tampered with, and he would have the button sewed on or the rip sewed up at once, and refuse to charge anything, while the customer, waited in his shirt-sleeves in the small, stuffy shop opening directly from the street. When he tolerantly discussed the peculiarities of ladies as a sex, he would endure to be laughed at, "for sufferance was the badge of all his tribe," and possibly he rather liked it.

The favorite customer enjoyed being there when some lady came back on the appointed Wednesday or Saturday, and the tailor came soothingly forward and showed her into the curtained alcove where she was to try on the garments, and then called into the inner shop for them. The shirt-sleeved journeyman with his unbuttoned waistcoat-front all pins and threaded needles would appear in his slippers with the things barely basted together, and the tailor would take them, with an airy courage, as if they were perfectly finished, and go in behind the curtain where the lady was waiting in a dishabille which the favorite customer, out of reverence for the sex, forbore to picture to himself. Then sounds of volcanic fury would issue from the alcove. "Now, Mr. Morrison, you have lied to me again, deliberately *lied*. Didn't I tell you I *must* have the things perfectly ready to-day? You see yourself that it will be another week before I can have my things."

"A week? Oh, madam! But I assure you—"

"Don't talk to me any more! It's the last time I shall ever come to you, but I suppose I can't take the work away from you as it is. *When* shall I have it?"

"To-morrow. Yes, to-morrow noon. Sure!"

"Now you know you are always out at noon. I should think you would be ashamed."

"If it hadn't been for sickness in the family I would have finished your dress with my own hands. Sure I would. If you come here to-morrow noon you find your dress all ready for you."

"I know I won't, but I will come, and you'd *better* have it ready."

"Oh, sure."

The lady then added some generalities

of opprobrium with some particular criticisms of the garments. Her voice sank into dispassionate murmurs in these, but it rose again in her renewed sense of the wrong done her, and when she came from the alcove, she went out of the street door purple. She reopened it to say, "Now, remember!" before she definitively disappeared.

"Rather a stormy session, Mr. Morrison," the customer said.

"Something fierce," Mr. Morrison sighed. But he did not seem much troubled, and he had one way with all his victims, no matter what mood they came or went in.

One day the customer was by when a kind creature timidly upbraided him. "This is the third time you've disappointed me, Mr. Morrison. I really wish you wouldn't promise me unless you mean to do it. I don't think it's right for you."

"Oh, but sure, madam! The things will be done, sure. We had a strike on us."

"Well, I will trust you once more," the kind creature said.

"You can depend on me, madam, sure."

When she was gone the customer said: "I wonder you do that sort of thing, Mr. Morrison. You can't be surprised at their behaving rustily with you if you never keep your word."

"Why, I assure you there are times when I don't know where to look, the way they go on. It is something awful. You ought to hear them once. And now they want the vote." He rearranged some pieces of tumbled goods at the table where the customer sat, and put together the disheveled leaves of the fashion-papers which looked as if the ladies had scattered them in their rage.

One day the customer heard two ladies waiting for their disappointments in the outer room while the tailor in the alcove was trying to persuade a third lady that positively her things would be sent home the next day before dark. The customer had now formed the habit of having his own clothes made by the tailor, and his system in avoiding disappointment was very simple. In the early fall he ordered a spring suit, and in the late spring it was ready. He never had any difficulty, but he was curious to learn how the ladies managed, and he listened with all his might while these two talked.

"I always wonder we keep coming," one of them said.

"I'll tell you why," the other said. "Because he's cheap, and we get things from a fourth to a third less than we can get them anywhere else. The quality is first rate, and he's absolutely honest. And, besides, he's a genius. The wretch has *touch*. The things have a style, a look, a hang! Really it's something wonderful. Sure it iss," she ended in the tailor's accent, and then they both laughed, and joined in a common sigh.

"Well, I don't believe he means to deceive any one."

"Oh, neither do I. I believe he expects to do everything he says. And one can't help liking him even when he doesn't."

"He's a good while getting through with her," the first lady said, meaning the unseen lady in the alcove.

"She'll be a good while longer getting through with *him*, if he hasn't them ready the next time," the second lady said.

But the lady in the alcove issued from it with an impredicable smile, and the tailor came up to the others, and deferred to their wishes with a sort of voiceless respect.

He gave the customer a glance of goodfellowship, and said to him, radiantly: "Your things all ready for you, this morning. As soon as I—"

"Oh, no hurry," the customer responded.

"I won't be a minute," the tailor said, pulling the curtain of the alcove aside, and then there began those sounds of objurgation and expostulation, although the ladies had seemed so amiable before.

The customer wondered if they did not all enjoy it: the ladies in their patience under long trial, and the tailor in the pleasure of practising upon it. But perhaps he did believe in the things he promised. He might be so much a genius as to have no grasp of facts; he might have thought that he could actually do what he said.

The customer's question on these points found answer when one day the

tailor remarked, as it were out of a clear sky, that he had sold his business; sold it to the slippered journeyman who used to come in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest-front full of pins and needles, bringing the basted garments to be tried on the ladies who had been promised them perfectly finished.

"He will do your clothes all right," he explained to the customer. "He is a first rate cutter and fitter; he knows the whole business."

"But why—why—" the customer began.

"I couldn't stand it. The way them ladies would talk to a person, when you done your best to please them; it's something fierce."

"Yes, I know. But I thought you liked it, from the way you always promised them and never kept your word."

"And if I hadn't promised them?" the tailor returned with some show of feeling. "They *wanted* me to promise them—they made me—they wouldn't have gone away without it. Sure. Every one wanted her things before every one. You had got to think of that."

"But you had to think of what they would say."

"Say? Sometimes I thought they would *hit* me. One said she had a notion to slap me once. It's no way to talk."

"But you didn't seem to mind it."

"I didn't mind it for a good while. Then I couldn't stand it. So I sold."

He shook his head sadly; but the customer had no comfort to offer him. He asked when his clothes would be done, and the tailor told him when, and then they were not. The new proprietor tried them on, but he would not say just when they would be finished.

"We have a good deal of work already for some ladies that been disappointed. Now we try a new way. We tell people exactly what we do."

"Well, that's right," the customer said, but in his heart he was not sure he liked the new way.

The day before his clothes were promised he dropped in. From the curtained alcove he heard low murmurs, the voice of the new proprietor and the voice of some lady trying on, and being severely bidden not to expect her things at a time she suggested. "No, madam. We got too much work on hand already. These things, they will not be done before next week."

"I told you to-morrow," the same voice said to another lady, and the new proprietor came out with an unfinished coat in his hand.

"I know you did, but I thought you would be better than your word, and so I came to-day. Well, then, to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," the new proprietor said, but he did not seem to have liked the lady's joke. He did not look happy.

A few weeks after that the customer came for some little alterations in his new suit.

In the curtained alcove he heard the murmurs of trying on, much cheerfuller murmurs than before; the voice of a lady lifted in gladness, in gaiety, and an incredible voice replying, "Oh, sure, madam."

Then the old proprietor came out in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, with his waistcoat-front full of pins and needles, just like the new proprietor in former days.

"Why!" the customer exclaimed. "Have you bought back?"

"No. I'm just here like a journeyman already. The new man he want me to come. He don't get along very well with his way. He's all right; he's a good man, and a first-class tailor. But," and the former proprietor looked down at the basted garment hanging over his arm, and picked off an irrelevant thread from it, "he thinks I get along better with the ladies."

The Wire

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

IN a convention-hall, where representatives of a national party had assembled to make a platform and nominate a candidate for the Presidency, many days of acrimony and strain between contending factions had surcharged the heated air with a dangerous spirit of passion. Men who sat in their shirt-sleeves, sullen and wilted under the goad of the sun and of a strong opponent's domination, sensed the undercurrent of raw temper that played through the innocent formula of the day's order of business; by barks of applause they encouraged their leaders to push contention to the point of open rupture. Spectators crowding the galleries to suffocation felt the menace in the choked aisles below them and invited disorder by taunts and cat-calls. Only the chattering telegraph instruments in the circle of the press benches before the speaker's stage seemed oblivious to the unmasked passions abroad; in the hushes between the roaring and snarling of many voices they spoke their unruffled monotone.

A big man in an alpaca coat—he who had cracked the whip over the heads of mutineers since first the doors of the convention-hall opened—rose from his place among the delegates of his state and started down the main aisle to the platform. His purpose was known. Consummate daring was his. He was going to read out of the party certain men considered by many to be among the party's leaders. For a minute there was a hush, then—outlawry. From the solid bank of the opposition, massed in the front of the hall, many jumped from their seats and crowded the aisle, set in the pose of fighters, to contend his passage. Banners were swirled into his eyes. Wadded newspapers and crumpled paper fans were hurled at his head. He was hustled and buffeted. Then men of his own camp, seeing their leader's humiliation, leaped to his assistance, formed a flying wedge about his body, and attempted to rush him to the stage. The affair instantly became a matter of fists and grapples. A fragile railing about the press benches gave before the crush of bodies, and the hurly-burly swept among the benches of the correspondents.

"Look out! The wire! The wire!"

A correspondent, stripped to his shirt, jumped to his feet and with fluttering hands tried to fend off the fighting pack. He was butted back into his seat. Over his telegrapher's shoulder he threw his arm; the free arm of the man at the key locked with his and they bent their backs protectively over the fragile, precious thing of coil and armature that linked the world to them. They were trampled and harried, but as the wave of bodies passed over them, carrying the fighting even onto the floor of the stage, they braced to take the brunt. The correspondent, his lips to the telegrapher's ear, dictated the news of what was happening around him. His words, voiced in a torture of apprehension, of acute bodily pain, leaped to New York with the swiftness of light, and thence out to the nation and the world beyond seas.

The wire was saved and serving.

Seventy years ago a portrait-painter sat at a clumsy desk in Washington and jiggled a metal tab with nervous finger. In Baltimore an armature clacked, and one understanding its untried speech translated the click into "What hath God wrought!" That day was born the wire. Born a creature of service. Born to obliterate space and make the earth a back-yard for over-fence chattings between the peoples. Two days after the first message passed between Washington and Baltimore over the portrait-painter's stretched wire the Democratic convention in Baltimore nominated

James K. Polk for President, and this fact was intrusted to the new messenger for transmission to the Democrats of Congress in Washington. That day the wire was christened the Servant of the News, and bound by its sponsors to the slavery of the world's news-hunger. On a May day in 1844 a dozen words of news limped less than a hundred miles through the air and pious people heard preachers call the circumstance a revelation of divine favor to man. One night in April not many years ago a ship came in to New York from the sea, carrying the survivors of a great ocean tragedy, and between nine o'clock and an hour after midnight more than a million words of news—the vivid narratives of those snatched from death—went out over the wires from New York, and perhaps a third of that number more shot under the ocean. Yet not fifty people knew of that heavy burden on the slave of the news; only its masters were aware, and they spoke casually of "extra-heavy traffic."

So in the new revelation of to-day the marvel of yesterday is forgotten. An aeroplane soars upward, to the enchained wonder of a multitude; to-morrow it gains no more notice than a hawk unless its operator gambles his neck against applause by driving his machine upside-down. The world-hunger for news grows more acute each year; as China, Africa, and the islands of the sea move into the back-yard comity of the peoples, gossip of their affairs must pass over the back-yard fence. Each year the wire is called upon for sterner service. But no one pauses to be amazed at the increasing news distributing prodigies of the wire; none considers, even, its existence. The news is there on the printed page, propped between the egg-cup and the coffee-pot; that is the sole, satisfying fact the world reckons. Here is a bit of scandal from Seward, Alaska; there a thrill from Teheran, a laugh out of Skiddo, California. What reader possesses the magic spectacles to read behind black lines of type the far more human, more dramatic stories of, say, a dog-team post buried in a blizzard, an imperial censor hoodwinked under the sword, a desert lineman dying of thirst?

The wire must serve! The wire must serve! Come flood, come fire, it must not be stopped. An emperor prohibits its tattling; it tattles, nevertheless. An earthquake rends it five thousand fathoms down on the floor of ocean; it flings its news burden through the unwired air. Though man made it his serf, many thousands of men are chained to it. Though men die and thrones are knocked into scrap, the wire is eternally at service. And why? Because John Smith at his bacon in a Harlem flat and Chu Fang over his tea in a Cantonese shop must know how men die—if their taking is abnormal—and why a throne is knocked into scrap. If John Smith were elected President of the United States, Chu Fang would be pleased to know it. John Smith, by the same token, would carry a pleasurable thrill to business if the wire told him Chu Fang had been boiled in oil by pirates.

Those whose lives are given to the grooming of the wire estimate that twenty-six hundred papers in the United States receive each day a telegraphic service, either from one of the great news associations, from their own correspondents, or both. At least four hundred papers divide between them each day a million words of telegraphed news from their correspondents abroad and at home, aside from the general news report furnished by the collecting agencies. In twenty-four hours of an average day 1,190,000 words of news are sent over the land wires of this country. Enough more pass over the cables to and from Europe, the Orient, and our insular possessions to bring the daily average to over two millions. Given an event of startling character or of wide-spread interest, and the average will jump by tens of thousands. A full third of the day's total outpouring may come from a single city: from San Francisco, burning; from Chicago, in the grip of a political convention's hysteria. A bulk of words approximating a novel of Dickens went under the key fingers of operators each day of the Republican convention of 1912, and again at Baltimore almost as many words as Samuel Pepys put into his diary of many busy and gossipy years were flashed to readers the country over before Woodrow Wilson was nominated for the Presidency. Abroad,

the impatience of news-hunger is not so exacting as with up-to-the-minute Americans. The slower agency of the mails divides the labor of transmission with the telegraph. Data lacking, men who live with the wire in this country give it as an opinion that the day's average news moving in Europe, exclusive of Great Britain and her colonies, is at most considerably less than in the United States. The impulse toward heavier wire traffic abroad is growing, however, and comes from the insistence of American news agencies upon co-operation under the American spur of speed.

The voice of the wire is constant as light. It rivals the speed of light-waves. On the last day of the year 1910 the airmen were in the sky above an aviation-field at Los Angeles. Because then the interest of people in exhibition flights was still keen, a news association had its "loop" from a direct wire circuit established at the press bench of the grand-stand; a correspondent sat at the telegrapher's side and through his efficient finger dictated the turn of events straight to the San Francisco office of his association. There an operator, receiving, sat at the shoulder of another who tapped the key of the direct New York circuit. Events at Dominguez Field progressed without incident. The reporter in the press-stand, his eyes aloft, droned a dull tale of "aerial Derbies" and passenger-carrying flights into the ear of the operator. An announcer megaphoned "a startling exhibition flight by the world's most daring aviator," and a yellow biplane leaped from the turf to cut a straight, upward slash in the blue field of space. Up and up the thin sheaves pushed their way until they hung, a buttonhole in the sky. Folk waited, necks strained, for the invisible master of the air to make his play with death. They saw the twin slivers pirouette, double in a dizzy sweep, balance on the brink of an air precipice, then—

"Flash! Hoxsey falling!" the reporter shouted. "Flash! Hoxsey falling!" an operator three hundred miles away in San Francisco flung over his shoulder to the fellow-operator at his elbow. "Flash! Hoxsey falling!" cried a man at the Frisco key in a big room four floors above New York's Broadway.

Here was a prodigy. Before the biplane and the doomed airman had plunged a thousand feet to destruction, men in the New York office of the news association knew that Hoxsey was falling from the sky—knew everything the hushed spectators three thousand miles away could know. The wire brought the message in less than thirty seconds. While men raced across Dominguez Field to the yellow jumble dropped from above—before ever a hand was laid on the wreck of the biplane—twenty wires out of San Francisco, Chicago, and New York were humming this message to a score of cities: "Bulletin—Hoxsey fell 1,000 feet, Dominguez Field, Los Angeles. Probably dead."

Speed! Speed! That is the cry of the wire to-day. Sure of its own power, strong in its might to serve, the slave of the news demands that the human agency which must be co-ordinated with it shall be keyed to superhuman efficiency. Those who tend the wire must possess its instinct of swift sureness; especially when the clamor of the news-hungry makes a delay of seconds intolerable. Once a year in this country comes a test which cracks the nerves of men who groom the wire; but it finds the wire itself fallible only in so far as its aides are incapable of holding themselves to its lightning pace. This is when the baseball madness advances into the dog-days of the so-called World's Series games; when the police have to cleave a lane through the pack watching bulletin-boards and graphic diagrams before the newspaper offices in a score of great cities; and when, even in the smaller towns, business yields to the lure of the hastily scrawled bulletin. Tens of thousands witness the games with their own eyes; many millions demand to be spectators by proxy.

Newspapers and news associations prepare for these pennant games as doctors plan to fight a fever. They are under the rowel of the mob's impatience; rivalry forces them to a fight wherein seconds lost mean prestige—and dollars—lost. Consider as typical the strategy employed in such crises by a certain resourceful news association.

The deciding game between contending teams is to be played on NewYork's

Polo Grounds. Two wires are strung from the office of the association to the places allotted at the press-stand; one is an emergency provision to be used in case the other fails. In the down-town operating office of the news agency connection is made between the active wire at the Polo Grounds and the Chicago "main trunk"; at Chicago a "visible relay" records on an unwinding reel the message that is leaping, reinforced by fresh current, onto the San Francisco circuit. In the New York, Chicago, and San Francisco offices operators sit with their eyes on the unreeling tape, ready to flash each character appearing there over subsidiary circuits to Atlanta and the South, to St. Paul and the Northwest, to Los Angeles and all the coast. In each of the cities fed by the circuits the newspapers subscribing to the association's service have loop wires leading to their offices; these carry the message of the circuit automatically. Such the preparations of the news-distributor; and for the telegraph company pains equally assiduous. At each relay point —and that, in the phrase of the craft, is where an automatic "repeater" reinforces the carrying current, sharpens the timbre of the metallic chirp and chatter —a wire chief "rides the wire," with his ear to the quality of the voice that speeds. Does weather threaten to paralyze the wire in his territory, he has a "fall-back," or substitute circuit, through unaffected country, built in the air and ready for instant use. Over the entire stretch of wire from the Polo Grounds to San Francisco the circuit is made "blind"; it cannot be broken by human agency. All is ready. From Harlem to the Golden Gate the strain is at maximum; men are tensed to action; the wire is alive.

"Cobb flies to Murphy," dictates the baseball reporter in the press-stand, judging the trajectory of the batted ball almost with the crack of the bat.

"Cobb flies to Murphy," calls the assistant sporting editor of the San Francisco evening paper, and his voice is megaphoned to the crowd blocking Kearney Street. Before the high fly batted by Cobb on the Polo Field has smacked the glove of Murphy in the outfield, the traffic policeman standing by Lotta's fountain in the Pacific Coast city knows the play is made.

. . . "And is caught out," the reporter in the press-stand supplements.

"Murphy never misses 'em," comments the San Francisco policeman before the outfielder has returned the ball to the pitcher's box.

Service such as this must represent the wire's ultimate speed efficiency. Surely, until men become machines charged with a current of instantaneous reaction, man's servant of stretched copper will not do better by him. Maximum speed obtained, the masters of the talking spark still have to face the problems of a constant warfare with the wire's enemy, the elements. However cunningly they may contrive to drive the lightning flash of intelligence with the swiftness of light, whatever the magnitude of traffic the telegraph may be forced to carry, there is the ever-present menace of storm, fire, and flood to threaten wide-spread extinction of the spark. The leveling of miles of wires in the path of a tornado or their burdening by a blizzard taxes the fortitude and ingenuity of the telegraph masters even more than does the exceptional call for speed. Only when the voice of the wire is stopped does the world come to know the tremendous part it plays in the world's work.

In recent years the failure of the wire to weather the assaults of storms has twice brought a startling sense of lack to all the peoples in North America and many thousands abroad. One of these instances was the blizzard that cut Washington out of existence on the day of President Taft's inauguration, March 4, 1908.

In the news sense, an inauguration is one of the major events. It possesses a strong human appeal for every American. A "feature" it is, to be spread over as many columns of type as possible. The night before the day Mr. Taft was to stand before the nation as its new Executive, a storm out of the northwest cut a white swath from Chicago to the Capes, leveled every pole about the national capital and cloaked with silence the one spot in the country upon which the interest of millions was centered. Dawn came and Washington was not in

the world. The nation was stunned; it was being denied its great show. Frantically the wire stabbed at its crippled arms, striving to drive the spark into the silence. But Baltimore was mute; Richmond answered not; Hagerstown mumbled unintelligibly. Noon, and the procession to the steps of the Capitol; still the country vainly hurled its demand for news against the barriers of the snow. A wireless spark began to flicker feebly, carrying the bare intelligence to New York that Mr. Taft was President. Then linemen plunging through the drifts south of the city contrived to string a single wire across the breach and the general manager of the telegraph himself sat at the key to grope for the frontier of the world outside. He "raised" Atlanta; the Southern city had already provided a circuitous route around the boundaries of the storm havoc *via* New Orleans; the long-delayed news, pared to the bone of fact, limped out of the lost capital hours after the nation's spectacle was finished.

Flood-time in the Ohio Valley, and the wire finds itself playing to all the world the "heavy" rôle in melodrama. Each hour, bringing fresh disaster with the rising waters, snuffs out, one by one, the living sparks of the telegraph. Now Columbus, in agony, is shut away from the ear of men; now Dayton sends out a last despairing cry and is still. The darkness and the yellow tides hide tragedies all the more poignant in the imagination of the peoples beyond the zone of the floods because of the silence—the dreadful silence. A day passes and out of the water wastes comes not a word to tell of the salvation of those in peril or their last bitter fate. Then in the hour of greatest apprehension the voice of a girl—the clear, strong voice of a girl—breaks the silence. She is an operator in a station on the telephone trunk-line a few miles out of Dayton and above the water's encroachment. A single live wire out of the miles of flooded territory has come under her groping fingers, and over this she talks to New York. A writer in a newspaper office makes notes of what she has to tell. It is as if she were in the next room, so close she seems, so fresh and vibrant is the life in her voice.

"Good night," she finishes. "Ask the people to pray God for our deliverance."

Aye, the wire that carries tales of romance must have its own romances. Mysteries it whispers from land to land, and mysteries of its secret devising it possesses, too—nor publishes them to the incredulous. Ask the men who give their lives to the wire to tell their tales of the achievement of the impossible, of miracles apparently supernatural. The wire, they will tell you, has a soul; it is human. On occasions it will lie and cheat.

Once the wire cheated when the destinies of two nations were in the lap of chance.

That was during the conference of the Russian and Japanese peace plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth. The contending armies faced each other across the Sha-ho in Manchuria, waiting to join again in battle if the negotiations in the American city failed. Fail they must, it appeared. A Sunday came when the deadlock between the representatives of Czar and Emperor was hopeless; even Count Witte hinted broadly to the correspondents that the following day would see the definite rupture of all peace parleying and a resumption of fighting. Prayers for peace were offered in many churches throughout America that Sunday, though even the devout feared the futility of their appeal. Over in Tokio a correspondent for a London paper, who had a source of information he considered reliable, heard on this dark Sunday that the Emperor had cabled Baron Komura at Portsmouth explicit orders to make peace, even at a sacrifice of Japan's interests. To get that information to his paper was for this correspondent a necessity as urgent as any possible. But the polite, smiling censor, the Emperor's guardian set over a babbling cable, stood immovably in the way. The correspondent locked himself in his room and gave many hours to thought, then he presented himself at the cable-office and filed for transmission an innocent despatch of commonplaces, which included the words, "Rev. Ondit preached to-day; text, 'Good will toward men.'"

The polite censor was not acquainted with the Gospel according to

St. Luke; he did not remember, if he ever knew, what the heavenly chorus sang on the Nativity morn. No more did he recognize anything reprehensible in the name of the worthy French clergyman, the Rev. Ondit. But the editor of the London paper into whose hands the uncensored cable came knew the full text of the angels' chorus, recognized the beneficent sponsorship of the mythical Ondit. To him this single voice out of Tokio called in the hour most threatening to peace, "They say—peace!" His paper declared, alone, that peace was in sight, and peace came in forty-eight hours.

Consider the wire in its fabrication of mysteries. Two instances may be cited.

In March, 1889, American and German fleets were at anchor in the harbor of Apia, Samoa. Out of a native quarrel, known as the Tamasese rebellion, a grave international crisis had sprung, the ripples of disorder had carried to Washington and Berlin, and affairs were at such a pass between the two nations that a single untoward incident down in the remote South Sea harbor would have launched hostile shots from the guns of the disputants' warders. A steamer connected Apia and the world once in every twenty-eight days. There was no cable. The last steamer from San Francisco to Sydney had been fifteen days out of Apia, and the island port was as far from the world as a harbor in the moon, when from an Australian city this message was flashed under seas to London: "German and American fleets at Apia both totally destroyed. Battle?" The cable did not reveal the source of the rumor. The hazarded "Battle?" was clearly an attempted explanation of the startling rumor, based on knowledge of the strained relations between the fleets. Great excitement and a perilous increase of the war fever were the products of the vagrant despatch until conservative judgment pointed out that it must be a canard—there was no way Apia could have communicated with the world after the departure of the last steamer.

Just thirteen days from the time the cable cried its message of disaster, the mail-steamer from Sydney arrived at Apia. She passed many dismantled and beached hulks on the way to her anchorage—the wrecks of the American and German warships. Then her people learned of the hurricane that had raged for three days from March 16th; and, later, the world knew that the wire had not lied.

In 1900 disturbing news came out of China, and the Occident began to hear of militant fanatics calling themselves "Boxers." Disorder spread with alarming speed, and, of a sudden, Peking was isolated, its foreign residents driven to the legation compounds and there besieged by a horde of murderous natives. Just before telegraphic communication with the capital was cut by the Boxers, the Hong-Kong correspondent of a New York paper cabled that Baron von Ketteler, German minister to China, had been assassinated. When this despatch was published the German Foreign Office made excited queries to determine the authenticity of the New York paper's despatch, and with satisfaction announced the receipt of news from Peking telling that the minister was alive and in no danger. Forty-eight hours after the correspondent in Hong-Kong, a thousand miles from Peking, telegraphed the death of the minister, von Ketteler was killed by a Boxer. The wire had told the truth two days in advance of the event.

The wire serves—serves—serves! Engine of man's devising, it has power beyond the imagination of many men, the physical capacity of any. It is untiring, undaunted. News! The wire makes it and traffics in it. The news-hunger of the world it whets even as it satisfies. No bit of gossip is too small to escape it; none too momentous to abash it. A king may send an ultimatum by the wire; but a bricklayer will know he has done so, for the wire tattles it. Minute by minute the clock around the wire buzzes and whispers over all the earth its many-tongued prattle of comedy and tragedy, of disaster and rejoicing, men's hates and women's loves. Perhaps a petty, foolish babble, this; but it is the voice of humanity—of humanity unconscious, away from its dignity. Who shall say the wire is not the present-day nerve-center of all mankind?

Sweet-flowering Perennial

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

MRS. CLARA WOODS was in the bank, standing in front of the paying-teller's little window, having one of her modest dividend checks cashed. She was folding the crisp notes carefully when she was startled by the voice of a man who stood next in the waiting line behind her.

"May I speak to you a moment when I leave the window?" queried the voice.

Mrs. Woods, turning, recognized the man as the notable fixture of humanity in Mrs. Noble's very select boarding-house where she herself lived. The gentleman was wealthy, aged, and privileged, since for countless seasons he had been a feature of Noble's. The fact that Mr. Allston boarded there was Noble's best asset.

"Certainly, Mr. Allston," replied Mrs. Woods almost inaudibly, but emphasizing her agreement with a nod. She was a middle-aged woman, with nothing to distinguish her from a thousand other middle-aged women.

She stepped aside and stood by the high circular structure fitted out with paper, pens, and bank literature generally, and almost at once Mr. Allston joined her. At a slightly perceptible gesture—Mr. Allston, of course, never actually beckoned a lady to follow his lead—she went behind him toward the rotary door of the bank, where they were almost out of hearing. Mr. Allston, in his guarded voice, spoke at once.

"May I ask at what hour you left the house, Mrs. Woods?" said he.

Mrs. Woods, catching a vague alarm from his manner, replied that she had left quite early. She had been shopping, and was now about to return to the house for luncheon.

"I advise you not to do so," cautioned the old gentleman. Mrs. Woods gazed at him. She was frankly alarmed.

"Why?" she began.

"Noble's was quarantined an hour ago," said the old man. "One of the Sims children has scarlet-fever. They don't dare move it in this weather, so they have nurses, and the sign is up on the front door. Mrs. Noble is distressed, but she can't help it. You had better not return for luncheon, or you will be quarantined."

"I have not seen the Sims children for days and days," declared Mrs. Woods with an air of relief. "I have not even seen Mrs. Sims. Mrs. Noble told me yesterday that little Muriel was ailing and her mother was staying with her. It must have been the fever coming on."

"Of course," replied Allston. "I got out, luckily, just before the notice was put up. Then I met Dr. Vane, and he told me. He advised me not to go into the house, as it might mean being a prisoner there for some time. So I got away as fast as possible. I am going to a hotel. It is very inconvenient, but it would be more so being shut up at Noble's for days, perhaps weeks."

"I think perhaps I had better not return," said Mrs. Woods, hesitatingly. She was casting about in her mind exactly what she could do. Then Mr. Allston inquired if he could be of any service, and she thanked him and said no. He remarked that it would of course be very annoying and inconvenient for both of them, and went forth from the bank, while she went into the ladies' waiting-room. She sat down and remained quiet, but inwardly she was aware of precisely the sensations of a wandering, homeless cat.

It was, of course, rather obvious that she would either have to go to a hotel—a quiet hotel for those of her ilk—or return to Noble's and remain in quarantine. She was even inclined toward the latter course, as involving less trouble. She considered that probably the period of isolation would be limited, and that

she would not seriously object to remaining housed in her own nest rather than settle even temporarily in a new one.

Then she suddenly reflected that little Muriel Sims was not the only child at Noble's. There were the two Dexter boys. She was almost sure that they had never had scarlet fever. There was the Willis baby. There was little Annabel Ames. Suppose all these came down with scarlet fever? Why, that might mean quarantine for months. Then, also, there was the noise of so many children confined to the house. Probably none of them had escaped quarantine. The little Dexter boys were very boisterous children. They would probably slide down the banisters all day. Mrs. Woods again vibrated mentally toward the hotel.

Then Miss Selma Windsor entered. She did not notice Mrs. Woods. That was Selma's way. She was not apt to notice people unless she almost collided with them.

Selma entered and seated herself at one of the little writing-tables, took some papers from her black-leather bag, and began to examine them with as complete an air of detachment as if she were entirely alone in the world.

Mrs. Woods made an involuntary movement. She half rose; then she settled back. She was still entirely unnoticed by the other woman, who continued to examine her papers. She was probably about Mrs. Woods's own age. Mrs. Woods reflected upon that. "We went to Miss Waters's school, but Selma was in a higher class," she told herself. She wondered, quite impartially, whether that proved superior wits or superior age on the part of Selma.

She was not astute enough to realize that Selma had very few of her own ravages of time. Selma deceived people, though not intentionally. She had no desire to look older than she need. A woman who does that is almost monstrous. Selma simply considered that certain clothes were suitable for a woman of her age, and she wore them. She also considered that a certain invariable style of hair-dressing must be adopted. She adopted it. The result was that to most people she did look as old as she was.

Casual observers did not recognize the fact that there were no lines in her face; that her skin was smooth, with the ready change of color of youth; that her facial contours remained very nearly intact; that her hair had not lost its youthful thickness and warm color. Selma was regarded by most people, as she was regarded by Mrs. Woods that morning, as a woman over the middle-age line of life.

She generally wore black, and her clothes had always a slightly hesitant note as to the last mode. She wore small black hats, and her fair hair was brushed very smoothly away from her temples. None of it could be seen under the prim brim of her hat. She had removed her gloves. Mrs. Woods did not notice that the hands were as smooth as a girl's, and displayed no prominent veins. She did notice the flash of a great white diamond on one finger, as Selma handled the papers in a tidy, delicate fashion.

She reflected that Selma was a rich woman, and how very fortunate that was, since she had never married. She remembered that Selma lived in the suburbs, in a very wealthy town. She had never visited her there. She had seen but little of her—and that little had been through chance meetings—for years. They always exchanged cards at Christmas. They were on an even level of friendship which both acknowledged, but there was no intimacy.

Mrs. Woods did not feel at liberty to interrupt the other woman in her scrutiny of her papers. Selma scrutinized very leisurely. Evidently something was perplexing her a little, but she did not frown at all. She simply examined and considered, with a serenity which was imperturbable. At last she seemed contented. She refolded the papers, slipped the elastic band around them, put them in her leather bag, fastened it, and began to put on her gloves.

Then, for the first time, she glanced about her as if she were capable of sensing anything or anybody outside her own individuality. She saw Mrs. Woods. Evidently not expecting to see her in that particular place, she did not at once recognize her. However, she was aware that here was a woman whom she knew. She calmly regarded the other's large,



Drawn by Howard E. Smith Engraved by F. A. Pettit

CLARA FELT A REFLECTED GLORY AS ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER WAS DISPLAYED

rather good-looking, obvious face. Then she rose. She extended her right hand, upon which the glove was now smoothed and buttoned. "How do you do, Clara?" she said, composedly, addressing Mrs. Woods by her Christian name.

Then the two women sat down together on the little leather-covered divan and exchanged confidences—or rather, Clara Woods volunteered them. There was scarcely an exchange, except for the trifling inevitabilities of health and weather. Clara Woods told Selma Windsor about the scarlet fever at Noble's, and how she was as one shipwrecked without the necessities of life, or compelled to return to indefinite isolation of quarantine.

Selma disposed of the situation pleasantly and gracefully, and finally. "You will, of course, return with me to Laurelville this afternoon," she said. "I can supply you with everything you need. I shall be glad to have you with me until the quarantine is raised."

Clara Woods made only a faint demur. The proposition seemed to her fairly providential. She had not known how to afford that quiet, exclusive hotel. Her income was very limited. Then, too, there had been the apparently insurmountable problem of her belongings quarantined at Noble's.

Clara Woods was a pious woman, and humbly inclined to a conviction of the personal charge of the Deity over her. Visions of shorn lambs, and sparrows fluttering in search of suitable sites for nests, floated through her mind, which was really that of an innocent, simple child in spite of her ponderousness of middle-age. There was something rather lovely in her expression as she looked up into Selma's face. Clara's eyes were shining with vistas of gratitude. Selma, who was imaginative, realized it. She smiled charmingly.

"I am so glad I happened to come in here to-day," she said.

"It seems like a special providence," returned Clara, ardently; and Selma heard herself practically called a special providence, and rose above her own sense of humor because she understood what was passing in her friend's mentality.

The two lunched together; then Selma had some shopping to do in one of the big stores before they took the four-thirty train to Laurelville. It was probably that little shopping expedition which started queer after-events. At least, Clara Woods always considered them queer, although sometimes she was divided between the queerness of the events and the possible queerness of herself for so estimating them.

Whenever she met Selma, after what happened, she looked at her with a question in her eyes which, if Selma understood, she did not attempt to answer. Whenever Clara Woods endeavored dizzily to understand, she always got back to the ready-made frocks displayed in that great store on the day of her meeting Selma in the bank.

Clara Woods, when she stood with her friend in one of the departments, had something of the sensations which one might have had in the company of royalty—if royalty ever went shopping for ready-made clothes! There was something about Selma Windsor— It was difficult—in fact, impossible—to say what that something was. She was well and expensively clad, though with that slight flatting of the fashion key; but there were hundreds of women as well clad. She had a perfect poise of manner; so had other women by the score. Clara decided that it was impossible to say what it was that awoke to alert life and attention the groups of saleswomen. Selma had no need to stand for a second hesitating, as Clara always did in such places, feeling herself in the rôle of an uninvited guest at some stately function.

Selma was approached at once. There was, apparently, even some rivalry between the trim saleswomen. Clara wondered if Selma was known to any of these. She afterward learned that it was the first time in her life that Selma had entered that department of the store.

"Anything I can show you to-day, madam?" inquired a voice, and the other women fell back.

Selma expressed her wishes. She and Clara were deferentially shown to seats among the grove of dummies, clad in the latest modes, and resembling a perfectly inanimate afternoon-tea style. Clara felt a reflected glory, as one thing

after another was displayed to her friend, not with obsequiousness, but with really fine deference to that mysterious something. Finally the purchase was made, and then Selma and Clara were in a taxicab on their way to the station.

They reached the suburban town where Selma lived about five o'clock. Selma had a limousine waiting for her. Clara experienced an almost childish sense of delight when she sank into the depths of its luxurious padding. Again the innocent, if perhaps absurd, conviction of the special providence which had her in charge that day illumined her whole soul.

"Well, I must say I never dreamed this morning that to-night I would be here," she remarked, happily.

Selma laughed softly. "We are both encountering the very delightfully unexpected," she replied.

"But when I think of coming entirely without baggage!"

"My clothes will fit you perfectly," said Selma. "I have a new black chiffon which I have never worn, which you can wear at dinner to-night."

"You dress for dinner?" asked Clara with an accession of childish pleasure.

"Sometimes. When I am entirely alone I make no change," said Selma, "but to-night I am entertaining—a very unusual thing for me—two guests, my lawyer and his cousin. We have some business to discuss, and I thought we might combine a little festive occasion with it. Mr. Wheeler is a charming gentleman. His cousin I have never met. This cousin is a Southerner, visiting him, and I included him in the invitation. I wished at the time I had another lady, and here she is, provided most providentially."

"Are they young men?"

"Mr. Wheeler is not. He is of our age. He has an invalid wife. I suppose his cousin is also middle-aged. I did not inquire."

By some law of sequence not evident on the surface, Selma immediately began to talk about the costumes which they had seen that afternoon. "It is very strange how the fashions have turned to ante-bellum days," said she. "How much at home the few survivors of the Civil War would have felt in that crowd of dummies dressed in flounces and fichus and full petticoats!"

"Yes; they even wore plaids," agreed Clara. Then she added that she supposed there must be many wardrobes in which hung duplicates of those very gowns which they had seen that afternoon. "I remember my aunt Clara showing me one exactly like that flounced plaid taffeta, except hers was a purple-and-green plaid, and the one in the store was blue and brown," said she.

Clara noticed a queer expression on the other woman's face, which in the light of after-events she remembered. Selma nodded.

"Yes," she replied. "I dare say you are right."

Her blue eyes were fixed upon the leafless trees against the sky. They had such a curiously childish expression that the other woman laughed softly. Selma looked at her inquiringly.

"You had a look in your eyes which carried me back to our school-days, then," said Clara.

"A look in my eyes?"

"Yes; there was a sparkle in them."

Selma herself laughed. "I wonder sometimes if the sparkle of life is really all over for me," she said. "I cannot accustom myself to being old."

Then the limousine drew up in front of Selma's rather splendid house, set back from the road in a lawn full of straw-clad rose-trees. Clara looked about her with enthusiastic interest.

"What a beautiful place! And you still like roses as much as when you were a girl," she exclaimed.

"Yes, I think the place pretty good. I did not hesitate much about buying it. I had always planned some day to have a country place for the sake of the roses."

When Clara entered the house her delight was increased. Had it not been sinful, she could have blessed the Lord for the disease of scarlet fever which had been the cause of her coming. Clara had, although she was commonplace, a love for the beautiful amenities of life, whose lack had irritated her. She was not a woman to say much concerning her emotions. Fairly hugging herself while gazing about at the soft richness and loveliness, she thought, "After Noble's!"

Selma gave her a beautiful room at the front of the house. Its great windows commanded a view of the drive and the road behind the rose-trees. Clara thought afterward that Selma could have had nothing planned at that time, or she would not have given her that room, from whose windows she could see —well, what she did see.

Clara Woods took a bath, with a secret awe before such luxury. The bath-room belonged to her room, and was all pink and white and silver. Clara had for years been obliged to watch her chance to sneak into the one repulsively shabby, although clean, bath-room at Noble's, and she had always an uneasy impression of publicity in using it. Here it was perfect. Everything was perfect. Her room was done in dark blue with pink roses. She had a long mirror in which she could survey herself when arrayed in Selma's black chiffon.

Selma's maid assisted her to don the gown, and, although she was stouter than her hostess, it fitted her well, because Selma's gowns were always very loose. Clara Woods fairly peacocked before the mirror. The maid surveyed her approvingly. She appreciated the guest's attitude. She had not entirely approved of the loan of the elegant black chiffon which her mistress had never worn; but, once the deed was done, she gloried in it.

Selma's maid had been with her for years, and fairly worshiped her. She gazed at the commonplace guest's reflection in the mirror, made for the time uncommonplace by the elegant costume and a little touch which she, the maid, had given her hair, and beamed with admiration at the effect of her mistress's kindness.

After Clara had gone down-stairs she hung up the visitor's street gown, and considered within herself how Miss Selma was too good to live, almost. How many women in the world would despoil themselves of their fine feathers to deck another poor feminine fowl who lacked them? However, Jane triumphed in the knowledge that not all the fine feathers could make another such lady-bird as her own mistress.

That evening Selma in black and silver was adorable. She had failed to make as little of her natural advantages as she had innocently attempted. What if her fair hair were brushed so severely back? Her delicate temples were worth revealing. The high collar concealed her long, graceful throat, but did not deform it. Selma, in a high collar of silver, with a silver band around her head, was really lovely.

The two gentlemen evidently admired their hostess. The cousin, Ross Wheeler, from Kentucky, did not meet the expectations of either Selma or Clara. He was much the junior of his cousin, William B. Wheeler, who had charge of Selma's affairs. However, he had been recently made a partner in business by William B., and in spite of his almost boyish look and manner he was supposed to be taken quite seriously.

The dinner, which was perfect, passed off triumphantly. Even poor old Clara Woods, in her elegant black chiffon, shone in her own estimation. Years ago dinners like that had not been infrequent for her. She felt as if she were taking a blissful little trip back to her own youth.

When it was all over, and the gentlemen had gone, and Selma was bidding her good night in her own room, Clara waxed fairly ecstatic.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, fervently, "if you knew what this means to me after my years in a boarding-house since my little fortune was lost and my poor husband passed away!"

Selma regarded her with self-reproach. She reflected how easy it would have been for her to give the poor soul the little change and pleasure before. It was true, though, that she had not lived long in Laurelville—only since her mother had died, some three years before.

"I am glad, Clara," Selma replied. "Now that you have found the way, there is no reason why you should not come often."

"Oh, thank you," responded Clara. "I am enjoying myself as I never thought to enjoy myself this side of heaven." She sighed romantically and reminiscently. "What a very charming gentleman Mr. Wheeler—the elder Mr. Wheeler—is!" said she.

"Yes, I like him," agreed Selma. "I have never regretted employing him.

He forgot some papers to-night, though, and we could not settle a little matter of business for which he really came out. The dinner was hardly more than incidental, although he did wish to introduce his cousin."

"His cousin is a beautiful young man," declared Clara.

"Yes; and he must be clever in spite of his youth, or Mr. Wheeler would not have taken him into partnership," replied Selma.

Suddenly a change came over her face. Clara started.

"What is the matter?" asked Selma. The change had vanished.

"Nothing, only you—looked suddenly —not like yourself."

"Did I?" responded Selma, absently. She said good night, hoped Clara would sleep well, and trailed her sparkling black and silver draperies out of the room.

Clara Woods stood still a moment after the door was closed, thinking. "She looked exactly as she did when she was a girl, for a minute," said Clara Woods to herself.

Clara was almost asleep when she heard the ring of the telephone, the upstairs one, in Selma's room. She heard Selma's voice, but could not distinguish a word. She did not try to. Clara Woods had a scorn for curiosity. She felt herself above it, and her high position was about to be sorely attacked.

At breakfast the next morning Selma announced that she was very sorry, but she would be obliged to go to New York on business on the noon train. Mr. Wheeler had telephoned, she said.

"I heard the telephone ring," returned Clara.

Selma started. "I fear the talk kept you awake," she said. "I held the wire quite a time."

"Oh no," said Clara; "I could only distinguish a soft murmur of voices. It did not disturb me at all. I fell asleep while you were talking."

Selma appeared strangely relieved. Clara noticed with wonder that the look at which she had started the night before was again upon Selma's face. Selma, in her pale-blue house dress, was rather amazing that morning. It was not so much that she looked young in color and contour, but the very essence of youth was in her carriage and her glance. She looked alive, as only living things which have been a short time upon the earth look alive. Her blue eyes were full of challenge; her chin had the lift of a conqueror; her very hair sprang from its restraining pins with the lustiness of childhood.

Selma and Clara sat together lingeringly over their breakfast, then Selma excused herself, and Clara settled herself happily in the library with newspapers and magazines. She was conscious, half fearfully, of being in a state of jubilation that she distrusted. She was of New England parentage, and involuntarily stiffened her spiritual back to bear reverses when in the midst of unusual delights. It did not seem to Clara Woods that this could last long. It seemed to her entirely too good to be true.

It was not a great while before her perturbation of soul began. It was, in fact, that very noon. Selma had told her that she was going to New York on the noon train, and had apologized for the necessity of leaving her guest to lunch alone. Clara was in her room about fifteen minutes before train-time, when she heard the whir of Selma's car in the drive. She saw a figure step lightly into the car, and she gave a little gasp.

That was surely not Selma Windsor! That was a lightly stepping girl, with a toss of fair hair under a blue hat, over which floated a blue chiffon veil. The girl was clad in ultra style. She was a companion, as far as clothes went, of that notable company of dummies in the New York store where they had been yesterday. Wide blue skirts floated around that slender figure. A loose coat of black velvet, of the ante-bellum fashion, was worn over the blue gown.

The girl seated herself. Clara could not distinguish anything of her face under the loose wave of her veil, except a vague fairness of color and grace of outline. The car whirred, and Adam, smart in his chauffeur's costume, drove rapidly around the curve of the drive. In a second Clara saw the car in the road. Then it was out of sight. She wondered who that girl was. She looked at her watch and wondered how Selma could



Drawn by Howard E. Smith Engraved by Nelson Demarest

CLARA WOODS FAIRLY PEACOCKED BEFORE THE MIRROR

make her train, since she was so delayed by a visitor. Clara never doubted that the girl was a visitor whom Selma had sent home in her car. Selma must know some people in Laurelville, although she had heard her remark that she had made few acquaintances, and no friends, there. This girl must be one of the acquaintances.

Clara watched very idly beside her window for the return of the car and Selma's departure for her train. Presently the car returned. Adam drove directly past the curve of the drive to the garage. Clara looked at her watch. There were now only three minutes before the train was due.

When Clara heard the broken, hollow music of the Japanese bells which announced luncheon, she went down-stairs, expecting, of course, to find Selma in the dining-room, and hear her announce the change of programme which had kept her at home. There was one plate laid in Clara's place on the table, and Jane stood there ready to wait. She had, somehow, the air of a sentinel on duty when Clara entered.

Clara Woods was in one respect rather a remarkable woman. In spite of what she had seen, she said nothing. She ate her dainty luncheon, with not as much appetite as she had eaten her breakfast. She asked nothing. She said nothing, except to make the usual remarks due from guest to servant. Then she returned to her room. Therein she sat down and looked rather pale.

"Who," demanded Mrs. Clara Woods of her own stuttering intelligence, "was that girl?"

For some cause Clara Woods avoided her front windows that afternoon. She remained in her own room for some time, writing letters at the inlaid desk between the other windows which did not command the road. Then she heard the telephone-bell in Selma's room, and Jane tapped at the door and informed her that Miss Selma wished to speak to her on the long-distance from New York.

Selma's room was beautiful, but rather strangely furnished for a woman of Selma's apparent character. It was something between a young girl's room and a bachelor apartment. One surveying it—knowing nothing of its occupant—might easily have conceived that either a young girl had married a bachelor settled in his habits, and brought him home to live with her people, or that the old bachelor had yielded to a young wife's girlish preferences. Certainly, white-silk curtains strewn with violets, looped back with that particular shade of blue which suits the flowers, white walls with a frieze of violets tied with blue ribbons, and a marvel of a dressing-table decked with silver and crystal were fairly absurd combined with a great lion-skin in front of the fireplace, a polar-bear skin in the center of the great room, and heavy, leather-covered divan and easy chairs.

"What a queer room!" thought Clara. The telephone was on a little table beside Selma's bed. The bed had a leopard skin flung over the foot, and the counterpane and pillows were of heavy yellow satin.

Selma's voice came clearly over the wire. "I am so sorry, Clara," said Selma, "but I find I am detained. I cannot be home in time for dinner. I probably cannot be home until the ten-thirty train. Jane will take care of you. I am sorry, but you will not mind."

Clara replied that of course she would not mind, assured her that she was being very well cared for, bade her good-by, and hung up the receiver. She kept on her own dress, which was a good one, for her solitary dinner. Jane waited on her, as at luncheon, and she made no attempt at satisfying any wonder or curiosity which she might have felt. Jane at times cast an apprehensive glance at her. Clara felt the glance, but never met it.

After dinner she sat in the library and read the evening paper. Then she found a book which interested her, although she felt nervous and uneasy, and from time to time thought of her own humble nest at Noble's. The hours passed. She heard the automobile go out of the yard, and at the same time Jane entered the room. She asked Mrs. Woods if she could do anything for her, and looked so disturbed that Clara understood. "She wishes me to go up-stairs," she told herself. With a stiff subservience to all wishes of that kind, she rose and went. She realized that it was not judged by Jane as advisable that she should be

down-stairs when that motor-car returned from the station.

She heard it as she sat in the dressing-gown which Selma had provided, continuing her letter-writing (Clara had a large circle of feminine correspondents). She expected to hear voices. She heard none. She wondered if Selma had not returned on the ten-thirty train, then dismissed the wonder as unworthy. It was none of her business.

She waited a long time before she returned to the library for the book which she had been reading. She considered that there had been time enough for all mysteries with which she had no concern to settle themselves, when she stole down-stairs and got the book. Some of the lights had been turned off, but many were on. It was quite evident that Selma had not returned. Jane looked in at the library door and asked if she could do anything. Clara replied, in an almost apologetic voice, that she had come down for a book. Then she heard a car speeding up the drive.

Jane's face became almost agonized. Clara sped out of the library. It was years since her middle-aged feet had moved as swiftly as they did along the hall and up the stairs. She gained her own room, opened the door, turned to close it, and saw the face of the girl coming up-stairs. Clara could not help that one glimpse, but it was so fleeting that nobody on the stairs—Jane came after the blue-clad figure—saw anything but the flirt of the closing door.

Clara sat down helplessly. Always before her eyes was the face she had seen, the face of the blue-clad girl ascending the stairs. The face was fair and sweet, so sweet of expression that it compelled admiration for that alone. It was smiling radiantly. Soft, fair hair tossed over the forehead, as innocently and boldly round at the temples as a baby's.

Clara Woods remembered Selma Windsor when she looked like that, exactly like that. The likeness was uncanny. Clara had little imagination or she would then have gone far in imaginative fields. She did tell herself that the girl looked enough like Selma to be her own daughter. She went no further.

Clara went to bed. She could not sleep. She rose early, and after dressing sat in her room waiting for sounds in the house to denote that other people were astir. At the breakfast-hour she went down-stairs. She was aware of a queer unsteadiness. She could not analyze her perturbation, but felt helpless before it.

When Clara entered the breakfast-room Selma greeted her from a little conservatory beyond. She had been tending a few blooming plants which she kept there. Selma said, "Good morning," and there was nothing unusual in her manner. There was nothing unusual in Clara's, although she looked pale. Breakfast was served, and she and Selma partook of it, and the mysterious girl did not appear, and was not mentioned.

Selma said nothing about her trip to New York, except to express regrets that Clara had been left to dine alone. Selma, eating breakfast, did not look in the least tired. On the contrary, Clara thought she looked, in some strange, intangible fashion, younger and fresher. Her voice rang silvery. She laughed easily and delightfully.

"You seem just as you did when we were girls together at school," Clara exclaimed, involuntarily. Then Selma gave a quick start, but recovered herself directly.

"Those were the happiest days of my youth, those days at school," she said, and there was a sad note in her voice.

Clara did not reply. She had known very little about Selma, except through those days at school. Selma began to talk more freely than she had ever done. She told how her home life had been saddened, even embittered, by an older sister who was an invalid; one of those kickers against the pricks who drag all who love them into their own abyss of misery. Selma and her father and mother had been as beaten slaves under that sore tyranny, which had endured until the sister died, long after Selma's youth had passed.

"I never," she said, "could have company of my own age. I never could go like other young girls." She flushed slightly. "I could not have a lover on account of poor Esther," she said. Then she added, with a curious naïveté, "I

have always wondered what it would be like."

Jane brought in hot waffles, and the personal conversation ceased. After breakfast the two women went up-stairs. It was a windy morning. Selma's door was blown open as they reached it, and a sudden puff of wind caused a skirt to flash out with a sudden surprise of blue, like a bird of spring, from an open closet door. Selma did not act as if she saw it. Clara again felt shaken, and proceeded to her own room, telling Selma she had some letters to write.

In her room she sat down and pondered. She might not own to curiosity—other people's affairs might be sacred in her estimation—but she could not ignore, in the privacy of her own consciousness, the blue flirt of that skirt. After a while, however, she gained command over herself, with her usual incontrovertible argument that it was none of her business. She went down-stairs, and Selma provided her with some fancy-work, and the two visited serenely all the forenoon.

After luncheon they separated. Clara had a habit of lying down for an hour. This afternoon she fell asleep—the effect of her wakeful night. She started up about four o'clock. She had heard a motor in the drive. Against her own will she slipped down from the divan and peered out of a window. There was a great touring-car and a magnificent chauffeur, and Mr. William B. Wheeler's handsome young cousin was assisting into the tonneau the girl—*the girl*—clad this time in fawn-color, ruffling to her waist, with a quaint velvet mantle to match, fitch furs, and a fawn-colored poke bonnet with a long feather curling to her shoulder.

The car sped away. Clara really felt faint. She lay down again on the divan. It crossed her mind that she might go in search of Selma and see if she were in the house; then she dismissed the thought as unworthy. A very soul of small honor had Clara Woods. She immolated herself upon that little shrine, which most women would not have considered a shrine at all.

Clara finally dressed herself and then hurried down-stairs to the library, whose windows did not command the drive. There she read conscientiously. Finally Selma came in smiling. Clara noticed guiltily that her cheeks were flushed as if by coming in contact with cold, outdoor air. It was curious that Clara was the one who felt guilty before all this. Selma seemed entirely unruffled until Clara inquired if they were to dress for dinner that night, if guests were expected. Suddenly Selma flushed. She looked for one second like a young girl trapped with some love-secret, then she answered composedly that she expected nobody, and it was not necessary to dress.

There was a tap on the door, and Adam entered. He wished to see his mistress with regard to preparing a new garden-patch. Selma excused herself. When she returned she was smiling happily.

"I shall have a lovely new garden this year," she said. "I have bought half an acre at the left of the house, and I am to have a flower-garden—a flower-garden with a stone wall around it, a wonderful flower-garden!"

"What kind of flowers?" inquired Clara, and was surprised at the intensity and readiness of her friend's reply.

"Perennials," she exclaimed with force. "Always perennials. Always the flowers which return every year of their own accord. I like no other flowers. Always the returning flowers—roses and lilies and hyacinths and narcissi and hollyhocks. There are plenty of them. No need for us to trouble ourselves with flowers which demand taking up and gathering and replanting. It is always a perennial flower for me! I love a rose which has returned to its own garden-home year after year. There is faithfulness and true love and unconquerable youth about a flower like that!"

Clara stared at her. "I suppose so," she assented rather vaguely. Selma puzzled her in more ways than one. However, a perfectly pleasant little conversation ensued. Selma asked about some old school friends of whom Clara had kept track through the years.

The solitary dinner passed off happily. The two separated rather early. Selma owned to having a slight headache. Clara read awhile, then went to bed. She was just beginning to feel drowsy

when she heard a motor in the drive, and simultaneously she noticed a thin line of light across her floor. She had not quite closed her door. Somebody had turned on all the hall lights, and they shone through the crack. It was too much for Clara Woods. Curiosity raged and would not be subdued.

She slid noiselessly out of bed and stood behind the door. She peered through that slight opening and saw—the girl, all clad in rose-color, a full skirt blossoming around her, ribbons and laces fluttering. She beheld the girl fairly dancing on slim, pointed feet along the hall toward the stairs. At the same time the fragrance of roses came to her, and she remembered how fond Selma used to be of that perfume, and how the other girls used to make fun of her for using it in such quantities. All the hall was now scented with roses. There might have been a garden of them.

Clara closed her door noiselessly and went back to bed. That night she was so tired that she slept. The next morning she wondered if the girl would appear at the breakfast-table, but there was only Selma in a lavender morning gown, sweet and dignified and serene as ever.

Whatever there was to conceal, Selma was careless, for again when Clara went up-stairs—Selma had gone out with her gardener to give directions for her garden of perennials—Selma's door was open, and over a chair lay a fluff of rose-pink and lace and ribbons.

Clara shook her head. She went into her own room, and she thought of Noble's. She had lived there over ten years, and nothing in the least mysterious had happened. She wished herself safely back, but again she stifled her curiosity. She stifled it, and in fact never quite knew if it had been gratified—if she ever found out the truth of the case. Clara had always a mild wonder if a cleverer woman than she might not have known exactly what had happened, what did happen. For the climax of the happening came very soon. And it came in an absurd sort of fashion.

Selma had been busy in her own room all the afternoon. Clara had not seen her since luncheon. Finally she dressed in one of the costumes which had been placed at her disposal—a pretty black net trimmed with jet—and went down-stairs to the library. After trying a book which did not especially interest her, she settled herself comfortably in a long lounging-chair beside a window. Although the day was far spent, it was not dark.

Clara lay back, gazed out of the window at the grounds, and reflected. Where she sat she could see, mirrored in a picture facing the large drawing-room into which the library opened, the two actors in the little drama of mystery. She could not help seeing them unless she moved, which was quite out of the question.

Clara stared at the reflecting surface of the picture facing the interior of the drawing-room, and she saw Mr. William B. Wheeler's cousin—that charming young man from the South—enter and seat himself. She saw in the picture that he was very pale and evidently ill at ease. Then Selma entered. To Clara she looked much older than usual. Her black-satin gown was very plain; her fair hair was strained back very severely from her temples. She also looked pale and worn.

Clara saw Selma and the young man shake hands; then, with no preamble—he was hardly more than a boy—he sank down on his knees before the woman, buried his face in her black-satin lap, and his great, boyish frame shook. Then Clara heard the boy say, chokingly: "Forgive me, Miss Windsor. I am—hard hit."

Clara saw Selma's face bent over the bowed, fair head pityingly, like the face of a mother. The young man went on:

"You must know that I understand how very odd this may all seem to you. I have only seen her those few times. But from the very first minute she entered Cousin William's office that morning after we dined here—when he had telephoned you, and you had sent your niece to represent you because you were ill—from that very first minute it was all over with me. She was so sweet and kind. She stayed and went to that concert with me, although I know she feared lest you think she ought not. Everything happened so very quickly. She was not at fault. She never encouraged me, led me on, you know. You surely

don't think I am such a cad as to imply that, Miss Windsor?"

Clara heard Selma's reply, "No, I certainly do not think you mean to imply that."

The boy went on. "I know I was terribly headlong. I have always been headlong. It is in my blood; and I was so sure of myself. She was so wonderful. Then I wrote her that note. Did you see it? She showed it to you, didn't she? I expected of course she would."

Clara saw Selma bow her head in assent.

"Then she sent that special-delivery note of refusal. You saw that?"

Selma again bowed her head.

"Do you think it was—final? Will there never be any hope?" cried the young fellow with a great gasp.

Clara heard Selma say "No," in a strange voice.

"There is no use in my asking to see her?" pleaded the boy, pitifully.

"She has—gone," replied Selma.

"And she is not coming back?"

"I doubt if she ever comes back."

Clara saw the fair head of the young man on Selma's black-satin lap. She saw the broad young shoulders heave. She saw Selma Windsor put her hand lovingly on the fair hair and stroke it, and murmur something which she did not catch. But soon the young man stood up, and his white face was lit by a brave smile.

"Oh, of course, Miss Windsor," he said, "it is all the fortune of life and love and war. Of course I have courage enough to take what comes. Of course I am not beaten. Of course I am young, and shall get over it. I am not a coward. I simply did love her so, and it is the first time I was ever so hard hit. It is all right. I am sorry that I have troubled you. It is all right, but—I am going back to Kentucky to-night. I am going into business with a fellow of my own age. I have told Cousin William. He was upset, and I did not tell him why I was backing out of the partnership so soon. He did not like it very well. I am sorry, for he is a mighty good sort. But I have to go. I have plenty of fight in me for everything, but a fellow has to choose his own battlefield sometimes. I am ashamed of myself, to tell you the truth, Miss Windsor. Your niece is wonderful, but I never thought any girl living could settle me as soon as this. She is wonderful, though."

Clara saw in the picture the young man gazing intently at Selma Windsor. "You must have looked much like her when you were a girl," he said.

"Yes, I think I did," replied Selma.

Then Clara saw the two make what was apparently an involuntary movement, and Selma had kissed the young man, and he had held her for a second like a lover.

Then Clara did close her eyes. She remembered when it was all over except the fervent good-byes and kind wishes which the two exchanged. Clara heard the door close behind the boy. She heard Selma leave the drawing-room, and soon, in the now fast-fading light, she saw her talking with Adam over the flower-garden in which she was to have her perennial blooms when spring and summer came again.

Clara seized her opportunity. She made her retreat, all unseen, to her own room. When later she and Selma met at dinner everything was as usual. After dinner they had a pleasant evening. The two ladies played a game of Patience.

Nothing more which savored of the mysterious happened during Clara's visit. She remained until the quarantine at Noble's was lifted. She enjoyed herself thoroughly.

She visited Selma again rather often, spending week-ends. They were closer friends than they had ever been, and Clara never knew the explanation of what she had unwittingly seen and heard. It suited her obvious mind better to believe that a niece of Selma's had really been in the house and had a love-affair, and for some unexplainable reason had been concealed from her. She had not the imagination to conceive of the other possibility—that some characters, like some flowers, may have within themselves the power of perennial bloom, if only for an hour or a day, and may revisit, with such rapture of tenderness that it hardly belongs to earth, their own youth and springtime, in the never-dying garden of love and sweet romance.

Heritage

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IT was an extraordinarily hot day for the middle of September. The Vineyard stretched out smooth and blue and hard, giving back perfectly the hulls of the idle coasters sitting on its surface, their bowsprits pointing to every quarter of the compass. Over toward the Chop, two porgie-steamers lay above their slackened cables, long and low and black, a little thread of brown smoke winding up from either funnel. Their masters sat side by side on the village landing, matching wits.

It was the younger of the two who spoke. "Roy, Joe Wicks tells me he seen color to the south'rd o' Handkerchief yesterday."

The other was lean, of medium height, his hair sandy, and the skin of his face very red and brittle-looking from long exposure to the sun. He had learned now what he had dropped into the Vineyard to find out, and he felt that the other watched him sharply, awaiting his comment on the news, for this man was a great "killer" among the porgie-men.

"Joe Wicks say if they were running?" he questioned, still staring at the toe of his boot.

"No. Playing, he told me."

"Mm-m-m." Peters bit off a quid and turned to his other hand, where an ancient seafarer mumbled an interminable tale about a ship. "What's that you're saying, Nunkie?" he demanded, for a diversion.

The old fellow raised his voice in a shrill cackle to do justice to an active listener. "I say they been huntin' raound fer a dang fool to put aboard her fer three year. They've hed 'em putty fair dang, but not dang enough yit. They're in the ma'ket fer a broke-down cap'n thet likes good rum an' 'll fill his hide full of it an' run her onto Stone Horse some night accidental. Ye've no idee the insurance they got piled onto thet ther hulk. Must be in cahoots with the agent—"

"Who you talking about? You sound foolish."

"Her." The old fellow jerked a black thumb toward a dilapidated lumber-schooner lying a hundred yards or so off the end of the landing. "Rec'lect her sister, *Flyin' Jib*, piled onto Little Round last year? Same way. Skipper drunk. Ma'k me, the whole Lane fleet 'll go, one way 'r 'nother. Don't pay no more. . . . Looky here. Her skipper's comin' over the side now. Wonder who they got this time—"

Todd, on the other side, had run through his stock of patience. "Roy," he broke in, "fish showin' color off Handkerchief this time o' year—looks like they'd be movin' south, eh?"

Peters took off his hat, mopped his brow, and wiped out the sweatband.

"Mm-m-m. I should say south. Yep."

Todd did not speak out loud, but he said to himself, "He figgers I figger he's lyin' to me, so he's told the truth for once in his life."

The old man's cackle rose once more in the sultry hush, querulous:

"By codfish! Looks like they got the pa'ty this time, from the way he totters raound. Keep an eye there, mate; ye'll rock the ding'y over. Yeou're a ripe un, no mistake. Looks familiar in the back of 'im, he does, I swan. Say, looky here. By codfish! they went to the right—"

Roy Peters looked up to find the ancient toddling off up the wharf as rapidly as his shaky limbs would carry him, one apprehensive eye trailing over his shoulder.

Todd, too, had grown very red in the face. "I think I'll go buy a bit of chewin'," he muttered, and he, too, retreated up the wharf.

There came the slight jar of a boat's gunwale against the piles behind Roy

Peters. He turned. Then he got to his feet and said, "By God!" under his breath.

He fidgeted on his feet, took a step toward the shore, then, as though realizing that it was too late for retreat, turned to await the new-comer squarely, still muttering.

The man was lean and of medium height, his face sunburned, his thick hair perfectly white. One would have figured him at sixty; he was forty-six. He walked quite straight and upright, and yet one felt, somehow, that he was not walking quite straight and upright—that there was something unaccountably insecure and fragile about his progress, like his thin, violet shadow that bobbed and jumped over the inequalities of the boards. And about him all there was an air of the dandy of yesterday clinging with a pathetic desperation to his departed dandihood. He held out a hand.

"If it isn't Roy!" he said. "Roy, I'm glad to see you."

Roy Peters took the proffered hand without fervor. "Hullo, Prince! I—I had an idea you were south."

"Didn't expect to see me, eh, Roy? Where's Ed?"

The younger man waved his hand to the east. "Down the back side of Nantucket. Ed's got a vessel of his own now."

He answered mechanically, with the feeling that his words carried no sound. He was uncomfortable. The other smoothed out his frayed cravat.

"You see I'm doing better again, Roy. I've got a command."

Roy winced. A vague suggestion of whisky hung in the still air.

"And I'm going to stick by this one, Roy."

An epitome of the man's life lay in that sentence. Always he had been going to "stick by" the next one. It is one thing for a commander to take to his boats from a doomed vessel; it is quite another thing when that vessel is picked up at sea three days later, quite sound enough to demand a large salvage fee. And when the like of it has happened three times running— And yet, with all this frailty of his there was still an inherent sweetness and kindness in this vagabond who had come back.

"You knew I was married?" he said, suddenly.

"Yes," Roy mumbled. "So I hear."

"And—and Roy, I've got a boy. Yes—really." He reached out and plucked at his brother's sleeve. "Roy— Say, Roy—would you mind just running out with me? Eh? They're aboard, you know. Just a matter of five minutes. Eh? What do you say, Roy?"

"I— Look here, Prince—" The younger man fumbled at his watch and looked about him, a frown of embarrassment between his eyes. It was nothing short of preposterous, intolerable. That woman—why, the fellow had been beguiled into it in some water-front hole down South. He grew angry.

"Why, damn it, Prince—" He found himself staring at the store at the head of the wharf. The sun's flare on the small-paned windows blinded him. Behind those windows the gossips were watching to see what he would do—he and Prince—the Peters boys. "Come along," he said, abruptly. "I haven't a great deal of time."

Prince let himself over the edge of the landing slowly and with an evident effort. Once in the dinghy he sat down, gasping slightly.

"I tell you it's a hot day," he observed, unsteadily. "I'm not as smart 's I might be, Roy."

The other regarded him sharply. "That's too bad," he said. "How many men?"

Prince nodded at the negro "hand" who was pulling them out over the blazing water. "Him," he said. "They keep me short-handed. It's an outrage."

"I should think it was." To himself Roy said: "It wouldn't make any difference. She'd go to pieces in a good tideway."

She was of an ancient type, with a high, square stern, "like a brick church," a big sheer, and spindles in her rails like a staircase.

Prince hailed: "Jenn! Oh, Jenn!"

The first answer was a feeble wail, and then a woman appeared at the rail, holding an infant at her breast. She had been pretty once, just as she had been younger once, but now the skin was a little hollow under the cheek-bones, and its color was not good. Her hair had

been done up carelessly, leaving a few long, straight strings hanging down her neck. She stared at the new-comer in the dinghy with a curious wonder mingled with embarrassment and fright.

"Jenn!" Prince called again. "It's Roy, Jenn. You know Roy, Jenn."

The woman colored, drew back in a momentary confusion, then returned to the rail to give back the stranger's scrutiny. "I'm glad to meet you," she said.

Roy stared down at his boots, fumbled awkwardly at the vizor of his cap, and muttered, "I'm glad to meet you." He was more uncomfortable than ever.

When they had scrambled over the rail, Prince went about busily, always gasping slightly and with a hand pressed to his chest, placing a broken deck-chair for Roy, emptying a bucket of suds over the rail, setting little things straight, stopping now and then in his desperately contrived hurry to peer into the infant's face and demand if he were not a fine one, or if Roy would not have a "nip."

"No!" Roy shook his head angrily at that. He felt that the woman was watching him, like a cat with kittens watching a dog. His eyes wandered over the frowzy hulk and the clutter on deck —a wash-tub, a few soiled clothes in a pile, a line of undergarments drying between the masts, a bread-board with a cut loaf on it sitting on the main-hatch, and near it his brother plucking at his worn cravat, smiling tentatively, as much as to say: "Look at it this way—at least I'm doing better. Am I not?"

It gave Roy a feeling of sickness, as though he had eaten something which did not agree with him. He was aware of the negro, with a white cloth over his arm, emerging from the companionway to place a tray with a decanter and glass beside his brother, and his brother's deprecating, "I'm not as smart 's I might be, you know," as he poured and drank.

All the discomfort of the past half-hour broke out. "Damn it, Prince; this won't do."

He caught a glimpse of his brother's face, but he had something to say now. "This is no business for a fellow, Prince, and I tell you the truth. You need a fresh start. I'm going to get you a fresh start. Don't say a word. I hear they need a weighmaster down to the factory at Paradise. Now there's a chance, I tell you—"

He stopped and beat his handkerchief fiercely about his damp neck, still afraid to look at the other. Prince got up. The expression of his face had changed, losing its wistful deprecation and taking on something of dignity and importance which was characteristic of the man at such recurrent times in his life when a "fresh start" was under consideration. He pursed his lips and hummed.

"Roy," he speculated, balancing his hands, one against the other, "is it a man's job? That is, would it be worth my while, really—"

The woman had moved forward, unnoticed, to stand in front of Prince.

"Will you bring me his cap, dear?" she asked. "The one with the red bow, you know. I think it's in my locker."

Her husband glared at her, unable to understand immediately this intolerable breach of good manners. She continued to look squarely in his eyes, her free hand pinching his arm.

"But, Jenn!" he expostulated, still blank. He shook his arm, without dislodging her fingers. "But look here, Jenn, I was—"

"Please, dear—I'm afraid of the sun. In my locker, you know."

The man opened his lips, then closed them tightly, turned and descended the ladder, his head shaking with a sense of outrage. Roy stared at his brother's wife, his own lips half open. What did the woman mean by this unaccountable behavior? He thought to himself that he might have expected it. She was simply insolent—the natural thing. Now that she had packed one of these Peterses out of the way, she ignored the other. She looked down at the baby's face, fumbled at the neck of his shawl, held him close. He should have seen that she was in distress.

"Keep out!" she said at last.

"How's that?" he asked. He did not understand. She came nearer and repeated her words with passion.

"I say, *keep out!* Oh, give Prince a chance! No, no, no—you've never given him a chance, nothing but a fresh start. Can't you see?"

Roy's mouth was open wide now. No, he certainly could not see. He was angry at her life-and-death tone.

"Say—" he commenced to expostulate, but she crowded him out.

"For once in his life he's got a fresh start of his own—not given him. He got it himself. Now give him a chance. Let him be. Keep out!"

The man felt that he must laugh out loud. It was like an unbelievable farce. This was what came of women pushing into men's affairs.

"Do you know how it happened he could get this 'fresh start'?" He shook a furious finger at the deck beneath him. "Say! Say!"

The woman's forehead reddened, but that was the only sign of the blow.

"Yes," she said, "I know. But Prince doesn't."

It had happened so quickly that it took him a breath to realize how completely she had turned him. He was fighting up now instead of down. It showed in his next words.

"But listen to me. He's sick! I tell you he's a sick man."

"He is—" She did not finish, for they both heard Prince's boots at the bottom of the ladder within. "He's coming," she whispered, pulling his sleeve. "Please go quickly. Hurry. Sam! Sam!—the dinghy! Mr. Peters's brother is in a hurry—"

Roy Peters found himself sitting in the stern-sheets of the tender, without remembering clearly how he came to be there. Afterward he had to explain it to himself by a rather vague "There's something about the woman—"

His brother's head appeared with a complaining "I can't locate it, Jenn." Then his eyes fell to the dinghy, and he came pattering to hang over the rail. "Say, look here. What's the matter, Roy? You're not going? Why, you've only just come! I wanted to talk about that—"

"I've got to catch this tide going north," Roy explained, without looking directly at him.

"I'm going north to-night, too, over the Cape. I'll catch up with you." He waved a hand at his sails and laughed with a touch of bravado. "But about that place at Paradise?" he called after the retreating boat.

"Not much in it for a man. Some other time, Prince." Roy waved his hand and looked away. He did not want to see that woman any more.

It was noon again, and forty-odd miles to the east of the Cape. The day was as hot and airless as the one before, but a bank of clouds standing lofty and dun across the eastern horizon promised another weather before sundown. The *Stream* stood to the northeast, her black funnel trailing a smudge of soft coal along her wake. Roy Peters got up from a tub on the forward deck, sat down again, took off his hat, and fanned his neck.

"By gracious, but it's hot!" he grumbled, savagely.

He turned and scowled over the bows. A little way off across the water another steamer sat idly, her smoke standing straight overhead in a dingy column. A hand's-space to the left of her, three small boats converged upon a common center, the tiny black figures in them gesticulating, pulling at the sweeps, heaving out the seine. Roy threw back his head and shouted at the man in the cross-trees forty feet above. "Is it Todd?"

"Can't say 's yet. He's got a good set there, whoever 'tis."

Roy got up to wander again. His lips were dry. He was nervous. Most of the afternoon before he had wasted trying to find his "little" brother Ed, to the south of Nantucket. Then he had been up all night coming through the shoals, chancing the passage to make up with the northward-going fish—a clear day's gain with the rest of the fleet to the south. And here was what had come of it. And then there was Prince. And that woman! The masthead man was shouting again.

"What's that?" Roy bawled.

"I say, it's Ed."

"*Ed?*"

"It's him—by the red drive-boat—that new un."

"Say!" Roy's face lost its harried expression; he grinned and slapped his thighs. "Say! That boy will do!" He turned to squint at the growing vessel.

And now the voice aloft broke out in a new note, lifting a cry which will never be less than a pæan of triumph: "There they play—*they* pla-a-ay. To the north-'rd of 'im. *They* scho-o-o-ol!"

Roy swung round toward the middecks, his lips open for a command. Already the men aft were in motion—Miers, the "driver," scrambling over the stern into the drive-boat under the vessel's counter, others casting off the lashings of the heavy seine-boats, a few pointing out to the northward where a vague blur shot with violet lay on the water.

"*They* scho-o-o-ol!" came down. "Two *hundred* barrel!"

Roy closed his lips. He ran his tongue over their dry edges. It was intolerably hot. "Hang take it! Why couldn't Prince have stayed—"

"All right—all right—" The word came from mouth to mouth along the deck. "All ready, sir!"

Roy shifted his uneasy eyes to the masthead. An unaccountable sultry fury took him. That woman—why, damn that woman! He became aware of the mate near him, coughing apologetically and repeating, "All ready, sir!" He wheeled upon the fellow.

"Did you hear me say anything?" He glared at the fellow. "Who's running this vessel?" he demanded, jerking at his cap-brim with a belligerent gesture. "Let be! Let be!"

He turned from the dumfounded mate to growl an order at the helmsman above: "I want to talk with Ed. Put 'er alongside, Hammitt. Yes! Yes!—*that's what I said!*"

Land alive! who were these people, to give orders to him—*him?* He ignored the whole shipload of them, standing with his arms akimbo, staring over the bows. Land alive! And his brother was at it, too, shouting down from the deck of the *Wave* as Roy's drive-boat came alongside:

"What's the matter, Roy? They showed strong that time, eh?"

Roy glowered at him. "Wait a minute," he said. When he had climbed aboard he sat down on a bit, took off his hat, and mopped his hair. Ed gave a word to the helmsman, nodding away toward the spot where the boats lay at rest with the seine of fish pursed up between them. Then he faced Roy, his thumbs tucked in the armholes of his vest.

"Well," he opened, "it was just a chance, Roy. I ran across Joe Wicks on the back side yesterday. He made color off Handkerchief and figured they'd go south. I took a chance. I remember you used to—"

"You'll do." Roy nodded his head in a sort of detached approbation.

Ed Peters was lean and wire-muscled like the older boys, but his hair was darker and his skin smoother and not so red. He had been given a vessel; he was still quite young for the command, and naturally rather set up over it. He was doing well, too.

"You'll do," Roy repeated, and walked away to spit over the rail. "For *one* brother," he added, with an explosive venom.

"Drop it, Roy. Forget it."

Ed had never known his oldest brother very well, except as a carefully avoided skeleton in the Peters house.

"I came close to scraping on Stone Horse last night," he went on, getting back to better ground. "Had to be spry now, I tell you."

His brother turned upon his prattle with a savage impatience. "Prince has come north. I saw him yesterday, in the Vineyard."

"The hell he has!" Ed's thumbs jostled out of his armholes.

"His wife was with him—and his kid. Dragged me out to see 'em. He's got a command," he went on. "One of those Lane freighters—the *Gipsy Girl.* D'you know her?"

"*Know* her!" Ed had found his voice at last. "*Know* her? Why, say—Looky here—this has got to be stopped off, some way." His rancor at this intolerable outrage made him stutter. "Wh-why every last scandal-body on the coast knows her, and—and what the Lane people are after. Why, we'll be the laugh of the coast, I tell you." He stuck his thumbs back in their armholes. "I wish *I'd* seen Prince," he announced, heavily. "I wager I'd given him a piece of my mind."

"Well—" Roy Peters looked up at

his brother's lowering face. He felt lighter, somehow—as though he had shifted a disagreeable burden to another's shoulders. "After all, look at it this way: at least he's doing better, isn't he?" He even smiled, and turned from the other's muttering to squint at the cloudbelt in the east.

"We're going to have a piece of weather," he speculated. He turned and called up to the man in the pilot-house, "How's your glass, there?"

"Three-tenths," came the answer.

"Umm-huh. Well, that's enough for me. I'm going to find a lee. You know what Peaked Hill Bars will be before night. Now don't say a word!" He turned and lifted a palm toward the other. "You're master aboard *this* craft. I'm only saying what *I'm* going to do."

Ed did not say what he had opened his lips to say. He stared glumly at the hand that had shut him off. "I swan, I don't know what's the matter with you," he said at last. "Here's as fine a run of fish as—as—" He stamped on the deck as his exasperation got beyond him. "Seems like you're losing your hold, Roy. Well, hang take it, what's—"

"Don't say a word!"

Ed hung over the rail and watched his brother's boat moving off. The glare of the sun on the water made his eyes squint as he looked after the retreating figure. "Well, what *is* a fellow to think? Something's eating him. I've never seen him take on about Peaked Hill before. If he'd only go to work and tell me—By gracious, but it's hot! . . . Hey! Get those boats aboard," he called aft. And to the man at the wheel above: "Keep along with Roy—that's all."

It was night off Peaked Hill, and under its cover the shoals, the inner and outer bars, threw up their dim geysers unseen. The wind caught up the scud and carried it a mile inland to crust the bogs beyond the dunes. Roughly midway between the outer and inner bars a black hulk rolled in a ring of spume, blind except for a lantern in the foreshrouds and a pair of yellow eyes in the house aft. The mainmast was carried away five feet above the deck.

Three quite distinct sounds were audible in the schooner's cabin. Continuous and dominant, the voice of the driven water filled up the world. From time to time an infant's wailing obtruded, a minor plaint against this thunderous undertone. A negro huddled in a corner by the galley cowered and chattered when a spout of water came through a broken port and drenched him.

At each recurring outbreak of this sort Prince Peters shivered and scowled at the man, and cried, "Be quiet there, can't you?" Then he went across, teetering and clinging to the cross-beams, and kicked him on the legs with a feeble ferocity. "Get out and take a look at that cable, can't you?" The black fellow did not appear to hear his voice or feel his boot. Prince made a gesture of hopeless disgust and teetered back to sit on the edge of the bunk, where he announced for the twentieth time: "Jenn, this is a fix. If that cable parts— By gracious, Jenn, I wish we were ashore, I tell you. God! Jenn." His voice was smothered by a thunder of water breaking over the decks above, while every tiny crevice in the structure of the deckhouse spouted white.

"A couple more of those, Jenn, and we're done for."

The woman reached out a nervous hand to touch the infant, swathed in a blanket and lodged between two boards in the port bunk.

"She's doing so much better than we thought she would," she argued. "I shouldn't wonder at all if we ride through it."

It appeared to soothe the man. He rose and steadied himself with one hand on her shoulder. "By heavens! it will be something to tell about if we do, now. Won't it, just? I guess I'll take a look around."

Catching a favoring pitch, he slid to the companion ladder and mounted, laboriously. The woman sat with her lips slightly parted and her hands folded tight in her lap, listening and waiting. Now and then she turned her eyes toward the companion, and, seeing nothing there, shifted them back to the baby in the bunk and waited. Another wave-crest rocked the vessel's bows and swept boiling over her head. The woman leaned over with an impulse beyond her

control to hold the baby against her bosom. "All right, boy. It's all right," she whispered into the wadded clothes. Then she cried, sharply: "Sam! Sam!—go up and see! Right away, Sam! Do you hear me? *Sam!*"

The fellow's eyes continued to roll in the light, glistening and blank.

She laid the infant back as abruptly as she had taken him, turned and went up the companion ladder. At first she clung to the sides of the hatch and tried to keep her eyes open. A pattern of tiny sparks played in the air over the stern. Prince had told her the life-savers had been signaling since dusk. It was evident they could do nothing with their surf-boat, but over and over the lanterns swung out the code warning, "Do not attempt to leave in your own boats."

Her eyes were growing accustomed to the dark. She realized with a sudden catch in her throat muscles that that was Prince before her, huddled down between the stern davits that held the dinghy. It was his eyes shining in the light from the companion that told her. She called, "Prince, come here," not allowing herself to think that perhaps he was not able. The huddled figure did not stir, but the eyes continued to shine, and once more the woman screamed at him: "Prince! Prince Peters! Why don't you come here?"

It was hard for her to recollect, afterward, just how she had managed it. He lay in the starboard bunk, and she knew she must have carried him down the ladder.

He lay on his back with his eyes fixed on the boarding above, still staring. His fingers clawed feebly at his chest, over the heart. By and by he commenced to mumble something about the boat. She had to bend down with her ear close to his lips to hear. It seemed he had been trying to get the boat-falls clear when his old trouble got hold of him. His heart! He kept complaining of his heart—and the knots in the boat-falls.

"Better here than in the boat," the woman tried to soothe him.

He turned his head and looked at her.

"The life-savers say so," she argued, pressing her hand to his forehead. He was shaken with a fragile fury at that.

"What do *they* know—about—it?" he gasped. "*They're*—not—here. Get me up, Jenn. Le's make another try for the boat—'nother try, Jenn."

The thing had turned his head a little. He showed enough strength to hunch himself to the edge and sit there, coughing. The baby began to cry, louder now, full-throated and insistent. The woman stepped to the bunk and patted the little bundle, saying, "There—there," but the imperious clamor continued. The baby was very hungry. For an instant everything else was swept out of the woman's brain. She clenched her hands and cried out in a soundless agony for a moment of peace, that she might give food to her son. She took him up and rocked him in her neck with a nervous ferocity, and the infant screamed and doubled in her arms. A port above her cracked and its white leakage trickled down her neck.

She wheeled with a sudden feeling of distrust and found the man half-way to the ladder, creeping on his hands and knees, an expression of haggard craftiness in his eyes.

"Prince!"

The woman laid the child back again and faced her husband.

"Prince, get back in that bunk and stay there. You hear me?"

The man turned and hitched himself back with the crestfallen defiance of a boy caught in mischief. His face was blue-gray with the torment of breath, and his fingers clutched always at his heart. When he was sitting once more the woman went over and stood close to him.

"The idea!" she said. "The *idea! You* —the captain of a vessel!"

The man was in just that state of spiritual equilibrium where a touch one way or another would send him far. She was quick to sense this indefinable tottering of his, and she struck hard.

"The idea! I tell you, Prince, it's not *you* that's in the tight place—or *me*. It's the little boy over there. If he doesn't get his supper before many hours—Well—I can't say. I can't feed him here. He's the one you've got to think about, Prince."

As if to make the last of the effect, she lifted the wailing infant and cuddled



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE GOT HIM DOWN THE COMPANION TO HIS BUNK

it fiercely, crooning: "Yes, boy. It's all right, boy."

The little flash of melodrama had carried through. Prince stood up and plucked at his cravat. He brushed the film from his lips with the back of a hand and muttered, wheezily: "That's right, Jenn—you're right there." He clamped his knees more firmly together and looked about him. "Now let me see how I'll go about it, Jenn."

He raised his eyes from the deck to find the woman's fingers, excited, spread toward the starboard port-holes which told white now against the mud-color of the cabin paint.

"Look! Look!" she cried to him. "A search-light—a vessel!" She laid the baby down quickly, ran to the companion, and scrambled up the pitching ladder till the man below could see no more than the edge of her skirt. Her face reappeared out of the darkness.

"A vessel straight to windward, beyond the bar, Prince, watching us." After another moment her face came back again, working with excitement. "There's another, Prince, opening to the eastward. Another one, Prince. Do you hear? Another!"

The man's expression of importance became more marked. "So!" he said. He started to approach the ladder, and midway of his brief journey flopped down on the boards, his limbs sprawling at strange angles. Curiously, he did not seem to notice what had happened, but continued to brush his lips and mutter, "Now let me see," with a line of quizzical speculation running up between his eyes. The woman discovered him so and helped him back to the bunk, still without apparent appreciation on his part of the wrongness of things.

"Now let me see," he wheezed on. "Might be a revenue-cutter. Wish t' Heaven 'twas. *They'd* send me down a boat, whatever, shoal 'r no shoal. Now let me see, Jenn." He stared fixedly at nothing, then rolled over backward into the depths of the bunk as a cross-sea caught the vessel. For a moment nothing was to be heard but the turmoil of the water, the rising terror of the negro, and the voice of the woman, breaking high, crying a question into the bunk.

"Prince—if one of them should send down a boat—*what of it?*"

"What of it?" he parried, fighting for time. "I tell you, Jenn," he muttered, his fingers fluttering over his heart, "I'm in a bad way. I'm not myself. You don't realize, Jenn."

And because she did realize how "bad" he was she dug the nails into her palms and clung to her point with a naked desperation. "What of it, Prince—dearest?"

The negro, Sam, was in the middle of the floor, moving toward the companionway by a series of spider-like advances. The woman cried sharply at him, "Where are you going, Sam?"

The black man crawled another yard toward his goal. He came to the ladder and ascended laboriously, with the awkward, slow lunges of a mechanical figure. The woman crossed with her troubled bundle and laid it down on the blanket by the man.

"What's taken him?" she whispered.

Prince gasped, "By heavens!"

The two had grown so accustomed to the deep thunder of the gale that any chance accretion of sound made almost as distinct a hullabaloo as though it broke through a profound silence. Now there came down to their ears the sudden clamor of an altercation, a scream, more than one voice pitched high in anger. And next, out of this abruptly peopled night the negro came tumbling, to lie sprawled on the floor. A pair of yellow oil-pants appeared on the upper ladder behind him; a man's face bent into sight.

"You would, would you? You black devil!" He pointed a long finger at the sprawler. "What d'ye think—?" His attention came to the other occupants of the cabin, and his temper gave way before his overweening excitement. His voice broke high, like a boy's: "Hullo, there! This is a shipshape craft, with a crazy nigger and not a soul to heave a line. Well, hurry up. Leave off that gaping and get a move!"

He tumbled down the ladder and stood before the dumfounded pair, his forehead working into a deeper frown. "Say, this is bad," he went on. "A woman." He jerked down to peer into the bunk. "And a *kid!* Say—now looky here—this *is* a time! Well—"

He studied the situation for a moment. Then, as though outraged by this squandering of time, he fell into a frenzy of business. "All right," he cried. "Up with you! I can't hang astern here all night. Now up with you —all together. Gimme the kid—"

He ran on so, furiously, till the immobility of the couple struck into his mind. "Say, what's up?"

Prince Peters crawled over the edge of the bunk and put his feet on the floor gingerly. Then, without looking at his wife, he began a tottering circuit of the cabin, shivering with the labor, his filmed lips mumbling a rigmarole about the vessel's papers—he must get his papers. "Must save papers," he repeated continually, with the uneasy garrulity of an actor filling in an awkward lapse. But in the end he could bear the woman's scrutiny no longer, and he whirled unsteadily to face that wordless prompting.

"I—I ought to—stay, I suppose."

He clutched at his cravat with a gesture of exaggerated weakness and waited in an agony of suspense for the others to cry out against his nonsense. But already the woman had wheeled with a show of despair, her hands spread wide.

"You see?" she exclaimed, and the lift at the end implied the unspoken, "It will do no good to argue with *him*."

The other's exasperation found itself in words.

"Hell!" he blustered at the master. "Do as you please. If you want to throw yourself away, I don't give a hang. But listen to me: whoever's to leave this vessel has got to start right *now*."

His eyes remained on the other's working face after he had finished speaking. It was the first time he had looked at him squarely. Say, look here. Wherever had he seen this green-white fellow —or a shadow of him?

Recollection was moving in the other's brain, too. "It can't be— It isn't—?" A spasm of coughing took him by the shoulders and rocked him against the bulkhead, whence he slid to the floor and lay there gesticulating with a limp hand. The woman came with a brandy-flask and allowed a few drops of the liquor to fall against his lips. Ed Peters, balancing on wide-spread legs at the ladder-foot, took all this in with a pallor of wonder mounting his cheeks.

"Well, of *all* things!" he said at length. He studied that phrase, repeating it with a shifted accentuation: "Well, of all *things!*" After a space he managed to go further. "I wonder if Roy knew—snooping round in here. I warrant he did. I warrant he did."

He was not one for speculation. He got himself out of it with a jerk, rushed down the pitching planks, clapped the sick man on the shoulders, shouted about his ears in an exuberance of passionate consideration, born suddenly, quite out of the void. "Well, well—to think of it! Now up with you, Prince—while there's time. All hands together."

He tugged while he rattled on, arranged his brother's spraddling limbs for carrying, buffeted him with a rough tenderness, continually fending himself off with a free hand from the walls and deck that struck at him under the mauling of the seas.

And Prince, no more than half sensible to what went on, was yet conscious of a novel warmth, a sudden pervasion of security, as it were—a sort of guarantee against his own heroism. He made an effort to get himself together and flapped a hand toward the bottle. Ed took it and held it to his lips, giving him without stint. With both hands now the sick man smoothed out his cravat. He repeated, "I ought to stay."

"Don't be a fool, Prince." Ed bent over him fiercely.

The older man appeared to have come into new strength.

"It is my place," he gasped, lifting his chin. "I'll stick by my vessel, whatever."

He seemed to drink in his brother's pantomime of protest, and when Ed, throwing over words for his essential action, bent down to take him away, willy-nilly, he struggled against it, to wring one more gust of expostulation from the boy.

But he had overreached. Troubled by some vague compunction against this unequal violence, Ed let go and stared down at him. It was all quite beyond him. He was bewildered and uneasy, approaching panic. "What's the—what's the matter?" he stuttered.

The woman's face came before him, set in a mask of anguish. "You see?" she said. "He won't go. I—I have begged him."

Outside, a boiling crest smote the schooner's side and lifted her diagonally over its shoulder, canting steeply. A thin, white geyser found the lamp's flame, and it flared with a preternatural brilliance, then dimmed, sputtered, and for a space the cabin remained in the twilight of its fight. All the little objects in the place scraped and jangled. The infant's wailing was feebler. All this stood so while the three Peterses clung there and regarded that lie of hers—"I have begged him."

Prince was the first to comment, in pantomime, letting his chin sag lower and fluttering his fingers over the region of his heart. Whether calculated or not, the gesture told. Ed's hand swept through the air, and he broke out, blustering: "Why, the man is sick. The man's *dying!*"

"I've told him that." The woman raised her palms. The eyes of her husband came up to her face, and after that, with all their changing expressions, they never left her.

Ed stamped on the boards. He cried savagely: "Hell! This is a crazy thing. Say—looky here. Listen to me. Do you fools know why Prince is cap'n here?"

The woman came nearer and spoke close to his face. "Yes, we know. He knows why he's here. He knows they've got some sort of an idea he'd run in a pinch. He knows they put him here because they wanted their vessel lost. He knows they're grinning behind their hands—everybody along the coast. He knows. And now do you see why he says he can't afford to go? He says he will make fools of them all. Oh yes, I've argued with him; I've shown him how he is *not* accountable, how he is not himself. But always he answers the same thing: 'This is my chance. This is the fresh start I've been waiting for.'"

She broke off and sagged against the bulkhead, her bosom heaving. After a moment she edged her way to the bunk and flopped down beside it, and, letting her head sink into the hollow of her arms, sobbed without any sound. Her husband's eyes followed her there and remained, without luster or attention, as though he were looking beyond her at something new and strange and appalling.

His brother broke out: "Well, I'll be hanged! I never— I never—" He slapped a thigh and shouted in profound relief: "If *that's* all— Why, if I h'ist you up and heave you into the boat, then —*you* can't help that, you understand."

He waited, his brows arched high.

Still without shifting his blank eyes from the figure of his wife, Prince said, "They'd never believe it—on the face of it."

A seaman's face appeared in the companionway, shining with wet. "Yes, sir," he shouted down. "All right, sir—but she's breezin' up all the time, sir."

"There, you see!" There was a note of accusation in Ed's outburst, as though it had been his brother who had ordained the gale. He squared off and pounded fist in palm. "Once for all!" That phrase might have stood a monument for the man.

Prince did not look at him. He called, "Jenn, bring the baby here."

She seemed hardly to have the strength. When she crouched down to face him she appeared the one nearer the boundaries. For the moment she forgot the infant that nuzzled feebly at her bosom.

"Prince," she said, "come!" Rebellion had its day now. It mounted, oppressive, choking, so that she could scarcely frame her tumbling words. "Come, Prince—my husband. Never mind all the rest. You must come—you must. See—look at the baby—look at me." She clawed at the bosom of his shirt. She wailed: "You mustn't think of what I said. It's not true, Prince. You and I know it's not true, Prince."

He passed a hand across his damp forehead with a motion of deep weariness. He touched the baby's head and the woman's cheek. Every syllable of the woman's supplications, every imprecation of his brother's hands, added to the poignant tingling in his veins. He thrilled to its burning caress when he heard himself saying:

"It's better this way, Jenn—better than the other way."

But she broke in: "No, no, Prince—

it's not true. He lied to you. That doctor lied to you, Prince. Another might give you years."

The man's fingers were busy, smoothing out with a mechanical vigilance the last wrinklings of his cravat. A feather of color wavered on either cheek-bone. He said to his brother, "Help me over there, Eddie." Never in his life had he used that exact intonation. Ed half carried him across the restless deck, where the water began to well up through the wrenched seams, and left him sitting on the edge of the bunk, hunched a little forward. The woman followed, staggering to the swells, crying that she would not go without him. He turned upon her with a clear-eyed tranquillity, like a man purged of sin by the mob-authority of a revival.

"Don't talk like that, Jenn," he said.

She protested, defiantly: "Well, I won't—I *won't*."

He pointed to the baby in her arms. "I must have a son," he said.

There was something splendid about that bombast, which illuminated the man. It was the symbol of a spiritual revolution. She understood, and even while her eyes and lips continued their pleadings one of her hands went out to pat his knee.

He turned to his brother. "You will have to take her," he said.

Neither of them moved. Their very immobility, compounded of protest and indecision, heightened his exhilaration. A sense of overweening dominance took him. He said, simply, "Take her!"

Ed Peters took her without a word and led her toward the ladder. As they mounted the steps that inscrutable buried instinct which had led her unerringly to this moment made her smile over her shoulder now, and nod at him, and, as it were, pat his cheek and kiss his lips, and hold up their son between them and tell him all the things which needed to be told—all in that silent instant while her face was passing out of sight beyond the hatchway.

It was broad morning, sharp with the first of autumn. At sunrise all the heavy reek of the sky had drained off, abruptly. The *Stream* lay half a mile off the bars, kicking gently to hold her place. Roy Peters and Ed stood on the forward deck, staring in silence at the miracle of the *Gipsy Girl* sitting there on the bright strip, battered, shorn of all her features, her scuppers awash, but still there in the clear morning, afloat, inexplicable, unbelievable. A surf-boat from shore hung astern, a crowd of human specks swarmed over her. Beyond, the sand-hills stood out clear-cut in the oblique radiance of the sun, flat orange, with veins of violet where breakers had eaten perpendicular ravines.

Roy spoke with a dull heat. "It was too crazy, Ed. You ought to have known better."

"Now looky here, Roy—"

For the dozenth time that morning the younger man broke off there with a sullen impotence. That seemed to be the end of his line. Why, hang it! what was he to say? Now it was done with, he could lay down what ought to have been as well as Roy. If Roy had been there in his place— Well, he'd like to have seen Roy do differently.

"Why, damn it, Roy—" he burst out, and hung there again.

Roy lashed out at nothing. "It's a shame—a hellish shame, I tell you. He would have done well, Prince would. Best fellow to handle a vessel I ever saw. And to go to work and throw—" He cast the whole futile business of words over the side with an impatient gesture. "Well," he said, in a tone of finality, "I suppose that's the way Prince was, clear through, and nothing could change him."

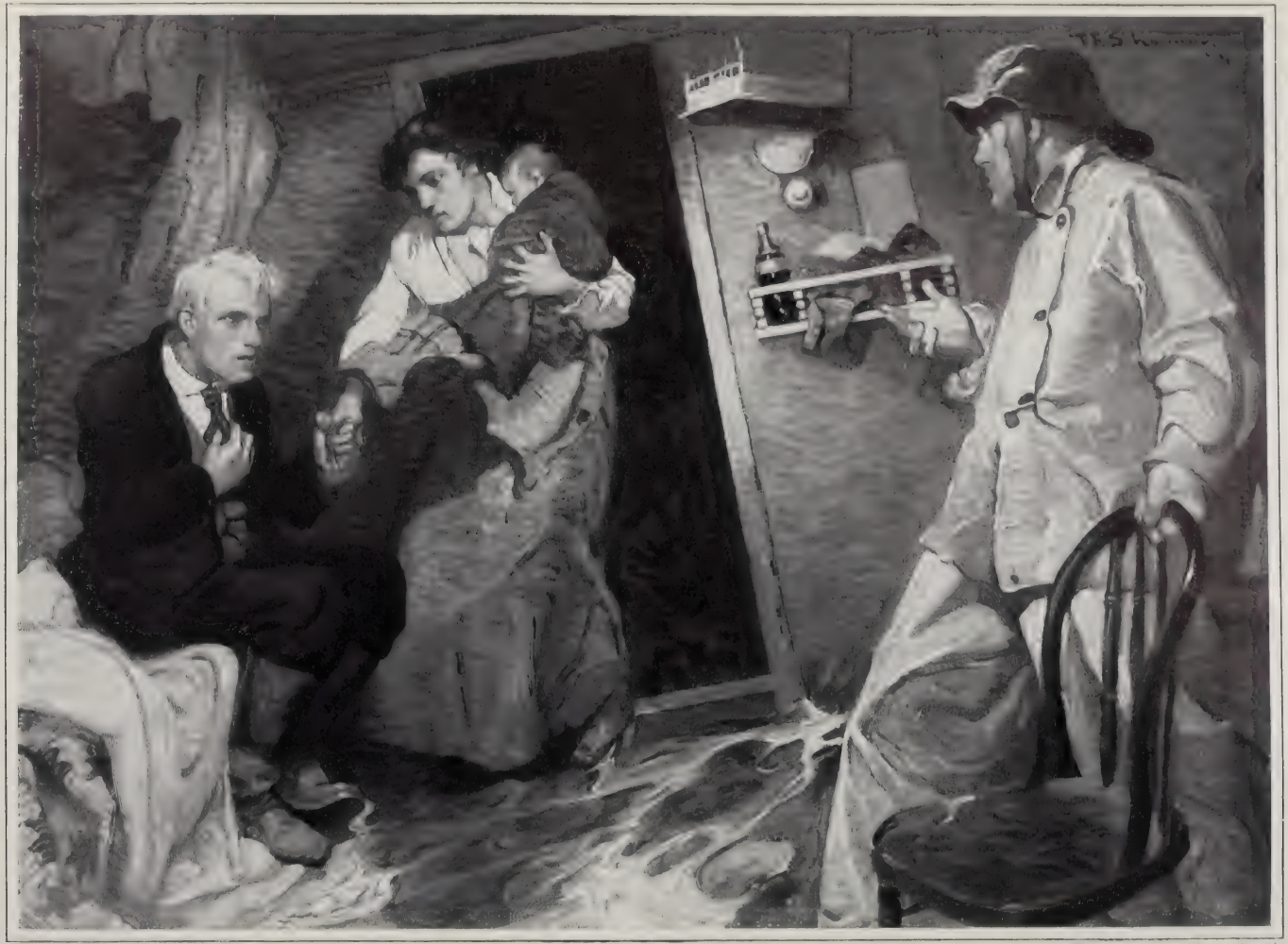
He made another motion and turned to look aft, where the woman sat, her eyes resting lazily on the water between the bars without sign of vitality or emotion. He was conscious of a growing discomfort and anxiety which led him to mutter, "Poor girl!"

Ed repeated after him: "Poor girl! I tell you it's tough on *her*, Roy."

"You're right it is." Roy started aft with a sudden determination. "I'm going to see if there isn't something I can do for the poor girl," he said. But Ed beckoned him back.

"What's this coming alongside?"

A small tug-boat, very black and solid against the shining water, came chugging toward them. They watched her



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover Engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE TURNED TO HIS BROTHER. "YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE HER," HE SAID

round to and discharge a boat with two passengers in the stern, their clothing dry and smooth and in proper order, incredibly bizarre on this wasted stage. When they had clambered over the rail with the clumsy grapplings of landsmen, the younger and brisker of the two stepped forward.

"My name is Adamson," he prefaced, "of the press, you understand. Terrible thing out here, wasn't it? To think of finding him in his own bunk. His heart, they tell me. Wondered if you chaps were about—could tell me anything of interest, you know."

It was like nothing so much as a Gatling gun of very small caliber bombarding a silence. The fellow whipped a note-book from a pocket with an unearthly business-like manner, his inquisitive glance vibrating between the mute brothers.

"Heroic thing—damned heroic thing. He turned it out like an easy by-product. A pencil, conjured from another pocket, hung over the book. "His name?"

For a moment neither answered. They stood facing slightly away from each other, for all the world like two sober men accosting a bar, painfully unconscious of the hearts in their throats, each waiting for the other to touch liquor. Adamson of the press had to reiterate, "His name?"

"Peters," Roy gave him, his face redder than usual. "Prince Peters."

His brother edged forward. "Of Peters's Head," he put in. "You may—maybe you've heard of them?"

Adamson, being of the press, gazed at the sky and murmured: "Oh yes—let me see—of Peters's Head—"

"Sea-captains, all of them," Ed prompted with a candid eagerness.

And the other, stabbing at his book, murmured, "Oh yes—right you are."

"The crew?" he went on, returning to glibness. "There was some one else, wasn't there? Let me see—"

Roy nodded toward the lee of the pilot-house. "His wife—his widow is there. And his baby."

Here was something for the press. A galvanic current might have passed through the bodies of the couple. They caught each other's eyes and pattered off without ceremony. The brothers edged across the deck to watch: saw the two come down about the woman with business-like gesticulations of consideration; saw how she continued to dream over the water, still giving that illusion of laziness; saw the indefatigable pair troubling the atmosphere, their glances crossing at intervals, deliberating, concerting, testing.

"It's a shame," Roy broke out, but Ed touched his arm. "Look!"

The pair, being of the press, deliberating, concerting, testing, had come at length upon the magic word. The woman stirred suddenly, lifted the infant from her lap, held it up trembling before them, and repeated something over and over again, her face suffused with color, so that Roy, watching from the bows, could murmur amazedly to himself, "I can see now what it was made Prince—"

The newsmen came back, dabbing industriously, and would have passed without a word to the other side where their boat lay, but Ed sidled after them, and, when they had reached the rail, plucked the elbow of the older. The man wheeled slowly, a preoccupied blankness on his face, his lips moving slightly, as though he tried the flavor of something. "A Crowning Heritage!" he tasted, and then, "An Incomparable Heritage!"

"What is it?" he demanded, shaking his elbow.

"Well—" Ed's breath seemed all gone with that one word. He stared down at his boots and then back at Roy, who had followed, his face flaming with embarrassment.

"What is it?" the man repeated, impatient to get back to his tasting of qualifiers of the word "Heritage."

Ed turned and scowled at the distant orange-and-violet shore.

"Well, hang it all! He was our brother, you know."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE elder and grimmer of the two sages who may be remembered as disputing in this place concerning New-Year's resolutions came in and said, without giving himself time to take off his hat, "I see that you have been amusing yourself lately with a study of some of our recent fiction."

"And instructing our readers," we suggested.

"That's as it may be," the sage replied. "I don't know that you instructed *me* very much. But perhaps I'm getting a little hard of learning."

"Such things have been known," we agreed. "There is sometimes a thickening of the intellectual tympanum."

The sage looked at us with a grin and a not wholly dissatisfied twinkle of his spectacles. "Well," he collected himself, "I've just been reading a novel which was very famous in its day, and its day was not so very long ago, as these things count in the process of the literary epochs. I call it a novel, but I suppose you would stickle for the term heroic romance, as it deals largely with the affairs and characters of an imaginary kingdom."

"Does a brilliant young American appear on the scene in time to save the kingdom from revolution and marry the heiress-apparent?" we asked.

"No, I can't say he does, but he might have done it if the author had not been engaged in forestalling him by a polemic arguing that taxation without representation was no tyranny."

"Ah!" we assented, as if now we understood, but we really understood no better than before.

The sage had now sat down, and had put his hat at his feet and folded his palms on the crook of his stick. "The plot is simply this," he said. "The king of a far country has fancied making his children and their friends safe and happy by confining them in a beautiful region where they are to grow up innocent and glad, but where they quickly bore themselves and long to take their chances among the more inviting evils of the world. The prince and the princess, his sister, are accompanied the one by a professional poet and the other by a beloved lady-friend, and directly after their escape from the abode of bliss they begin to have adventures and to make acquaintance. In Cairo, where they have quickly resorted from their native Abyssinia, they go into society and find every one apparently happy, especially a philosopher, who is also wise. They 'divide between them the work of observation'; the prince studies high life, and the princess the more intimate conditions; and they converse on the results, especially the marriage problem as its workings present themselves to their inquiry. They visit the pyramids, and the poet discovers an astronomical scientist who believes that he regulates the weather, if not the seasons, but upon some interviews with the poet decides that he is mad, and renounces his illusions. A discussion of immortality precedes the last event, which intimates the friends' several dissatisfactions with the world, and leaves each reader to arrange their destinies according to his fancy."

We listened rather blankly, and when the sage had ended we asked, "And is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"Well, it isn't exactly what the advertisements of new fiction would call gripping."

"No?" the sage mocked. "Well, not to excite you too much, I have kept back the adventure of the Lady Pekuah, the especial friend of the Princess Nekayah. She was afraid to go into the pyramid, because of the ghosts, and was carried off by the Bedouins, with her attendants, and was not rescued for a long while, the sheik having to decide between the sum offered by the princess for her ransom and the passion which had begun to

dawn in his heart. But he reflected that 'twa pund is twa pund' and took the money."

"Ah!" we breathed (as emotional characters do in fiction), "that *is* red-blooded. But why were you keeping it back?"

"Because the author seems not to attach any great value to the incident, and because I have enjoyed his reflections and the conversations of the characters much more. After an evening of social pleasure in Cairo, the poet says to the prince, 'In the assembly where you passed the last night there appeared such sprightliness of air and volatility of fancy as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit sacred regions inaccessible to care or sorrow; yet, believe me, Prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection.'"

"Well, well," we parleyed, "that is certainly high-languaged, and very just. The wonder is that the thinking is so much humaner than the wording. The author seems to be speaking from his heart in that tall talk."

"That is always the wonder of the tale. For instance, where the prince and his sister are exchanging their ideas on the familiar subject of marriage, the princess says, 'I know not whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the opposite contests of disagreeable virtues by the consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think, with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts.'"

The sage seemed, with a challenging lift of his spectacles, to refer this passage to us for comment, and we said, "It isn't exactly the diction of a good sport; but isn't there a lot of sense in it—worthy the advanced mind of a new woman? One might object, of course, that the lady was talking for the author in the author's terms."

"Isn't that what the ladies, and even the gentlemen, do in Meredith's novels?"

"We have heard so."

"Well, this novel anticipated the Meredithian method of having the characters talk author by a hundred years. So it is very modern."

"Perhaps so," we assented. "But should you say that on the whole the story was very red-blooded, or virile, or passionate?"

"Why not?" the sage inquired. "Don't you call it gripping to have the Lady Pekuah carried off by an Arab sheik? Is there nothing red-blooded in the sheik's hesitation whether to keep the lady and let the ransom go? Nothing virile? Nothing passionate? It seems to me that here is a situation which, if adequately treated by the illustrator, would make a very taking picture for the paper cover of the book. And the ideas, whether the author's or the lady's, are certainly the ideas of many modern people concerning love and marriage."

"But not the ideas of the young people who take novels out of the free libraries and leave the crumbs of their lunches between the pages, or even the tens of thousands of purchasers who demand the stuff of precipitate kisses and mad embraces in their fiction. There is hardly the potentiality of these things in the strange allegory you have there."

"But what about a discussion of the immortality of the soul? And what about these further remarks upon marriage in a conversation between the brother and sister? 'I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity.' 'Domestic discord,' answered she, 'is not inevitably and fatally necessary, but yet it is not easily avoided. . . . Some husbands are imperious and some wives are perverse. . . . To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be unfortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind.'"

Again the sage bent his challenging glance upon us, and we asked, "Are these remarks supposed to inculcate marriage as the supreme object of the passion which is the chief employ, the regular job, of the novelist?"

"Can you doubt it? Then what have you to say to this glowing, this almost hectic conclusion of the fair, if sometimes too philosophic, inquirer? 'Marriage,' she sums up, 'has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.'"

"Well," we consented, "this is rather more like, but we doubt very much if it will satisfy those generous youth who read ahead to learn how the love-affair comes out, or those more experienced matrons who turn to the last chapter first, like Barrie's Jess, to see 'whether she gets him.' But," we suddenly turned upon the sage, "what is this strange novel you have been reading?"

"You wouldn't have to ask if your own reading had been properly directed. It is the work of an author who also wrote a dictionary of our language, and who seems to have been trying out the hardest words of his lexicon in the phraseology of his romance."

"Not Noah Webster?" we ventured.

"Is this an ill-concealed pleasantry, or an effect of mistaken patriotism?" the sage demanded. "No. *Not* Noah Webster—Samuel Johnson."

"Oh yes, yes!" we clamored in joyous relief. "And the romance is—"

"I hadn't said," the sage snubbed our affected eagerness. "But I don't mind saying now that it is *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.*"

"Do you know," we acknowledged, after a moment, "that we have never read it?"

"That is not surprising," he retorted, "if your days and nights are given to such fictions as *The Turmoil* and *The Harbor* and *The Great Mirage.*"

"Only our nights," we pleaded, "and we own that the actual novel is not so elegantly written—perhaps because the bloom has been taken off the taller Johnsonian neologisms. Can't you quote us a few more towering expressions?"

"I don't mind," the sage replied, "if you will take them respectfully. Here are a few bits of dialogue from a discussion of the nature of the soul. 'It is no limitation of omnipotence,' replied the poet, 'to suppose that one thing is not consistent with another, that the same proposition cannot be at once true and false, that the same number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation.' 'I know not,' said Nekayah, 'any great use of this question. Does that immateriality, which in my opinion you have sufficiently proved, necessarily include eternal duration?' 'Of immateriality,' said Imlac, 'our ideas are negative and necessarily obscure. Immateriality seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay. Whatever perishes is destroyed by the solution of its contexture and separation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no solution can be naturally corrupted or impaired.' 'I know not,' said Rasselas, 'how to conceive anything without extension. What is extended must have parts, and you have allowed that whatever has parts may be destroyed.' 'Consider your own conceptions,' replied Imlac, 'and the difficulty will be less. You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk; yet an ideal form has no extension. . . . What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn; or how can either suffer laceration? As is the effect, such is the cause; as thought, such is the power that thinks; a power impassive and indescerptible.'"

The sage paused, again with the glance of challenge, and "Fine, fine!" we cried, and then murmured with fond appreciation: "Indescerptible, indescerptible. It is wonderful," we said aloud. "Did Rasselas establish a school of fiction?"

"It established a school of diction. When once she had read *Rasselas*, the author of *Evelina* never wrote like herself again; she wrote like Dr. Johnson—or as like as she could."

"Oh, poor dear little Fanny Burney, so she did!" we said, remembering *Cecilia*, and *Camilla*, and *The Wanderer*. "How she must have suffered in trying! Imagine our having read all these and not their great exemplar in diction."

"I can imagine anything of your ignorance," the sage retorted. "But it doesn't prove that *Rasselas* isn't still read."

"No, no, it doesn't," we agreed. "We dare say some people say they read it once a year, just as they say they read the Waverley novels. Not that anybody believes they do it." We mused a moment before we added: "It is very curious, the duration of works of fiction. It appears as if it were 'incapable of cogitation.'"

"Then why cogitate?" the sage demanded.

"We must, we must! We must ask ourselves whether the really fine fictions which we now so much admire are going to be accidentally discovered and read a hundred and fifty years from now. Will the mere names of *The Harbor* and *The Turmoil* live on, or perish with the books? And if they must die, what will kill them? Perhaps the very actuality which we prize in them contains the seeds of mortality, the microbe of decay. There is *no* actuality in *Rasselas:* therefore does it live?"

"Not for you, if you haven't read it," the sage returned.

"Ah, that is very interesting," we mused, aloud. "Then a book lives because it is read and not because it continues in print."

"It addresses itself to the author's generation, and passes with it in most cases," the sage remarked, assentingly.

"There is no use in writing for antiquity, then," we reflected, "and as for founding a school of any sort, it can't be done. The lexicographer who wrote *Rasselas* and tried out his large words in it, founded a school not of fiction, but of diction, you say. But no! In the passages you have quoted nothing has amused us more than the different shades of meaning which the words, the most important words, have taken on since the lexicographer put them on their legs. Apparently much of the discourse in the book is psychological, but psychology has learned a new language since *Rasselas* was written. The ideas are good, and seem to be much the same as inquiry evolves now. But what is the outcome of it all in the romance, or call it allegory?"

"I couldn't advise the reader to look ahead in the hope of seeing 'whether she got him.' But those who doubt whether love and marriage should be the supreme end of life may care to know from 'the conclusion in which nothing is concluded,' that the gaily feminine 'Pekuah was never so much charmed with any place as the convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens, and to be made prioress of the order.' On her part 'the princess . . . desired first to learn all the sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she should preside. . . . The prince desired a little kingdom in which he might administer justice in his own person and see all the parts of the government with his own eyes. . . . Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be drawn along the stream of life without directing their course to any particular port.'"

"And you think," we asked, after a moment, "that the good lexicographer was not perhaps winking the eye of subtle irony in these intimations of his romance?"

At this question the sage laughed shrilly and disappeared.

EDITOR'S STUDY

THE art of fiction is mostly concerned with life as a play. This might be said of all literature in so far as it is an art—of history that is not mere annalism, of essays, of poetry. This way of dealing with life is essentially the way of the artist, notwithstanding his severe but self-imposed obligations, which are implied in our calling the result "a *work* of art," laying stress upon the very feature of it that in its appeal must be wholly concealed.

The work is not one of art because it is difficult. On the contrary, spontaneity is its more essential condition, apparent in the original impulse to create, of which the beginning artist is as conscious as he is of his developing esthetic sensibility, urgently merging into active expression, his feeling, thinking, and willing all blending in the inchoate and hardly premeditated shaping. Then it is that he becomes aware of difficulty, of the reaction of his material, of trial. This reaction makes for mentality, for selection and method—for what the critic calls technique—all of which imply no recession of the creative impulse in the artist's submission to empirical discipline. In the end the spontaneity of the rhythmic harmony is as apparent as in the initiative impulse, but something more than that—the implication of the mental triumph.

It is said of a poet: he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. The lisping suggests at once the spontaneity of impulse and a difficulty to be overcome. The sense of the difficulty on the poet's part is not a promise of achievement, but the measure of it; it does not create the quality, but it determines the scope of the art and the degree of its excellence. The bird's song is as easy as it is sure and sweet, but considered as music it is limited and crude. A poet, singing with the same ease, would be even less appealing, except as by sympathetic assimilation he should repeat themes already created by others. Into any original creation of his own a difficulty enters unknown to anything in nature. His can be no unpremeditated art, though almost it may come to seem that. It must have meaning, coalescent with form, so that the *motif* seems to beget both—the body and the soul.

It is as true of prose as an art as it is of poetry that the matter of it is inseparable from the manner, in the integrity of embodiment. Prose is, indeed, the more difficult art to achieve, just because the obligation is apparently less compelling. The felt reaction at every point guards and helps the poet, becoming an element in the action; the tension controls its relaxation. The exultant effort is the concomitant of inspiration, of the creative inbreathing; and in this mighty absorption every resisting element becomes a leverage and a liberation.

The true freedom of the poet's dream cannot be realized, therefore, by that evasion of limitations practised by the writers of "free verse"—free and easy as it seems. Every repudiation of an obligation is a sacrifice of lifting strength as well as of freedom. This is the peril of the prose writer always. Difficulty is just as necessary to his as to the poet's art, but it is not so obvious and pressing; it must be sought and courted. The danger is that, on the contrary, he is apt to welcome the looseness of speech as a privilege and to make the most of it. Fortunately the essayist finds a challenge in his theme, a demand for competence at the very least, and for much more than that if to efficiency he is to add grace and charm of treatment. A historical work is only a larger essay, with a sterner challenge—with, also, the alluring temptation of genius to a trial of all the possibilities of constructive art in the building up of the great metaphors of civilization.

Writers of fiction are oftenest caught in the trap of facility, and without being

aware of their fatal plight. The attempts of the wholly incompetent are known only to editors. It is those who have talent—at least that of invention—who are most likely to be deceived, especially if they have also the "gift" of easy expression, which is by no means to be despised, though responsible for much fatuity. Some of these need only pen, ink, and paper—and then they "write right on," wondering afterward why an ability of which they are keenly conscious is not equally impressive to readers and critics.

But a goodly few of such writers, though merely plot-makers, before finally committing themselves to the utter folly of easy writing, have enough respect for invention to be aware of certain difficulties involved, suggesting tentation, a trial of skill at least. They may even wait upon imagination, that greater and happier faculty without which there can be no masterly invention. The project, in any case, has the magnitude of a theme making its demand upon the writer for all that he elects to give. Usually he works at the theme from the outside, wrestling with it, exploiting its values for sensational or intellectual entertainment, perhaps for both. We need say nothing of his desire for profit and fame—that, in this kind of effort, is a spur upon him which the more he feels the more it may help. He will have the just reward of his masterful manipulation.

There is always the chance, too, that in his wrestling some spark of genius may be kindled in the author, and his entertainment may have wonderful surprises, making judicious readers delighted and grateful. The work becomes play. This happens, we feel, in Arnold Bennett's *Buried Alive.* This author is one of several contemporary hard-working fictionists, among them Locke and Wells, who find relief from their severer practice of the art by alternating with a serious novel a really amusing comedy. But the relaxation does not drive the well-trained novelist to utter abandonment of method and wise selection—only these are permitted more freedom and felicity, as in Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond.*

It is only when the theme wholly possesses the writer of fiction—not running away with him, or goading him like a gadfly—but so pressing upon him its full demand that he feels it in his whole being, in every faculty and sensibility, that there can be the absorption, or tension, which gives full and free play to creative genius. The action and passion are drastic in various degrees, under varying conditions, such as mark the variations in the evolution of the literary art. Modern fiction does not show the same kind of tension as the tragic drama, though we are reminded of that drastic order in some of Hardy's novels, as we are in Mrs. Deland's *The Iron Woman.* Fiction was the successor, in a natural course, of the Elizabethan drama—tragedy and comedy; and it is significant that the latter works are called plays, and the actors players.

If we were asked what is meant by play as an essential element in all art—the consummate issue—we should find it difficult to answer in the terms of analytic definition. In music we should identify it with rhythm—and quite as perceptibly in sculpture, architecture, and painting. Something more and beyond conscious effort enters into it, though waiting upon it—a reinforcement of the theme by creative imagination and intuition, informing and shaping it by a method and selection in which a sure dilection supervenes upon precalculating choice. We associate it with the ease of mastery; but the tension is still there, controlling the rhythm itself, though the sense of difficulty is lost in the triumphant issue. The compulsion of rhythm is not so evident in prose as in the other forms of art, but it needs the concentration as much for its creative mastery, and there has been a distinct advantage gained in this by those masters of fiction who have—as so many of them have—begun as poets.

We began by saying that the art of fiction is mainly concerned with the play of life. What we have said of the play of this art and of all art may help us to see a little more clearly what the play of life means, since it is essentially the same thing, and as intimately associated with reaction and absorption.

One only partially acquainted with early ancient art sees that the artist's own agonism affected his selection of

themes, or his preference for those which, out of the mythological or legendary background, especially invited him. The note of conflict in the battles of the Titans with the Olympians, and of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; in the labors of Heracles, and even in the futile exertions of Sisyphus—all superhumanly embodied, aptly joined that of the sculptor's and poet's travail. The visible or imaged signs of these contests, in a heroic age, met a joyous response, and where joy is there is play.

So near is work to play, in life as in art. Art circles through many grooves, and it meets the ever-changing sensibility of man with new manners of its own and on varying planes of satisfaction. What the artist, in supreme sympathy, assimilates and nutritively absorbs from life into his conscious experience is not the same from age to age. It could not always be the gigantic, unwearying figure of Atlas that would hold the imagination. In all evolution the mighty and relentless forces are diminished for the increase of a different excellence. So the imagination of poet and sculptor in time emptied itself of giants and supermen, finding in human life its proper field of tension and play.

It was necessary to this change that human life itself should develop more amply its possibilities of thought and feeling. As the scope and variety of consciousness and sensibility expand in a subjective field, a growing human sympathy, seeking expression in its own terms, no longer finds satisfaction in merely external impressiveness. The demand upon the imagination for an appeal largely, and in its very ground, subjective creates new arts and new capabilities of arts already existing.

As art blends more and more with life, finding there its compelling themes, it more and more yields to the mastery of life; its tension becomes ever less objectively apparent, as its creations are no longer forceful projections of the imagination, but intimate and companionable to the soul.

But this modern art of fiction, especially, is due to that social expansion through insight and sympathy which gives free play to all human activities and emotions. We call this art a representation of life; it re-creates life, from its inward source and in a disinterested field, free from the ancient strain, which contracted even the drama, its predecessor. Its concentration is an absorbing assimilation of life, now almost entirely of contemporary life, that it may have, in its relaxation, ample and easy communicability and appeal.

That old form of tragedy which sought remote perspective in time, as if to evade the ordinary and familiar aspects of the present, could not escape unnaturalness of pose and manner. A sense of comedy —as George Meredith understood it— led to a fuller and truer representation of life, including its pathos. The writer of fiction cannot be wholly alive to any time but his own; in the attempt, as in the historical novel, to deal with the life of any other, he loses the full play of it, and must rely upon the ingenuity of his invention to replace the missing content. For any sense of realness we prefer Scott's letters to his novels. The writer can have a comprehending sympathy with only the life he sees and feels, and which gives back to his ardent regard its most evanescent, and yet most distinctive, traits.

The writer of fiction of to-day who has this attitude to life, the hunger for life that is an absorption, has entered into a partnership in which he receives more than he can give. He feels the push and buoyancy of a current upon which he may depend for support. The tension of his art is not wholly his own, however individual his utterance. Because of this peculiar intimacy of fiction with contemporary life it has become the most sympathetically social of all the arts. The writer's insight and imagination differentiates his work, for he must re-create life, not simply reproduce it—must re-create it true to its essential reality, which brings into reconcilement its apparently contradictory actualities. Thus along with the full acceptance of life's mastery comes the disclosure of its rhythmic play. The individual judgment is brought to abeyance, and didacticism bows its head in the presence of sympathy, which is seen to be the essential function of genius.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

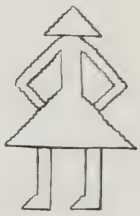
The Tale of a Daghestan Rug

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

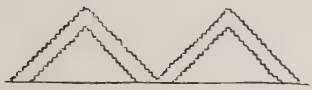
With Home-made Illustrations by Vida Lindo Guiterman

"Whatever their type of ornamentation may be, a deep and complicated symbolism, originating in Babylonia and possibly India, pervades every denomination of Oriental carpets."—SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

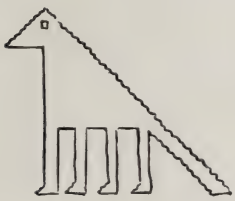
STRANGE Stories of their Simple Lives
Do Oriental Maids and Wives
Embroider, so the Dealers tell us,
In Symbols on the Rugs they sell us.



Then read the Record woven thus
By Zillah of the Caucasus,
Deciphered by my Friend, Sardjeenian,
A Most Reliable Armenian.



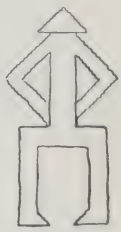
Among the Hills of Daghestan
That frown upon the Wayside Khan—
Her Father's Hospitable Villa—
The Fairest of her People, Zillah,



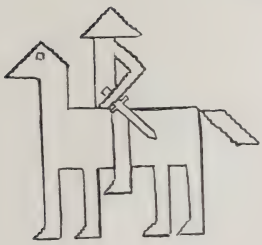
Composed, with skilful Twist and Tug,
An *Odjaklik*, or Hearthside Rug;
Enweaving there in those Queer Symbols
That look like Barber-poles and Thimbles

Her simple Joys and Hopes and Fears,
The Story of her Maiden Years.
With Entertainment to provide her
A Long-tailed Lambkin played beside her,

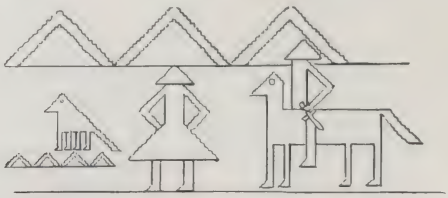
And cropped the Mead and quaffed the Stream—
A Cherished Pet with Fleece of Cream
But lately rescued from a Leopard
By Kurdish Kar, the Gentle Shepherd.

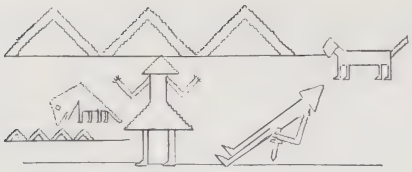


Along the Road from Erivan
A Warrior with Yataghan
And other Social Incidentals
Au fait among the Orientals—



In Cutaway Capote arrayed
Approached to woo the Mountain Maid.
"My Name," said he, "Resplendent Zillah,
Is Ali Abdul Hassan Billah!





"I come, perhaps you understand,
To beg that Precious Gift, your Hand.
Behold! I faint from Sheer Emotion!
Ah, let me prove my Heart's Devotion!

"Assign me any Awful Task;
I vow to do whate'er you ask!"
The Maiden lisped, "Your Offer's handsome
(I know you're worth a Sultan's Ransom);

"I *may* decide to be your Wife—
But search me first the Tree of Life
Which blooms through all the Seasons' Changes
Among our bleak Caucasian Ranges,



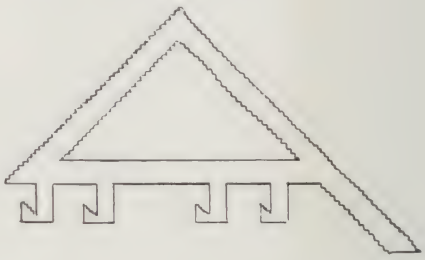


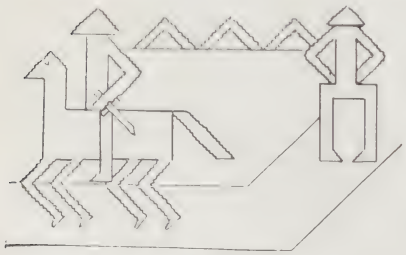
"And cull for me the Mystic Pear
That you will find a-growing there.
But let me warn you, Ardent Stranger,
You'll find the Errand full of Danger!

"For first you needs must bring to Terms
The Three-horned Birds and Hunchbacked Worms
That lurk among the Giant Boulders
To prey on Indiscreet Beholders.

"Then must you slay a Fiercer yet-
The wild, Constricting Dragonette
That dwells beyond the Andi River;
And last—oh! how the Mountains quiver

"If he but gives his Tail a Whisk!
The dread Tri-cornered Basilisk!"
Low bowed the Chief of Haughty Bearing,
And galloped to the Northward, swearing

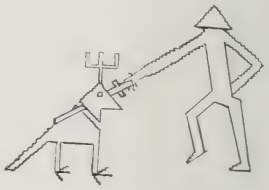


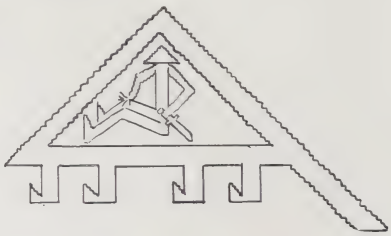


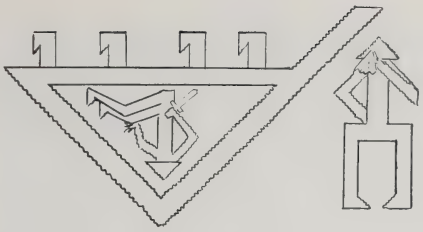
To battle, conquer, seek, and find.
(And Kar the Shepherd trudged behind.)
Right gallantly adventured Ali
Through Rugged Pass and Gloomy Valley.

His Sword divided into Thirds
The Hunchbacked Worms and three-horned Birds.
Against the Serpentine Constrictor
He likewise proved a Noble Victor.

And then he challenged, brave and brisk,
The dread Tri-cornered Basilisk—
Which, pausing not to scrutinate him,
Unlocked its Grisly Jaws, and ate him!





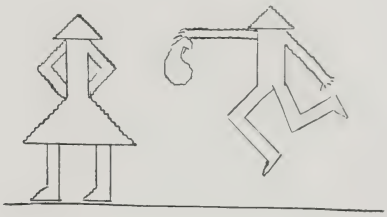


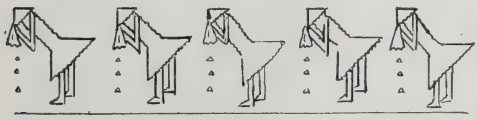
Oh, Fatal Meal! Upon its Side
The Poisoned Creature writhed, and died!
Now, Kar the Shepherd, sadly rueing,
Surveyed the Tragic Scene, till, viewing

The Tree of Life unguarded there,
He gathered in the Mystic Pear.
Thus, laden down with Fate's Providings—
The Precious Fruit and Sorry Tidings—

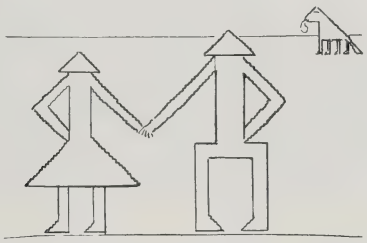
He lifted up his Feet and ran
And told the Belle of Daghestan.
A Maiden who has lost a Lover
Should not too rapidly recover;

Still, Ali, that Unlucky Man,
Left Widows Five in Erivan;
And so the Philosophic Zillah
Resignedly remarked, "Bismillah!"





Then—since the Foes of Basilisks
Are rarely Good Insurance Risks—
She vowed no more her Hopes to jeopard
And married Kar, the Gentle Shepherd.



Non-partisan

A KANSAS CITY lawyer tells of a case tried in a country court of Missouri. Counsel for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the judge interposed. It was plainly to be seen that his Honor, who, by the way, was new to the bench, was filled with admiration for the skilful manner in which the plea of the plaintiff had been handled. Accordingly, he said:

"No need to go any further. Plaintiff wins."

Whereupon counsel for the defendant gave evidence of becoming hysterical. "Your Honor! your Honor!" he exclaimed. "Surely you will at least let me present my case!"

Reluctantly the judge gave his assent; and the protesting lawyer was permitted to state his case. When this had been done, curiously enough, his Honor evinced even greater wonder.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Don't it beat all! Now defendant wins!"

A Reasonable Request

THE other night Dickey (age five) in concluding his prayers as usual with "God bless papa and mamma, and Florence, and Eleanor and Winifred" (the twins), and his grandparents, and all of the aunties and uncles he could readily remember, then added: "And God bless Mr. Brassey and Mrs. Brassey, and Charles and Nell Brassey. —You know 'em, don't you?"

A Poetic Simile

A CHICAGO man, with his two little boys, was visiting a Boston man of his acquaintance. The Bostonian was delighted by the affection of the two kiddies.

"What a beautiful sight," he exclaimed, "to see your two little boys thus! Such brotherly love is as rare as it is exquisite."

The Chicagoan nodded in assent. "Yes," said he, "those boys are as inseparable as a pair of pants."



Sitting Up With a Sick Friend

The Bostonian's Bull

A BOSTON man was on his way West on important business. In the opposite section of the Pullman sat a sweet-faced, tired-appearing woman with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, the Bostonian soon made friends with the kiddies.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient, "Yes, dear," of the mother, as she tried to dress them, and, looking out, he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried, 'Wee! wee!' all the way home."

The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold, quiet voice—that of the mother—said, "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

His Honey

A SAN FRANCISCO man tells of a flower, growing abundantly near Santa Barbara, which is peculiarly attractive to bees.

"Now," says he, "there was a young Californian, particularly fond of honey, who used to visit a certain Santa Barbara hostelry because such a superior sort of this nectar was to be had there.

"This young man married in due course, and the wedding-trip included Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey. But, to his dismay, no honey appeared on the breakfast-table the first morning of their stay. The groom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"'Where's my honey?' he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, and then bent toward the young man's ear and in a hoarse whisper stammered, 'Why, Marie don't work here any more, sir.'"



OFFICER: "*And what kind of an automobile was it that hit you?*"
VICTIM: "*Hard, Officer—mighty hard.*"

Behind in the Hauling

A MOUNTAINEER from the Ozark region was visiting New York for the first time, and he put up at a hotel which is pretty far down-town. Next morning a friend came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal Street. The Ozark person stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going in every direction.

"You have got a nice city here," said the mountaineer, "but it looks to me like your folks was a whole lot behind in their haulin'."

An Appropriate Synonym

"YOU can't beat an Irishman for wit," says a well known Washingtonian. "I was in Boston one day last winter, and, while standing near a men's furnishing-store owned by one Haggerty, my attention was attracted by a display of shirts and ties which embraced a variety of color far exceeding a Turner landscape when the sun is red and gold. Every color of the rainbow was represented, and some colors which were a true revelation to me; I had never seen them anywhere. On a huge yellow card was inscribed the single word—'LISTEN!'"

Ignorance

A SCOTCH cabman was driving an American around the sights in Edinburgh. In High Street he stopped and, with a wave of his hand, announced, "That is John Knox's house."

"John Knox!" exclaimed the American. "Who was he?"

This was too much for the cabby. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Did you never read your Bible?"

Strategy

A YOUNG woman took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone she found the woman still talking. Three times she waited, and then, at last becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young woman was able to put in her call.

Unequally Armed

UNCLE EPH, an old colored man, was up in court, accused of stealing a watch. He pleaded not guilty, and, moreover, brought against the complainant a countercharge of assault. The man, he declared, had tried to kill him with an iron kettle.

During the cross-examination, the attorney, Lawyer Bennet, demanded, "Dare you to say that my client attacked you with an iron kettle?"

"Dat what he done, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with a nervous gulp.

"With an iron kettle, eh?" sarcastically reiterated the lawyer. "That's a fine story for a big, strong fellow like you to try to impose upon this honorable court! And had you nothing with which to defend yourself?"

"Only de watch, sah," was the unwary reply; "but what's a watch agin an iron kettle, sah?"

Close at Hand

A WOMAN from the South visiting New York for the first time was much agitated when, after being conveyed through the Hudson tube, she found herself in another Subway. Rushing up to a knowing-looking individual, she asked, in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me where is New York?"

"Lady," said he, with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of those stairs."

A Novelty

A NEW ENGLAND woman tells of discovering her new cook in the drawing-room, gazing at an aquarium with much interest.

"Well, Mary," said the mistress of the house in a kindly tone, "what do you think of them?"

"Sure, they're lovely," said the girl. "Will ye belave me, mum, but this is the first toime in me loife I iver see red herrings alive before!"

Why?

MISS BASSETT was talking to the class in history in her most impressive manner.

"Now, children," she said, looking over her pupils, "I want you to understand that the time to ask questions in my class is whenever anything is said which you wish explained. Do not wait until the time comes for recitation and then tell me you 'did not hear' or 'did not understand' when I talked to you."

The children replied, "Yes'm," in chorus.

"Very well," said teacher; "we will begin to-day with James the First, who came after Elizabeth."

A scholar raised his hand.

"Well," queried Miss Bassett, graciously, "what is it?"

"What made him come after her?" asked the scholar, eagerly.



LADY ARTIST: "*Would you mind tightening the ropes on your boat out there, so I can draw 'em with a ruler?*"



"James, Mr. Dauber has promised to give us one of his paintings."
"Well, never mind, dear. He may forget it."

Tempora Mutantur

ETHEL, aged nine, paying a visit to Aunt Nell, told of a birthday party she had attended the day before. "And Mabel, who gave the party, said to me: 'Oh, Ethel, you've got on the same dress you wore to my party the last time. I suppose your mother couldn't afford to buy you a new dress this year.'"

Aunt Nell laid her hand caressingly on Ethel's blond curls and gently asked: "Of course, dear, you didn't remain at the party after that? If a little girl had made such a remark to me when I was your age I should have gone right home."

"Well, Aunt Nell," Ethel replied, "times have changed. I slapped her face and stayed."

One On the Doctor

AS a south Jersey country physician was driving through a village he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said:

"My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog in that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The man looked up, with a simple, rustic stare and replied:

"Well, you see, it's this way; you have to know more'n the dog, or you can't learn him nothin'."

Mother's Love-letters

A BALTIMORE woman is the proud mother of an ingenious kiddie of seven. One afternoon, when he came in about an hour later than usual, she asked, "Where have you been, Clarence?"

"Playing postman. I gave a letter to all the houses in this street—real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?"

"They were the old ones in the attic, tied up with a blue ribbon."

A Penalty of Kinship

A LADY passing through the slums of New York was shocked to see a boy of perhaps seven severely pummeling a little chap of four. "Are not you ashamed," she asked, indignantly, "to abuse such a small fellow?"

"Dat's all right," was the cheerful response; "he's me brudder."

Old-fashioned

THE day came when little, old-fashioned Emily was taken to town that she might see the circus for the first time. She watched the performance in speechless wonder until the equestrians appeared. Then, as the first couple, dressed in their usual airy attire, rode past her, her cheeks grew pink; she sidled close to her mother and whispered, "Are they married, mother?"

Things

THE INDEPENDENT KITE

A KITE is very nice to own.
It never, never grieves you,
'Cept when it wants to play alone
And just goes off and leaves you!

THE FISHING-POLE

A fishing-pole's a funny thing—
It's made of just a stick and string,
A boy at one end and a wish,
And on the other end a fish!

THE SELFISH SEA

The sea is very, very wide;
It takes up all the room outside;
And when I stand beside the sea
It comes right up and pushes me!

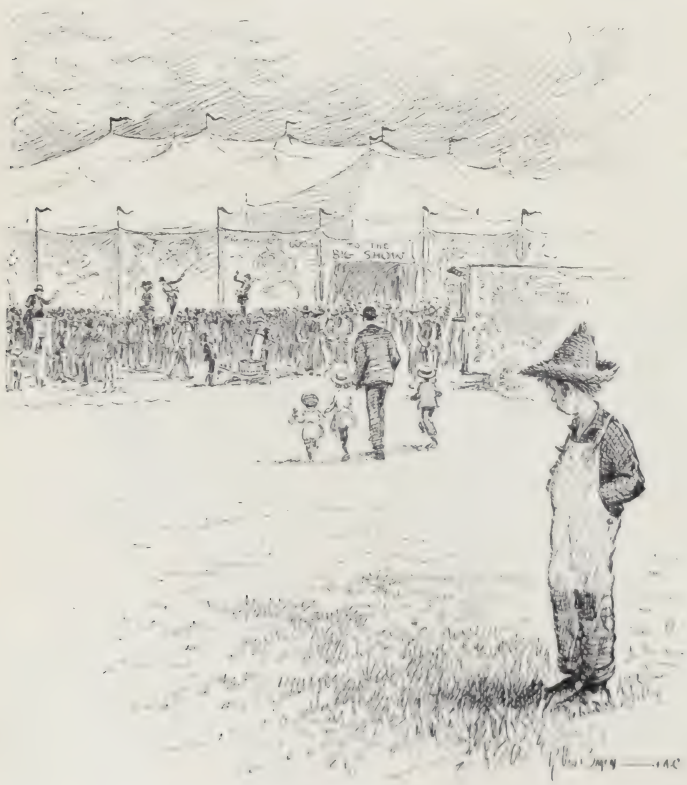
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Of One Race

A TEACHER asked the class in geography to name six different kinds of people belonging to the Caucasian race. Nobody answered until one little girl timidly raised her hand.

"Well?" said the teacher, encouragingly.

"A father, mother, and four children," was the reply.



Circus Day

"*Bein' broke sure does make a feller feel unnecessary.*"

Willing to Oblige

A CERTAIN novelist not unknown to fame received from a woman an unstamped note, asking the loan of a book on the ground that she could not obtain it at her bookseller's. The writer replied in this wise:

DEAR MADAM,—In your vicinity there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things easily procurable elsewhere—not only of my recent work, but also of postage-stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book you desire to obtain, and also the stamps to pay its carriage, but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service.

Careless Toward the Last

A SOLDIER at one of the Western posts was recently given leave of absence the morning after pay-day. When his leave expired he didn't appear. It was ascertained, however, through unofficial sources, that he had been too convivial.

When at last he was brought in and haled before the commanding officer for sentence, the following conversation ensued:

"Jones, you look as if you had had a hard time of it."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any money left?"

"No, sir."

"When you left the post you had thirty-five dollars. Didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I was walking along when I met a friend. We went into a nice place and spent nine dollars. Then we came out and I met another friend, and we spent nine dollars more. And then I came out and met a friend, and we spent nine dollars more. Then, sir, I met some more friends and I spent three dollars more. Then I comes back to the post."

"Well, Jones, that makes only thirty dollars. What did you do with the other five dollars?"

Jones reflected a bit, and then replied: "I don't know, sir. I guess I must have squandered that money foolishly."



Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "The Return of Martha"

DAY AFTER DAY HE SNATCHED AT PRETEXTS FOR A WORD WITH LUCY ALONE

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Sea-Green

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE first night, I remember, was not so bad. One braces oneself, I suppose, for a first encounter with people who have power over one. I was a free man, according to any legal fiction that may prevail; but I was young, and poor, and ambitious. Youth, poverty, and ambition put you in the clutch of the older, richer, and devilishly detached people who dally with the notion of giving you a living wage in return for services rendered. If I had refused to be in the Fenbys' power, I should presently have been in the clutch of a bony allegorical figure you might call Destitution. So I use the phrase advisedly. Poor Ralph had taken my last cent—my last ten-dollar bill, anyhow—so that it was important for me to get on with these Fenbys. Old Crowninshield had recommended me to them as tutor for their grandson. It was the first and last thing old Crowninshield ever did for me; and I have never known whether to be grateful or not.

My drive from the station was accomplished in the leisurely twilight of late May; but there was afterglow enough to show me that the region had neither physical charms nor social resources. The mansion seemed to have been left high and dry by the retreating human wave. We passed one darkened factory and a bunch of gaunt wooden tenements —stuck in the fields a mile beyond the station, with the casual gesture industry sometimes makes in our older Eastern States. There was not a hill, not a lake, not a brook, even, for all it was such open country. The man who drove me had a kind of taciturn humor. I placed him at once: an old Irish dependent who had by this time forgotten all about Ireland. His type was so familiar to me (I had been brought up in the next State) that I could almost foretell the drawing-room furniture. It would not, of course, be called the "drawing-room." The carriage was comfortable and had once had style. After three-quarters of an hour I alighted at the steps of an ugly stone house, built evidently in the fifties. The figure on the threshold was obviously my employer. A lantern swinging from the porch roof enabled me to decide that at once. He leaned on a gold-headed stick—of course. Any man to whom old Crowninshield confidently recommended you would lean on a gold-headed stick.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenby had waited supper for me; and I came down from my neat, faded, comfortable room, as soon as possible, to sit down with them. The little boy had gone to bed, I was told. A gaunt maid served us with excellent food—things that, belonging peculiarly to supper, make you wonder why we are ever such fools as to dine at night. I can scarcely say that our talk was lively, but I had a vivid sense that they meant it to be so. Whether they were bent on proving that they were not out of the

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current, or merely anxious to set me at my ease, I could not tell. Old Mr. Fenby was both pompous and nervous; evidently accustomed to be deferred to, yet suspicious of the world's having gone beyond him. His wife seemed—but of course I knew my imagination might be playing me tricks—to be secretly deriding, in some polished corner of her mind, both his pretensions and his fears. She was a small woman, white-haired and very wrinkled, and her mouth twisted a little to one side. She scarcely spoke, except to ask me a question or to agree very positively with her husband. Probably it was the unnatural twist of her lips that gave at once a sardonic effect to her stilted, harmless talk. The first night, as I said, was not so bad. The Fenbys seemed, if not precisely eager to please me, at least unwilling that I should think ill of them. Old Mr. Fenby, I remember, mentioned explicitly various privileges that would be mine—the run of his library for my own purposes, complete control over Carol's mind and morals, a horse to ride if I cared for one, and (this from him surprised me exceedingly) breakfast in my own room. Of course, nothing of any sort could be settled offhand; I should have to grow into the house and its ways. I merely expressed myself politely with reference to his kind suggestions. As the clock struck, I saw by certain mechanical gestures, some little involuntary stir on their part, that something usually happened at that hour.

"We retire very early," began Mr. Fenby.

"And always have prayers at nine," his wife concluded for him.

Four women entered the room. My coachman was evidently exempt. Three of them—the maid who had served us and two others—might have been (forgive the undignified word) triplets. I had not noticed the waitress particularly; but their joint effect was very grim. They were like the Grææ. The fourth was younger and of a different mould and race. The three who had not yet seen me—the young one and two of the Grææ—gave me one respectful, curious stare. I was puzzled by the respectfulness of the youngest one. She did not have the air, as she came in, of respecting any one in the room except me. Prayers over, Mrs. Fenby mentioned to me the names of the maids, as they filed out: "Hannah" (the waitress) "you know; Martha—the cook; Rachel—the chambermaid."

"And—?" I pointed to the back of the younger woman.

Mrs. Fenby looked at her husband and busied herself with extinguishing one of the lamps.

"Miss Susan." Mr. Fenby answered me. "She would prefer to be called Miss Susan. She is accustomed to it. Her position is a little anomalous, perhaps, but we are used to her. She has no employment, yet we keep her busy. She sews for my wife, puts up preserves, orders the meals. She"—he smiled a little—"she does not consider herself precisely a servant. Nor do we. She has been with us a great many years."

"I see," and I was turning away.

"No, perhaps you do not see. We have spoiled her, I admit, but she is not of the servant class. We treat her more or less as one of the family. She is a dependent, but of good birth. I only mention all this to explain to you why perhaps it would be better for you not to ask any service of her. She makes herself indispensable to us, but she has never lived with any one in a menial capacity. Indeed, she has never lived in any house but this."

"Except, of course, her parents'." Again Mrs. Fenby concluded her husband's sentence for him.

"Of course, except her parents'. Mr. Sladen understood me. I meant 'lived' as one says it of servants. I really need not have gone into it so extensively, but I wished to warn Mr. Sladen not to treat her like the others. Miss Susan is so quiet that her own manner might not have made it clear."

"Quite so. Good night, Mr. Sladen." Mrs. Fenby offered me an exquisite claw. "You will not see much of Miss Susan, in any case. She sits with me a good deal; and Carol is not fond of her. He is delighted that you have come. I could hardly get him to go to sleep tonight. Hannah will leave a tray outside your door at eight."

Mr. Fenby saw me to my room.

It did not take me long to get ac-

quainted with my pupil. He did indeed seem glad to see me; and who could blame him? The Fenbys were obviously respectable and rich; and I gathered vaguely that they intended to send Carol to a good preparatory school (if I could get him ready) and then to the oldest college in the country. Their moral attitude seemed to have been transmitted to them intact from worthy ancestors. But they were not cheerful people for a child to consort with, especially as all future benefits to Carol were explicitly contingent on his good behavior. I did not believe for a moment that his grandparents, if he turned out badly at school, would send him to work in the gaunt factory beyond their gates, but if Carol had said that he believed it, I should not necessarily have thought him stupid. The Fifth Commandment was all over the place, and there was, besides, a tang of Isaac Watts in the air. The old people seemed fond of the boy, yet anxious to conceal their fondness both from him and from all the other inmates of the household. That twist of attitude I had seen before: they were simply marching with their own generation, in the rut of their racial tradition.

I grew fond of him, of course. He was an attractive child, with something mutinous and elfin in him that occasionally gave me pause. He would grow up into either a charmer or a beast, was my conclusion at the end of a few weeks. He had good parts, but loathed coercion; was willing to learn like lightning at certain hours, or to have adorable manners when he happened to be in a ruffled and powdered mood. He was very fond of me, I may say, so far as I could tell; and I kept him with me as much as possible. After all, it didn't matter what he said before me; and I jealously didn't want him making temperamental breaks before his grandparents, who might not like them. We worked in the morning, and walked or did other outdoor things in the afternoon. After supper Carol went to bed; and the big library—really a fine collection in a rather magnificent old room—stood open to me during the evening hours. Mr. Fenby always sat with his wife after supper; and they went to bed after nine-o'clock prayers. Many enchanted midnights found me beneath a mild old lamp in the Fenbys' library. That was real freedom; they asked of me only to remain in the room five minutes after extinguishing the lamp, and to go up-stairs without a candle. Old Mrs. Fenby was mortally afraid of fire; as well she may have been, for no help could have come to us except from the coachman and gardener. By the time anything arrived from the town the place would have been in ruins.

It was a curious household—so much bodily comfort and so little amenity. The Gray Sisters cooked, cleaned, and waited with a grim and noiseless perfection; but I never saw one of them smile, even at Carol. They were, of course, not really sisters—could not have been, I mean; for I never knew the facts. Nature does not provide three such in one hour of labor. But they might easily have been kin in the spiritual sense—lay sisters of some harsh and secret order, fruit of some strange Protestant aberration. Their silent co-operation seemed more than habit: they seemed to be bound by a like vow; their minds, like their faces, were all in one mould. I inwardly congratulated Mrs. Fenby; no triumph of perfectly matched footmen could equal the psychologic indistinguishability of Hannah, Martha, and Rachel. Miss Susan was another matter. Perhaps, I thought, you have to pay for three such maids with a discord like Miss Susan. She was as quiet as Mrs. Fenby had said; and I hardly ever had occasion to speak to her. I gathered from Carol that she sometimes came to meals with them when they were alone; but she never did while I was there. "Doesn't want to, I suppose," he suggested in his charming treble. "Does what she pleases, I guess. I don't like her." I could not discover the ground of his dislike. Certainly she never, so far as I could see, interfered with him in any way. I didn't like to probe Carol; but I wondered whether he, with his sensitive precocity, had noticed, as I had, the strange barometric effect of her changing expression. There were times when, scarce seen, she lowered over the house like a dull and thunderous sky; and once, coming upon her at the turn of a winding corridor, I seemed to be face to face with a wandering flame.

For the most part, however, she effaced herself into oblivion; and it has often happened to me to be startled, on passing Mrs. Fenby's open door, to see Miss Susan sitting beside the old lady's couch. I did not mean, a moment since, to hint that Miss Susan was beautiful. Usually you passed her by without looking or wishing to look. She wore habitually a black frock with a white apron; her eyes were always lowered; her thick chestnut hair was done precisely like Hannah's or Rachel's. She spoke, if at all, so briefly that one scarcely knew if her voice or her diction were good. Carol's remarks surprised me. I should have said that she was terribly afraid of both her employers; afraid, in true servile fashion, of endangering her position, losing her asylum. I did not hear her subjected to verbal harshness, but Mrs. Fenby had a way of watching her that was scarce short of insult.

I am recording all this because I feel that it is important: it clears up a little for me that turbid interlude to recall, back to the very beginning, any detail I can of the Fenby household. These scattered notes of memory may be insignificant, considering the shape events presently took, yet I like to clarify my recollections to that extent.

One night in early July I was sitting late in the library. The day had been hot; the evening was blessedly cool. With a kind of wonder I had heard the family and servants depart to their rooms. How could one refuse to await nature's apology for the heat of noon? A west wind wandered in through the screened windows, carrying with it the close-blended sweetness of flowering shrubs outside on the lawn. Even the oil-lamp beside me did not oppress. I found no end of things, first and last, in old Mr. Fenby's library—books that I had always meant to read and never had read. There was time in those peaceful evening periods for works in many volumes. There was nothing to hurry me: it would take me a year at least to get Carol ready for any school.

I was turning a page of *Sir Charles Grandison*, somewhere midway of the work, where he is practising his steps among Clementina's relatives. You can imagine that, if I had time for eight volumes of punctilio and smelling-salts, I was wrapped thick in leisure. It must have been near midnight; and that I was not weary of Harriet Byron shows, I think, that I was not sleepy.

It was not a noise that reft me from Harriet Byron; it was a vague visual sense of a companion in the room. Slowly I looked up, wondering; for it was three hours since every one else in the house had gone to bed. It is difficult to trace the history of a sense-impression on its path to the brain, but I must have thought that it was Mrs. Fenby, for I remember rising, alarmed that such a frail old creature should be wandering about at night without a candle. The woman shut the door, very slowly and softly—as slowly and softly as she must have opened it—and I saw, completely at a loss to know why, that it was Miss Susan.

She glided—only thus can I express her noiseless progress—across to the window, and closed that, with infinite precaution, and still without speaking. We were now shut into the library together. Apparently then she felt safe, though she breathed heavily and her hand went to her heart in the typical feminine gesture. She came and stood very close to me before she spoke. Her chestnut hair was loosened about her face, and was drawn forward over her shoulders in two magnificent braids. Her face was very white, with two beautiful feverish spots of color on the cheek-bones. She was swathed from neck to foot in some sort of dressing-gown—a wadded, brocaded, sea-green garment, shapeless and rich and ancient like a cere-cloth; something, I judged automatically, that Mrs. Fenby must have pulled out of a cedar chest and given to her in a fit of irony. It became her well; which is simply to say, I suppose, that, clad in a rich stuff, the whole texture of her seemed immediately to have changed. Her skin, I saw, was fine; one imagined a supple sleekness of body beneath those sea-green folds. I remembered Cinderella and the ball.

I had time for this impression before she spoke—bending very close to me and almost whispering the first words:

"May I ask you a question? Will you excuse my intruding?"



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

MR. FENBY ALWAYS SAT WITH HIS WIFE AFTER SUPPER

The tone and words did not go with the vision. She spoke as humbly as if Mrs. Fenby had sent her.

"Surely, surely—" I stammered out. "Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head, and we remained standing.

"It is only that— I don't quite know how to explain." Miss Susan twisted one lustrous braid of hair in her hand nervously.

"Why not?" I smiled a little to put her at her ease.

"It is only this." She tossed her head, shaking her braids back. Her voice grew stronger. She was now speaking in almost a normal tone. "I am very ignorant. I have never had the chance to learn as much as I wanted. Could you sometimes let me have one of Carol's old lesson-books? History, geography, arithmetic, Latin—anything. I have a good deal of time to myself."

"Do you, indeed, Miss Susan? I should not have thought it."

"Oh yes." Her affirmation had a sharp edge—whether of bitterness or boredom I could not say; but certainly of some very un-Cinderella-like emotion. "Evenings, for example. I go to sleep very late, and I really am anxious to learn. Of course I want only the books that Carol has finished with."

"You don't use the library, then?"

"Mr. Fenby would not like that. But how could he object to my using old school-books? And I thought you would know which ones Carol did not need."

"He needs very few."

"Is he clever?" Again there was an edge—was it of hostility?—in her tone.

"Rather!"

"Then he will be through with his books all the sooner. May I have them?"

"Of course, there is no conceivable objection on my part," I began. "They aren't my books, even, you know."

"No, they're theirs. Or Carol's, perhaps. I don't know about those things." She paused a moment, then looked up at me sharply from under the thick brown ridge of her eyebrows. "Are you afraid to give them to me for fear Mr. and Mrs. Fenby will mind?"

"No. Why should I be? I suppose I thought it odd that you didn't speak to them instead of to me." My honest thought came out thus. Then I wondered. . . . "If there is anything in the world that I can do, I shall be glad to— if you really want to begin Latin, for example. I am just starting Carol."

She appeared to consider. "But he would be using the book himself, wouldn't he?"

"Not at any hour when you would be using it." I laughed. "Especially not in the evening."

"I wouldn't ask you many questions, and I could always return the books here in the early morning."

"Done, then. What do you most want? I will get them for you to-morrow."

"Oh, almost anything. What Carol has had will do for me to begin on." She smiled gratefully, but not at me. She looked away as she smiled. Apparently her errand was quite finished, for she moved toward the door.

"Miss Susan!" I could not help it. I felt I must ask her. "Why should the Fenbys mind your teaching yourself out of the boy's books? Why do you think they would? Do you fancy they would be afraid—"

"That I might better myself if I had more education?" She took the words out of my mouth—though I may say I shouldn't have uttered just those. "Yes, I think they would be afraid of that. That's why I don't like to ask them."

"But why haven't you bought text-books long since?"

"Oh, if I had had money to buy text-books with—" She shrugged her shoulders and turned her back on me, moving again toward the door. But I had seen the sudden crimson in her cheeks before she turned; and I did not pursue her with more words. She opened the library door and shut it again behind her, as quietly as she had done it before.

In a few moments I blew out the lamp; and I sat loyally in the dark for five minutes, keeping my promise to Mrs. Fenby. The elegant Harriet Byron no longer intrigued me, whereas poor Miss Susan did. I was forced to infer that she served my employers for food and shelter rather than for wages. It

seemed rather niggardly of them, for there was evidently plenty of money. I wondered a little why she had never married. For under the lamplight the truth had come out—Miss Susan, give her half a chance, was handsome. Not only that: she was handsome in no forbidding way. There was, in her presence, a potential—mind, I don't say actual—invitation to woo. She wasn't a bit like the Græe. There was enough reticence there to banish the thought of intrigue; but that she shouldn't have married in her lustrous youth seemed odd—a pretty little problem in fatalities. After all, though (it came to me as I mounted the dark stairs), any suitor would have had to walk many miles to reach her in that mansion; and an anomalous position like hers is not the predestined setting for a bride. She had ambition, evidently, still; but a worn and warped ambition that asked only for Carol's old school-books. Hang the Fenbys! She should have them. I would teach her the Greek verb at midnight if she thought it would please her. Her hair had been magnificent against that sea-green stuff.

The encounter which I have just related was the first of three. I saw Miss Susan daily, as I saw the Gray Sisters; but my casual meetings with her about the house—when, as of old, she slipped by me, eyes lowered, in her black dress—were empty of personal savor. I did not even, for many days, have a chance to hand over the school-books I had sifted out for her. Mrs. Fenby's régime for her was iron. Sometimes I even wondered if Miss Susan had really visited me—if, rather, she had done anything save "appear" as a ghost does. Was it perhaps some eidolon of her, some unconscious projection of a stifled desire, that had met me face to face in the library? Had she walked in her sleep? Or, more precisely, had some aspect, some fragment of her personality visited me while the familiar part of her lay sleeping? In such reflections—when Carol left me time for reflection—I spent the next ten days. Most of all in the library at night, alone with my eighteenth-century books, did I wonder; and more than once I lifted my eyes to see if the door would open on a sea-green shape.

They were to be three, my genuine encounters with Miss Susan under that roof—each one violently and strangely different from the others. They deepened—those three scenes—to the climax, as cunningly as if they had been staged. I do not think she ever knew that, or thought for one instant what must be the dramatic history of my attitude to her. The first *chute de rideau* she might have planned; the others, in essence, she was innocent of. I do not believe she ever once calculated her effect on me.

Ten days after her request for school-books—a request that, as I explained, she had never given me the chance to fulfil (for, after all, she had to seek me out; I could not mount to her attic), I sat again late in the library. July was heavy upon us, and there was no cool west wind. For very heat, I could not go to bed, and I marveled that others could. Mrs. Fenby had the immunity to heat of her fragility. She was one of those thin old creatures who wear a shawl in the hottest weather, as if their veins stored ice that was in perpetual need of thawing. Her husband, however, was of a sanguine constitution, full-fleshed and flushing easily. I should have expected him to share my vigils, though I was always grateful to hear his heavy footsteps following his wife's upstairs. Night by night they ascended together, like an aging mastiff and a decrepit parrot. Hannah, Martha, and Rachel would follow presently, dogging each other closely, the three making a single indistinguishable smudge on the twilit staircase. Miss Susan usually preceded them all.

The night was hotter than any other even in that hot July. I could not read with comfort, and while I got over a good many pages, it was by dint of changing my position constantly and drinking ice-water in great gulps. Some time after eleven I went out through the French window to the porch. The covered porch was as hot as the room; I stepped down on the lawn. At least the ceiling of the lawn was high! I strolled up and down, wondering if I shouldn't simply fling myself down on cool turf to spend the night under the stars. Of course, though, if I did, I should have to go in

first and put out that wretched lamp. Instinctively, with the thought, I looked toward the house. Framed in the French window of the library was a sea-green figure.

"Oh!" That ejaculation was wrenched from me. Why, on such a hot night? Well, I would give her the books and then come out and fling myself on the turf. I walked across to the long window. She stepped aside for me to enter.

I found the books for her and handed them over with a few curt words. It was, for some reason, annoying to have waited vainly all those days, and now, at this torrid moment, to be called to account. My enthusiasm for this spinster's schooling had ebbed. Yet, as she stood beside me, asking eager questions, the second self of Miss Susan—call it what you will—wrought upon me again. My second impression was more vivid than my first had been, probably because it had the first, for past, to go upon. Suspicions resolved themselves into certainties; vague wonderments into conclusions. I did not need to note again details I had already noted. The whiteness of her skin, the sheen of her hair, the suppleness of her form beneath its rich shroud, I took for granted now; and proceeded to take in other details: a vague scent about her sea-green draperies, a small foot pushed out in its slipper beneath the swirling hem of her gown, the excellent shape of her slightly roughened hands. But most of all, as we faced each other across the marble chimney-piece (having withdrawn by common impulse from the tropic radius of the lamp-ray), were her eyes revealed to me. I met them, glowing in the dimness, with a kind of shock. In point of fact, as I realized, I had never seen Miss Susan's eyes before. She seemed quite unconscious of the kind of figure she cut: I dare say she was. No intention was revealed to me, at all events; only an unsuspected capacity—for what? Well, for being like other women; that was all. Imagine how little like other women she must have seemed, day by day, going about the Fenbys' business! And a sea-green gown, of no fashion and unquestioned age, had done it. The only malice you could record against Miss Susan was her wearing it at all—her thinking it worth while, for the sake of some starved sense in her, to masquerade to herself in a bit of cast-off finery. I did not even then believe that she had "dressed up" for me. If it had occurred to me, I could have felt only pity for an instinct that had to satisfy itself with a dressing-gown of Mrs. Fenby's grandmother.

So we stood, exchanging a few words about the Latin grammar. "You are very kind," was the most personal thing said between us, and she said it as humbly as if I had tipped her.

"If you have any questions, I should be glad to answer them. And surely you don't need to sit up to all hours to ask them. Almost any time in the day when I see you—"

"I don't dare in the daytime. Really, it is better not." Her acknowledged fear sat oddly on her magnificence. So, too, did her desire for book-learning. You could have imagined her—in sea-green—wanting a personal success; I couldn't readily imagine her—in sea-green—caring to spell correctly. That creature ought to have despised the technique of respectability—though she looked, too, as innocent as gunpowder that has never heard of a gun. I felt all this a little thickly and incoherently. I can't give you her effect so logically as I should like. I was very young when I encountered Miss Susan.

She was starting to go away, I think—at all events, she had removed her vague, burning glance from me—when I heard a voice in the hall. Immediately the door was thrown open—quietly; but no other human being could quite achieve the soundlessness of Miss Susan's performance.

Mr. Fenby, candle in hand, confronted us. The books—she was just taking them from my hand—dropped to the floor with a little crash. The noise woke me to a daylight reality. I almost expected the sea-green wrapper to change in a twinkling to black stuff, and the braids of hair to arrange themselves in compact Cinderella fashion on Miss Susan's head. But she did not change in any respect. She was evidently too much surprised to adventure even into another manner all at once.

"What is this?" He stormed impartially at us both.

"Miss Susan asked me for some text-books. I found them and gave them to her. She was just taking them upstairs."

"Carol's text-books?"

"Yes," I answered, "Carol's text-books. He is quite through with them. Have you any objection, Mr. Fenby?"

Miss Susan had not crumpled yet. She was quite self-possessed.

"Of course I have." Mr. Fenby didn't precisely shout, but his voice sounded to my nervous ear like summer thunder. "What right have you to Carol's books? They belong to my dead son's boy. Pick them up."

I stooped and gathered up the books. I was not going to see any woman obeying orders issued in that tone.

"Your dead son's boy." She spoke musingly. "No, I never did care for your dead son."

"And you come here, at night, in that costume"—he pointed a scornful finger at her—"to get up an intrigue with this young man!"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Fenby," I said, roundly. "I don't know why Miss Susan wants text-books, but neither could I be supposed to see why she shouldn't have them. She has been here only five minutes, and I have been explaining to her how she had better begin. We have had no conversation whatever on any other subject, so you will kindly reverse your opinion."

"I'm not accusing you of anything, young man. I don't suppose you'd look at her. But you"—he turned to Miss Susan—"traipsing around my house at midnight—not even in a decent dress—your hair down— It's disreputable, you—"

I won't repeat the word he used. It's sufficiently well known to be guessed.

Before I could reply, either for myself or for Miss Susan, a tottering figure stood in the doorway. Mrs. Fenby had crept down after her husband, and was now making her way to his side. She stood there, hunched and rounded and frail in dressing-gown and shawl, facing her husband and the other woman.

"That is no word for *you* to use to Susan, Horace." Her voice was very thin and piping, but she got an effective emphasis all the same.

He did not answer at once, but his rage against Miss Susan appeared to abate. Or, at least, rage seemed to pass out of him, like air from a deflated balloon. His wife's eyes and his fixed each other during this shrinking process; to my imagination, dark accusations passed silently between them. When those few instants had passed, Mrs. Fenby turned to Miss Susan. Her words came shrill and sudden.

"Go, woman! My husband is right. I have no doubt of your intentions. But it shall not happen again. What deceptions you have practised on this misguided young man it is not for me to say or to know. But they shall not be practised any further. My household is safe from you. Do you understand? Safe! I will see to that. Carol's tutor should have been sacred even to you."

"Mrs. Fenby!" I, in my turn, almost shouted. "I have already told your husband that Miss Susan came to me with a request for some paltry school-books. She said she wished to study by herself. I gave them to her. I don't know the meaning of all your abominable talk, but it has nothing to do with any facts I know anything about. If you choose to insult her privately, I can't control it, I suppose; but you shall not insult her in my presence with lies. I did not see at first why she had to conceal so innocent a request from you and Mr. Fenby, but I do see now, and I shouldn't have believed it possible!"

Miss Susan came forward and offered her hand to me. "Thank you," she said. "I didn't know men ever spoke the truth. Apparently they do. You're good for that, whether you are good for anything else or not." She smiled straight into my face, maliciously—as if she had, after all, in many ways found me wanting. Then she turned to Mr. and Mrs. Fenby. "As for you two"—some word seemed to stick in her throat—"I apologize. It shall not happen again. Your grandson's books shall be sacred."

And, lifting the little pile from the chimney-piece, she flung them on the floor. Apparently the gesture relieved her pent emotion, for with it all passion—and likewise all luster—seemed to ebb from her. In spite of her costume, she looked

like her daily self once more. "I apologize," she repeated. "I wouldn't have done it if I had known."

The words were spoken to Mrs. Fenby alone. She turned her back on the husband.

Miss Susan's movements had brought her very near the mistress of the house; and at this point Mrs. Fenby, with a myopic start, caught at the sea-green sleeve and held it to her eyes. "Wretched girl!" she piped. "You wore this—down here—at midnight!"

"Yes, I did. But I never will again," and the sea-green figure passed out into the hall.

"I am cold, Horace—cold!" All Mrs. Fenby's shrillness had gone. She cowered against her husband in a shivering revulsion. Apparently she was crying.

"Of course you are cold. You must go back to bed," he said, vaguely, while with one hand he mopped the sweat from his own brow. "Take my arm. Or—if Mr. Sladen will go up-stairs ahead of us, I will give you my dressing-gown to put round you."

Mrs. Fenby's teeth were chattering. There was nothing for it but to put out the lamp and precede them, letting Mr. Fenby give his wife that extra covering. This I did. After all, I wanted an interval of solitude before the inevitable explanations came.

But the inevitable explanations, paradoxically, did not come. Mr. Fenby, in his wife's presence the next day, apologized to me for anything that might incidentally have offended me the evening before. His words were as vague and inclusive as that. There was nothing for me to take up, I saw by daylight, unless Miss Susan chose to appeal to me. Whatever dark stuff of hatred they had woven between them was not for me to lift unchallenged. Miss Susan was not visible to me for some days; but by the end of the week she appeared again about the house. She seemed to take pride in not altering her accustomed demeanor—in neither lifting her eyes to mine nor quickening her pace when she had occasion to pass me. I gave her chances; for, though I did not like her, I thought her oppressed. She took none of them; and as I had now no reason to think her either stupid or simple, I ceased to occupy myself with her.

That last statement is of course not quite true. I ceased to put myself, however unobtrusively, in her way; but my hours of solitude were full of wild surmises. I tried to keep away from the subject; for some evenings I went to my own room after prayers, eschewing the library. These people were my employers; I needed their money; I was fond of Carol; I almost respected them for not explaining to me things that most people—if they did not turn me out of the house at once—would have bitten their tongues in their haste to explain. Their power over Miss Susan was certainly a moral power; for she had had chances to give me a sign, and did not take them. The decent thing to do—since I wasn't prepared to chuck my position—was to forget. And yet, how could I?

There is scarcely a thinkable solution that my brain did not work out to its passionate, illogical end. I sailed with the wind straight into Sophoclean tragedy; I tacked—into Dumas *fils*. What had there been between Miss Susan and Horace Fenby that stirred the crackling ire of his wife? Or, had she embittered the son's brief marriage? Carol's mother had died in childbirth, I had learned; his father, of typhoid, not long after her. Or did it all go further back, and was Miss Susan herself a result, not a cause, of scandal? Above all, had there been any reason, any precedent, for their implication that she had sought me out with no holy emotion? I could not think it; though I remembered the malice of her final glance at me. What hold had she on people who hated her so? Why did she stay with people she so detested? What strange situation kept the balance between them—a claim they acknowledged so meanly; a hatred that she could not keep from being humble? I made nothing of it; and, as I say, I was not sure that I had the right to wonder too cleverly, had I been able. They were paying for the full bloom of my mental powers. I could not cheat Carol of that.

Yet, even so, my curious fever would not abate at once. It waxed with the waxing heat of July. By August the

heat was even greater, and other symptoms began to possess me. A strange inward coolness took the place of my brief delirium; my chill mind seemed to react against the physical torridity and save me. I longed only for autumn to reconcile once more the temperatures of body and brain. Perhaps the massive fixity of the household hypnotized me. I took to sitting in the library again at night; and after the first few evenings I ceased to expect a sea-green shape to rise upon the threshold. Perhaps we had all been mad together; crazed by the highest temperature in years.

In any case, it was upon a state of mind from which all expectancy had been wrung that my third encounter with Miss Susan fell. I had gone back to Richardson — not to *Sir Charles Grandison*, which indeed I have never finished; but to *Pamela*. I was wondering idly what it would feel like to be "Mr. B."; I was even wondering, with equal idleness, what "Mr. B." would have made of the Fenby household. My brain was scarce working, as you can see, and it took me some moments to authenticate the smell of smoke in my own nostrils. I was slow about investigating; it was a nuisance to get up, and probably the kerosene-lamp beside me was guilty. But the odor was too strong and significant. I suddenly realized that, and my limbs as suddenly ceased to be lazy. I walked quickly across the library and opened the door. A great acrid gust choked me, and I dashed up-stairs, where, in the darkness, I already heard a mild commotion. The Gray Sisters rushed by me in weird nightgear. Two of them went to Mrs. Fenby's room, where I heard Mr. Fenby shouting encouragement to her. The other fled before me down the corridor that led to Carol's room in the wing. That was the path I took instinctively, myself; and I called through the smoke to the maid—Martha, the cook—to go to the stables and wake the coachman and gardener. She turned and shuffled away through the smoke.

That moment was such a chaos of sensations that even memory cannot straighten it out. I know that I had a purpose at the back of my mind—to get every living creature out of the house, and then, with the other men, to see what could be done. The Fenbys and the servants were awake and aware; but no sound had come from Carol. I intended, I know, to carry the child outside, myself, in my own arms, before that terrible air grew hotter. I could not yet see flames anywhere, but I heard cracklings and rumblings. Mrs. Fenby's terror had realized itself. I heard her excited moaning somewhere behind me as I rushed down to Carol's room; I heard the others pleading with her; but I did not stop. The smoke grew greasier, hotter, thicker, with each step I took toward Carol. I judged it—as far as in that dash I could judge anything—to have started in the floor or walls above that wing; I hoped, beyond Carol's own room.

The child was sleeping, but woke, choking and spluttering, as I felt for him roughly in the dark. He was frightened, but surrendered himself to me without too much kicking. Common sense came to my rescue in a single flash. I flung a blanket round him, picked up his slippers and put them on his feet. His weight was more than I had bargained for, though. I could not be sure of stumbling ahead fast enough with him in my arms. I felt for the washstand, dipped a towel in the pitcher against emergencies, and bade him walk quickly by my side, holding my hand. The sleep was jolted out of him by this time, and he obeyed, whispering and asking absurd questions. It seemed an age before I got him down the hall to the main staircase; but the flames did not reach us, though they were creeping stealthily down toward us now from the end of the wing.

Mrs. Fenby was calling in her piping shriek for Carol. I shouted that I had him safe, and I heard them bumping down the stairs. Evidently they had to carry her, among them. I told them we were following close behind, and by this time they could hear Carol's own voice still asking angry questions. Their rickety progress was resumed. Martha had not yet brought the men back from the stables. The whole group got, finally, into the outer air, and Mr. Fenby and I rushed back for wraps. There could be no question of trying to save anything

on the upper floors. Just as we came out of Mrs. Fenby's room, staggering laden through the smoke, feeling for the hand-rail of the staircase, something turned me sick and nearly knocked me over. Not one of us had thought of Miss Susan! I flung my load over the banisters into the hall below and turned to the third-story staircase. Old Mr. Fenby started down, and I let him go without speaking to him. It was too hideous to mention, that we should not have thought of her. There was light now—the awful apocalyptic light of flame where flame should not be. And as I approached the attic stairs—no speech is quick enough to tell all this, nor yet confused enough—a sea-green figure came half falling, half running down them. I tried to stop Miss Susan, but could not. Her face and hair were singed, and one blackened hand was bleeding. She tore past me to the wing, straight into the beginning conflagration. "Carol! Carol!" I heard her cry, as she dashed past me through the smoke.

"He is safe! He's outdoors!" I shouted to her, but she did not hear me. She tore her way into the fire, beating a passage through the smoke with her wounded hand.

"Carol! Carol! I'm coming!"

"Miss Susan!" I screamed it in her ear. "I took him down. He's safe. Every one is safe."

She heard me then and gripped my arm. "You swear it?"

"I swear it. I went for the boy first of all, of course. For God's sake, come! The ceiling is falling in."

She turned. "It started in the attic next my room, I think. My door got jammed. I had to fight my way out. It's all burning up there. The windows are all open. Where is he? Where is he?"

I led her down, almost at a run, my arm round her waist; for the second floor was already doomed.

"Carol!" she called in the hall below. But there was no answer. The family had gone, I realized afterward, to the far end of the lawn. "Carol!" she called again in the doorway. And when no answer came, she struck at me and ran back to the staircase. I clutched her, willing to be brutal if necessary, for she was far gone in hysteria. By God's providence, at that moment Carol's own cry came authentically from outside. He ran across the lawn, wrapped in his blanket, elfin and comic in the lurid glow.

"My son! my son! my own little son!" Neither Hannah nor Rachel could get him, for a moment, out of Miss Susan's clutch, though the boy, frightened, no doubt, writhed to get free from her blackened face and arms. At last, for sheer physical weakness, she let him go. But I had heard the cry, and so had the maids and Mr. Fenby, who now stood beside them.

"Take the boy to his grandmother," he commanded. "You have frightened him sick, Susan."

He ran to meet the two men who had just reached the house, and tried to pull me along with him. I half gave to his pull, but before I actually moved from the spot I spoke to Miss Susan. "They have taken chairs off the porch. Go over there and rest. You can't do anything now. We must try to save some of the books."

"Rest?" She looked about her wildly. "Where should I rest? With my mother over there who has taken my boy away from me? I'll stay here."

And, wrapping her green garment about her, she flung herself face downward on the turf.

"Get a blanket, Martha!" I called. Even in that instant I remembered it was Martha who had tried first to save Carol. I managed finally to get Miss Susan up from the ground and lead her to a wicker couch under a tree. We had got wraps from the lower floor, and the women, at the far end of the lawn, were protected from chill. Miss Susan would not have her couch placed near the others when she saw that Carol's sleepy head was on his grandmother's lap. Mrs. Fenby called to her peevishly, but Miss Susan gave her only a curt reply as she passed.

"God has cursed me in my daughter, and now he has taken my home. Blessed be the name of the Lord." That solemn whimper of Mrs. Fenby's in sight of her blazing house haunts me still.

Then Susan Fenby turned on her. "You have frightened me with God long

enough, mother. You will never do it again. I see now that you are only a fool."

"Grace is not in you, Susan." It was hardly more than a whisper, for all its shrillness. The old woman's chin dropped wearily on her breast, and she was silent in her coil of wrappings. Miss Susan flung herself upon her couch and gazed, unwinking and speechless, at the burning house.

After this bitter little interlude I ran back to help Mr. Fenby and the men with the books. The silver, carefully carried up-stairs every night to Mrs. Fenby's room, we could not go for. We saved a few volumes—more or less at random, I am afraid, for it was impossible either to turn Mr. Fenby out or to disobey him, and he had completely lost his head. The house was doomed from the start, and when, an hour later, the engines came from the town, there was little they could do save to fling some water on what seemed the very spirit of fire.

The morrows of such nights are strange. By dawn we persuaded the women to go down to the stables. Before dawn not one of them would stir. It was eight o'clock before I went down myself; and when I got there I found that Mr. Fenby, Carol, and all the women had been driven to the hotel in the town. The gardener's wife gave me breakfast, and I ate it hungrily. The morning I spent in groping about among the ruins, estimating the usefulness of the walls that were left, picking up charred objects from the debris, waiting for Mr. Fenby's return. I could hardly divine what my next move would be until I had seen him.

It must have been noon when I was suddenly confronted, in the middle of what had been the library, by a strange figure. Susan Fenby, in cheap gingham, stood before me under the August sun.

"I walked back," she said, simply. "They are all sleeping except Mr. Fenby, who is seeing the insurance people. He will be here pretty soon. I sha'n't see you again."

"Do you know what they are going to do?"

"No." She shook her head. "Go somewhere, probably, until the house can be rebuilt."

"How is Mrs. Fenby?" I dared not be the first to mention Carol.

"Asleep, I told you."

"And you think they won't need my services any more?"

"They'll never keep you on." She shook her head. "They will have to keep me. That will be bad enough—after last night. They'll be very nice to you; you won't suffer. But you can be sure they will never want to see you again."

"Probably not," I mused. "And you will still stay on—after last night?" I was deeply embarrassed. But, leaning against the cracked marble of the fireplace, in that roofless room, under the crude August sun, it seemed to me that nothing was too strange to be said.

"I shall stay. It's in the bargain. I have done everything they made me—standing up, sitting down, and on my knees—for the sake of being near Carol. If you are out of the way it will all go on as before. If it hadn't been for the fire, I should never have broken out again. And I sha'n't now, as long as Carol is still at home. I'm not afraid of God any more, as I used to be—nor of them. But I have learned how to hold my tongue. Only, of course, you'll have to go. They couldn't stand it with any one who *knew*—except the maids, and they have always known. They've been with us since I was born."

"But what about Carol?"

"They're already hoping he's forgotten, in the excitement. I dare say he has." She passed her handkerchief nervously over her lips with her bandaged hand, then broke out, passionately: "I *did* keep my word. I should never have told him if I hadn't been mad with fear for him."

She closed her eyes convulsively. Her whole face twitched.

"What I really came for," she said, dully, "was to advise you to ask your own price. I mean, for going away like a gentleman and holding your tongue. Probably you would do it, anyhow, but they might as well pay."

"Miss Susan!" I exclaimed. "What do you take me for?"

"I don't know anything about you,



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

"AND YOU WILL STAY ON—AFTER LAST NIGHT?"

but if any one can get anything out of them, it's all to the good."

"Besides," I went on—for she laid no leash on curiosity—"what is there for me to tell?"

"I should think that it was clear enough," she said, indifferently. "My name is Susan Fenby, and Carol is my son. That is more than enough for them, anyhow. I was their only child, remember."

"How they have had to lie!" I murmured.

"Of course they've had to. And they don't like it, either; so that shows you how they feel about it—if they can lie like that when they think it's a sin to lie. They had to come here to this God-forsaken place to live, too. I'm not defending myself, you understand. I used to think I was as bad as my mother said I was. I never took much stock in what my father said. He was no saint himself, I guess, in the beginning. I don't think anything much, now—and I guess it's 'pull Dick, pull devil,' between us. He has a temper, and she is as cold as ice. I'm like both of them. That's all." She began to pick her way out of the debris. "I only came to tell you to ask, in reason, what you like. They'll give it to you. They can afford to. I must go now, or he'll find me when he comes."

"Miss Susan—" I stopped her—"why do you give me this advice?"

"Because you were kind about the school-books. I did want to keep up with Carol. And I liked having his books in my hands. But—" Suddenly she turned wholly round to me, her deep blush making her almost handsome again. In that most unbecoming scene and light she had been like the Miss Susan I used to see slip through the corridors slavishly intent on Mrs. Fenby's business. "They were quite wrong, that night. It was only the school-books. Though"—she raised her eyes to mine with one desperate grip on honesty—"I don't blame them. They had no reason to trust me. Good-by!" She would not take my hand; would not even let me help her, in spite of her crippled arm; and I watched her pick her way out of the ruined house. Five minutes later Mr. Fenby had returned.

It is needless to say that I did not follow up Miss Susan's suggestion of putting a price on my silence. But I fell in with Mr. Fenby's idea of an immediate departure, and I accepted his own offer of paying me six months' salary the more readily because I knew how grateful he was for the chance to give it. I agreed with him very gravely that we had all gone off our heads the night before. He trusted me to the point of letting me spend one long morning alone with Carol. Carol talked to me, as freely as a running brook, of all that had happened; but he mentioned Miss Susan only casually. I honestly believe that, in the drugged sleep which followed close on such excitement, he *had* forgotten.

Renunciation

BY AMEEN RIHANI

AT eventide the Pilgrim came
And knocked at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" a voice within, "thy name?"
"'Tis I," he said.—"Then knock no more.
As well ask thou a lodging of the sea,—
There is no room herein for thee and me."

The Pilgrim went again his way
And dwelt with Love upon the shore
Of self-oblivion; and one day
He knocked again at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" "It is thyself," he now replied,
And suddenly the door was open wide.

A Day at Douarnenez

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

THERE they were before me, two little fish, the white of their scales making more yellow than green the Lucca oil in which they had been canned. Beside them, on the edge of the plate, was the wee finger of butter that is served out to you in the Paris restaurant where the *hors d'œuvre* are all *vingt* and *trente centimes*. I looked at them with amazement at first, and was on the point of hitting my glass with my fork to call back the waiter. What absent-mindedness had induced me to order sardines? Or had I really ordered sardines? Perhaps it was the waiter's fault. But my hand stopped with the fork suspended. The sardines did look good. I discovered that I really wanted to eat them. So the fork fell on the fish. And I did eat them out there on the terrace of the café opposite the fountain of Marie de Médicis.

Camelots came running down the street from the Panthéon gate of the Luxembourg, crying a noon extra. But, in spite of the fact that the Germans were supposed to be so near Paris, I did not buy a paper. I was still marveling over the fact that I had unconsciously ordered sardines, and that, having ordered them, I was eating them. Only a month ago sardines and I had parted company for ever.

Strange resolution, not to eat sardines, especially for a man to whom sardines had been a dish fit for the gods in a Rocky Mountain mining-camp, in foodless Albania, in a Taurus Mountain *khan*, in the valley of the Jordan, and on Russian railways.

It had come about in this way. I got off the train at Quimper one afternoon last summer, and faced the problem of where to go. For no sane man would stay in Quimper with all Finistère to choose from.

There was the sign pointing to Rosporden, and that would take me to Concarneau or to Carhaix. There was the automobile *char-à-banc* labeled Beg-Neil. Then I saw Douarnenez. I had never been to Douarnenez. That would have been in its favor ten years ago, when the single article in my travel creed was, "I believe in the places I have not seen." But now doubts are beginning to arise as to the advantages of the unknown over the known. The hotels may not be good, and the places that your friends extol, and tell you that "you really ought not to miss, don't you know," generally turn out to be places that you really would not have missed missing. I was actually crossing over to the Rosporden-Concarneau *quai*, with a ticket in my pocket, when I suddenly remembered that the Artist might be at Douarnenez. "Might be" is enough for one who knows the Artist. *Soit!* In ten minutes I was speeding in the opposite direction from Rosporden, and wondering how many hotels I would drive to before I ran the Artist to the ground, or if I should find that he had gone on to Pont-Croix.

The little branch railway from Quimper to Douarnenez runs along the crest of a promontory—at least it seems like a promontory when one catches glimpses of the ocean from both car windows at the same time. I was pleased with my decision, Artist or no Artist, before I reached my goal.

But it was the right *tuyau*. For I had no sooner gotten safely through the row of hungry hotel-runners, and started across the long bridge that binds the old town with the railway side of the estuary, than I saw ahead of me a husky figure in English homespun, surmounted by a straw hat *comme il faut* of the season. He was leaning over the rail. At right angles to his body a slender bamboo cane that would not have supported the weight of a child of

ten years stuck out, to the provocation of passers-by. There could be no mistake. This unique combination of Piccadilly and Boulevard du Montparnasse was the Artist.

I came up slowly behind him, and told the boy who was carrying my bag to go on ahead to the end of the bridge and wait at the *octroi* station. I gently took hold of the end of the cane. There was an unconscious struggle of arm and hand for a moment, and then he turned round.

"Why, hello!" he said. "I thought St.-Jean-du-Doigt would prove too slow for you. You see how those pines go up, climbing over the rocks, from that point out there. When the tide is high it reminds me of the Maine coast, Prout's Neck or Winter Harbor."

"What are those men unloading down there in barrels from that Norwegian schooner?" I asked. "The barrels are all marked 'Bergen.' What in the name of Heaven do these people want with anything that comes from Norway?"

"Oh, that's cod roe. They put it in the nets to attract the sardines."

"So they fish for sardines here?" I asked.

"Do they? I'll take you along the quay after dinner to-night. If your eyes fail you, your nose won't. Douarnenez is the home of the sardine."

We walked toward the old town. I wanted to ask more about sardines, but the Artist was telling me how the coppery sails of the fishing-smacks blended with sea and sky at sunset. We sent the boy on to the hotel with my bag, and turned back to climb to a vantage-point by the church in the new town.

There was just time. Sky, sea, sails, and sun were disappearing together.

We got to arguing about the Caillaux trial at dinner last night. Ten diners at the long table had ten different opinions, and it was ten o'clock before they were all aired. So we did not have our stroll along the quay.

A glorious summer day, after a long



THE SARDINE FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY

night's rest from a long day's train journey, and with a holiday before you, a new place to explore, the sea air in your nostrils, and the Artist beside you without his paint-box and tripod folding-stool—this is a combination that does not often come within my experience. Every time I get out on a trip like this I say to myself that the city is stupid, that asphalt streets and stone sidewalks are like a prison yard, and that the multiple sounds and smells of a great city take years from the life of the man in a treadmill. And yet I know perfectly well that within a week I shall be glad to get back to Paris. City people are prisoners and slaves, but willing slaves, for all that.



AN OLD NET-MENDER

We were walking through the town by the high-road on top of the hill. The Artist explained that he wanted me to see first the Point, and come back by way of the quays and the sardines, and not to begin Douarnenez with the quays and the sardines. "I want your first view of this wonderful bay to be fishless," he said, simply.

We passed several canning-factories, but only the chimneys were visible. The sardines were hid from view by the high walls that the Frenchman delights to put up, holding to privacy even in his business. We came down to the water's edge through a deserted street of steps, and before us opened the panorama of the bay, white-capped and sail-studded as far as the eye could see.

The shore-line was different from that to which the northern coast of Brittany had accustomed me. Its beauty struck me more forcibly by the very fact that it was unexpected. Instead of the long, bare *landes* of the Côtes du Nord, grudgingly covered here and there with monotonous *plantagenista*, and broken only by boulders and birds of similar color, there was just a border of rock at the water's edge above which rose real trees, foliage-crowned up to the sky-line, and relieved occasionally by a patch of cleared land where, in the rich green grass, horses and cattle were grazing.

The bay opened into the sea almost on the horizon — far enough away to be indistinguishable. Were it not for the specks of sail, appearing on the sky-line and growing larger after every dip, one would not have taken the bay of Douarnenez for a lake. The point of land at the left of the bay's mouth was a jumble of rock — not cliffs, but enormous boulders falling every which way, and piled higher than the wooded hill from which they seemed to emerge. This was the Cap de Raz, westernmost point of France. From the top of the hills on the right, forming the northern side of the bay, the Artist told me one could see Brest.

In front of us were two islets. The nearer one was rock and seaweed, surmounted by a stone building in ruins, beside which lay two or three barrels and an abandoned dory. But the farther one, a cone of trees, was perfectly mirrored by the sun in the protected waters of the channel between it and the mainland. An unpretentious country house stood by the water's edge.



ALONG THE QUAYS

As the tide was low, on the side toward us it was possible to reach the islets without a boat. We crossed to the first one, crunching mussel-shells at every step, and on our guard against the seaweed menacing our ankles. Like a pair of children, we stopped occasionally to tease a horseshoe-crab with the Artist's cane.

I had it in my mind to go on to the

second islet and make for a tree at the top of the cone. We could rely on hailing a fisherman's boat to get us back to the mainland. But the Artist explained that this islet was the property of the poet Jean Richepin. "We cannot intrude," he said, "unless you want to interview the eminent Academician. Jean Richepin bought up that island for inspiration's sake, I suppose, for it is the scene of Tristan and Isolde. The King of Cornwall had his castle there. But we have a better—and sunnier—view of the bay here than the poet has. And that is more to the point on a day like this." I thought so, too.



SARDINE-BOATS

We sat on the rocks, with our backs against an abandoned dory, and tried to reconstruct the story of Tristan and Isolde. The Artist had once lunched with a prima donna who sang Isolde, and I had "suped" one memorable evening in sophomore days in Wagner's opera. But neither of us could call back any more of the story than that Tristan and Isolde loved each other, and one took poison because the other had died prematurely. I was sure of the poison, for I had long kept among my treasures the piece of wood that had served for the bottle from which the fatal draught was quaffed, and which had hit my knee in the wings as Isolde threw it from her with an air of abandon when she fell over the body of her knight. There we have it! Isolde it was who took the poison.

I had always associated the name of Cornwall with England. But the Artist was sure that we were in Cornwall. An elderly spinster had read it to him out of her guide-book at the hotel a few days before. We were in the real Cornwall, here in Douarnenez. The Knights of the Round Table — was not Tristan one of them?— must have sailed in this beautiful bay. The King of Cornwall lived on this island, and here Tristan had wooed his Isolde.

Tennyson, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Wagner—they have all used the local color of Douarnenez in their poetry. But ten to one that they were never here! Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" without having visited Nova Scotia, and Montesquieu never met a Persian in his life.

I have read the Odes of Horace at Tivoli with my feet dangling over the high wall of the Villa d'Este. But as I looked out across the Campagna it was not the Sabine farm, but distant Rome and the dome of St. Peter's, that held me. Try as hard as I could that day, my thoughts would not go further back than Garibaldi and Mazzini, and I

translated Horace's *ridens Lalage* into an Italian peasant girl picking up firewood along the Avezzano road. So here, at Douarnenez, it was useless to wish for Swinburne out on these rocks.

Why should I be ashamed to confess that in these romantic surroundings we soon got back to the topics of the day—the love-affairs of Madame Caillaux instead of those of Isolde, and the death of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand instead of that of Tristan? *Nihil humani alienum mihi puto* is perfectly true. But the human interests of a man are those of his *milieu*. If we are able to become absorbed—really absorbed—in anything except that with which we are in immediate and vital touch, it is a sign of an abnormal mentality. One thinks of the past and the future only when the present is uninteresting, and when the present is not interesting something is the matter with you. Better see a doctor, or, better still, get out in the open air and take exercise.



MARKET-DAY

We were in the open air—jolly good sea air to boot, and we had been taking exercise. So we abandoned Tristan and Isolde and the legendary king of the island before us.

But I have been speaking only of the human appeal as imagined and recorded by the human mind. Nature is a totally different thing. The appeal of creation is compelling. One tires of his own thoughts. But one never tires of God's thoughts, whether the form of revelation be inanimate or animate. Keats did not originate the idea that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." He repeated an axiom. For the beautiful has only one test, the appeal to the senses. To appreciate nature you do not have to think; you have only to feel. The moment you begin to think, there is a fly in the ointment—a fly that you yourself have put there.

So the Artist and I enjoyed the Bay of Douarnenez most when we stopped trying to associate it with what had happened there. It filled our souls because it was a bay with sky and sea and sails, and with a bold, yet delicate, coastline. That this was the scene of the love-affairs of Tristan and Isolde did not enhance its beauty a bit.

All the world over, we are talking to-day of boycotting things German. For Heaven's sake let us begin with Baedeker! When tourists learn to travel



IN THE RUE ST. JEAN

without guide-books, and to enjoy what God and man have made by letting the beautiful appeal to their senses and by observing the life of people as human beings living together in society, travel will become the great educator.

A woman from Kansas said to me once on a steamer in the Gulf of Corinth: "It takes me back two thousand years to be here in Athens. I just live over the days of Pericles; and in these Greeks, everywhere I go, I see their noble ancestors." "What a rotten time you must be having!" I answered. I think she thought I was rude—and certainly not a Harvard man!

With our backs against the old dory, the Artist and I had the best sort of a time. Tobacco has one virtue. It makes you forget to talk.

Habit is strong. One may get out of the rut for an hour or two, but he does not stay out. After watching the sails idly during several pipe-bowls, I began to conjecture why the ships were coming in, and what they were carrying. A desire began to possess me. I wanted to inspect the sardine industry. Here I was, wasting my precious holiday. I looked around at the Artist, afraid to incur his scorn by broaching to him

what was in my mind. He, too! I chuckled. For he had slit open an envelope, placed it on his knee, and was making one of his inimitable sketches. Even had I seen only his face, I should have guessed what he was about from the half-closed eyes and the tilt of his chin. Your true artist scents a picture as naturally as a pointer scents a quail.

So I felt bold to get up and stretch my legs, and rub the places on my back which the dory had caressed.

"If you've got a subject in your head," I put out as a *ballon d'essai*, "I might stroll along the quay, and see some of those sardines you have been speaking about."

"All right," he answered. "But I won't prophesy that you won't regret it—that is, if you like sardines. See you at the hotel for *déjeûner*." And he turned back to the work on the inside of the envelope.

The tide was coming up, so I had to wade back to shore and dry my feet with a handkerchief.

From the island there was no direct road along the shore. I had to climb back up through a street whose name was weather-blurred, and waste steps in picturesque, if unsavory, *culs de sac*, before I found a way down to the quay. One could not navigate safely through this street without casting his eyes ahead of him on the ground at every step to avoid puddles, stones, fish-heads, and—But why enumerate? I marveled at what seemed to me the unnecessary sign, "*Passage interdit aux voitures*," for what kind of vehicle, and what animal born outside of the shadow of Islam, could have negotiated the passage successfully?

In Italy, I have often felt that nowhere else in the world is there so much evidence to the eye, and so little evidence to the nose, of washing. Douarnenez is like Italy. But here the wash is not hung across the streets, but along them, on clothes-lines parallel with the houses. As a Scotch mist is generally falling all over Brittany, I suppose the



FISHERMEN'S HOUSES

thought of sunning the wash does not enter into the housewife's calculations. But when you haven't one thing, you have another. That is the law of compensation. Here it is a wind, rude enough to counteract the gentle persistence of the mist.



A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE

At last I reached the quay—and the sardines.

For the better part of a mile, every building is a canning-factory or a fish-depot. July is the height of the season—at least it seemed so to me, for the activity was feverish. I could not get away from the sight and the smell of sardines. An endless stream of fishing-smacks was coming up to the mole and discharging cargoes. And an endless row of sailors and boys and girls was bringing the sardines in baskets from the fishing-smacks to the depots, where they dumped them into wooden troughs. The sardine-troughs are taken into the factory and dumped into huge tanks of brine. After a thorough salting the heads are cut off. The fish are cooked in oil and packed in cans of the flat, rectangular kind familiar to all the world. The work in the factories is done by Breton girls, who sing as they handle the fish. They are remarkably industrious and cheerful, and enough of them are good-looking to make one linger longer in the workroom than he would for mere interest in sardines.

But one does not get away from sardines when he leaves the depots and the factories. For between the processes of salting and cooking they are dried, and this is generally done out of doors. In every possible space on the quay not necessary for passage there are wire baskets in which the sardines stand, tails in the air. Each basket contains a thousand. Each drying-platform has a thousand baskets. There are a thousand drying-platforms. There are four dryings per day. There are two hundred days of good fishing. I advise you not to multiply these sums and dwell upon the total; and I advise you not to think of the sardines in the boats, or in the baskets, or in the troughs, or in the vats, or dancing in the boiling oil. If I leave a picture of Douarnenez sardines, may it be rather of the pretty Breton peasant girls, with their immaculate white-lace headgear, set off by dark hair and wind-reddened

cheeks, singing and laughing at their work.

As I watched the fishermen unloading their cargoes I had a striking illustration of Breton frugality. So many sardines come into the port of Douarnenez that their white, flecky scales cover the sand in mounds, washed up by the tide. Some of the boats have their decks covered several inches deep with the catch. But the fishermen actually count every sardine, and send them ashore in baskets of exactly two hundred each. There is no guesswork, no approximation by weighing. Since at low tide the boats are fifteen feet below the mole, the porters let down ropes to fishermen in the boats. The baskets are drawn up one at a time. If a single fish happens to fall overboard they go after it with a hand-net and make really strenuous efforts to recover it. These are fishermen to whom the admonition to gather up the fragments would not have been necessary.



A YOUNG GIRL OF DOUARNENEZ

And yet, in sharp contrast to this meticulous care of unloading the catch is the willingness to part with the reward of labor for the refreshment that is poured into *petits verres à l'Abri de la Tempête, à la Descente des Thonniers, au Beau Séjour, au Baromètre, à l'Abri du Vent, à l'Etoile d'Or*, and at the *Buvette du Bon Coin*, as the drinking-places along the quay are called.

Before leaving the quay I must not forget to speak of another fishing industry which, although overshadowed by the sardines, is important and noticeable in the life of Douarnenez. The sardine fishing is done at the mouth of the bay, and the fishermen return several times a week. But there are larger boats in the port whose crews go out for fifteen days and fish for *thon* from Spain to England. There were some of these larger boats unloading at the mole. The tunny is a giant beside the sardine. He is not taken ashore in baskets, but is carried by the tail to the depots. A boy can hold one in each hand, if they are small, while four is a load sufficient for the strongest man.

In the afternoon the Artist and I went for a walk along the shore toward Audierne, and passed through village after village of this thickly populated coast. In places summer people were in evidence, and we found miniature Trouvilles where the rocks gave way for a brief space to sand. But sardines dominated all. Were there churches to compel the admiration of the jaded traveler? Beside the church tower a chimney arose, and the church-bells had to compete with the clink-clink of canning-machinery. Were there quaint streets whose roof-line made the Artist half close his eyes by instinct and fumble for his pencil? From gable to gable light-blue nets were stretched, and oilskins and overalls hung from hooks out of every window. Was there a charming bit of rock and trees edging the waters



IN THE OLD FISHWIVES' CORNER

of the bay? On the rocks sardines, in their wire baskets, stood with tails up, for all the world like the helmeted regiments of the Germans in Belgium; and nets were drying in the trees. Was there a bit of pasture-land with cows that Troyon would have found good to look at? They were grazing beside the remnants of a Lucca olive-oil barrel.

The Artist growled: "What a delight Douarnenez would be, without sardines!"

"But would it be at all—without sardines?" I answered.

How Strange It Seems

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

TO think this little photograph,
On common paper lightly cast,
May look into your face and laugh
When I myself have wholly passed.

Honor Bright

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE front door of Wendell Phillips School opened with a bang, and Master Michael Foley struck out for the gate at a record-breaking pace. Miss Ferguson, the principal, particularly sensitive to door-banging, flung up her window in time to observe not only the flight of the eloping pupil, but the precipitate exit of Miss Honor Bright, the youngest of her teaching staff, in hot pursuit. Any one with a drop of sporting blood would have watched the contest with delight; and yet only disdain, anger, and horror were depicted on Miss Ferguson's severe countenance.

Master Michael gained the street safely, but, hearing his pursuer close upon him, grasped a tree-box and began dancing behind it while he weighed the chances of further flight. Miss Bright, evidently familiar with such tactics, caught him in one of his feints, affixed her hand firmly to his collar and marched him before her to the schoolhouse.

Miss Ferguson, satisfied with her observations, closed her window and retired to the hall in time to see Miss Bright deposit the prisoner in the cloakroom, in which, it may be said, he had been immured for the heinous crime of casting a paper wad in a rude and insolent manner at a model boy who had been graciously permitted to clean the blackboard as a reward of merit.

Having disposed of Michael, Miss Bright was about to return to her room, where her pupils had abandoned themselves to hilarity in her absence, when the principal's voice arrested her.

"I'm greatly surprised, Miss Bright, that you should so far forget your dignity as to run—*run*—from your room and into the street after one of your pupils. I witnessed the whole occurrence, and in thirty years of teaching I never before saw a teacher so shamelessly forget herself. You may report to me when school is dismissed."

"Yes, Miss Ferguson," replied Honor, meekly.

It is not pleasant to be obliged to walk away from a person who stands rigidly at attention, watching you. Miss Bright felt the principal's eyes boring into her back. The sensation was disagreeable, but by the time the door of her room closed Honor was smiling again.

"Honor bright" is a colloquialism recognized by reputable dictionaries as an adverbial expletive of affirmation, and Miss Bright's father had named her Honor to please his sense of humor. He was a Presbyterian minister whose own name was Quintius Curtius, so it was not surprising that he held views on the subject of nomenclature. Honoria is, of course, the obvious feminine. Honoria seemed to him English and highfalutin'; moreover, the extra vowels spoiled the joke. To send a girl out into the world as Honor Bright not only tickled him, but the name would, he argued, be an incentive to straightforwardness and veracity in the possessor.

Honor had decided early in life that it is better to laugh than to cry. The year she graduated from high school her parents were victims of a typhoid epidemic that swept the small Ohio River town where she was born. As the administrator of the Rev. Quintius Curtius's estate didn't sympathize with Honor's ambition to spend her two thousand dollars of life insurance on education, she bade him keep the money at interest and addressed herself to the business of working her way through the State university. This was not the easiest possible thing in a small town, and there were times when Honor found it difficult to keep smiling. She clerked in a store on Saturdays, typed lectures for the faculty, and ran the kitchen of the girl's boarding-house until her junior year, when she found

more agreeable employment in tutoring. These labors did not prevent her graduating with credit or being voted the most popular girl in her class.

When you said Honor Bright, both town and gown smiled. There was something about Honor that was provocative of smiles—kind, friendly, approving smiles.

Honor was so busy! Her industry was one of the many absurd things about her. She not only worked hard, but when she played she put her soul into it. She was a star performer in the gymnasium, and could stand on her head, walk on her hands, and do amazing things on a horizontal bar.

After a year at the State Normal School she taught one winter in her native town, decided that the local field was too limited, and, nothing better offering, accepted a position in the schools of Kernville, the Gem City of the Sycamore, and was given power of life and death over a miscellaneous collection of eight-year-olds in Wendell Phillips School.

When Honor had been a small cog in the big machine for a month, Gale, the superintendent, asked Miss Ferguson how the new teacher was getting on.

"Miss Bright is capable," Miss Ferguson replied, frostily, "but she lacks the poise desirable in teachers. Her ideas of discipline are very lax. She pays little attention to our system, and constantly persists in introducing ideas of her own. I fear the university spoiled her for elementary work."

"Well, results are what we want," remarked Gale. "She has talked to me about some of her ideas and I'm disposed to give her pretty free rein. There's always the chance," he added, with a mollifying smile, "that some of our old ideas may not be the best."

The Gem City's schools were full of Miss Fergusons who bitterly resented the new superintendent's indifference to the sacred system. Since his advent the previous year, Gale had labored assiduously, but without success, to modify the system. There were enough Miss Fergusons to thwart him; and there was always the board. The members of the board were solid citizens long undisturbed in their positions, chiefly because the politicians had never thought school-board jobs worth fighting for. In the Gem City of the Sycamore it was considered a great honor to sit on the school board, and incidentally it gave the prosperous members an excellent chance to protect the taxpayers from foolish expenditures for new fads in education. At the same time they basked in the bright effulgence of their self-sacrificing civic virtue. The board hadn't changed in ten years, and it seemed unlikely that anything would ever jar its equanimity. The commissioners had been basely deceived in Gale. He had new ideas and talked seriously of making the schools a social force. This was rank heresy. The board distrusted Gale and meant to get rid of him at the earliest opportunity.

Shortly before school closed Miss Bright visited the recalcitrant Michael in the cloak-room, and as a result of a few minutes' conversation he appeared shamefacedly on the platform and apologized for his evil conduct. The gong sounded, and Honor dismissed her class with the usual evolutions, and repaired to the principal's room.

She smiled cheerfully at several of her sister teachers who guardedly and tremulously watched her on her way to the scaffold. They liked Honor, though they were disposed to hold her responsible for the disordered state of Miss Ferguson's nerves, which made trouble for the whole staff.

Miss Ferguson's wrath had not cooled, and she not only repeated her rebuke in sharper tones, but admonished Miss Bright as to other sinful infractions of the rules.

"In all my experience as a principal I have never found it necessary to ask the removal of a teacher, but I have felt from the opening of school that your temperament unfits you for teaching. You are a new-comer in town and unfamiliar with our school traditions; but I've hoped that with experience you would see the importance of bringing more dignity to your work. That Foley boy is wholly insubordinate and is constantly causing trouble on the grounds. You will write a letter to his parents immediately, warning them that he will be suspended the very next time he is guilty of an infraction of the rules."



Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Nelson Demarest

HE GRASPED A TREE-BOX WHILE HE WEIGHED THE CHANCES OF FURTHER FLIGHT

"But, Miss Ferguson, he isn't a bad boy! He's the brightest pupil I have! He's mischievous, but so are all healthy children of eight. I haven't seen many of the parents of my children yet, but I shall send a note to Michael's father and ask him to come to the school. He hasn't any mother, I believe."

"That's unfortunate, of course. But his father," said Miss Ferguson, scornfully, "is a low politician of the worst type. I've never seen the man, but he's constantly in the newspapers."

"Please let me work on Michael's case a little longer without threats. I don't like threatening parents."

"You will find, Miss Bright, that indulgence in these cases only makes trouble for yourself and brings our discipline into disrepute. I've watched that Foley boy all year, and he's not only disobedient, but insolent. Only yesterday I caught him making faces at you while the lines were forming."

Instead of being outraged, Honor laughed—a spontaneous, merry laugh that caused Miss Ferguson to stare in mute amazement.

"He probably thinks I'm a brute and not the indulgent person you make me out! But I'm sorry I ran after him. I know it wasn't proper or becoming; but I thought it unwise to allow him to sneak out of the cloak-room in that fashion."

"Another thing," continued Miss Ferguson, austerely, "the superintendent is likely to visit the building any day, and it would be most deplorable if he should find any of my rooms in disorder. You must remember that I have my own reputation to sustain, and some of us who have been long in the schools find Mr. Gale very critical—quite unsympathetic, in fact."

At this point a short, stocky man entered the room and began examining the radiators—an intrusion that clearly added to the principal's annoyance.

"Plumber!" she ejaculated, rapping sharply on the desk.

"Yes, madam?" The plumber rose from his knees and snapped the spring on a tape-line.

"It's against the rules for workmen to visit these rooms during the school hours."

"Beg your pardon, madam."

He started for the door, carrying his derby loftily as though it were a sacred emblem. As he passed the principal's desk he ducked his head in a jerky bow and said, "Beg your pardon," again. He vanished noiselessly with a long stride that his short stature made amusingly incongruous. His walk, the funny little bow, his round, smooth-shaven, humorous face, and his reverential attitude toward his hat wakened in Honor a strong impulse to giggle. The interruption had caused Miss Ferguson to lose the thread of her argument. She bent her severe gaze upon Honor for a moment as she collected her thoughts.

"I shall not report this occurrence to the superintendent, but hope my own warning will be sufficient to prevent a repetition of your error. That will do for the present."

"Thank you, Miss Ferguson."

Honor walked out, feeling again the principal's eyes following her. Returning to her room, she began clearing her desk, when a knock on the open door called her attention to the gentleman with the derby, who approached timidly in response to her cheery "Come in."

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Oh, you may go ahead with these radiators if you like; you won't bother me a bit."

"Well, I've already got what I was looking for. I just wanted to speak to you a minute. I'm Mickey Foley's father. I guess this is his room?"

He glanced about as though seeking signs that would confirm the suspicion that this was indeed the spot lately hallowed by his son's presence.

"Well, yes; it's very much his room," said Honor, smiling as she noted the points of resemblance between the plumber and his son. He declined a chair, but stood with his arm (supporting the derby) on the edge of her desk.

"I heard the old lady dressing you down; I guess Mickey's a good deal of trouble, all right. But you don't need to bother; I'll have some conversation with Mickey to-night and he won't bother you any more. You see, there's just the two of us; and I guess I haven't been watching the lad close enough. You don't need to suspend him. He likes you and brags about you all the time.

He wouldn't do anything to make you trouble."

"He might do much better," said Honor, feeling that candor was required here. "I'd appreciate it if you'd talk to him. His trouble is that he's so much brighter than most of the other children that he has plenty of time for foolishness."

Foley nodded solemnly, but his eyes brightened at the compliment. "I guess Mickey's smart enough, all right. You won't need to bother about him; I'll fix him. If he cuts any more monkey-shines, you let me know. I'm much obliged to you. I couldn't help hearing the old lady calling you down. I wouldn't have my boy the cause of making you trouble. I'm mighty sorry."

"Please don't be hard on Michael! He's the most interesting child in his class. Just a little friendly talk will do the business."

"I'll have a few words with him. You won't have any more trouble with Mickey. Thank you, and beg your pardon."

He ducked his head and strode out with his ridiculous long step. When he was half-way to the door he hesitated, then returned to the desk. "I haven't got anything to do to the plumbing; I was just measuring the radiators."

This in a half-whisper, with the derby held to his face, caused Honor to smile; and he grinned responsively, as though measuring radiators was one of the most amusing things imaginable.

That night as Honor read the evening paper at her boarding-house her eyes caught his name in a head-line, and she read the subjoined article with interest:

> Tom Foley, the Little Boss of the Fourth, is much in evidence at Democratic headquarters these days. As the campaign gathers headway, he seems to be taking himself seriously as a candidate for the State senate. In the list of speakers' appointments given out yesterday his name is down for fifty engagements throughout the county. As the Little Boss has heretofore been known only as a silent worker, his determination to join the noble army of spellbinders has aroused much curiosity.

Miss Ferguson had called Michael's father a low politician. Honor's ideas of bosses were derived largely from newspaper cartoons depicting gross monsters with piratical mustaches, clad in loud checks and smoking huge cigars. Clearly, Foley was a variation from the familiar type. His smile, like the young Michael's, was wholly engaging, and argued for a conscience on pretty good terms with itself.

Another bit of news explosively headlined announced that three members of the school board whose terms were expiring were for the first time to meet with opposition. The attitude of the board in refusing the use of school property as playgrounds had, it seemed, aroused antagonism, and the labor organizations were backing an independent school ticket. Moreover, the Germans were in arms because the board had, in a fit of economy, eliminated German from the primary grades. Gale was also to be an issue, it appeared, as some of his radical changes had not met with the board's favor, and the belligerent forces were rallying to his support.

The next morning a sister teacher, to whom Honor mentioned the impending war on the old board, stared at her in mute astonishment.

"You'd better not meddle with those things, Miss Bright. It would be a pity if the old members should be defeated. We are all vitally interested in their re-election."

Honor turned away impatiently. She had already decided that one year in Kernville would be enough, and she was laying her plans to obtain a position in the schools of the capital the next year.

"Please, Miss Bright!"

She was writing the day's work on the blackboard when she became conscious that Michael Foley was standing beside her. He carried under his arm a small blue box which he extended, grinning broadly. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes. His hair had been cut since his last appearance, and was brushed till it shone.

"Miss Bright, I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble yesterday," he mumbled, pivoting on one foot. "Here's some roses I brought for your desk."

He waited while she opened the box, which contained a bunch of violets—not roses. From Michael's frank curiosity in the contents, it was clear that the

purchase had not been effected by him personally.

"This is fine of you, Michael; how did you ever come to think of it?"

"Well, I guess dad thought of it first. He thought you might like 'em. He said the Foley family got to square itself."

"Well, it was all square, anyhow, Michael. What's the matter with your hand?"

"Nothin'; only I punched Jerry Corrigan's face comin' through the alley; he thought there was candy in the box."

The knuckles he exhibited hinted at the employment of considerable violence in the defense of the violets. "And, Miss Bright, Jerry won't be here this morning; he went home to tell his ma," Michael added, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

It was her plain duty to reprimand him for punching Jerry's head; and yet how could she, with the cause of battle lying fragrantly before her! She merely expressed regret that the encounter had been necessary and repeated her thanks cordially.

Michael was so conspicuously virtuous that day that the sins of the rest of the class loomed blackly in contrast. Honor put an unusual amount of snap into her work, and things moved merrily. With the superintendent's permission, she had substituted for the system's outline an objective method of teaching arithmetic which she had found set forth in a school journal. She had demonstrated to her own satisfaction that it brought better results with half the wear and tear of the old method. She finished the lesson in a glow just before the afternoon recess, when a frantically waving hand called for attention.

"Please, Miss Bright, you told us you'd stand on your head some day if we was good."

A chorus of astonished "oh's!" greeted this. A few days before, in a dark moment when things were at sixes and sevens, Honor had declared that she'd be standing on her head pretty soon if they didn't keep better order. She was about to correct the false impression conveyed by the child's reminder when she was arrested by a sharp squeak.

"What was that?" she demanded.

Michael Foley's seat-mate complained that Michael had pinched his ear.

"Aw, he said you couldn't do it!" protested Michael.

"Well, you needn't have pinched his ear. Please behave yourself, Michael."

The continued restlessness was indicative of a desire that she settle the point thus acutely at issue by furnishing ocular proof of her prowess.

Honor had never taken a dare—a fact that had, in the earlier half of her twenty-two years, got her into much trouble, owing to the joy of her boy playmates in beguiling her to climb telegraph-poles and walk fences. She glanced at the clock, took the cushion from her chair and dropped it on the platform, seized a stout piece of cord confiscated that morning in the enforcement of discipline, and tied it round her skirts. She eyed the cushion critically and glanced again at the clock. It lacked three minutes of recess. The children pressed forward in the aisles, watching breathlessly. Calculating the distance carefully, she threw herself forward on her hands, got her balance instantly, and then let herself down slowly until her head rested on the cushion.

Awe held the young spectators. Teacher had met the challenge. There she stood, indubitably, upon her head. To their young imaginations she seemed to hold the position for hours.

They were so absorbed that the soft opening of the door and the entrance of Miss Ferguson, followed by the superintendent of the Gem City's schools, passed unnoticed. Then Honor dropped upon her feet with a bang and turned a crimson face to the visitors. Miss Ferguson, overcome by mingled feelings of horror and humiliation, extended her hands helplessly to the superintendent and fled. The gong sounded and the children marched out. When Honor returned to her room she found Gale sitting at her desk, examining some cards and money-boxes she had been using in her arithmetic class.

"I'm so sorry!" she began instantly. "We were waiting for the gong and I'd said something the other day about standing on my head, and—and—well, I didn't want them to think I couldn't!"

The superintendent laughed. "Miss

Bright, please don't trouble about that! I'd give a year's salary if I could do it! I was just looking at these things. They're using that idea in a good many places. How does it work?"

"Splendidly. It seems a pity to waste so much time teaching numbers when this way is so simple."

"I'm afraid you've spent your own money for these supplies. Please send me a memorandum of the amount. I was wondering," he went on, meditatively, "if you won't show how it's done next Saturday morning, before all the teachers of your grade. We'll have a discussion of it and see if some of the older teachers can find a flaw in it."

"Oh, they can and will!" exclaimed Honor, quickly.

Gale chuckled. "So you're finding the system hard to live with, are you?" he asked, ruefully. "Well, you may feel better to know that I am, too. By the way, Miss Ferguson complains of your lax discipline. What are your views on that subject?"

"She's right, according to her ideas; and I'm ashamed to annoy her so much. But my youngsters do their work and keep cheerful. I can't see anything to be gained by nagging them all the while. I suppose I could put in most of my time scolding."

"I doubt very much whether you could!" he replied, with a faint smile. "I'll spend the next hour with you and watch your work. And—I'll take the liberty of saying to Miss Ferguson that you have promised to conduct your classes hereafter in the *upright* manner prescribed in the manual."

The following week Honor received visits from the mothers of nearly every child in her room; two fathers also made bold to present themselves. A teacher who could stand on her head was a novelty of whom the patrons of Wendell Phillips School felt they should be proud.

Politics shook Kernville to its base that fall. The Republican and Democratic organs, locked in a death struggle on the tariff and the freedom of the Filipinos, discreetly ignored the fight on the school board. The *Evening Telegram*, however, unawed by the prominence of the commissioners, devoted columns daily to exposing the inadequacy and incompetence of Kernville's schools. "The system in vogue here," it declared, "is antiquated and parsimonious. The children of the Gem City of the Sycamore deserve the best the taxpayers can give them. Superintendent Gale seems to be helpless in the hands of the old fogies who have so long dominated our schools. Scrape the moss off the schoolhouses! Take the schools out of the hands of the old stiff-necked clique, and give them back to the people!"

The playground question was not neglected, the board's attitude in refusing the use of school-yards to the children of the poor being characterized from day to day as autocratic and brutal. Then out of a clear sky the *Telegram* sprang a circumstantial story of fraud in a plumbing contract. A new heating system had been installed in all the school buildings the previous summer, and the *Telegram* charged fraud on the contractor's part. Figures were given to prove that the amount of radiation furnished was just half what the public had paid for. Honor, deeply interested in the fight, accounted now for the visit of the Little Boss to Wendell Phillips School on the afternoon of the day she had outraged the proprieties by sprinting out of the school-yard in pursuit of the Little Boss's son.

When the campaign neared its climax late in October, the Wendell Phillips Mothers' Club announced a public meeting in a church that had hospitably opened its doors for its conferences after the commissioners' refusal of the schoolhouse. All the teachers of Wendell Phillips School were invited.

Miss Ferguson called her teaching staff together to warn them against falling into the trap which she informed them had been devised for their undoing.

"We must maintain an absolutely neutral position in these matters. The members of the board are among our first citizens, who have given their time and thought to the best interests of our schools for years. It would be base ingratitude for any teacher to encourage the efforts of a few politicians to drive them from the position they have filled so long and honorably. The opposing candidates are utterly unknown men—

one of them is a mechanic who knows nothing of the needs of the schools—a labor agitator and trouble-maker."

"I don't believe that is quite fair, Miss Ferguson," Honor ventured. "If you mean John Arnold, it's true he's a mechanic, and a good one. His little girl is in my room, and I've met and talked to him and found him unusually intelligent."

The others gathered about Miss Ferguson's desk listened breathlessly. It was inconceivable that any one should dare to controvert any of Miss Ferguson's assertions, much less question her authority. They waited anxiously for the principal's reply.

"I believe, Miss Bright, that I have nothing to add to what I have said already," she replied, coldly.

It was growing dark when Honor left the school. At the gate Foley emerged from the shadows.

"Just passing along and thought I might meet you," he said, with a flourish of the derby. "I hope Mickey isn't causing any more trouble?"

"Oh, he's doing beautifully! We're getting on quite famously."

"That's all right. I've been talking things over with him a good deal, and he means to be square. He's a well-meaning kid—just a little skittish sometimes. Beg your pardon, but I'm going your way—"

"Oh, certainly," murmured Honor as he caught step with her.

It was apparent before he spoke that he was going her way, and the idea was not disagreeable. It was a real adventure to be walking beside the Little Boss, candidate for the State senate and, according to the Republican *Journal*, an unreliable and dangerous character. He chuckled when presently she spoke of the plumbing scandal.

"We've got it on 'em, all right. They'll say to-morrow that I'm sore because I didn't get the contract myself. Well, I was, all right. Of course the old guys on the school board didn't know they were getting stung; but that's their trouble. They're so afraid of having to pay a little taxes that they screw everything down till the valves crack."

He made light of his candidacy for the State senate when she referred to it.

"Well, I didn't want that job—not particularly—but they've rubbed it in so much about my being a crook that I thought I'd give 'em a chance to down me. I'm going to give 'em a run for their money— I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed hurriedly, as though remembering that he was speaking to an educator of youth. "By the way, I don't want you to answer if you'd rather not, but about this school row, what's the real dope? I don't know anything about such things, but are the schools rotten or not?"

"The methods are old—that's all. The superintendent would be all right if the board gave him a chance. The teachers are all scared to death, and that's another bad thing. The commissioners meddle with things that ought to be left to Mr. Gale."

"I just wanted to know," Foley replied, slowly. "I didn't start that fuss, but I guess I'll have to butt in a little. They're always bragging about keeping the schools out of politics, when they've built up a little machine of their own that's hard to beat. I guess it ought to have a jolt. *Am* I right?" he demanded.

"I think you are, Mr. Foley," said Honor, smiling at his intonation. "Of course I'm not much interested personally, because I don't expect to be here another year; but for the good of the town I hope the jolt will be a hard one."

"Don't pack your things yet," he said, holding the derby tenderly against his shoulder at the boarding-house door. "It's a good town and getting better. Hang on; you never can tell what 'll happen. About Mickey — you're sure he's doing better?"

"Nobly! I'm not having the slightest trouble with Michael now."

He planted the derby on his head after another flourish and hurried away. Honor watched him for a moment before closing the door. The Little Boss was a new species. His deferential manner, his quiet earnestness, argued against his possessing the wily, vicious qualities the *Journal* ascribed to him. And he was fond of his young Michael; this, Honor thought, was greatly in his favor.

The next evening the meeting of the Mothers' Club of Wendell Phillips School was under way when she reached

the church. Many of the mothers had taken their husbands and children with them and the room was crowded. Honor found a seat near the door just as the chairman introduced the first speaker—the candidate for school commissioner of whom Miss Ferguson had spoken so bitterly.

What they all wanted, he said, was the best education they could give their children. He named the old commissioners, and dwelt upon the fact that they were all prosperous men, and that only one of them had ever had a child in the Kernville schools.

"They want us to be satisfied with anything they choose to give us, while they send their own children to private schools. It's not a square deal. All over the country school-houses are being used for social purposes by the neighbors, and why shouldn't they be? Why shouldn't our boys have the right to play in school-grounds instead of in the street and on the railroad tracks?"

He had been investigating the methods employed in other towns the size of Kernville, and read letters in proof of his assertion that the local schools were behind those of other cities.

The chairman then said that she had a surprise in store for the audience; that a man everybody in the Fourth Ward knew and admired was present and would express his sentiments on the school question.

"I have the honor to introduce the Honorable Thomas Foley."

The hat which Honor associated inevitably with Michael's father was now observable moving down the aisle on the arm of the Honorable Thomas. There was a great clapping of hands as the Little Boss appeared on the platform. With his right arm enfolding the derby protectingly, he began to speak in a conversational tone.

"I suppose I oughtn't to be here, for they say they don't want any politics in school business. I'm here this evening because I've decided there ought to be some. [Applause.] They say I'm a machine politician and a bad lot generally. Well, I didn't come here to brag about myself. Sometimes the machine does bad things, and when it does I'm just as sorry as anybody. I can tell you this, you folks that live around here and know me, that I intend to stay right on in the old Fourth Ward, and that I'm not going to do anything so rotten bad that the neighbors will turn their backs on me. I don't want people to point to my boy and say Mickey Foley's father's a crook and they don't want their kids to play with him. [Applause.] If I'm as bad as they say I am, I ought to be in jail. I've been thinking about this school business and I've just dropped in to tell you I'm against the old crowd." [Great applause.] He looked with sudden interest at his hat, waved it in acknowledgment of the hand-clapping, and concluded with, "Well, I guess that's about all from me."

Several other short speeches followed, and then, after a parley with the club secretary, the chairman said:

"One of the teachers of the Wendell Phillips School has kindly come to this meeting. I'm not going to call her name, but a good many of us know her, and if she feels like saying anything I'm sure we'll all be mighty glad to hear from her."

There was a craning of necks; several children in Honor's neighborhood rose and pointed her out. Honor, flushing scarlet, waited, hoping the chair would accept and respect her silence. It was bad enough to have ignored Miss Ferguson's warning and attended the meeting, without adding to her offense by lifting her voice against the powers. Vigorous applause gave her time for reflection. Several boys called her name loudly. Very likely she would lose her position; but these were simple, kindly people, and they were right in their protest. She had never taken a dare!

When she rose she was greeted with the noisiest applause of the evening.

"I didn't come here to say anything, but just to listen. I haven't had much experience as a teacher, but I believe the schools of Kernville can be made better. I think the superintendent could make your schools the best in the state if he had a chance. I hope you're all going to help give him the chance." And then, suddenly very much at ease, and smiling, she said, "I don't believe I can improve the last remark made by Mr. Foley—'I guess that's about all from me'!"



Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"YOU'RE VERY NAUGHTY," SAID HONOR, SEVERELY

At a special meeting of the board held at noon the next day the superintendent was instructed to demand Miss Bright's resignation. Gale refused. She was an efficient and successful teacher, he declared, and he would not punish any employee in his charge for attending a meeting that had been marked by perfect order and propriety.

The board, afraid of the consequences of removing the superintendent, let the matter stand; but Honor became immediately an issue of the campaign. Even the partisan papers were obliged to take note of the demand of the commissioners for her discharge, and the *Telegram* espoused her cause in an editorial headed, "Why Gag the School-Teachers?"

Honor declined requests for her photograph to be reproduced in the *Telegram*, and continued her work at Wendell Phillips, where her associates, cautioned by the principal, showed so markedly their distrust of her that she ceased joining them with her luncheon at the noon recess and ate alone in her room.

In spite of the arduous duties of the campaign—including his "speeches," never more than fifty words in length, which the *Journal* ridiculed daily—the Little Boss found it possible several times a week to walk home with Honor. He talked politics chiefly, and it was a pleasant and novel experience to learn from him of strategic movements that never got into the newspapers. He was putting in his best licks, he told her, to push the independent school ticket through. He consulted her about a parade he was planning of all the school children in the city on the Saturday afternoon before election day, and he asked Honor to furnish inscriptions for the banners, which he said must be numerous and "snappy."

This demonstration was the biggest hit of the campaign. It was preceded by a band and the entire police force of Kernville. The participation of the police evoked a roar from the *Journal*, which declared that Foley had gone into the school fight merely to bolster up the failing strength of the Democratic machine. Wendell Phillips was represented by the largest delegation contributed by any of the schools. The Little Boss's son, much swollen with pride, bore a banner (chosen for him by his discriminating parent) inscribed, "Pay Our Teachers Living Wages."

Honor's meetings with Foley did not pass unobserved; in fact, she made no attempt to avoid observation. She merely walked out of the school gate, and there, quite by chance it might have appeared to any one, the Little Boss rose up out of nowhere and walked away with her.

Miss Ferguson, who had been ignoring Honor as much as possible since the deadlock between the board and the superintendent over the question of discharging her, accosted Honor in the hall late one afternoon. The principal's calm, assured manner poorly concealed her intense agitation.

"Miss Bright, I feel that as a *friend* I should tell you that that man Foley, who's been seen walking home with you, is a saloon-keeper! If you *must* see him, I think it would be more prudent if you met him elsewhere."

Honor flushed, murmured, "Thank you," and hurried on. It was disagreeable news, if true, and she had no grounds for denying it. The next morning's *Journal* jubilantly trumpeted the same information. Foley, while ostensibly a plumber by occupation, was conducting a saloon at Harney and Dodge Streets; and in proof of this a picture of the place was offered in evidence. That evening Honor resolved to have a look at "Shiel's Bar," as the *Journal* described the saloon.

As she passed the corner rapidly the door opened and, lifting her eyes, she caught a glimpse of Foley standing behind the cigar-counter with the unfailing derby on the back of his head, evidently engaged in studying a number of papers lying open before him. Beyond him shone the mirror and fixtures of the bar —a pleasant background against which to see a man who has been walking home with you! One glimpse was enough; she hurried on with mounting indignation. Manifestly his enemies had scored heavily in uncovering Foley's connection with a saloon, and it was quite clear that as a self-respecting young woman she could not suffer him longer to hang about the school gate waiting for her.

The next afternoon she took the precaution to leave the school-house by a side gate, to avoid the possibility of meeting him. When she came out into her usual course again she found the Little Boss sedately waiting. He grinned cheerfully as she approached.

"Miss Bright, please let me speak to you a moment," he began hastily, moving along beside her. "I know why you dodged me and I don't blame you. I just want to tell you about that saloon business. It's all in the *Telegram* to-night. I never owned that place or any other saloon. Old Pat Shiel was a good friend of mine even if he did run a saloon. He died last summer, and somebody had to take charge of things for his widow, and they put me in as administrator. I wouldn't have taken it if it hadn't been to help out Mrs. Shiel and her kids. I'm going to sell it out as soon as I can. It's all the woman's got. I knew you wouldn't like that story. I'm mighty sorry"; and then he added, "I beg your pardon."

"I'm glad to know this," said Honor, quietly, "and I appreciate your telling me."

He turned toward her with his amusing smile and, lowering his voice, said, "We had that fake worked off on the *Journal* on purpose."

"I don't believe I see the point," Honor confessed.

"Well, you see, it's this way. They hadn't been hitting me hard enough to warm up our side, and about this time in a campaign you've got to get some punch into things. To show me up as a booze-dealer looks like a knock-out. When we spring the answer and show that I'm only helping out a poor widow with four children they wobble back on the ropes. We framed the whole business at headquarters and then let the *Journal* shoot it off as a big scoop. I guess maybe you think it's pretty low politics," he added, humbly, "but—"

"You're very naughty," said Honor, severely, "just as Michael is disposed to be sometimes. He can reach across the aisle and twitch a little girl's pigtail and look as innocent as a lamb when the girl screams."

"He's been doing that!" ejaculated Foley.

"Oh, not lately!" Honor hastened to assure him. "I meant years and years ago—before his reformation."

On the night of election-day Honor made up a party at the boarding-house to go down-town to watch the returns flashed on a screen in front of the *Telegram* office. She was not interested a particle in what forty precincts in Syracuse had done, or whether Tammany had put through its candidate for governor; but by eleven o'clock the news of the local fight began to crystallize. This was the first stirring report:

Returns at this hour indicate that two of the independent candidates for school commissioner have been elected.

The crowd greeted this with much cheering, which was intensified a few minutes later when the three independent candidates were declared to be safe. Then this cryptic statement followed:

Complete returns from 60 precincts in Bliss County: For state senator, Foley, Dem., leads Smythe, Rep., by 1800.

While the crowd cheered, a picture of Foley was flashed, and the uproar was intensified. His face wore his familiar smile; he looked more than ever like Michael, Honor thought.

Vague reports from California held the screen, and then an automobile appeared at the edge of the crowd and cries went up for Foley. The crowd turned its back upon highly unimportant returns from Texas and began demanding that Foley should speak. Under an arc-lamp at the corner Honor now saw the Little Boss standing up in the car, tipping his derby and shaking his head in reply to the demand for a speech. As the noise continued and grew he raised the derby to command silence.

"I'm mighty glad to see you all feeling so good," he said, looking out over the tightly packed crowd. "I'm feeling pretty good myself. [Laughter.] They've been saying around Kernville for a good while that I'm a crook. I've given 'em a chance to prove it. Have they made good? [A wild blur of no's.] I haven't any hard feelings against anybody. All I want is to get for Bliss County and Kernville everything the folks is entitled to. And

listen! When you all come up to the legislature I want you to tell the man at the door to call me out right away, because you're dead sure Tom Foley wants to see you."

Smythe concedes Foley's election

struck the screen as he waved his hat and dropped from sight.

The Little Boss no longer haunted the school gate, but boldly presented himself three evenings a week at Honor's boarding-house. There was something that pleased Honor deeply in his humility over his success.

"When you've had your head punched as much as I have you don't just naturally swell up over a little thing like that," he said a few evenings after the election. "But I'm going to try to get some things done for our town. I'm reading up on city government, and I guess there's some new ideas we ought to have for Kernville. If it won't bother you too much, I wish you'd look at some of these books I've been getting about the way to run towns like this. I'd like to know what you think about 'em."

Michael, a willing delivery agent, began leaving sundry and divers packages at the door—offerings which preluded long conferences between Foley and Honor on weighty matters. The fact that the newly elected school commissioners took office on the first of January, and a suspicion that Honor had influence with the superintendent and in other high quarters, contributed to a kindlier attitude toward her at the school-house.

Foley called on New-Year's eve with a white carnation in his buttonhole. He and Honor were on such terms now that she openly chaffed him on occasions. He had been busy since election straightening out his business, and he confided to her that he had secured a couple of good contracts that would keep his shop busy while he wore his senatorial toga at the capital. He had been concerned for Michael's safety during his absence, but had arranged to place him with a neighbor.

"And I'll keep an eye on him, too," said Honor.

"I guess you see enough of him in school," Foley replied, lifting the precious derby from the hat-rack preparatory to his usual abrupt exit. "You know, Miss Bright, I want to give the lad a good chance. I want to see him get somewhere; I want—I want—to send him to college!"

"That's what I hoped you meant to do," replied Honor, from the parlor door. "He's worth it. There's the making of a fine man in Michael."

The Little Boss glanced into his hat to hide his embarrassment. His affection for the boy had touched Honor from the beginning of their acquaintance. And there was beyond question something very appealing in the Little Boss. He was only thirty, she had learned, and he had been thrown on the world to shift for himself at fourteen. His achievements were, on the whole, amazing; and his ambitions as he modestly confessed them were highly creditable.

"I'm going down to the capital tomorrow. You see it's a new game and I want to get the hang o' things before the session opens."

"I suppose it's best to do that. Well, I'll miss you while you're away."

He looked at her quickly, then regarded his hat fixedly.

"I forgot to tell you," Honor remarked, "that Mr. Gale has offered me another place. He wants me to be his secretary and work at the school office."

"I hope you won't take it!" said Foley in a tone that implied that some great indignity lay behind the superintendent's compliment. "It wouldn't be square to the folks around Wendell Phillips. Why, you're the most popular teacher they ever had over there."

"Oh, far from that!" she protested.

"And besides"—he referred again to the interior of his hat and then met her brown eyes with his candid blue ones—"and besides, I was going to offer you a job myself. You see, Miss Bright," he went on, hastily, "ever since that day the old lady up at the school jumped you for chasing little Mickey—"

Honor was somewhat astonished a few moments later to find herself standing on his derby.

The Close of John Hay's Career

From his UNPUBLISHED LETTERS and DIARIES

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

FOR convenience we group a statesman's work according to topics; in real life, however, there is no such grouping. We cannot isolate tasks which overlap or go forward simultaneously. So it was with Secretary Hay. Long before he signed the treaty with the new Republic of Panama he had many other issues on his hands. I pass over the abortive negotiations to buy the Danish Islands—failure in which several observers believed they detected German counterplay; I pass over also Hay's eager support of the first Hague Tribunal and of subsequent appeals to it, and his efforts in behalf of international copyright. The chief business which absorbed him at the end of 1903 concerned the Far East.

Although constantly professing her intention of evacuating Manchuria, Russia not only stayed on there, but menaced Korea. Japan formed, in 1902, a league with England which wonderfully strengthened the self-reliance of the little men of Nippon. Early in 1903 Secretary Hay pressed upon the Russian government the need of respecting the integrity of China. On May 12th he writes to the President:

We have the positive and categorical assurance of the Russian Government that the so-called "convention of seven points" has not been proposed by Russia to China. We have this assurance from Count Cassini here, from Mr. McCormick [American Ambassador to Russia] directly from Count Lamsdorff in Petersburg, and through Sir Michael Herbert [British Ambassador at Washington], from the Russian Ambassador in London. . . . *Per contra*, we have from Conger in Pekin, from our Commissioners in Shanghai, from the Japanese Legation here, and from the British Embassy, substantially identical copies of the "convention of seven points," which there is no shadow of doubt the Russians have been, and perhaps still are, forcing upon the Government of China. . . . I have intimated to Cassini that the inevitable result of their present course of aggression would be the seizure by different Powers of different provinces in China, and the accomplishment of the dismemberment of the empire. He shouts in reply: "This is already done. China is dismembered and we are entitled to our share."

The next confidential letter, addressed to Mr. White, in London, reveals the difficulties against which Hay was working:

The Manchurian matter is far more delicate and more troublesome. Russia, as you know, has given us the most positive assurances that the famous "convention of seven points" never existed. We have a verbatim copy of it as it was presented, with preamble and appendix, by Monsieur Plançon, to the Chinese Government. If they choose to disavow Plançon, and to discontinue their attempts to violate their agreements, we shall be all right; but, if the lie they have told was intended to serve only for a week or two, the situation will become a serious one. The Chinese, as well as the Russians, seem to know that the strength of our position is entirely moral, and if the Russians are convinced that we will not fight for Manchuria—as I suppose we will not—and the Chinese are convinced that they have nothing but good to expect from us and nothing but a beating from Russia, the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor devils of Chinks as the raised club. Still, we must do the best we can with the means at our disposition. [May 22, 1903.]

Our strength in Russia is, of course, not with the military or diplomatic sections of the Government [Mr. Hay writes to Minister Conger in Peking], but with Mr. Witte and the whole financial world of Russia. [June 13, 1903.]

In spite of warnings and dissuasions, however, Russia pursued her policy, and at the beginning of 1904 she forced the Japanese to conclude that they must

either accept Russian domination down to the shores of the Japan Sea—a domination which would soon overshadow themselves—or attack the Russians before they had assembled their full strength. To the surprise of the Powers, the Japanese chose the latter course.

Mr. Hay's diary gives us the clue to the swiftly maturing events:

January 5, 1904.—From despatches received from Tokio and from the Japanese Legation here it is evident that no attempt at mediation will do any good. Russia is clearly determined to make no concessions to Japan. They think—that is, Alexieff and Bezobrazoff, who seem to have complete control of affairs—that now is the time to strike, to crush Japan and to eliminate her from her position of influence in the Far East. They evidently think there is nothing to be feared from us—and they have of course secured pledges from Germany and France which make them feel secure in Europe.

January 6th.—The President notices a decided change of opinion against Russia. Herman Ridder has told him he can get up a big dinner in New York of Germans and Irish to express sympathy with Japan.

January 9th.—Takahira [the Japanese Minister at Washington] saw for the first time in some weeks a possible gleam of light. He asked me whether it would seem ungracious on the part of Japan to desist from claiming "foreign settlements" in Manchuria—showing that this is one of the points Russia is insisting on. I told him that we reserved our treaty right to discuss the matter, but that we were not at present insisting on it.

January 11th.—I saw Takahira, who read me several long despatches from his Government. One saying they had asked strict neutrality from China, in the interest of China and the civilized world—and another giving excellent reasons why they did not desire the mediation of other Powers; as they would inure to the advantage of Russia through endless delays.

America's good offices had as little effect as had the counsels of European bankers and diplomats in averting the war. On February 8th Admiral Togo, commanding the Japanese fleet, made a dash on Port Arthur and attacked the Russians. The day before, Secretary Hay, just returned from a trip to Georgia, was shown a memorandum which the German ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, had presented to the President. Read now, it proves to be the clue to a puzzle which mystified diplomacy then. It suggested that the German Emperor desired

that we take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations. I said I thought we ought to eliminate the last clause and include "the administrative entity of China." The President agreed.

On February 8th Mr. Hay had the draft ready to show to the President and other persons, who approved of it. Among them were the German and Chinese envoys. The latter

was greatly pleased to know what we had done. So was Takahira, who came in and talked of the situation with profound emotion, which expressed itself in a moment of tears and sobs as he left me.

Cassini [the Russian Ambassador] came to my house at 2.30 and stayed an hour. He spent most of the time in accusing Japan of lightness and vanity; he seemed little affected by the imminence of war, expecting a speedy victory, but admitting that the war, however it resulted, would profit nobody.

From this time forward Mr. Hay received almost daily visits from Takahira and Cassini. The Japanese was always courteous and dignified; the Russian was often fretful, peevish, and complaining if bad news came—and the news was usually bad for Russia—or he was surly and overbearing to such a point that Mr. Hay seems more than once to have been on the point of showing him the door. Count Cassini deceived himself by thinking that the way to propitiate the Secretary and the American people was to arraign the government for unneutrality. He would come to the State Department in a rage over some newspaper article, or some joke or cartoon, and once, when a Japanese consul was reported to have shouted "Banzai" at a public dinner in New York, Count Cassini could hardly refrain from making an international question of it.

Appreciating how much the unexpected reverses must embitter him, Secretary Hay did his best to make allowances for the untactful Russian, but from the start he feared, and with reason, that Cassini was "in no humor to be a safe counselor to Lamsdorff," the Russian Foreign Minister.

Having already had unofficial notice

that England, France, Russia, China, and Japan would be glad to consider it, on February 12th Hay launched his circular. He counted upon Germany, because the Kaiser had made the original suggestion.

I get many inquiries as to the exact meaning of a note which [Hay writes] was properly left indefinite.

Within ten days the Powers chiefly interested agreed in substance to the American circular.

Three more extracts from the diary on this matter must suffice.

March 1.—Cassini came at three and stayed till five. His object was to hand me a memorandum from Russia, limiting the theater of war in Manchuria, which, like everything from that country, has a "false bottom." He talked for an hour about American unfriendliness. I told him that the Japs were cleverer—they talked of our friendliness.

March 2.—There is an interview with Cassini printed in the papers to-day containing much that he said to me yesterday; giving the government credit for being correct, but going for the people and the press. Takahira also resorts to the newspapers to sustain the attitude of Japan.

March 9.—[The President] is determined to do his duty by Russia and not be swerved from strict neutrality by her pettishness, nor to show any unfriendliness to Japan by reason of it.

Throughout the year, Secretary Hay had the war in the Far East constantly on his mind, and the days were rare when he escaped a call from Mr. Takahira and Count Cassini. But many other perplexing matters required his attention. I omit the later efforts of the Colombians to undo the Republic of Panama; nor can I detail the negotiations to protect China.

Early in the spring the coming Presidential campaign began to absorb the Republican administration. Months before, Hay foresaw that Mr. Roosevelt's renomination would not be disputed. At a time when Senator Hanna, the Republican "Warwick," was supposed to be casting about for a more pliable candidate, Hay wrote as follows to a correspondent in Brooklyn, who seems to have suggested that Hay himself should run:

A veteran observer, like you and me, ought never to shut his eyes to accomplished facts. Roosevelt is already nominated. Hanna knows this as well as the rest of us. He is not going to oppose him, and Roosevelt will be nominated by acclamation in the convention. I do not believe another name will be put forward in opposition. Of course, I am for him against all comers, if the matter were in controversy, but even if it were not, and if I were a possibility (which I am not), no earthly consideration would induce me to accept a nomination for that place. When I get through with my present job I shall never hold another public office. [To W. F. G. Shanks, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 24, 1903.]

Mr. Cortelyou, on Secretary Root's declination, was chosen Republican campaign manager. The Democrats temporarily shook off Mr. Bryan and his free-silver platform, and sought another candidate with different issues. In spite of their hold on power, the Republicans felt anxious until late in the summer. Hay's diary again serves to light up the campaign and his own attitude toward it:

April 12.—In the Cabinet meeting to-day the President set forth at great length the difficulties and dangers of the campaign, as a preliminary to the suggestion that the welfare of the Republican party in this trying hour demanded that I should make some speeches. The motion was seconded by Shaw and Moody with considerable eloquence. I sat mute—fearing to speak lest I should lose my temper. It is intolerable that they should not see how much more advantageous to the administration it is that I should stay at home to do my work than that I should cavort around the country making lean and jejune orations.

April 24.—The President had only been here a few minutes this morning when Nicholas Murray Butler and Joe Bishop came in. They were very much amused at the frantic energy with which Mr. Cleveland is denying that he ever showed any common civility to a negro. They seem to think it indicated that in spite of all protestations he still desires the Presidential nomination.

The Republicans at their convention on June 23d nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks for President and Vice-President. The next day Hay records:

Cabinet meeting to-day. The President was not specially elated—it was too clear a walk-over.

On July 9th the Democrats chose Judge Alton B. Parker as their nominee for the Presidency. Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Choate the following caustic and characteristically partisan criticism of Judge Parker's action.

The conventions have met and adjourned, and I think we are left in an excellent position for the campaign. The last day of the St.Louis convention was the scene of several dramatic incidents which the Democratic papers seem to think will be to the advantage of Parker. I cannot agree with them. He held his tongue rigidly, giving no hint of his position on any question until the platform was made and he was nominated. The next morning the three most important opposition papers in New York—the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *World*—had leaders furiously denouncing the platform. Upon this Parker took a sudden fright, feeling that his nomination would be worthless if he was to lose his Eastern support in the press, and he at once sent a telegram to St. Louis, saying that he was in favor of the gold standard, and if they did not like it they could nominate somebody else. He knew perfectly well they could not nominate any one else, nor could they change their platform, but he accomplished his purpose in extorting from them permission for him to accept without changing his views. So they are now before the country, the platform by its silence indorsing the Bryanite view of the money question, and the candidate trying to save himself by a repudiation of the convention—something which has never happened before, so far as I remember, except in the case of McClellan, with consequences not to be envied. They are all extolling to-day the boldness of Parker, his boldness consisting in his having held his tongue until he had secured the nomination, and then, in a blue funk over the outburst of the newspapers Saturday morning, repudiating the platform, to which his representatives had explicitly consented. Yet, singularly enough, this rather pitiful performance has helped him in public opinion. [July 11, 1904.]

The next letter, dated July 13th, discloses President Roosevelt's willingness to accept suggestions, and, incidentally, it repeats Mr. Hay's trenchant opinion of the Democratic adversaries.

I return herewith the draft of your speech. I am sorry to return it almost absolutely intact. Knowing how you yearn for the use of the meat-ax on your offspring, I always feel in default when I send back your drafts with no words but those of unlimited admiration. I really think this is one of the best speeches you have ever made. The first two pages are severe, but absolutely just and dignified, and the rest is history with a fine flavor of actuality. [Here follow three suggestions as to verbal changes.]

We are in the world and we have got to be patient with our environment, but I find it hard to keep my temper over the falsetto shrieks of rapture of *The Evening Post* about the trick which Parker played on his convention. I cannot say I have much sympathy with the Tillmans, the Williamses, and the Clarks, but I think Bryan has the right to go to his Nebraska home chanting the immortal refrain of Bret Harte:

"He played it that day upon Williams and me in a way I despise."

And the most exasperating thing about it is that Parker really seems to have scored by this act of treachery, dictated by abject cowardice. But it is a good while until election, and the hard-headed common sense of the American voters "won't do a thing to him" in the mean time.

In spite of his reluctance, Mr. Hay made three speeches during the season: at the opening of the St. Louis Fair; at the semi-centennial celebration of the birth of the Republican party at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6th; and at Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 26th. Only the last was directly political; but the Jackson speech, judging by its wide circulation, was regarded by the Republican managers as their best campaign document. Not long before election, Judge Parker publicly accused President Roosevelt of employing a corruption fund to turn the votes to his side. Mr. Roosevelt waited for several days in silence, and then issued a crushing denial. Secretary Hay describes this episode in a letter to Mr. Frank H. Mason, consul-general at Berlin:

I am getting to be an old man, and naturally take a calmer view of political contests than when I was young, but never since the early Frémont days have I been so absolutely certain of the justice of our cause and of its certain triumph. The other side had no programme, and, as it turned out in the last week of the campaign, no candidate. Their platform was as complete a humbug as Parker himself. The force of comparison could go no farther. When he emerged from Esopus for the whirlwind close of his campaign he first insinuated his charges against the President half under his breath, but, receiving no reply for a day or two, he grew

bolder and bolder, until at last he went roaring about that the President knew he was guilty and dared not answer. This was simply a vulgar gamble on what he assumed was the President's sense of dignity; but when, on Saturday morning, he got a blow square between the eyes from the "big stick" and was called a liar, and a malignant liar, and a knowing and conscious liar, we were all of us a little curious during the day to know what reply he would make Saturday night. Of course, we knew that his charges were absolutely false, but we could not regard it as possible that he had made them without any foundation whatever in his own mind. The two or three possibilities we thought of were a forgery, or some fool letter from some fool friend of the President, but when it turned out that all the proof he had of his charges were his own assertions made during the week, it became too ridiculous. It reminded one of the lines in the "Hunting of the Snark": "I have said it once; I have said it again; when I say it three times, it's true." I have no doubt that the pitiful collapse of his campaign of mendacity cost him many, many thousands of votes. . . .

I do not amount to much myself this fall. I do not know that I have any local lesion anywhere, but I feel a gentle flavor of mild decay which gives the contradiction—which I am too polite to give myself—to the President's announcement that I shall be here for four years to come. [November 26, 1904.]

Toward the end of this year rumors of peace kept cropping up. Takahira expressed anxiety lest the European Powers, by compelling mediation, should deprive Japan of the fruits of victory. Secretary Hay assured him that the American government, while remaining strictly neutral, would not consent to a repetition of the injustice of 1894. On November 17th Hay received a telegram from St. Petersburg, saying: "I am requested to inform you that the Emperor earnestly desires to accept the President's proposal, but will be prevented by existing conditions." It required further defeats—at the Hun River, and Mukden on land, and in the Sea of Japan—to bring Russia to terms. From the diary:

1905, January 3.—The air is still full of rumors of peace by our intervention. I gave the newspapers to understand that we were doing nothing and had no intention of interfering in a matter where our interference is not wanted.

On January 5th occurs this still more important entry, in which the German Kaiser's suggestion is set forth:

Sternburg wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor, who requested him to telegraph the President: "He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the policy of the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition headed by France is under formation directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: you should ask all Powers having interests in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape of territory, or other compensation in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands, and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would at once become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain any territorial advantages without simultaneously provoking selfish aims of the neutral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the north of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would then be the first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness."

Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals—asks a reply.

January 9.—I found [the President] full of the proposition of the German Emperor. He had come to the same conclusion at which I had arrived the day before: that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him, and 2d, to ascertain the views of the other Powers. I went home and wrote out a letter for the President to send to Sternburg for the Emperor, expressing gratification at his assurances of disinterestedness and promising to sound the Powers.

January 10.—I submitted my letter to the President, which he approved and sent by cable. I then wrote a circular for our

Ambassadors, speaking of the apprehension entertained by some courts, which the President was loath to share, etc. I then repeated our attitude as to the integrity of China, etc., and asked for the views of the respective Powers.

January 13.—I sent off the "self-denying" circular this morning and wired Choate that we hoped the British Government would join, and told him to let Lord Lansdowne know the disposition of Germany toward it. Speck's letter, amplifying his telegram, arrived yesterday, in which he quotes the Kaiser as saying he is afraid of a combination between England, France, and Russia for the spoliation of China. It is a most singular incident. If the Kaiser is speaking frankly, he is far less intimately *lié* with the Czar than most people have believed. But either way our course is clear. Our policy is not to demand any territorial advantage and to do what we can to keep China entire.

January 18.—Choate telegraphed from London that Lord Lansdowne, who was at Bowood, had wired him "full concurrence" in our Neutral Powers circular. Meyer says the same thing from Italy. . . . The answers from England and Italy show clearly the extent of the Kaiser's illusion.

January 19.—This morning a cable from Porter saying that the French government fully concurs in our view and does not desire concession of territory from China. That virtually finishes the series. America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy make a body of power which nobody will think of gainsaying.

January 20.—[Despatch says] that Bülow has answered our circular of the 13th. He is gratified that we have resolved to take steps to maintain integrity of China and Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition—which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Empire. Refers to Anglo-German agreement of October 14, 1900!! In that agreement binds itself to principle [of the] Open Door and therefore, scarcely necessary to add, does not seek further acquisition of territory in China.

What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China.

Historians also may echo Mr. Hay's question, "What did the Kaiser mean?" Perhaps the solution may be found in his intrigues in Morocco and humiliation of France in the spring of 1905. Being in the toils of the war with Japan, Russia could not help France. Therefore William II. felt secure in interfering in the Franco-Moroccan negotiations. On June 6th M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was forced to resign. One of the last entries in John Hay's diary reads:

June 7.—Delcassé finally resigned yesterday. The Kaiser scored against France, and emphasized his score by making von Bülow a Prince the same day. I wonder whether it was worth while.

February 4.—[X writes] that the King of —— asked him who was the sovereign whose anxieties set on foot my circular of the 13th January. He said he did not know. "It could hardly have been Germany?" said the King with a twinkle.

February 11.—Takahira showed me a despatch from Komura [Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs], that the German Minister at Tokio had called on him to say that, as there were various rumors afloat, his Government wished him to say that there was no truth in the story that Germany was trying to make a combination with Russia and France to arrange terms of peace favorable to Russia; and that they were friendly to Russia as is required by neighborhood: but that they had done nothing in the way of peace negotiations, and wished to remain on terms of cordial friendliness with Japan. Komura expressed his gratification and reciprocated expression of friendliness. Takahira—and Komura, as I understood—thought this move of Germany was the result of our circular and the responses.

February 13.—Sternburg says the British Ambassador in Petersburg has pointed out to Count Lamsdorff the advantages for Russia of a speedy conclusion of peace. The Ambassador stated that Lamsdorff seemed to agree with him. Benckendorff [Russian Ambassador in London] has had similar interview with Lansdowne [British Foreign Secretary]. German Foreign Office believes these preliminary discussions have been carried on without the knowledge of the Czar, and are entirely confidential. They are anxious to be kept informed of Japan's attitude in relation to peace negotiations.

February 15.—The President keeps warning Japan not to be exorbitant in her terms of peace.

February 17.—[The Kaiser] still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England, and Russia, to partition China. He says he was asked to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January 13th gave the scheme the *coup de grâce*. The only proof of the story he gives is an interview between Doumer and Prince Radolin [German Ambassador in Paris]. It is a strange incident—*qui donne à penser.*

Hay was not destined to take part in

the actual negotiations for peace. For several months his health had grown visibly worse. He himself seems to have had a conviction that his end was not far off. On November 22, 1904, he wrote Mr. G. W. Smalley, the New York correspondent of the *London Times:*

As to the announcement of my remaining here the rest of my life—for it amounts to that—it was a very characteristic action of the President. He has always appeared to take it for granted that I was to stay here as long as he did, and has several times somewhat vehemently said so, but he has never formally asked me to remain through his next term, and I have never formally consented to do so. The announcement in the newspapers was a proceeding of his own, dictated by occult motives into which it would be hardly reverent to inquire. There is, perhaps, no reason why I should not stay, except weariness of body and spirit, and that seems not to be a sufficient reason. But how long, is a question for Providence and the doctors to decide.

The business in which Mr. Hay was most directly concerned during his last months in Washington was the negotiation of a large number of arbitration treaties, to serve, he hoped, to lessen the likelihood of war throughout the world. But these treaties seemed to the Senate to deprive it of its constitutional right, and accordingly the Senators opposed them. On February 3d Mr. Hay sets down in his diary:

The President spent an hour with me in the afternoon. He was deeply disturbed about the state of the treaties in the Senate, not so much at the opposition of the Democrats as at the nerveless acquiescence of our people in every attack that is made upon them. Knox and Spooner now take the ground that every separate agreement to arbitrate, under these treaties, must be submitted to the Senate: if this provision is incorporated it leaves us exactly where we are now.

The opposition had its way in spite of President Roosevelt's robust exhortations and Secretary Hay's arguments.

February 12. — The Senate yesterday, after reading the President's letter, adopted the amendment, and then ratified the treaties. The President, and, in my lesser degree, myself, were the object of a good many venomous speeches. There were several reasons for this action. The Clan-na-Gael had worked more effectively than any one thought. The Southerners felt their repudiated debts could not trouble them if the amendment were carried. There was a loud clamor that the rights of the Senate were invaded—but every individual Senator felt that his precious privilege must be safeguarded. And then, the President's majority was too big—they wanted to teach him that he wasn't *it.*

The President, according to Mr. Hay, saw the situation plainly enough; decided not to submit the treaties for the ratification of the other Powers; and made up his mind to go slow in making any more treaties.

A treaty entering the Senate [Mr. Hay writes] is like a bull going into the arena: no one can say just how or when the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive.

The last rebuff in Mr. Hay's long struggle with the Senate was personal. In the summer of 1904 the French government wished to confer upon him its highest distinction—the Grand Crown of the Legion of Honor—in appreciation of his efforts for the peace of the world. He was for declining, but the President urged him to accept out of regard for France and for the cause which prompted the decoration. When, however, a resolution was moved in the Senate to authorize him to accept, the "gray wolves" in that body, glad of an opportunity to vent their ill-will against the too unyielding Secretary, voted no.

They struck a dying man. After the inauguration of Roosevelt, Hay was ordered to Europe, in the hope that rest and the baths of Nauheim might restore him. On June 15th he landed in New York, "improved," the doctors said, but still needing several months of absolute freedom from care. Having made a short trip to Washington, to confer with the President, he reached his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire, on June 24th. There he died on July 1, 1905, worn out in the service of his country.

Patricia, Angel-at-Large

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—III

BY MARGARET CAMERON

ALL through luncheon Patricia avoided Blaisdell's glance, and whenever he addressed her directly she used his approach as a springboard from which to dive into animated conversation with some one else. And she did not withdraw from her engagement with Bob. By the time coffee was served on the veranda the diplomat was beginning to wonder uneasily whether, after all, it was his bluff that was called, and his pulse dropped a beat and then raced when he heard her remark, in a casual tone, as she took her cup from the tray:

"It wouldn't surprise me if there should be more things wrong with my machine than Kate could discover up in that tree-top. In which case I may not be able to take you up this afternoon." She smiled across at Bob.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "Don't you think it will be all right? It will tomorrow, anyway. Won't it?"

"Now, Rob! You're not going up in that awful thing!" his mother began, but he interrupted:

"Oh, for Pete's sake, mums, do be reasonable!"

"I *am* reasonable! I *never* interfere with your pleasures. Haven't I taken up dancing and skating and golf—and even tennis—just so I can be a companion to you? Do I ever complain about spending hours in your boat—though I always was timid on the water? Don't I go away off into the wilds with you, and die a thousand deaths for fear you'll be shot yourself while you're out hunting? But you might sometimes show a little consideration for *me*, and you know perfectly well that if you go up in that flying-machine I shall endure tortures every single instant!"

"Then of course we won't go." Patricia nodded cheerfully at Bob, who thrust his hands into his pockets, looking embarrassed and sulky. "I wouldn't for a moment do anything to make you unhappy, Mrs. Chamberlain. Please forget it."

"I'd like to see how that woman of yours handles the problem of getting your machine out of the tree. Suppose we stroll over there," Howard suggested, to relieve the tension. So Patricia sauntered with him through the shaded paths, followed by the others in groups of two and three—Bob, far in the rear, contending the more hotly with his mother in defense of his adult masculine liberties because Elise and Blaisdell, conspicuously oblivious of the rest of the world, loitered along just out of earshot.

"I suppose aviation's an old story to you?" Patricia tentatively asked the engineer.

"On the contrary, it's an experience I'm eager to try."

"I'm afraid I can't tactfully invite anybody to go up with me now, even if my machine is in perfect condition. But, of course"—she lifted a twinkling upward glance—"if any one not related to my hostess should *ask* me to take him up—"

"You couldn't graciously refuse," he finished, with an answering gleam that told her she had not mistaken her man. "Especially if the request came from an engineer thirsting for scientific knowledge and experience."

"Unless—the engineer might have a timid wife," she intimated, to which he dryly responded:

"The wife of a construction engineer has disciplined nerves. She learns to distinguish between spice and gunpowder."

They found the machine resting safely on the ground, and Kate, under the dubious scrutiny of the chauffeur and the boatman, putting the final touches on the canvas patches that completed

the repairs. After looking it over carefully, and testing the engine, Patricia said:

"Very well, Kate. I'll try a turn or two, and if it's all right you may take it over to Mineola alone. I shall be staying here for several days. I think we can make a start from the lawn over there."

"Oh, I do wish she wouldn't!" fretted Mrs. Chamberlain, as they all trooped after the machine, which was trundled, under Patricia's supervision, to the spot she had indicated. "I know there'll be another awful accident! Mr. Blaisdell, you're an old friend. Do persuade her not to go up!"

"I'm afraid I have no influence," he replied, having learned the futility of direct remonstrance where Miss Carlyle's plans were concerned, but congratulating himself that at least he had succeeded in eliminating the monoplane as a future factor in her campaign at High Haven. "She seems to have the courage of her convictions."

"A good job, too!" Howard approved. "I like her pluck."

"Yes; isn't her courage wonderful!" Mrs. Yarnell concurred, with an air of paying graceful and admiring tribute. "And with it all she's so deliciously unself-conscious! I suppose it's really cowardice that makes most of us hesitate at anything that might seem the least bit spectacular, isn't it?"

"Oh, pussy!" murmured one of the women in the ear of another, and they both laughed quietly. "Pretty, clean, white pussy!"

Everything was in readiness for the start, and Patricia was about to slip into her seat, when Howard said, as if yielding to an irresistible impulse:

"Miss Carlyle, I'm greatly tempted! I've always wanted to go up in one of those things."

"There are others!" Bob resentfully interpolated.

"Of course I understand the principle well enough," the engineer continued, "but I'd like to see it work. Would you consider it an imposition if I asked you to let me go up with you?"

"Why—no! I'd be enchanted, but—" She hesitated, smiling doubtfully. "I don't want to distress anybody."

"Oh, don't go!" begged Mrs. Chamberlain. "Mrs. Howard, aren't you afraid to have him?"

"Not if he thinks it's safe," returned his placid spouse. "He generally knows."

"There, mums! Hear that!" Bob exploded. "Now I *am* going up! You'll take me later, won't you?" he appealed to Patricia, who lightly replied that she should take no passengers at all until she had made a trial flight with Kate and assured herself that the monoplane was in perfect condition. It was obvious, however, that this was a tactful evasion, covering refusal, and Chamberlain turned sharply away, his lip between his teeth. As he passed Blaisdell and Mrs. Yarnell, standing a little apart from the rest of the group, she called softly:

"Bob! Oh, Bob!"

"Yes?" He paused obediently, but did not join them.

"You're not going away?"

"Yes."

"Wait till we've seen them go up once, and take me with you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'd be bored," he said, politely. "I've got to go down to the kennels, and you don't care for dogs."

Patricia was not near enough to overhear the words, but she saw Chamberlain pause, resentment in every line of his young figure, and then stride moodily on alone. A moment later she stepped over to that side of the group to speak to Mrs. Howard, and dropped her glove, which Blaisdell returned to her.

"Oh, thank you so much!" she said, lightly. "You're really very useful today, Billy." Then, for the first time since their heated interview before luncheon, she measured glances with him—and smiled.

Howard was so fascinated by the sensation of flying that Patty offered to have Kate bring the machine over from Mineola whenever he wished to use it during her stay at High Haven, but he suggested:

"Why send it over there at all? Why not keep it here, where we can play with it often?"

"I'm afraid Mrs. Chamberlain wouldn't even give it tree room," was her laughing reply.

"I will! I'll do better than that. I have just the place for it—a dancing-pavilion that was put up for a garden-party last month, and has been left because the young people seem to enjoy dancing out of doors. It will cover this thing very nicely."

"But what about my hostess?" she objected. "I'm afraid I've precipitated trouble already, and if I keep the machine near by—"

"I'll take the responsibility for that," he interrupted. "Leave it to me. If it precipitates a certain amount of trouble it may keep more dangerous salts still in solution." Whereupon she decided that she had here an intelligent ally in case of need, but gave him no intimation that she understood.

There was a dance in the neighborhood that night, and before it was over Miss Carlyle's popularity was established. Under her every mood was an elusive grace which most of the men would have defined as simplicity and most of the women as subtlety, but which captivated them all; and Bob Chamberlain would have been less than the normal youth he was had he failed to enjoy and to emphasize a little his position as escort of this girl, for whose favor every other man in the room was eager.

Moreover, in some laughing, negative way infinitely soothing to his irritated nerves, she contrived, without direct reference to the events of the day, to make him feel that the immediate family connections of every aviator, irrespective of age or sex, had to be "gentled," like so many fractious horses, into tolerance of the new vehicle. Little by little he became pleasantly aware that what now began to appear as his tactful deference to his mother's prejudices in this matter had been only part of a delightful and humorous conspiracy, whereby he and this amusing and exceedingly pretty girl were going to hoodwink the whole neighborhood into playing their game. It was a comforting point of view, particularly as she did not seem to feel that either this community of interest or her position as his guest entitled her to a disproportionate share of his attention.

Altogether, he decided that she was a "peach," and confided as much to Elise Yarnell, who would have liked to punish him both for this and for his refusal to accept the favor she had offered him in the afternoon, but she perceived that it was not a moment for discipline, and devoted herself so assiduously to hay-making that Bob could not fail to realize that his sun was shining. The only shadow to mar his complete complacency was that on several occasions when he was dancing with Patricia, Blaisdell "cut in" and took her away. To be sure, on several other occasions when Elise was the diplomat's partner, Bob employed the same tactics with considerable satisfaction, but for some reason this did not balance the account. He resented yielding to the elder man at any point, and entirely failed to notice that when he danced with Mrs. Yarnell it was never Blaisdell who separated them.

They all motored home together in Mrs. Fairweather's car, and as they stood on the veranda in the small hours awaiting it, Patricia flashed a glance at Bob, who by this time was in high spirits, asking in an undertone, "How does seven o'clock look to you now?"

"Looks a long way off," he promptly and very audibly returned. "Awful mistake to waste perfectly good time sleeping. You're not quitting!"

"I?" She laughed. "You don't know me!"

"Quitting what? What are you two up to?" Blaisdell asked. When he learned that they intended to ride before breakfast, he turned with enthusiasm to Mrs. Yarnell, exclaiming: "Capital! Why don't we do that?"

"No use trying to lure Elise out of her downy before ten." Bob spoke with the assurance of experience. "She's afraid a bird will get her."

Had the situation been reversed and Mrs. Yarnell the younger woman, she would instantly have suggested her advantage in years by some honeyed assurance that her rival had not yet arrived at the time when she need guard against the only early bird a woman dreads — the one that marks her for every hour of lost sleep with crow's-feet. She was gathering herself to meet and parry this anticipated thrust, when Pa-

tricia turned toward her, saying, pleasantly: "Do come. Won't you?"

And rather than put that weapon again in the hand of the enemy, the widow returned, "Of course I'll come, with great pleasure!" resolving that she would manage, somehow, to rest during the day. But there she counted upon a slower game than either Patricia or Blaisdell intended to play.

There was no rest for any of them the next day—nor, indeed, for many days. Luncheons, teas, dinners, and dances followed one upon the other; riding, tennis, aviating, and boating filled the hours between; and no matter how late they danced, they were up and in the saddle early. Through it all, Patricia, Blaisdell, and the widow played their game of cross purposes before an amused and puzzled countryside, and only Bob was wholly without guile. Through it all, too, Patricia watched and listened, and gradually her interest in Bob, which at first had been the least of the motives governing her action, outgrew her friendly wish to please the Davenports, her love of adventure, and even her desire to pique Blaisdell, and became a very potent influence.

But, notwithstanding the prompting of "that passion of responsibility, that wild, irrational charity, which pours out of the depths of a woman's stirred being," she reminded herself of several marriages reputed to be happy despite the wife's seniority; and she remembered that the world is ever cynical about sentiment where a large fortune is concerned, and was troubled lest she might be denying another woman the benefit of the doubt. Her scruples would have been stilled could she have overheard a discussion between Mrs. Fairweather and her friend a few days after her own arrival. It began in a caustic allusion of the widow's to "that extraordinary girl the Chamberlains have taken up," and her hostess rejoined:

"I do hope, my dear, that you see now how dangerous it would be to tie yourself for life to that volatile boy. He'll be even harder to hold as time goes on, you know. Anyway, Mr. Blaisdell's much the more attractive of the two."

"Yes, Billy always was a lamb. Pity he has no money."

"I insist that he must have some money, or he couldn't afford the diplomatic service. And he can certainly give you a distinguished position."

"Oh, I suppose one might consider him and his little tuppenny-ha'penny legation seriously if nothing better offered." Mrs. Yarnell shrugged a careless shoulder. "But one can be sufficiently distinguished, and a lot more comfortable, at home—in a place like High Haven."

"Elise, I simply cannot understand your point of view!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairweather, with a touch of exasperation. "You must be mad! Are you in love with that good-looking boy? Is that it?"

"In love! With Bob? Good heavens!" The widow laughed.

"Then do try to be sensible! Money isn't everything."

"Isn't it?" cynically drawled the other. "It's the root of everything. I notice nothing I want grows without it."

"You may find several things you don't want growing with it, if you persist in this insane determination to marry a man ten years your junior."

"He's not ten years my junior!" snapped Elise.

"Well—nine, then. You're thirty-three."

"Mary, you'll be good enough to remember that I'm just twenty-seven!"

"Don't be silly, my dear," Mrs. Fairweather dryly advised. "We both know you're a scant seven years younger than I. At least you used to be."

"I am still, darling," sweetly returned her friend. "But please don't insist that I can't be as young as I am, simply because nobody will believe you're not as old as you look."

Knowing nothing of this, however, and beset by generous doubts, Patricia held firmly to the course she had marked out for herself—as firmly, that is, as the situation permitted, for Blaisdell's constant intervention in his own behalf made it impossible for her to establish—much less to maintain—that nice balance of relations which had been so important a feature of her original scheme, and she was forced to relinquish certain of her plans and substitute others for them. Not that Blaisdell continued his

impulsive and irritating policy of active interference between her and Chamberlain. After the first day he played a deeper, steadier game, ably seconded by Mrs. Yarnell, and although he knew nothing of Patricia's intention to apply to Bob's infatuation the acid test of constant association with its object, by arousing the boy's jealousy and so making the widow's society seem doubly desirable instead of inevitable, he unconsciously made even this—her main line of attack—ineffective.

However, despite all this unforeseen and baffling opposition, Patricia won certain small but definite victories, and they comforted her. There was the matter of taking Bob up in her monoplane, for example, in which she was eventually triumphant. When almost every man in the neighborhood, and several women, including Janet Howard, had been safely returned to terra firma after exhilarating flights, even Mrs. Chamberlain perceived that her embargo, which had been scrupulously observed, was making her son ridiculous, and reluctantly withdrew it. Let no one suppose, however, that she did this without protest. Taking her neighbor's housing of the monoplane in ill part from the first, she was very indignant indeed when she saw his radiant little daughter carried away on her first flight.

"I do think you're treating me badly!" she expostulated, cornering Howard for a moment. "You know how I feel about Bob's flying—especially with this reckless girl! And after this I shall never be able to prevent it! Never!"

"My dear friend, give it up!" was his laughing advice. "The time comes to all of us when we can no longer stand between our children and danger. We can only watch them go to meet it with such equipment as we have given them —and keep our tremors to ourselves. At least we needn't handicap them with our fears."

"But this isn't that sort of thing," she persisted. "It isn't as if it would help him—or strengthen him—or get him anywhere. It's just foolhardy!"

"Possibly—and yet— Don't you think that's about what the hen must have said when the ducklings took to the water?" Chuckling, he made his escape, leaving her with plumage still ruffled.

So, although their other engagements left them fewer opportunities than she could have wished, Patricia occasionally took Bob up through the trackless lanes, and they talked, soaring in the warm, sunlit air, as people talk only when there is no possibility of interruption by a third person. Little by little, down under all his shy, youthful pretenses and repressions and evasions, she began to catch fugitive glimpses of the real Bob, and her interest in him grew. One day he said:

"Gee! Patty, I should think you'd hate to be a girl!"

"Why?"

"Because you like to do almost everything that a fellow does—and you do 'em all so well—and a girl can't carry any of 'em through to the end." He worked his thought out slowly, in detached, suspended phrases. "She only plays with things—never really does 'em."

"That's all a lot of men do, isn't it?" she returned. "Look at your friend Lee Hazard. He has ability enough, and does all sorts of things well—but what is he, after all? Just a rich man's son, playing with toys."

"Yes, but—this is what I'm getting at. Lee *could* do things if he wanted to. Here! This is it! If we should get into a war, Lee could go into the aviation corps and use his knowledge. You couldn't, because you're a woman."

"I might, in a pinch, though I should probably be in a Red Cross hospital, having harder work and less excitement. Anyway, war's an emergency, but we live all the time—and what's the use of having ability if you never use it for anything real? It's like hoarding food—or gold—or anything else the world hasn't much of and needs."

"That's what Mr. Howard says."

"Now there's a man, if you like!" She turned a glowing face toward him. "He's not hoarding anything! Nor playing with his life! He's doing real things! You know, Bob, if I were a man, that's what I'd rather be than anything else in the world—a great engineer!" He shot a suspicious glance at

her, but she was looking straight ahead, her thoughts apparently fixed on something far removed from him. "Did you happen to go to Panama while they were digging the Culebra Cut?"

"No."

"Well, I did. I stood on a hill one day and watched them do part of it—making over the world! I've been in mines lighted by electricity carried a hundred miles on wires! I've seen crops growing where there used to be nothing but cactus. And I'd rather control great natural forces like that—harness them—make them work for men instead of destroy them—than anything else in the world—if I were a man."

"I suppose you know that's my profession?" he said, after a moment. "I took the engineering course at college."

"Oh, did you? How perfectly splendid for you!" Again she turned her radiant glance upon him. "When are you going to begin?"

"I don't know. Some time, I suppose." He had flushed slightly.

"Do have your camp within flying distance of somewhere, so I can come and see you alter the face of the world," she said, lightly, adding, with a droll little smile, "Perhaps some day you'll let me touch off a fuse, so I can play I helped a little."

He said he would, provided it was not too important a matter to let a girl fool with, and they fell back into persiflage. But Patricia knew that her breath had fanned a living spark, and was for the moment well content, even though she realized that the little flame of ambition she had kindled might be blown out before night in the gusts of more primitive emotions. It was later that same day that she made her last appeal to Blaisdell in Bob's behalf.

As the period she had been invited to spend at High Haven neared its close, it became quite evident that Mrs. Chamberlain had no intention of urging her to continue her visit, notwithstanding all the pressure either Bob or Howard could bring to bear. The engineer openly lamented her approaching departure, and repeatedly expressed his regret that his wife and daughter had been called away by a family emergency, making it impossible for them to ask her to stay on with them after she left High Haven, as they had hoped to do. Convinced that Patricia had at least postponed Chamberlain's headlong plunge into the widow's snare—how consciously he could not determine—he labored to convert Bob's mother to his own belief that the surest talisman against the siren's spell lay in the girl's continued presence and its attendant diversions, but Mrs. Chamberlain was obdurate. She said her mistake had been in asking the young woman to stay down in the first place. But for that, Mrs. Yarnell would have been safely engaged to the minister by this time, and Bob would not be risking his life daily in an aeroplane. For her part, she failed to see what there was about that girl, anyway, to make every man who looked at her immediately lose his head.

When it became apparent that Patricia would be allowed to leave within three or four days, with only a perfunctory protest from her hostess, Blaisdell's spirits rose to a degree entirely disproportionate to the importance of this negative victory. At the same time, he realized that the danger of a permanent attachment between Chamberlain and his captivating guest would increase with every moment up to the hour of her departure, and redoubled his own efforts to win her, wooing her by every tender and subtle means he could devise, though she permitted him only rare moments alone with her, and the deadlock remained unbroken. The strain was telling upon all of them, however, and occasionally a sort of truce was arranged by common consent, though none of them, as will be seen, relied too implicitly upon its observance by the others.

They motored together that afternoon to a charity fair in a neighboring village, and had dutifully made purchases and partaken of refreshments. Then, with a frank yawn, Patricia plaintively suggested:

"Don't you think we might go home now? I'm a simple city maid, unaccustomed to these mad revels. I suppose we'll dance all night, as usual, and I'm perfectly willing to acknowledge that I'm perishing for a nap! Let's all go home and rest before dinner. Shall we?"

She smiled pleasantly at Mrs. Yarnell, who found it increasingly difficult, with all the arts at her command, to conceal the ravages scanty sleep and eternal vigilance were making, both in her appearance and in her temper, but who would have suffered torment rather than admit fatigue, as the younger woman had done. Now, however, with the gracious air of one conferring a favor, the widow seized the opportunity.

"Why, surely, if you're tired. You certainly do need rest, you poor thing! And you had such wonderful color when you came!" Elise had ceased to guard against retaliatory scratches. Patricia seemed to her a good-natured simpleton, without sense enough to avail herself of what the other conceived to be the natural weapons of her sex.

As the Fairweather car swept out of the High Haven grounds after dropping Bob and Patricia, he looked after it, questioning:

"I wonder what those two are really going to do?"

"They're going do-do," Patricia told him, laughing. "Only a strong sense of propriety kept Billy from nodding in the car. He's been walking in his sleep for three days!" Then, with an air of admiring candor: "Can you keep this pace indefinitely? You don't look a bit tired."

"I'm not," he lied, promptly. "Neither are you. Anyhow, what's the use of trying to sleep? It's too hot. Let's go out in the canoe for an hour. That 'll rest you just as much."

Ten minutes later, having failed to find the boatman, Bob was preparing to put the canoe in the water himself when the boat-house telephone-bell rang. He answered the call, grinning sheepishly as he hung up the receiver.

"Caught with the goods! They've come back! I put something Elise bought at that fool fair in my pocket, and she wants it. Shall I ask them to go out with us in the motor-boat now?"

"Oh, they're so sleepy!" she deprecated. "And Peterson isn't here to run it. Besides—why need they know I'm here? I'm resting."

"That's so! Then you'll wait? I'll be back in a jiff."

Realizing that she had been outplayed again, Patricia watched him run up the path and out of sight before she dropped on a bench and closed her eyes, the better to concentrate her thoughts upon her problem. Presently she heard quick footsteps approaching, but supposed the boatman to be returning, and did not lift her weary eyelids until she was startled by Blaisdell's voice, saying:

"Asleep on guard!"

Her eyes snapped open, to discover him regarding her with undisguised amusement, and she demanded, "What brought you here?"

"Chamberlain *said* you were resting," he observed. "I always wondered whether angels slept with their heads under their wings. Now I know."

"Apparently the man never heard of the Enchanted Princess," she remarked, and he started toward her, declaring:

"I'll break that spell!"

"Too late!" She waved him off. "Opportunity trails no life-rope behind for a man who doesn't know at a glance the difference between an Enchanted Princess and a Sleeping Sentinel."

"At any rate, I occasionally call a bluff," he mentioned, whereat she had the grace to blush a little. He sat down on the other end of the bench, and continued, with an air of making conversation, "So you're giving up that guardian-angel rôle?" She lifted an interrogatory eyebrow. "The Enchanted Princess was a very human sort of person, as I remember."

"One angel, in her time, plays many parts," she paraphrased. "Are you, by any chance, looking for Peterson? "Don't let me detain you. Mrs. Yarnell's waiting."

"But not alone," he reminded her. "I understand we're to be deprived of your society very soon."

"Did you come down to say good-by? We shall probably meet again."

"I trust so. Good-by is the last thing I want to say to you."

"Probably it will be the last thing you do say to me."

"Never!" he declared. "I shall say, '*Hasta la vista*'—and follow."

"Always?" Her little grimace suggested dismay.

"Always—until I've persuaded you to love me! And always afterward!"

"Love you! My word! Why *should*

I love you? You spoil everything I try to do—upset every plan—baffle me at every turn—make a meddling, interfering, persistent nuisance of yourself—and expect to be loved for it!"

"Woman, have you forgotten that I saved your life?" He struck an attitude. "I'm a he-ro. Mrs. Fairweather says so—frequently."

"Hero, indeed! 'Watchful waiting' is your line!" At this they both laughed a little, and he said:

"At any rate, I caught you napping—once!" But she shook her head.

"I wasn't asleep. I was thinking. Trying to make up my mind."

"What about? Leave it to me. I'll decide it."

"Billy"—she regarded him thoughtfully—"*does* the end justify the means?"

"Depends on the end. Also on the means. What's it about?"

"It's about Bob. Do you think she cares for him—in her way?"

"I'm no Daniel," he teased. "Nor yet an angel. What's the use of even pretending to be an angel if you can't discover simple things like that for yourself?"

"Then you don't believe she does! No, Billy—please! I'm serious!"

"My dearest girl, give it up!" he counseled. "You've made a good fight—done everything you can—"

"Oh no, I haven't!" She laughed shortly. "That's it! If I had—" When she failed to go on, he prompted:

"If you had?"

"I might have succeeded better. But—I hate to use my claws!"

"Claws! You? Bless your heart, you couldn't!"

"Oh, couldn't I! But I haven't. In all these days I've never said one catty thing to her or about her. I've never ridiculed her, never tried to unmask her, never put her in a false position. I've played fair."

"Yes, you have," he conceded. "You've fought like a gentleman."

"And I've failed. Because I haven't succeeded, I've failed. But if I could be sure of just one thing—" Again she paused. Then, leaning slightly toward him, "Billy, will you do something for me?"

"My dear, when you look at me like that I'd murder my best friend, if you asked me to!" In spite of his light manner his voice shook a little.

"It's not murder I want; it's first aid." She smiled faintly. "Will you help me?"

"Help you succor mine enemy?"

"I've played fair—but you and I know that I've never had a fair chance myself," she gently reproached him, and before her pleading gaze his own fell.

"What do you want me to do?" His tone was low, his glance still averted.

"I want you not to do this sort of thing any more—not to interfere! And not to let her! If you won't hold her off, at least don't strengthen her hand—just for these two or three days I have left! Please, Billy! See—I come to you frankly, admitting that I'm beaten unless you help me. Will you?"

"Patty—do you mean that?" Blaisdell choked a little. "Do you really want me to go?"

"But I'm asking you to stay! To help me!"

"Help you make yourself as essential to another man's happiness as you are to mine?" he broke forth:

"No, no! Why won't you understand! I don't want to be essential to Bob's happiness."

"Then why do you care so much? Why do you insist on going on with this thing?"

"Because I'm afraid—all his friends are afraid—that unless somebody makes him see where he's going, he'll never have any real happiness. Do *you* think he'll be happy, if—if—" She hesitated, and he grimly replied:

"I think he's a man, and must meet life and take his chances, like other men."

"But does nobody ever help boys? Did nobody ever help you?"

"Why is this so vital to you? He has older friends."

"Don't you see the others have all tried and failed? There's only me now, and if I fail—unless you'll help me help him, Billy—that boy may pay with his whole life for it!"

"And if I do help you— Patty, do you care for me so little that you can't even see what you're asking? Or is it that you care for him so much?" he added,

jealously, and she made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, I don't care for him at all! Not that way—nor he for me. He's not in love with me."

"But he would be, if— Oh yes, he would!" he declared, combating a shake of her head. "No man could help loving you, unless he was blinded by an infatuation for another woman! And when you show him such heavenly compassion—are so deeply concerned for his happiness—! Besides, he *is* more than half in love with you, and you know it! Yet you ask me to stand aside and give him a free field! What do you think I'm made of?"

"Then you won't?"

"Of course I won't! And you wouldn't have the slightest respect for me if I did! Confess it!" For a moment he compelled her to meet his gaze. Then she arose, with a little shrug and a gesture dismissing the whole subject.

"Well—there it goes!"

"There what goes?"

"Another illusion. Apparently the only successful way to fight the devil is with fire. I thought— But the pragmatists are right, aren't they? 'Av it worrks, it's thrue,'" she quoted. "And since my theory doesn't 'worrk,' it can't be—" She broke off, a quick illumination in her eyes, repeating softly: "'Av it worrks, it's thrue.' Then—if it's true it works! Why, of course! That's it!"

"What's 'it'? Patty, what are you up to now?" he demanded, and she laughed.

"Sure, I'm afther findin' out av it worrks, sor. Av it does, it's thrue—an' no harrm to annybody.'

"If what works?"

"I think you'd call it love."

"Whose love?"

"Not yours, Billy!"

That night there was a new vibration in her voice when she spoke to Bob, a new challenge in her eyes, and the eternal masculine in him rose to meet and dominate it. They made much of her at the Country Club, but throughout the evening, except when dancing separated them, he held his place at her side against all comers, a little exultant and flushed by this discovery of his power, and not to be lured away on any pretext. Blaisdell's heart grew heavy within him, and the glitter in Elise Yarnell's eyes sharpened hour by hour above her fixed smile.

Like the day that had preceded it, however, the evening was oppressively hot, and about eleven o'clock Patricia, loitering on the veranda between dances, exclaimed: "It must be wonderful on the water to-night! I've never seen such moonlight!"

"Let's cut the rest of this and go out in the boat!" whispered Bob, instantly alert. "Will you?"

"Oh—isn't it too late?" she demurred, but wistfully.

"Not a bit of it! Besides, we haven't many nights left! Let's make the most of it! Will you go?"

"Well—if the others will," she agreed.

But Mrs. Yarnell would not. Both she and Mrs. Fairweather said it was much too late, and in this Elise persisted, even though Bob vehemently urged her not to be a quitter and spoil it all. Then Patricia, still wistful, said: "Oh, don't you feel equal to it? I'm so sorry! Perhaps Mr. Howard will go with us, Bob." When the engineer said he would, and it became evident that the expedition was not to be prevented, the widow decided that she and Billy would go, after all, though Mrs. Fairweather still declined, and Bob telephoned to Peterson to have the boat in readiness.

Arrived at High Haven, the party found Kate at the dock with the boatman, and the latter explained that as the second man had been given permission to visit a sick relative that night, Miss Carlyle's woman had kindly agreed to run the engine, if nobody objected. This obvious ruse was received with smiles—Peterson's devotion to Kate having been manifest for several days—and they were soon afloat.

With a view to continuing his masterful monopoly of her attention, Bob contrived to sit beside Patricia, and seized opportunities, while the others were talking, to carry on a fragmentary, low-toned conversation with her. To be sure, this consisted chiefly of nonsense, but now and then a tone, an inflection, a glow in his eager eyes, reminded her that she was indeed playing with fire.

Presently some one mentioned South

America, and thereafter Patricia turned an inattentive ear to Bob's badinage, while the engineer and the diplomat talked men's gossip of the conduct of nations, and of rumors concerning large enterprises on the other side of the equator. They had been out perhaps an hour and were far from shore, when the women agreed that it was time to return, and Bob told Peterson to put about. Five minutes later the engine, which had begun acting strangely just before they turned, indulged in a noisy, explosive demonstration, fluttered a little, and stopped. Exclamations and questions followed, but Kate and Peterson both maintained that the trouble could not be serious, as the machine had been running quite smoothly until a few minutes before. Their combined efforts failed to start it, however, and eventually Bob, Howard, and Patricia all offered suggestions.

"Let me see the spark plug," Patricia said. "Perhaps that's the trouble." Kate handed it to her, and she examined it in the moonlight. "Seems to be all right," she said, finally. "Must be something— My word!" She had made a quick movement, and now stood staring down at the water.

"What's the matter?" two or three of the others asked.

"I dropped it! Peterson, have you another spark plug? I've dropped that one overboard!"

"Oh yes, miss! I always carry an extra one," reassuringly returned the mechanic. "That 'll be all right." Diligent search, however, failed to discover it. Peterson declared he had seen it in his box that very afternoon, but eventually admitted that it was not to be found.

"Well, I guess that settles it," Bob remarked to his guests. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we're in for it!"

"Settles it? In for what?" sharply questioned Mrs. Yarnell. "You don't mean we've got to stay out here all night!"

"Unless somebody comes along and gives us a tow—which isn't likely at this hour."

"But—that's impossible! We must get back somehow! Can't you use a makeshift? Wire—or a hairpin—or something?" Then, as the others laughed: "But I tell you I won't be kept in this wretched boat all night! I insist upon your taking me home!"

While the mechanics made another futile search for the spark plug, Patricia murmured apologies for her clumsiness, and the men convinced Mrs. Yarnell that the case was hopeless and that their only course was to make the best of their plight until some one came to their rescue.

"There's going to be fog before morning, too," Peterson prophesied.

"I suppose you've no rugs aboard?" Howard asked.

"Oh yes, sir. We put them in the last thing. Kate said the ladies might be chilly, in their thin dresses."

"Admirable foresight," said the engineer. "Thank the Lord my people are away!"

"Might be lots worse." Bob dropped down beside Patricia again. "Rather a lark, I call it."

"More like a bat, isn't it?" was Blaisdell's suggestion, and the widow acidly contributed:

"A vampire?"

"Tell us more fascinating stories of South America," Patricia presently requested.

So Howard told tales of the romance of engineering in the southern hemisphere—of the toll of life paid by the builders of the Verrugas bridge, of towns inundated to make reservoirs for great electric transmission plants, of immense irrigation schemes in Peru, and of many dramatic crises in his own career, to most of which Bob listened absorbedly, with occasional whispered asides to Patricia. Then Blaisdell took up the thread and told them of revolutions in Paraguay.

The moonlight was brilliant, the little waves rippled against the side of the gently rocking boat, and Bob made several unsuccessful efforts to distract Patricia's attention from the diplomat's story. Finally, leaning over her, he said, boldly, "Let's go up forward where we can see the moon better."

"We might get moonstruck," she objected, turning again toward Blaisdell, but Bob refused to be put off.

"Come!" he urged. "You don't care anything about South America! Come—

let's go forward and talk." He laid his hand upon hers, and in his lowered tone she caught again that vibrant throb. For an instant she hesitated, wavering, and then planted her barb with precision, though with a laughing insouciance that masked its intention.

"Talk! My dear Bobby! You're a very engaging boy, and great fun to play with, but when it comes to talking—these men have done real things, you know. They have something to say. Even if one can't be a man and do things, one can always listen." She felt a very genuine pang as she saw his hurt stare. After a moment he said, slowly:

"Just because a man's never had a chance to do things is no sign he can't!"

"No? Well—of course, some men are content to be merely amusing, and never take the chance when it offers, much less seek it. But when one can listen to talk like this—!" A gesture completed the sentence.

"Oh, very well! Just as you choose, of course!" He drew back stiffly, and a little later crossed over and joined Mrs. Yarnell, who received him frostily, but permitted him to stay.

Little by little the night wore away. The moon sagged in the western sky, and to their weary eyes it looked sallow and worn. They were hungry, they were thirsty, a chill from the approaching fog crept upon them, and they huddled beneath the rugs. Toward dawn they all dozed more or less.

Then, slowly, the light strengthened, and it became possible for them to see one another more distinctly. It happened that both Patricia and Howard had their eyes open, though Blaisdell was asleep, when Bob roused himself from a troubled dream and looked at Mrs. Yarnell, still napping opposite him. He stared, blinked, rubbed his eyes, stared again, and muttered under his breath:

"For the love of Mike!"

She had wound a lace scarf around her head and dropped an end over her face, but this had loosened and fallen away while she slept, revealing the ravages of the night. The creeping mist had worked its will with her carefully waved hair, leaving it in dank, straight, disordered loops and straggling ends, from which the nib of a switch protruded. The dampness, too, had wiped from her face its bloom of powder, and the line of demarkation between the skilfully applied rouge and her now pallid cheek was distinctly visible. Nervous irritation had painted deep shadows beneath her eyes, etched fretful lines about them, and drawn her lips into querulous, drooping curves; and the cold morning light, filtering through the fog, held no tender glow to soften the revelation.

For a long moment Bob stared, entirely unconscious that he also was under scrutiny. Then he arose, stretched, shook himself like a young dog, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, looked once more at Elise, and ejaculated, "H'mph!"

Howard glanced at Patricia, and found her watching Chamberlain with so peculiar an intensity that a suspicion he had held all night was strengthened, and a smile flickered across his features. At the same instant Mrs. Yarnell opened her eyes, encountered Bob's disillusioned gaze, and dropped the rug she was holding to clutch at the displaced veil. When he stooped to pull the rug over her again, she exclaimed:

"Oh, do go away! For Heaven's sake let me alone!"

"I'll do that, all right!" he returned, and immediately joined Peterson, on watch at the wheel, to discuss once more the probabilities of an early rescue.

Instantly averting his glance from the widow's face, lest he embarrass her further, Howard looked at Patricia. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed very tired. As he watched her, he thought her lips trembled, and presently he was amazed to see a tear force itself between her twitching eyelids and roll down her cheek.

Presently, however, she regained command of herself and was blithely chatting with Blaisdell and the engineer when she broke off in the middle of a word to exclaim:

"What's that?" Stooping quickly, she picked up a metal pin and flourished it. "Here's your extra spark plug, Peterson!"

"What!" Everybody sat up.

"Here it is!" Howard corroborated.

"Must have been kicking around underfoot all night."

"Well, for the love of Mike! Peterson, you're a bird!" Bob eyed his boatman disgustedly. "Keeping us out here all night—"

"We're equally guilty, I think," Howard interposed. "We all looked for it, you know, and none of us saw it."

"Well, stick it in, for Pete's sake, and see if you can keep that tea-kettle going until we get ashore! I'll take the wheel, Peterson, and you run the engine yourself," Bob commanded, and in thirty seconds they were under way.

Finding that he could not dislodge Howard from his place beside Patricia, Blaisdell, perforce, joined Elise, sitting alone swathed in scarf and rugs on the other side of the boat, and the girl seized the opportunity to whisper, under cover of the rushing waters:

"Now, Mr. Howard! Now's your time! If you really want Bob to go to Brazil, strike now! To-day!"

"So it wasn't an accident?" He looked down at her amusedly.

"No—it wasn't an accident."

"I thought there might be method in your madness. Where *was* that spark plug?"

"Kate had it. I— Mr. Howard, I came down here to do this; but—oh, I didn't want to do it this way!" Again tears threatened, and she paused a moment before asking, unsteadily: "Do—do you think she—cares? Really cares, I mean?"

"My dear child, of course she cares!" His own eyes were moist and their light was warm. "We don't blame birds and beasts of prey for seeking their succulent morsels where they can find them. That's nature's way. But we protect men from them when we can—and you've saved a man!

He talked until they reached the dock at High Haven, and as Patricia listened her eyes regained their starry light, a faint color crept into her cheeks, and the sunlight, burning through the mists, caught and reflected in bright glints from the curling tendrils of her hair.

Just before luncheon Blaisdell was called to the telephone at Fairweather Hill, and this is what he heard:

"Hello, Billy! Had a good nap? . . . Oh, I'm all right! Billy, did you notice it didn't 'worrk'? . . . That emotion we were discussing this afternoon. The cold light of dawn seemed to congeal it, somehow, so of course it wasn't 'thrue.' That's a perfectly good theory! . . . Yes, Bob, of course. . . . No; that's settled definitely now!" She laughed. . . . "Besides, he's leaving for Brazil next week. . . . Yes, for Mr. Howard. . . . No, his mother doesn't like it, but he's promised, just the same. . . . Surely! I'm enchanted! Isn't it what I've been working for all the time? . . . No, I know you didn't believe it. I want to tell you something else, too. You've overplayed the part a little sometimes, but on the whole you've been very helpful, Billy. Thank you so much! And—*hasta la vista!* . . . Yes, I'm going to-day. . . . Not by the afternoon train. Now—in five minutes. . . . Well, for one thing, there's a cry from Macedonia, and as a conscientious angel-at-large I can't refuse to help, you know. . . . No, I can't possibly wait until you get here. . . . Perhaps because I promised not to let anybody clip my wings—and I think you'd try! She who fights and runs away!" She was laughing again. "Never mind where I'm going. I don't quite know myself yet—and think of all those important engagements you ought to be keeping! . . . But you always *were* afraid the girl crop would run out, you know. . . . Yes, I do! I think you're perfectly sincere to-day, Billy dear, but—other days, other girls—and 'to-morrow will be another day.' . . . Well"—did her voice soften and tremble, or did he imagine it?—"I believe one thing. 'Av it's thrue, it worrks,' Billy! Meanwhile—*hasta la vista!*"

The minister slammed the receiver into the hook and raced down-stairs, demanding a car instantly. When he was half-way to High Haven, however, he saw Patricia's monoplane soar into the air and turn toward Mineola. He went back to Fairweather Hill, announced that his mail had contained an imperative summons to Washington, and began packing. Two hours later he was off in pursuit of the escaping angel-at-large.

[THE END.]

One of Those Nice Little Evenings

BY STEPHEN WHITMAN

YES, all this happened very much as I tell it, some time ago, of course—in fact, when the world was young.

The spring air was soft and sweet. The sun was declining. Dino and I were sitting in Giacosa's, on Via Tornabuoni, in Florence. Dino was languidly scraping away at a raspberry sherbet. Suddenly he asked me, "What are your views about reincarnation?"

But to relish this inquiry one ought to know more about Dino.

His full name is Don Dino d'Idria. He is the youngest son of a titled, vain, impoverished Tuscan family. Of course he has never done a stroke of work in his life. At eleven o'clock in the morning he rises, reads a little d'Annunzio, de Maupassant, or something like that; arrays himself like the lilies, and saunters forth to brighten the streets. In the afternoon he supports the façade of the Nobles Club in Via Tornabuoni, resting himself from time to time by sitting down in Doney's or Giacosa's. At the hour of promenade he is likely to take some exercise in Cascine Park, reclining on the small of his back in a cab, and bowing to left and right. As for the evening, to spend it with him is to draw a lottery-ticket from the hat of Fate.

In person Don Dino is striking. He would seem short, perhaps, if his lacquered boots were not furnished with heels two inches high. His figure, however, is admirable, due to the habit of Florentine tailors of cutting in the waist, and belling the skirts, and running the trousers up so high that they form an excellent substitute for a pair of stays. He wears his hat well on the back of his head, his gloves turned over his wrists, his cane-handle hooked on his arm like an officer's sword, his handkerchief in his cuff, close to the gold link-bracelet that has a history. The ladies adore him, and he is aware that they do.

"And what," asked this butterfly, "are your views on reincarnation?"

"Look here, Dino. Even supposing your latest inamorata goes in for theosophy, don't try to bone up at my expense toward seven o'clock on a beautiful evening of spring, when every one else is happy."

At that moment, as if to belie my last words, a tall young man with sandy curls and freckles plumped himself down at our table and buried his face in his hands.

"Who's this?" Dino whispered.

"An Englishman named Percival Lassofram."

"And why is he plunged in despair?"

"Despair is his habit."

"Will he go away soon?"

"Most likely he'll still be with us at midnight."

Sighing, Dino addressed the newcomer politely, "Signore, we may as well warn you that we always talk about deep, dry, uninteresting things—for instance, reincarnation."

Mr. Lassofram raised his face, fixed his mournful eyes on Dino, and shook his head in reproof. "You ought to employ your time with sensible conversation. I'll wager you know very little about the medieval landmarks of Paris?"

"Nothing, thank Heaven!"

"In that case, high time you did." And in sepulchral monotone he began to lecture about the medieval landmarks of Paris.

But a word of explanation.

Percival Lassofram comes of good north-of-England stock. In his early youth he was expected to make some sort of reputable career. At Oxford, however, fatality impelled him to write a thesis on "The Probable Position of the Fourth Gate of the Cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris, Anno Domini

1453." That false step had ruined him; his subsequent existence had been one long debauch in medieval research.

On the present occasion he wore a homespun suit the pockets of which were distended with rubbish like gunny-sacks on a donkey. His sleeves and trousers were short length even for British wear. The cut of his jacket round the neck suggested that he had taken it away from some little boy. In his emerald-green cravat he wore a stick-pin supposed to be made of a tooth of Philippe de Commines.

"Now, then," he was mumbling, "if we glance at the streets of the university quarter of Paris we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue Sacalie, Rue Arondelle, La Rue Pavée—"

All at once we noticed that there were not three, but four of us at the table.

A small, pallid man, with tufts of black beard all over his chin; with delicate, twitching features and bulbous brow, sat listening to Mr. Lassofram with a satirical grin. He wore a Byronic collar, a Windsor tie, a frock-coat with velvet cuffs, and purple pantaloons. Dino made an instinctive gesture as though to touch the intruder and find out whether or not he was real. I recovered myself and stammered:

"Don Dino d'Idria and Mr. Percival Lassofram, I present Monsieur Demoustier, the eminent French poet."

Monsieur Demoustier settled down in his chair and dreamily batted his eyes. Mr. Lassofram informed him:

"We were discussing the medieval landmarks of Paris."

"And also," Dino amended, "reincarnation."

Monsieur Demoustier replied in a slightly hysterical voice, "Both topics are familiar to me, for I happen to be the reincarnation of François Villon."

With which, just as if we had pressed him to continue, he drifted into a rigmarole of his own—a rambling tale of crime and poesy, of pothouse and gallows, of kisses and stabbings and prayers; in fine, a slap-dash synopsis of François Villon's life, which he was pleased to pretend had once been his. At first, with his staring eyeballs and quivering whiskers, he held us fascinated, just as a voluble bogy might. But when he showed no signs of fatigue we rose and made for the street. He accompanied us, still talking of François Villon. We walked along Via Tornabuoni, we bowed to our friends, we bought cigars which we thrust into the eminent poet's mouth, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We hurried into Piazza Vittorio; we sat down at a café table; we tried to gag him with syrupy beverages, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We told him that a beautiful lady was beckoning to him, that he showed all the symptoms of cholera, that his house was on fire, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We consulted in hoarse whispers:

"Apparently this pest is going to be with us till sunrise."

"All the same, need he keep us from eating?"

"Let's dine at the Alhambra, where we can look at a show."

"Good enough. Arianna is singing there this week."

"Hurrah! We'll ask her to dinner."

So, packing ourselves in a cab, we set out for the Alhambra.

The coachman cracking his whip, the horse sending sparks from the cobbles, we bowled through Via Pietra Piana. That narrow, crowded street swam in dusk, was shot with shafts of lamplight, re-echoed with laughter and cheery cries. Behind us the green and amethyst afterglow was fading fast; ahead, above the roofs of old palaces, the sky was dotted with stars. The walls fled back; Piazza Beccheria surrounded us; we alighted before the Alhambra. And still Monsieur Demoustier was talking of François Villon.

Under the trees, on the terrace to the left of the stage, above the pit with its huddle of iron tables, we ordered dinner—spaghetti, stuffed egg-plants, filets of beef with chopped garlic, white truffle salad, all the fruits of the season. And just at that moment who should be passing but Arianna. And when we had asked her to dinner, where should she chance to sit but alongside of me.

Arianna is beautiful in various ways. For those who admire brunettes, there are her eyes and brows; for amateurs of blondes, there is her flaxen hair. She

is slender, and yet somehow she is not. She is tall on the stage, but not so tall in the street. When she looks at you with grave lips, she seems about twelve years old; when she smiles one accepts the story that three young men have tried suicide on her account. Her hands and feet are dainty; her cheek is like the skin of a ripe yellow peach; her manners are modeled after those of princesses whom she has watched in Cascine Park and on the Pincian Hill. She was born in old Naples, five flights aloft in an alley; her father was probably a Camorrista; her mother sang on the sidewalks. Arianna has proved that environment and heredity have nothing to do with success.

Arianna is one of the few that you can bear to contemplate while she is eating spaghetti. She does not coil that noble food round her fork like a timid American. She does not, as do prudish English girls, cut it up into fragments and smuggle it down like string-beans. Somehow she establishes between her lovely mouth and the plate a continuous current of dough, without disarranging her face, without losing a bit of her daintiness, without ceasing for an instant to be ideal. And when the spaghetti has all disappeared one loves Arianna the more because, while as exquisite as a flower, she has such an appetite!

We whispered together, like those who confess pet frailties, of the cookery we liked best: macaroni with Neapolitan shell-fish, young lamb in anchovy sauce, figs and ham, grilled eels with bay-leaves, and so on, and so on, and so on. "How strange," Arianna mused, "that our tastes are so much alike!" And I was emboldened to utter that famous phrase, "We seem made for each other!"

But just then Arianna had to clap her hands to her ears, for Mr. Lassofram was checking off his medieval landmarks again, and Dino was once more trying to talk theosophy, while Monsieur Demoustier, in his high, hysterical voice, was drowning out every one with the same old balderdash.

"What's the matter with that Frenchman?" Arianna inquired of me.

"The wretch is the reincarnation of François Villon."

"François?"

"An old song-writing apache of Paris."

"His stuff is good?"

"So-so."

"Send me something of his. My songs are all poor this year. Any other artist would surely have failed with them."

"The theosophists tell us," Dino was saying, "that man has seven bodies, though three are only a sort of ethereal gas. But three from seven leaves four; and with four material bodies no one can blame me for having a little more to eat."

"Then," Mr. Lassofram announced, in a loud and resolute tone, "when we turn to the streets in the *Cité*, we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue des Coulins, Rue Sainct-Christofle, Rue Champ Roussy—"

"*Madonnina!*" cried Arianna, crossing herself. "Are all of them mad?"

"Have no fear. Snuggle up to me. I will protect you."

Arianna and I, huddled close together, consumed our *filetto alla Parigina*. She uses a perfume composed of bergamot, orange, rosemary, ambergris, musk, and rhodium, which she says she mixes herself. But because so delicate a scent is quickly dispelled by the air, in order to sense it properly one has to stick one's nose very close to Arianna's fair cheek. Unhappily, just at the psychological moment a fanfare of trumpets resounded, and I, being more or less overwrought, upset my plate in my lap.



ARRAYS HIMSELF LIKE THE LILIES AND SAUNTERS FORTH

The curtain rose. On the stage a young woman in a peculiar costume pranced to and fro, rolled her eyes, and shouted a song. When she finished, the only sound that ensued was the wrangling of Monsieur Demoustier and Mr. Percival Lassofram, as to whether, in François Villon's time, the Rue de Paon ran into the Rue de la Serpente.

"Ignoramus!"

"Take that to yourself!"

"I tell you I know my subject!"

"And I, monsieur, walked those streets myself in my incarnation as—"

"Frantic ass! I leave it to any one!"

"Very well," Arianna interrupted; "this gentleman shall decide." And she designated a tremendously stout, and abundantly bejeweled stranger, who, hovering over our table like a balloon, stared down at us from above a wealth of chins.

"Why that gentleman!"

"Why not?" Arianna retorted, and waved the Obese Unknown to a chair. He sat down, but with an effect of merely stopping a moment before floating up, in his scarlet waistcoat and shepherd-plaid suit and pearl gaiters, to add the magnificence of his scarf-pin and rings and fobs to the stars.

"Sir," said Monsieur Demoustier, intensely, "did or did not Rue du Paon give upon Rue de la Serpente?"

The Obese Unknown gazed at us vacantly. He raised his eyes to the foliage, took a sip of Arianna's coffee, at last pronounced:

"There is something to be said on both sides of that question. If Rue du Paon gave upon Rue de la Serpente, then Rue de la Serpente would seem to have given on Rue du Paon. If, on the other hand, Rue du



A TREMENDOUSLY STOUT, BEJEWELED STRANGER HOVERED OVER OUR TABLE LIKE A BALLOON

Paon did not, neither, apparently, did Rue de la Serpente. Yet we have not only these quandaries already stated, but an infinite variety of closely related dilemmas, all of which must be investigated before the problem is solved. For instance, resorting to algebra, and letting *x* and *y* . . ."

Figuring on the table-cloth with a long gold pencil incrusted with opals, he rumbled into a monologue of his own. Dino, Percival Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, sinking down in their chairs, regarded the stranger with fallen jaws. I, for my part, sent a glance of reproach at Arianna.

But Arianna was gone!



TWO YOUNG CAVALRY OFFICERS IN A CORNER

The audience tolerated the various actors. A juggler earned three hand-claps, a mimic a "brava" or two, a dancer an encore. The house was saving its fire for Arianna.

The front rows of red-plush chairs were occupied by senile gentlemen whose faces had long ago shriveled up in the glare of footlights, by youths about town whose intention it was to look romantic when Arianna came on, by cavalry officers smart and gorgeous and haughty. The pit was crowded with family parties—old folk and children, married pairs and affianced, stout bersaglieri and pretty, pale cigarette-girls. The iron tables bristled with glasses of syrup and sherbet. Smoke hung overhead in a pale-blue film; the mingling leaves formed a net of arsenical green which caught a haze of star-dust.

But hark! As the curtain rises again the opening bars of "*La Bella Giardiniera*" are lost in a crash of applause. For it is Arianna who walks down the stage in a simple pink dress, erect, unassuming, and halts with a dazzling smile.

"To try to kiss her is a foolish thing,
The while she plucks her roses in the morn:
'Tis true her lips are perfumed with the spring,
And yet, for every rose there is a thorn. . . ."

Dino, Mr. Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, and I, like all the crowd below us, hang breathless on the story of La Bella Giardiniera. But the Obese Unknown remains indifferent! Wheezing, smiting his brow, scribbling on the table-cloth already covered with mathematical signs, he persists at the problem of Rue du Paon and Rue de la Serpente. Surely inhuman beneath his elephantine tissues, to act like this while Spring herself is caroling under these Italian stars! A roar of voices: "*Brava! Bravissima!*" The Obese Unknown, lifting his jowls from his scarlet waistcoat, exclaims, with a look of terrible exultation:

"I've solved it both ways!"

We ignore him. She sings again and again. The youths about town open their arms to her. The senile gentlemen utter cracked cries of joy. The army officers bang their sword-scabbards against the ground. The fathers of families, the fiancés, the bersaglieri hammer the iron-topped tables with beer and sherbet glasses. At last she vanishes and the stars seem dimmer. Dismissed to reality, we perceived that the Obese Unknown has removed the

table-cloth, turned it wrong side up, and on it, with Dino's cane for a ruler, is marking off musical staves.

"And what's the meaning of this?"

"You see here a sheet of music, or, if you wish, a table-cloth of music. Taking pity on Arianna, I am about to compose a real song-hit." He peered into space, poised his opal-incrusted pencil, and suddenly warbled in waltz-time: "Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

Throwing himself across the table-cloth, he began marking in his notes.

"He is mad."

"Without a doubt."

"She's saddled us with a madman for the rest of the night."

Resentfully Dino and I watched the final act on the programme. The stage was invaded by undersized acrobats in cream-colored tights, as eager for approbation as a lot of good little dogs. Yet despite the most violent efforts of these poor mountebanks, the audience showed that lethargy which follows excessive emotion. Many, indeed, with lowered heads ignored the performers, grew pensive, and doubtless dreamed of castles in Spain made doubly precious by Arianna's smile.



THE OBESE PERSON HAD DISCOVERED A GUITAR IN THE PANTRY

Meanwhile, to the obbligato of flutes and fiddles, one heard Monsieur Demoustier maundering on and on about François Villon. But without the slightest warning Mr. Lassofram pulled the famous Parisian's nose.

Monsieur Demoustier gave vent to a howl, bounced up from the table, attempted to kick Mr. Lassofram with



WE TROOPED OFF TO THE DUEL

both feet at once. In consequence he came down with a thud upon the Obese Unknown, who, looking up sidewise while tracing a clef on the table-cloth, protested:

"In Heaven's name, have some regard for my afflatus!"

Whatever he meant by his afflatus, Dino and I now had the combatants in hand. And while we were struggling to maintain this tableau, all at once we noticed that Arianna was back.

"Well," she demanded, briskly, pulling on her gloves, "are we ready for supper?"

The Obese Unknown rolled up the table-cloth, linked arms with Arianna, and led the way out. Since Arianna was off, what had we others to do but follow after?

To the scandal of the assembled cab-drivers, we all piled into one vehicle. Arianna was wedged between the Obese Unknown and myself. Mr. Lassofram and Dino perched themselves on the folding-seat. Monsieur Demoustier was sent to Coventy beside the driver. The latter inquired:



THERE GAPED OUT AT US A DESPERATE-LOOKING OLD BRIGAND

"Where to, ladies and gentlemen all?"

"To Ciofini's!"

"Get up, Bag of Bones, So-and-so of a So-and-so!"

Crack! Crack! Clackety-clack! We were off to supper.

As the cab careened through suburban streets I addressed Arianna: "That voice of yours! You're wasting it here. Have you never thought of Grand Opera?" She sent me a thrilling glance by the light of a lamp that whirled by. I raved on, "You ought to sing at La Scala, the Paris Opera House, the Metropolitan!"

It seemed to me the Obese Unknown was choking. But Arianna replied:

"That's where I'd be, indeed, if others

had as much sense as you." And to prove it she uttered, full voice, the notes of Maliella in the "Jewels of the Madonna":

"I love thee, my love!
I am all thine!
Bear me away,
Strength more than mine!"

Of course, at this moment we had to reach Ciofini's.

Traversing the restaurant, we sallied out to the terrace. Here tables were scattered about beneath lamp-lit trees; beyond the railing expanded a lovely nocturnal landscape. We seemed to be either early or late; the only other patrons were two young cavalry officers in a corner.



"YOU ARE NOT ANGRY WITH ME?" MURMURED ARIANNA

"Ruggero! Ruggero! Ruggero!"

The faithful Ruggero, with Dundreary whiskers of pepper and salt, came tripping over his apron. He had only run to fetch for our inspection a plate of raw sole, fresh from Leghorn.

Straightway the Obese Unknown discovered a guitar in the pantry. Balancing this instrument across his abdomen, he struck a few chords and brilliantly played some bars of "Scheherezade."

"Who tangoes?" Arianna demanded.

I circled that exquisite waist with a trembling hand. The Obese Unknown plucked the strings, and delicately they buzzed to the air that Totonno sings:

"Larà, Larà, thou wilt make me
die of love for thee. . . ."

We tangoed. The breath of Arianna, as one turns with her from stepping in one direction and steps in another, is like the flowers of an Italian evening. The smile of Arianna, as she recedes and comes close, is like the dawn transfiguring a garden of lilies. The stars swam in circles; the purple-black trees made obeisance; the nightingales, in the hedges below the terrace, warbled their ecstasy. Boccaccio and Fiammetta, Petrarch and Laura, Catullus and Lesbia; rich shades and mellow lights; tinkling notes and the rustle of nature; bergamot, rosemary, ambergris, and the scent of the night breeze; Italy, beauty, illusions of romance!

The Obese Unknown, benignantly nodding, thrummed on with his swollen, bedizened fingers. The others, however, watched us morosely. One of the cavalry officers covered his eyes with his hands.

"Hesitation waltz?"

So the amiable guitarist produced some echoes from the "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Night sublime, oh, night of
love,
Oh, smile on our embraces. . . ."

But the musician seemed dissatisfied with this fine old tune. At a word from him Ruggero held up before his eyes the Alhambra table-cloth. We had his own composition:

"Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

"Booby! Idiot! Insufferable blight!"

These words in English, a ripping sound, and a crash brought our waltz to a stop. Monsieur Demoustier had disappeared under the table. Mr. Lassofiam, with a Berserk look, stood brandishing in his fist a Byronic collar and a Windsor tie. It would seem that the eminent French poet had mentioned François Villon again.

But Monsieur Demoustier did not remain under the table. He rose with all his tufts of black beard on end; he cried out for a duel to the death, and, weeping, he begged the two young officers in the corner to act as his seconds.



"NIGHT DIVINE, OH, NIGHT OF LOVE—"

This pair, almost unbearably gorgeous in their blue jackets with flaming cuffs, their dove-colored pantaloons, and their shiny swords, lost no time in joining us. With an air of mingled humility, pride, and delight they introduced themselves. Lieutenant Bartolommeo Luigi da Vita Avanzi, of the cavalry of Cremona, was the small, wiry, long-nosed youth with the large, liquid eyes, which fixed themselves violently on Arianna. Lieutenant Eduardo Rodolfo Cipollinetti Pollio, also of the Cremona cavalry, was the tall, wasp-waisted, hollow-cheeked young man with the squint, which languorously focused itself on Arianna.

The soldiers, Dino, and the Obese Unknown consulted apart, the last, at every pause in the conversation, plucking sad chords from his guitar. Arianna informed me:

"They're all ridiculous except you."

"But I begin to feel a little flighty myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" When Arianna laughs it is like a chime of bells in the Abbey of Thelème. "Ha, ha, ha! It's true; you're no better than other folks."

"Hang it all! Then let's go down and look at the nightingales."

"They're gone. It's too dark to see them. My slippers will be soaked with the dew."

Nevertheless, we went down from the terrace to look at the nightingales.

In the shadows of a neglected garden Arianna is like a nymph in the brake. The starlight, drained through the leaves, plays hide-and-seek with her eyes, her chin, her lips. The path is narrow; she walks ahead with a swaying gait. Her white, curling fingers brush the hedgetops; she stoops to a flower; she kisses her hand to a firefly. She goes more slowly, looks back and smiles, and in the gloom her smile is a thrilling riddle. Thus Leonora d'Este in her vague gardens at Tivoli; thus Tasso, poor wretch! heart thumping, brain whirling, held back and urged forward, half doubting and half believing the call of the spring.

Arianna is moved to hum:

"Night divine, oh, night of love. . . ."

Arianna's hand is like a rose-leaf cooled by the dew.

The spell is shattered by a shout from the terrace. Over the railing bends the

Obese Unknown—if one of his figure may be said to bend—and bawls down into the shadows, "How often must one call before you take notice?"

A cry from Arianna: "You'll break the railing, and fall and smash all your bones!"

"Pooh!" said I. "Let him."

"And what do you find so interesting down there?"

"We're watching the nightingales."

"You're watching your grandmother's parrot! Come up here as fast as you can! The duel is arranged and we're off to fight it."

"I've never seen a duel," murmured Arianna, wistfully.

"Nor I. But I'm willing to wait till the next one."

"A duel would be a novelty," Arianna sighed as if to herself, unconsciously accenting the second word of her phrase. After that we returned to the others.

On one side of the terrace Monsieur Demoustier stood flanked by the two lieutenants. On the other side appeared Mr. Lassofram with Dino and the Obese Unknown.

"Ruggero has a friend who is concierge of a neighboring villa. The villa is empty just now, so we fight the duel in the garden among the flowers."

"It is true, signori," Ruggero said, proudly, sticking his Dundreary whiskers out of the pantry. "The flowers of all the world are there—the rose, the mignonette, the pansy, the violet—"

"Then let us be off."

Ruggero's face went blank. "But now," he cried, "the supper is ready to serve!"

"The supper?" returned the Obese Unknown. "Bah! Serve it in the garden of your old friend the concierge!"

And with a magnificent gesture that made all his rings shed sparks he led the way out through the restaurant, playing on the guitar the "Funeral March of a Marionette." We trooped off to the duel, Ruggero in his apron running ahead with the cutlery, the wine, the bread, the *hors d'œuvre*.



HIS SCARLET WAISTCOAT SHAKING LIKE A VAST MOUND OF CRANBERRY JELLY

Midway of a cobbly lane overhung with ilex-trees loomed the gate of the fatal garden. Ruggero, his hands being full, showered kicks on those stout wooden portals studded all over with nails. And presently there gaped out at us from under a lantern a desperate-looking old brigand in nightcap and nightshirt.

"Bloody blood of a pig of an executioner!" was his exclamation.

"Girolamo! See; it is I, Ruggero!"

"I see thee, Ruggero."

"Here are some ladies and gentlemen who want to fight a duel in thy garden."

"A duel! What with, Holy Family! Spoons and forks? Napkins and platters?"

"Oh, these are for the supper which the ladies and gentlemen also wish to enjoy in thy beautiful garden."

"An apoplexy on my beautiful garden if this is what it brings me!"

All the same, we walked in. Girolamo, having slammed the gate, went off to a

marble bench, sat down by his lantern, wagged his nightcap tassel, and groaned:

"Duels! Suppers! Guitars! Disguises! A *ballo in maschera!* A chimera! An indigestion! But, body of Bacchus, if I am really asleep, to the devil with the garden; dreams will not hurt it!"

The garden, as a matter of fact, was exquisite. High walls of stucco inclosed it, crowned with a wealth of roses. And the orange-trees spread over the flower-plats were weighted with roses. And roses covered the boxwood hedges, the corpulent urns of terra-cotta, the statues of cupids and satyrs, the pillars of a small pergola half circling the fountain-basin. And through this vague paradise of blossoms and jetting water floated the fireflies—here and gone, there and gone, everywhere at once, a swimming, vanishing, widespread mist of faery light.

"You are not angry with me?" murmured Arianne.

We were sitting side by side on the edge of the fountain-basin, while Dino and the lieutenants marked off a fencing-space. This was proving a difficult feat for them. Camillo had served the *hors d'œuvre*, so the seconds, with napkins stuck in their collars, were eating while pacing the ground. Meanwhile the Obese Unknown, having gobbled that course and polished his plate with a crust, sat back beneath a statue of Venus, his scarlet waistcoat shaking like a vast mound of cranberry jelly. Mr. Lassofram and Monsieur Demoustier were not to be seen.

"You are angry? Oh, look! Hold your match to the water! See all the goldfish!"

"Goldfish are not nightingales."

Arianna had the good grace to hang her head.

But now the Obese Unknown resumes his guitar. Coughing affectedly, he gives us in a flexible falsetto:

"The blonde who loved me so,
And made me many a vow,
Kissed me and bade me go:
'I do not love you now.'
So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do!
Love is a bore;
Soon becomes old;
Vows by the score;
Kiss and turn cold. . . ."

"Ruggero! I've eaten the olives, the salami, the artichokes in oil, the anchovies, the radishes, the tunny-fish, the peppers, the sardines, the pickled onions, but where the dickens is my *sole Marguery?*"

"Behold!" cries the faithful Ruggero from the road, and enters the garden at a dog-trot with the second course. Dino and the cavalry of Cremona adjourn to the fountain.

By Lieutenant Avanzi: "Does the most gentle signorina permit one to sit at her feet?"

By Lieutenant Pollio: "As Dante knelt before Beatrice—"

"Dante! You are the reincarnation of Dante, perhaps?"

"To-night I am all the great lovers of the past rolled into one, for I gaze on all the beauties of other days combined in a single form. I seem to see the brow of Héloïse, the cheek of Lucrezia, the smile of La Gioconda, the blush of Elena of Troy—"

"Red wine or white?"

"The throat of Poppæa Sabina—"

"Have some more sole."

"The form of Venus Anadyomene—"

"Salt? Pepper?"

"A pinch of arsenic?"

"A loaded pistol?"

"A rope?"

"Gentlemen! Do you intend to insult me?"

Lieutenant Pollio rises to his full height, steps back indignantly, catches his heels on the basin-rim, and amidst a geyser of water and goldfish disappears into the fountain. One should always ignore the small mishaps liable to occur at these functions. We continue our supper.

"A charming garden."

"Who owns it?"

"How should I know?"

"Let's see. We are here because—"

"Of course! We are here for that duel! But where are the principals?"

"Girolamo, have you seen a tall signore with red hair, and a short signore without a collar or tie?"

Girolamo, the concierge, put down his plate and waggled his nightcap tassel indifferently. "Blood pudding! What should I see, since somebody has taken my lantern? Ah, but I know who it

was, all the same! It was one of those ghosts."

"Those ghosts?"

"Certainly. Ruggero neglected to tell you that this garden is haunted?" And, crossing his bare legs, Girolamo related: "It was long ago, when the Austrians —may they all die in a prison—possessed this city. In fact, a young Austrian lady was the cause of the duel, a pretty person, they say, if one is sympathetic to yellow locks. For my part, I prefer them black-haired, pale of skin, with a sort of eel-like saunter, and eyes with a *morbidezza* about them that give you more in one glance than those foreign women could tell in a day. May God go on making the girls of Florence, say I! Anyhow, it was here, in this garden, that the duel was fought, and as each at the same time spitted the other one, they expired together, mixed up on the ground like a puzzle. But they had neglected to bring a priest along—for in fact no priest would attend such a party—so naturally they have to return every night seeking absolution. A moment ago they both came floating to me over the flowers, now sinking into the earth, now rising into the air. But, pshaw! I am used to them! 'A loan of your lantern?' 'Take it,' I said, 'and welcome.'"

"And where are they now?"

"Should I know? You might look in the fountain."

"The fountain!" cried the Obese Unknown, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Lieutenant Pollio, of the cavalry of Cremona!"

And indeed none could recollect having seen that young man since he disappeared in the fountain.

All of us approached the fountain-basin on tiptoe. Lieutenant Avanzi, dissolved in tears, unsheathed his sword and prodded about in the water. Lieutenant Pollio was gone.

"And so is my guitar," exclaimed the Obese Unknown.

"And so is Dino!"

But there came from beyond the garden wall the faint thrum of that instrument, and Dino's voice raised in song. We ran across to the gate. Far down the lane the light of a wayside shrine illumined the form of Don Dino d'Idria, who, gazing up at the windows of another villa, was plaintively singing:

"Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Believing in love is madness,
And trusting in girls is sadness,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Oh, beauty of melancholy!
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
But first let us have some gladness,
For loving is such sweet folly,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Let Love, let Love play the gamin!
Life without love is famine!
Life without love is famine!"

"Don Dino! Don Dino! That villa is empty, too!"

He renounced us with a gesture of scorn. We returned to the garden.

Arianna, Lieutenant Avanzi, and I strolled up and down the paths. Lieutenant Avanzi whispered in Arianna's ear: "How often I sat there, hoping for one glance of your eyes across the footlights! Again and again I thought, This time she will look! This time she will comprehend my pathetic adoration!"

What a simpleton a man can make of himself with a pretty woman!

We had reached a little pagoda set in a bower of bloom, a windowless stone pagoda intended, no doubt, for the gardener's tools. I pushed open the door. The dying light of Girolamo's lantern revealed Monsieur Demoustier and Percival Lassofram dealing out a tattered pack of cards on an upturned wheelbarrow. I came out just in time to see Lieutenant Avanzi drop Arianna's hand.

"No duel," I announced, perhaps with more bitterness than the news demanded.

"How so, no duel?" asked Lieutenant Avanzi, effusively.

"Go in and look."

The lieutenant entered the little pagoda. I shut the door on his heels. I turned the key in the lock. I removed the key and threw it over the garden wall. Arianna and I resumed our promenade.

The faithful Ruggero had stacked his tableware and departed. Remained the Obese Unknown and the concierge, who sat face to face astride the marble bench, playing *mora* for coppers. But still the roses dispelled their sweetness; the fire-

flies glittered among the petals; the fountain purled on; the breeze rustled invisible coverts. And suddenly a nightingale burst into song.

"They have followed us here! One might see them to-night, after all!"

A dull rumble from the direction of the pagoda.

"Thunder?" cries Arianna.

"Look at the stars."

"It isn't good to look too much at the stars."

From a distant tower the clang of bell—once, twice.

"*Madonna mia!* Two o'clock in the morning."

"See, at the end of the path, that little cupid aiming his bow!" But Arianna has disappeared.

The wall of roses sways, scattering dewdrops. The thickets rustle together on a vague sheen of pallor and gold. Twigs whip the face; thorns touch the hands; a new vista appears; an indistinct form goes fluttering; a tinkle of laughter rises, falls, melts into the fountain's ripple.

"Arianna!"

Somewhere a nymph sings mockingly in the foliage:

"Night divine, oh, night of love—"

A rush over flower-beds, an answering patter of feet. Here a pale shape stands motionless. Confusion! It is a statue!

"Arianna! Arianna!"

The Obese Unknown had taken up the cry. From the other side of the garden she answered him. Yes, from diametrically opposite thickets we entered the open space round the fountain.

There the Obese Unknown was counting coppers into Girolamo's palm. To me he complained: "Why the deuce do I gamble so madly? I always lose."

"Unlucky at games—"

"Sure enough. I have my recompense, eh?" And to Arianna, while reaching out his bejeweled, sausage-like fingers to pinch her cheek, "Eh, Core of my Heart?"

She looked demure, then said in the jolliest tone to me, "Do you know, I believe I've forgotten all evening to introduce my husband!"

The Obese Unknown gravely pointed his toes, flourished his hat, and made a gymnastic bow.

"Signore," he rumbled, grandly, "it is a satisfaction to effect your valuable acquaintance."

They walked to the gate.

Arianna, over her shoulder, smiled wistfully, as who should say, "Forgive, but never forget!"

Arianna's husband called:

"Good night! To another of these nice little evenings!"

"Good night," echoed Arianna, sadly, twinklingly, perfidiously. "To another of these nice little evenings!"

Presently through the still air came back his flexible falsetto:

"They call me now La Bella Pastorella,
leru-lè,
And innocence in love is my best part,
leru-lè,
When all would have a corner of my
heart, leru-lè,
And say, 'I love you so, O Nina Bella,
leru-lè. . . ."

And soon, more faintly:

"So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do. . . ."

And so forth. I returned to Girolamo, the concierge.

Girolamo was lighting his pipe, when, from the little pagoda that rumbling sounded again. He poised his match, nodded, shrugged philosophically.

"The ghosts are amusing themselves."

Sundry muffled crashes followed.

"Ah, for a fact, they're raising the dickens to-night! No doubt they'll keep it up till daybreak. Well, let them, poor souls. Give them their pleasure. A ghost's life must be a dull one at best. Is the Chianti all gone?" He shook the flask, hurled it into the fountain, and sat dejected. But after a while he resumed: "Where is that fat apparition with the finger-rings and scarlet waistcoat? And all the other masqueraders? And she of the yellow hair? Not bad, not bad for a blonde! Perhaps she was the ghost of the Austrian girl? Are you a ghost, too? What crime did you commit in life, that you sit so silent and wan, with your lip hanging down like the lip of a motherless calf? Tell me your tragic history." He yawned and stretched his arms. "I am strangely sleepy, although I well

know I'm dreaming in there in my bed. For of course the world was never like this. The world doesn't rain wine-flasks and banquets. The world doesn't offer musical wraiths, goblins that disappear into fountains, sprites that serenade empty houses. That's how we'd like the world to be sometimes, but not how it is. That is romance, not life. So I know I'm dreaming. However, so long as I'm dreaming, why not, in Heaven's name, go to sleep? Heigh-ho! Hum! Good repose, poor spirit!"

He pulled his nightcap over his ears, lay down on the marble bench, tucked his nightgown round his legs, and began to snore.

A sound of wheels at the gate.

"Signore! A large prince and a pretty princess have sent you this horse and cab as a token of their esteem."

We rattled cityward. The garden walls overhung with ilex-trees gave way to commonplace streets. The scent of the roses passed. The stars grew dim. At a familiar, prosaic door:

"Good night, signore!"

"Good night, Romance!"

And Romance, snapping his whip, drove clattering away.

"Oh, Tell Me How My Garden Grows"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

OH, tell me how my garden grows,
Now I, no more, may labor there;
Do still the lily and the rose
Bloom on without my fostering care?

Do peonies blush as deep with pride,
The larkspurs burn as bright a blue,
And velvet pansies stare as wide
In wonder, as they used to do?

The tender things that would not blow
Unless I coaxed them, do they raise
Their petals in a sturdy row,
Forgetful, to the stranger's gaze?

Or do they show a paler shade,
And sigh a little in the wind
For one whose sheltering presence made
Their stepdame Nature less unkind?

Oh, tell me how my garden grows
Where I no more may take delight,
And if some dream of me it knows,
Who dream of it by day and night.

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

"My lord, I am on the side of the angels."—DISRAELI.

CHAPTER I

THE difficulty was, in the first place, one of date—not the date of a month or a year, but of a generation or a century. Had Thorley Masterman found himself in love with Rosie Fay in 1760, or even in 1860, there would have been little to adjust and nothing to gainsay. In 1860 the Fays were still as good as the Thorleys, and almost as good as the Mastermans. Going back as far as 1760, the Fays might have been considered better than the Thorleys had the village acknowledged standards of comparison, while there were no Mastermans at all. That is, in 1760, the Mastermans still kept their status as yeomen, clergymen, and country doctors among the hills of Derbyshire, untroubled as yet by that spirit of unrest for conscience sake which had urged the Fays and the Thorleys out of the flat farmlands of East Anglia one hundred and thirty years before.

During the intervening period the flat farmlands remained only as an equalizing symbol. Thorleys, Fays, Willoughbys, and Brands worked for one another with the community of interests developed in a beehive, and intermarried. If from the process of intermarriage the Fays were, on the whole, excluded, the discrimination lay in some obscure instinct for affinity of which no one at the time was able to forecast the significance.

But by 1910 there was a difference, the difference apparent when out of the flat farmlands seismic explosion has thrown up a range of mountain peaks. For the expansion of the country which the middle nineteenth century had wrought, the Thorleys, Mastermans, Willoughbys, and Brands had been on the alert, with eyes watchful and calculations timed. The Fays, on the other hand, had gone on with the round of seed-time and harvest, contented and almost somnolent, awakening to find that the ages had been giving them the chances that would never come again. It was across the wreck of those chances, and across some other obstacles besides, that Thorley Masterman, for the first time since childhood, looked into the gray-green eyes of Rosie Fay and got the thrill of their wide-open, earnest beauty.

He was then not far from thirty years of age, having studied at a great American university, in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and obtained other sorts of knowledge of mankind. He knew Rosie Fay, in this secondary, grown-up phase of their acquaintance, as the daughter of his first patient, and he had obtained his first patient through the kindly intervention of Uncle Sim. From February to November, 1910, his "shingle" had hung in one of the two streets of the village without attracting a patient at all. He had already begun to feel his position a trial when his half-brother's daily jest turned it into a humiliation.

"Must be serious matter, Thor," Claude would say, "to be responsible for so many valuable lives."

Mr. Leonard Willoughby, his father's partner in the old "banking-and-broking" house of Toogood & Masterman, enjoyed the same sort of chaff. "Looking pale, Thor. Must be working too hard."

"Never mind, Thor," Mrs. Willoughby would encourage him. "When I'm

ill you shall get me—but then I'm never ill."

At such minutes her daughter Lois could only smile sympathetically and talk hurriedly of something else. As he had meant since boyhood to marry Lois Willoughby when the moment for marriage came, Thor counted this tactfulness in her favor.

Nevertheless, he was puzzled. Having disregarded his future possession of money and prepared himself for a useful career with all the thoroughness he could command, nobody seemed to want him. It was not that the village was overprovided with doctors. Every one admitted that it wasn't—otherwise he would not have settled in his native place. The village being really a township with a scattered population—except on the Thorley estate, which was practically part of a great New England city, where there were rows of suburban streets—it was quite insufficiently served by Dr. Noonan at one end and Dr. Hill at the other, for Uncle Sim in the Old Village could scarcely be said to count. No; the opening was good enough. The trouble lay, apparently, in Thorley Masterman himself. Making all allowances for the fact that a young physician must wait patiently, and win his position by degrees, he had reason to feel chagrined. He grew ashamed to pass the little house in the Old Village which he had fitted up as an office. He grew ashamed to go out in his runabout.

The runabout had been worse than an extravagance, since, on the ground that it would take him to his patients the more quickly, he had felt justified in borrowing its price. The most useful purpose it served now was to bring Mr. Willoughby home from town when unfit to come by himself. Otherwise its owner hated taking it out of the garage, especially if Claude were in sight. Claude had envied him the runabout at first, but soon found a way to work his feeling off.

"Anybody dying, old chap?" he would ask, with a curl of his handsome lip. "Hope you'll get to him in time."

It was while in the runabout, however, in the early part of a November afternoon, that the young doctor met his uncle Sim.

"Hello, Thor!" the latter called. "Where you off to? Was looking for you."

Thor brought the machine to a standstill. Uncle Sim threw a long, thin leg over his mare's back and was on the ground. "Whoa, Delia, whoa! Good old girl!"

He liked to believe that the tall bay was spirited. Standing beside Thor's runabout, he held the reins loosely in his left hand, while the right arm was thrown caressingly over Delia's neck. The outward and visible sign of his eccentricity was in his difference from every one else. In a community—one might say a country—in which each man did his utmost to look like every other man, the fact that Simeon Masterman was willing to look like no one but himself was sufficient to prove him, in the language of his neighbors, "a little off." It was sometimes said that he suggested Don Quixote—he was so tall, so gaunt, and so eager-eyed—and, except that there was no melancholy in his face, perhaps he did.

"Got a job for you." The old man's voice was nasal and harsh without being disagreeable.

Grown sensitive, Thor was on his guard. "Not one of your jobs that are given away with a pound of tea?" he said, suspiciously.

"I don't know about the pound of tea—but it's given away. Giving it away because I can't deal with it myself. Calls for some one with more ingenuity—so I've told 'em about you."

Thor laughed. "Don't wonder you're willing to give it up, Uncle Sim."

"You'll wonder still less when you've seen the patient. By the way, it's Fay's wife. 'Member old Fay, don't you?"

The young man nodded. "Used to be Grandpa Thorley's gardener. Has the greenhouses on father's land north of the pond. Some sort of row going on between him and father now. What's she got?"

"It's not what she's got, poor woman; it's what she hasn't got. That's what's the matter with her."

"I'm afraid it's a variety of symptom I never heard of."

"No; but you'll hear of it soon. Whoa, Delia! Steady! Good girl! If

you can treat it you'll be the most distinguished specialist in the country. Whoa, Delia! I'm giving you the chance to begin."

Thor wondered what was at the back of the old fellow's mind. There was generally something in what he said if you could think it out. "Since you've diagnosed the case, Uncle Sim—" he began, craftily.

"Can't I give you a tip for the treatment? No, I can't. And it wouldn't do any good if I did, because she won't take my medicine."

"Perhaps I could make her."

The old man laughed harshly. "You! That's good. Why, you'd be the first to make game of it yourself."

He had his left foot in the stirrup and his right leg over Delia's back before Thor could formulate another question. As with head thrown back he continued his amused chuckling, there was about him, in spite of his sixty years, a something irresponsible and debonair that would have pleased Franz Hals or Martin de Vos.

Within ten minutes Thor was knocking at the door of a small house with a mansard roof, situated in what had once been the apple-orchard of a farm. All but a sparse half-dozen of the trees had given place to lines of hothouses, through the glass of which he could see oblongs of vivid green. He was so preoccupied with the fact of paying his first visit to his first patient as scarcely to notice that the girl who opened the door was pretty. He almost ignored her.

"How do you do, Miss Fay? I'm Dr. Thorley Masterman. I believe your mother would like to see me. May I go to her at once?"

He was in the narrow hallway and at the foot of the stairs when she said: "You can go right up. But perhaps I ought to tell you that she's not—well, she's not very sick."

He looked at her inquiringly, getting the first faint impression of her beauty. "What's the matter, then?"

"That's what we don't know." After a second's hesitation she added, "Perhaps it's melancholy." Another second passed before she said, "We've had a good deal of trouble."

The tone touched him. Her way of holding her head, rather meekly, rather proudly, sufficiently averted to give him the curve of the cheek, touched him, too. "What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, every kind. But she'll tell you about it herself. It's all she'll talk about. That's why we can't do anything for her—and I don't believe you can."

"I'd better see."

Following her directions given from the foot of the stairs, he entered a barely furnished bedroom of which two sides leaned inward, to correspond to the mansard grading of the roof. One window looked out on the greenhouses, another toward Thorley's Pond. Beside the former, in a high, upholstered armchair, sat a tall woman, fully dressed in black, with a patchwork quilt of many colors across her knees. In spite of gray hair slightly disheveled, and wild gray eyes, she was a handsome woman who on a larger scale made him think of the girl down-stairs.

"How do you do, Mrs. Fay?" he began, feeling the burden of the situation to be on himself. "I'm Dr. Thor—"

"I know who you are," the woman said, ungraciously. "If you hadn't been a Masterman I shouldn't have sent for you."

He took a small chair, drawing it up beside her. "I know you've been treated by my uncle Sim—"

"He's a fool. Tries to heal a broken heart by feeding it on rainbows."

Thor smiled. "That's like him. And yet rainbows have been known to heal a broken heart before now."

"They won't heal mine. What I want is down on the solid earth." There was a kind of desperate pleading in her face as she added, "Why can't I have it?"

"That depends on what it is. If it's health—?"

"It's better than health."

He smiled. "I've always heard that health is pretty good, as things go—"

"It's good enough. But there's something better, and that's patience. If you've got patience you can do without health."

"I don't think you're much in need of a doctor, Mrs. Fay," he laughed.

"I am," she declared, savagely. "I am, because I 'ain't got either of 'em; and if I had I'd give them both for something else." She held him with her wild gray eyes, as she said: "I'd give 'em both for money. Money's better than patience and better than health. If I had money I shouldn't care how sick I was, or how unhappy. If I had money my son wouldn't be in jail."

Though startled, he knew that, like a confessor, he must show no sign of surprise. He remembered now that there had been a boy in the Fay family, two or three years younger than himself. "I didn't know—" he began, sympathetically.

"You didn't know, because we're not even talked about. If your brother was in jail for stealing money it's the first thing the town would tattle of. But you've been back from your travels for a year or more, and you 'ain't even heard that our Matt is doing three years at Colcord."

"But you'd rather people didn't hear it, wouldn't you?"

"I'd rather that they'd care whether I'm alive or dead," she said, fiercely. "I've lived all my life in this village, and my ancestors before me. Fay's family has done the same. But we're pushed aside and forgotten. It's as much as ever if some one will tell you that Jasper Fay raises lettuce in the winter, and cucumbers in spring, and a few flowers all the year round, and can't pay his rent. I don't believe you've heard that much. *Have* you?"

He dodged the subject by asking the usual professional questions and giving some elementary professional advice. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Fay, you're taking a discouraged view of life," he went on, by way of doing his duty.

She sat still more erect in her armchair, her eyes flashing. "If you'd seen yourself driven to the wall for more'n thirty year, and if when you got to the wall you were crushed against it, and crushed again, wouldn't you take a discouraged view of life? I've lived on bread and water, or pretty near it, ever since I was married, and what's come of it? We're worse off than we ever were. Fay's put everything he could scrape together into this bit of land; and now your father is shilly-shallying again about renewing the lease."

"Oh, so that's it!"

"That's it—but it's only some of it. Look out there. All Fay's sweat and blood and all of mine is in those greenhouses and that ground. It's everything we've got to live on, and God knows what kind of a living it is. Your father has never given us more'n a three-years' lease, and every three years he's raised the rent on us. He's had us in his power from the first— Oh, he's crafty, getting us to rent the land from him instead of buying it, and Fay that soft that he believed him to be his friend!—he's had us in his power from the first, and he's never spared us. No wonder he's rich! And you're coming in for that Thorley money, too. I know what your grandfather Thorley's will was. Going to get it when you're thirty. Must be pretty nigh that now, ain't you?"

To humor her Thor named the date in the following February when he should reach the age fixed by his grandfather for entering on the inheritance.

"What 'd I tell you? I remember your grandfather as plain as plain. Big, hard-faced man he was, something like you. My folks could remember him when he hawked garden-truck to back doors in the city. Nothing but a farmer's son he was, just like the rest of us —and he died rich. Only difference between the Thorleys and the Fays was that the Thorleys held on to their land and the Fays didn't. Neither did my folks, the Grimeses. If we'd been crafty and hadn't sold till the city was creeping down our chimneys like the Thorleys and the Brands, we should be as rich as them. Cut your father out of his will good and hard, your grandfather did, and now it 'll all come to you. Why, there was a time when the Thorleys hired out to my folks, and so did the Willoughbys! And now—!" She threw the quilt from off her knees and spread her hands outward. "Oh, I'm sick of it! I've spent my life watching every one else go up and me and mine go down —and I'm sick of it. I'm not sick any other way—"

"No, I don't think you are," he said, gently.

"But that's bad enough, isn't it? If I had a fever or a cold you could give me something to take it away. But what can you do for the state of mind I'm in?"

He answered, slowly, "I can't do much just yet—though I can do a little—but by and by, perhaps—when I know more exactly what the trouble is—"

"You can't know it better than I can tell you now. It's just this—that I've all I can do to keep from stealing down to Thorley's Pond, when no one's looking, and throwing myself in. What do you think of that?"

"I think you won't do it," he smiled, "but I wouldn't play with the idea if I were you."

"Look here," she cried, seizing him by the arm and pulling him out of his chair. "Look out of that window." He followed the pointing of her finger to a high bluff covered with oaks, to which the withered brown foliage still clung, though other trees were bare. "That's Duck Rock. Well, there's a spot there where the water's thirty foot deep. What do you think of that?"

He moved back from the window, but remained standing. "I think that it doesn't matter to you and me whether it's thirty foot deep or sixty or a hundred."

"It matters to me. In thirty foot of water I'd go down like a stone; and then it 'd be all over. After that nothing but—sleep." Her eyes held him again. "*You* don't believe there'll be anything after it but sleep, do you?"

He dodged that question, too. "But you do."

"I was brought up an orthodox Congregational—but what's the good? All I've ever got out of it was rainbows; and what I've wanted is solid. I've wanted to do something, and be something, and have something—and not be pushed back and trampled out of sight by people who used to hire out to my folks and can treat me like dirt to-day, just because they've got the money. Why haven't I got it, too? I'm fit for it. I had good schooling. Louisa Thorley—your own mother, that is—and me went to school together. Your father ran away with her and she died when you were born. We went to school to old Miss Brand—aunt to Bessie Brand that's now Bessie Willoughby and holds her head so high. Poor as church mice they was in those days. But then every one was poor. We was all poor together—and happy. And now some are poor and some are rich—and there's upper classes and lower classes—and everything's got uneven—and I'm sick of it."

To calm her excitement he talked to her with the inspiration of young earnestness, getting his reward in an attention accorded perhaps for the very reason that the earnestness was young. "I think I must run off now," he finished, when he thought her slightly comforted, "but I'll send you something I want you to take at once. You'll take a tablespoonful in half a glass of water—"

The rebellious spirit revived, though less bitterly. "And it 'll do me as much good as a dose of your uncle's rainbows. What I want is what I shall never get—or sleep."

"Well, you'll get sleep," he said, smiling and holding out his hand. "You'll sleep to-night—and I'll come again to-morrow."

He was at the door when she called out: "Do you know what our Matt got his three years for? It was for stealing money from Massy's grocery-store, where he was bookkeeper. And do you know what made him steal it? It was to help us pay the rent the last time your father raised it. I'll bet he's done worse than that twenty times a year; but he's driving round in automobiles, while my poor boy's in Colcord."

CHAPTER II

ON going down-stairs, Thor looked about him for Rosie Fay. She was nowhere to be seen, and the house was cheerless. He could imagine that to an ambitious woman circumscribed by its dreary neatness Duck Rock with its thirty feet of water might be a welcome change.

Continuing his search when he went outside, he gazed round what was left of the old orchard. He remembered Fay—a slim fellow with a gentle, dreamy face and starry eyes. He had seen him occasionally during the past eighteen years,

though rarely. As a matter of fact, Fay's greenhouses lay on that part of the shore of Thorley's Pond most out of the way of the pedestrian. Only of late had new roads wormed themselves up the steep northern bank of the pond, bringing from the city well-to-do, country-loving souls who desired space and sunshine. It was a satisfaction to Thor's father, Archie Masterman, that only the best type of suburban residence was going up among these sylvan glades, and that the property was justifying his foresight as an investor.

The young man could understand that it should be so, for the spot was picturesque. Sheltered from the north by a range of wooded hills, it was like a great green cup held out to the sunshine. The region was favorable, therefore, to the raising of early "garden-truck." Whenever the frost was out of the ground, oblongs of green things growing in straight lines gave a special freshness to the landscape, while from any of the knolls over which the township clambered clusters of greenhouses glinted like distant sheets of water. One had to get them in contrast to the sparkling blue eye of Thorley's Pond to perceive that they were not tiny lakes. With so pleasing a view, hemmed in by the haze of the city toward the south, and a hint of the Atlantic south of that, there was every reason why Fay's plot of land should appreciate in value.

On these grounds it became comprehensible to Thor that his father might raise the rent and still not be an instrument of oppression. It was consoling to him to perceive this. It helped to allay certain uncomfortable suspicions that had risen in his mind since coming home, and which were not easy to dispel.

He caught sight at last of Rosie's dull-green frock in the one hothouse in which there were flowers. Through the glass roof he could see the red disks of poinsettias and the crimson or white of azaleas coming into bloom. The other two houses sheltered long, level rectangles of tender green, representing lettuce in different stages of the crop. A bow-legged Italian was closing the skylights that had been opened for the milder part of the day; another Italian replaced the covers on hot-beds that might have contained violets. From the high furnace chimney a plume of yellow-brown smoke floated heavily on the windless air. The place looked undermanned and forlorn.

On opening the door he was met by the sweet, warm odor of damp earth and green things growing and blossoming. Pausing in her work, the girl looked down the half-length of the greenhouse as a hint for him to advance. He went toward her between feathery banks of gray-green carnations, on which the long, oval, compact buds were loosening their sheaths to display the dawn-pink within. Half covered up by a coarse apron or pinafore, she stood at a high table, like a counter, against a background of poinsettias.

"We don't go in for flowers, really," she explained to him, after he had given her certain directions concerning her mother. "It would be better if we didn't try to raise them at all."

Thor, whose ear was sensitive, noticed that her voice was pleasant to listen to, and her speech marked by a simple, unaffected refinement. He lingered because he was interested in her work. He found a kind of fascination in watching her as she took a moist red flower-pot from one end of the table, threw in a handful or two of earth from the heap at the other end, then a root that looked like a cluster of yellow, crescent-shaped onions, then a little more earth, after which she turned to place the flower-pot as one of the row on the floor behind her. There was something rhythmic in her movements. Each detail took the same amount of action and time. She might have been working to music. Her left hand made precisely the same gesture with each flower-pot she took from the line in which they lay telescoped together. Her right hand described the same graceful curve with every impatient, petulant handful of earth.

"Why do you raise them, then?" he asked, for the sake of saying something.

She answered, wearily: "Oh, it's father. He can't make up his mind what to do. Or, rather, he makes up his mind both ways at once. Because some people make a good thing out of raising flowers he thinks he'll do that. And because



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PAUSING IN HER WORK, AS A HINT FOR HIM TO ADVANCE

others do a big business in garden-stuff, he thinks he'll do that."

"And so he falls between two stools. I see."

"It's no use being a market-gardener," she went on, disdainfully tossing the earth into another pot, "unless you're a big market-gardener, and it's no use being a florist unless you're a big florist. Everything has to be big nowadays to make it pay. And the trouble with father is that he does so many things small. He sees big," she analyzed, continuing her work—"so big that he goes all to pieces when he tries to carry his ideas out."

"And you think that if he concentrated his forces on raising garden-stuff—"

She explained further: People had to have lettuce and radishes and carrots and cucumbers whatever happened, whereas flowers were a luxury. Whenever money was scarce they didn't buy them. If it were not for weddings and funerals and Christmas and Easter they wouldn't buy them at all. Then, too, they were expensive to raise, and difficult. You couldn't do it by casting a little seed into the ground. Every azalea was imported from Belgium; every lily-bulb from Japan. True, the carnations were grown from slips, but if he only knew the trouble they gave! Those at which he was looking, and which had the innocent air of springing and blooming of their own accord, had been through no less than four tedious processes since the slips were taken in the preceding February. First they had been planted in sand for the root to strike; then transferred to flats, or shallow wooden boxes; then bedded out in the garden; and lastly brought into the house. If he would only consider the labor involved in all that, to say nothing of the incessant watching and watering, and keeping the house at the proper temperature by night and by day —well, he could see for himself.

He did see for himself. He said so absently, because he was noting the fact that her serious, earnest eyes were of the peculiar shade which, when seen in eyes, is called green. It was still absently that he added, "And you have to work pretty hard."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't mind that. Anything to live."

"What are you doing there?"

There was an exasperated note in her voice as she replied: "Oh, these are the Easter lilies. We have to begin on them now."

"And do you do them all?"

"I do, when there's no one else. Father's men keep leaving." She flung him a look he would have thought defiant if he hadn't found it frank. "I don't blame them. Half the time they're not paid."

"I see. So that you fill in. Do you like it?"

"Would you like doing what isn't of any use?—what will never be of any use? Would you like to be always running as hard as you can, just to fall out of the race?"

He tried to smile. "I shouldn't like it for long."

"Well, there's that," she said, as though he had suggested a form of consolation. "It won't be for long. It can't be. Father won't be able to go on like this."

He decided to take the bull by the horns. "Is that because my father doesn't want to renew the lease?"

She shrugged her shoulders again. "Oh no, not particularly. It *is* that—and everything else."

He felt it the part of tact to make signs of going, uttering a few parting injunctions with regard to the mother as he did so.

"And I wouldn't leave her too much alone," he advised. "She could easily slip out without attracting any one's attention. Tell your father I said so. I suppose he's not in the house."

"He's off somewhere trying to engage a night fireman."

He ignored this information to emphasize his counsels. "It's most important that while she's in this state of mind some one should be with her. And if we knew of anything she'd specially like—"

She continued to work industriously. "The thing she'd like best in this world won't do her any good when it happens." She threw in a bulb with impetuous vehemence. "It's to have Matt out of jail. He will be out in the course of

a few months. But he'll be—a jailbird."

"We must try to help him live that down."

She turned her great greenish eyes on him again with that look which struck him as both frank and pitiful. "That's one of the things people in our position can't do. It's the first thing mother herself will think of when she sees Matt hanging about the house—for he'll never get a job."

"He can help your father. He can be the night fireman."

She shrugged her shoulders with the fatalistic movement he was beginning to recognize. "Father won't need a night fireman by that time."

He could only say: "All the same, your mother must be watched. She can't be allowed to throw herself from Duck Rock, now, can she?"

"I don't say allowed. But if she did—"

"Well, what then?"

"She'd be out of it. That would be something."

"Admitting that it would be something for her, what would it be for your father and you?"

She relaxed the energy of her hands. He had time to notice them. It hurt him to see anything so shapely coarsened with hard work. "Wouldn't it be that much?" she asked, as if reaching a conclusion. "If she were out of it, it would be a gain all round."

Never having heard a human being speak like this, he was shocked. "But everything can't be so black. There must be something somewhere."

She glanced up at him obliquely. Months afterward he recalled the look. Her tone, when she spoke, seemed to be throwing him a challenge as well as making an admission. "Well, there *is*—one thing."

He spoke triumphantly. "Ah, there *is* one thing, then?"

"Yes, but it may not happen."

"Oh, lots of things may not happen. We just have to hope they will. That's all we've got to live by."

There was a lovely solemnity about her. "And even if it did happen, so many people would be opposed to it that I'm not sure it would do any good, after all."

"Oh, but we won't think of the people who'd be opposed to it—"

"We should have to, because"—the sweet fixity of her gaze gave him an odd thrill—"because you'd be one."

He laughed as he held out his hand to say good-by. "Don't be too sure. And in any case it won't matter about me."

She declined to take his hand on the ground that her own was soiled with loam, but she mystified him slightly when she said: "It will matter about you; and if the thing ever happens I want you to remember that I told you so. I can't play fair; but I'll play as fair as I can."

CHAPTER III

THOR was deaf to these enigmatic words in the excitement of perceiving that the girl had beauty. The discovery gave him a new sort of pleasure as he turned his runabout toward the town. Beauty had not hitherto been a condition to which he attached great value. If anything, he had held it in some scorn. Now, for the first time in his emotional life, he was stirred by a girl's mere prettiness—a quite unusual prettiness, it had to be admitted; a slightly haggard prettiness, perhaps; a prettiness a little worn by work, a little coarsened by wind and weather; a prettiness too desperate for youth and too tragic for coquetry, but for those very reasons doubtless all the more haunting. He was obliged to remind himself that it was nothing to him, since he had never swerved from the intention to marry Lois Willoughby as soon as he had made a start in practice and come into the money he was to get at thirty; but he could see it was the sort of thing by which other men might be affected, and came to a mental standstill there.

Driving on into the city, he went straight to his father's office in Commonwealth Row. It was already after four o'clock, and except for two young men sorting checks and putting away ledgers, the cagelike divisions of the banking department were empty. One of the men was whistling; the other was calling in a loud, gay voice, "Say, Cheever, what about to-night?"—signs that

the enforced decorum of the day was past.

Claude was in the outer office reserved for customers. He wore his overcoat, hat, and gloves. A stick hung over his left arm by its crooked handle. The ticker was silent, but a portion of the tape fluttered between his gloved fingers.

Though his back was toward the door, he recognized his half-brother's step with that mixture of envy and irritation which Thor's presence always stirred in him. He was not without fraternal affection, especially when Thor was away; when he was at home it was difficult for Claude not to resent the elder's superiority. Claude called it superiority for want of a better word, though he meant no more than a combination of advantages he himself would have enjoyed. He meant Thor's prospective money, his good spirits, good temper, and good health. Claude had not good health, which excused, in his judgment, his lack of good spirits and good temper. Neither had Claude any money beyond the fifteen hundred dollars a year he earned in his father's office. He was in the habit of saying to himself, and in confidence to his friends, that it was "damned hard luck" that he should be compelled to live on a pittance like that, when Thor, within a few months, would come into a good thirty thousand a year.

It was some consolation that Thor was what his brother called "an ugly beast"—sallow and lantern-jawed, with a long, narrow head that looked as if it had been sat on. The eyes were not bad; that had to be admitted; they were as friendly as a welcoming light; but the mouth was so big and aggressive that even the mustache Thor was trying to grow couldn't subdue its boldness. As for the nose and chin, they looked—according to Claude's account—as if they had been created soft, and subjected to a system of grotesque elongation before hardening. Claude could the more safely make game of his brother's looks seeing that he himself was notably handsome, with traits as regular as if they had been carved, and a profile so exact that it was frequently exposed in photographers' windows, to the envy of gentlemen gazers. While Thor had once tried to mitigate his features by a beard that had been unsuccessful and had now disappeared, Claude wouldn't disfigure himself by a hair. He was as clean-shaven as a marble Apollo, and not less neatly limbed.

"Gone." Claude raised his eyes just long enough to utter the word.

Thor came to an abrupt stop. "Club?"

"Suppose so." He added, without raising his head. "Wish to God the drunken sot would stay there." He continued, while still apparently reading the tape in his hand, "Father wishes it, too."

Thor was not altogether taken by surprise. Ever since his return from Europe, a year earlier, he had wondered how his father's patience could hold out. He took it that there was a reason for it, a reason he at once expressed to Claude:

"Father can't wish it. He can't afford to."

Claude lifted his handsome, rather insolent face. "Why not?"

"For the simple reason that he's got his money."

"Much you know about it. Len Willoughby hasn't enough money left in Toogood & Masterman's to take him on a trip to Europe."

Thor backed toward the receiving-teller's wicket, where he rested the tips of his elbows on the counter. He was visibly perturbed. "What's become of it, then?"

"Don't ask me. All I know is what I'm telling you."

"Did father say so himself?"

"Not in so many words. But I know it." He tossed the tape from him and began to smooth his gloves. "Father means to ship him."

"Ship him? He can't do that."

"Can't? I should like to know why not."

"Because he can't. That's why. Because he has—"

"Yes? Cough it up. Speak as if you had something up your sleeve."

Thor reflected as to the wisdom of saying more. "Well, I have," he admitted. "It's something I remember from the time we were kids. You were too young to notice. But *I* noticed—and I haven't forgotten. Father can't ship Len Willoughby without being sure

he has enough to live on." He decided to speak out, if for no other reason than that of securing Claude's co-operation. "Father persuaded Mr. Willoughby to put Mrs. Willoughby's money into the business when he didn't want to."

"Ah, shucks!" Claude exclaimed, contemptuously.

"He did," Thor insisted. "It was back in 1892, in Paris, that first time they took us abroad. You were only nine and I was twelve. I heard them. I was hanging round one evening in that little hotel we stayed at in the rue de Rivoli—the Hôtel de Marsan, wasn't it? The Willoughbys had been living in Paris for five or six years, and father got them to come home. I heard him ask mother to talk it up with Mrs. Willoughby. Mother said she didn't want to, but father got round her, and she agreed to try. She said, too, that Bessie might be willing because Len had already begun to take too much and it would brace him up if he got work to do."

"Work!" Claude sniffed. "Him!"

"Father knew he couldn't work—knew he'd tried all sorts of things—first to be an artist, then to write, then to get into the consular service, and the Lord knows what. It wasn't his work that father was after. It was just when the Toogood estate withdrew old Mr. Toogood's money, and father had to have more capital."

"Well, Len Willoughby didn't have any."

"No; but his wife had. It came to the same thing. Suppose she must have had between three and four hundred thousand from old man Brand. I remember hearing father say to mother that Len was making ducks and drakes of it as fast as he could, and that it might as well help the firm of Toogood & Masterman as go to the deuce. Can still hear father feeding the poor fool with bluff about the great banker he'd make and how it was the dead loss of a fortune that he hadn't had a seat on the Stock Exchange years before."

Claude sniffed again. "You'd better carry your load to father himself."

"I will—if I have to." Before Claude had found a rejoinder, Thor went on, changing the subject abruptly, so as not to be led into being indiscreet, "Say, Claude, do you remember Fay, the gardener?"

Claude was still smoothing his gloves, but he stopped, with the thumb and fingers of his right hand grasping the middle finger of the left. More than ever his features suggested a marble stoniness. "No."

"Oh, but you must. Used to be Grandpa Thorley's gardener. Has the greenhouses on father's land north of the pond."

Claude recovered himself slightly. "Well, what about him?"

"Been to see his wife. Patient of Uncle Sim's. Turned her on to me. They're having the deuce of a time."

Claude recovered himself still more. He looked at his brother curiously. "Well, what's it got to do with me?"

"Nothing directly."

"Well,, then — indirectly?" Claude asked, defiantly.

"Only this, that it has to do with both of us, since it concerns father."

Claude was by this time master of himself. "Look here, Thor. Are you getting a bee in your bonnet about father?"

"Good Lord! no. But father's immersed in business. He can't be expected to know how all the details of his policy work out. He's not young any longer; and he isn't in touch with modern social and economic ideas."

"Oh, stow the modern social and economic ideas, and let's get to business. What's up with this family—of—of—What-d'you-call-'ems?"

With his feet planted firmly apart, Claude swung his stick airily back and forth across the front of his person, though he listened with apparent attention.

"You know, Thor, as a matter of fact," he explained, when the latter had finished his account, "that the kindest thing father can do for Fay is to let him peter out. Fay thinks that father and the lease are the obstacle he's up against, when in reality it's the whole thing."

"Oh, so you do know about it?"

Claude saw his mistake, and righted himself quickly. "Y-yes. Now that you—you speak of it, I—I do. It comes

—a—back to me. I've heard father mention it."

"And what did father say?"

"Just what I'm telling you. That the lease isn't the chief factor in Fay's troubles—isn't really a factor at all. Poor old fellow's a dunderhead. That's where it is in a nutshell. Never could make a living. Never will. Remember him?"

"Vaguely. Haven't seen him for years."

"Well, when you do see him you'll understand. Nice old chap as ever lived. Only impractical, dreamy. Gentle as a sheep—and no more capable of running that big, expensive plant than a motherly old ewe. That's where the trouble is. When father's closed down on him and edged him out—quietly, you understand—it 'll be the best thing that ever happened to them all."

Thor reflected. "I see that you know more about it than you thought. You know all about it."

Again Claude caught himself up, shifting his position adroitly. "Oh no, I don't. Just what I've heard father say. When you spoke of it at first the name slipped my memory."

Thor reverted to the original theme. "The son's in jail. Did you know that?"

But Claude was again on his guard. "Oh, so there's a son?"

"Son about your age. Matt his name is. Surely you must recall him. Used to pick peas with us when Fay'd let us do it."

Claude shook his head silently.

"And there's a girl."

Claude's stick hung limply before him. His face and figure resumed their stony immobility. "Oh, is there? Plain?"

"No; pretty. Very pretty. Very unusually pretty. Come to think of it, I shouldn't mind saying— Yes, I will say it! She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen." The eyes of the two brothers met. "Bar none."

The smile on Claude's lips might have passed for an expression of brotherly chaff. "Go it, old chap. Seem smitten."

"Oh, it isn't that. Nothing of the sort at all. I speak of her only because I'm sorry for her. Brunt of whole thing comes on her."

"Well, what do you propose that we should do?"

"I haven't got as far as proposing. Haven't thought the thing out at all. But I think we ought to do something—you and I."

"We can't do anything without father—and father won't. He simply won't. Fay 'll have to go. Good thing, too; that's what I say. Get 'em all on a basis on which they can manage. Fay 'll find a job with one of the other growers—"

"Yes; but what's to become of the girl?"

Claude stared with a kind of bravado. "How the devil do I know? She'll do the best she can, I suppose. Go into a shop. Lots of girls go into shops."

Thor studied his brother with mild curiosity. "You're a queer fellow, Claude. A minute ago you couldn't remember Fay's name; and now you've got his whole business at your fingers' ends."

But Claude repeated his explanation. "Got father's business at my fingers' ends, if that's what you mean. In such big affairs chap like Fay only a detail. Couldn't recall him at first, but once I'd caught on to him—"

By moving away toward the inner office, where Cheever was still at work, Claude intimated that, as far as he was concerned, the conversation was ended. Thor returned to his runabout.

"Say, Claude," Cheever called, "comin' to see *The Champion* to-night, ain't you? Countin' on you."

Claude laid a friendly hand on Cheever's arm. He liked to be on easy terms with his father's clerks. "Awfully sorry, Billy, but you must excuse me. Fact is, that damn-fool brother of mine has been putting his finger in my pie. Got to do something to get it out—and do it quick. Awfully sorry. Sha'n't be free."

CHAPTER IV

BESIDE his favorite window at the club, commanding the movement of the street and the bare trees of the park, Len Willoughby had got together the essentials to a pleasant hour. They consisted of the French and English illustrated papers, two or three

excellent Havanas, a bottle of Scotch whisky, and a siphon of aerated water. On the table beside him there was also an empty glass that had contained a cocktail.

It was the consoling moment of the day. After the strain of a nine-o'clock breakfast and the rush to the city before eleven, after the hours of purposeless hanging about the office of Toogood & Masterman, where he could see he wasn't wanted, he found it restful to retire into his own corner and sink drowsily into his cups. He did sink into them drowsily, and yet through well-marked phases of excitement. He knew those phases now; he could tell in advance how each stage would pass into another.

There was first the comfort of the big chair and the friendly covers of *L'Illustration* and the *Graphic*. He didn't care to talk. He liked to be let alone. When he came from the office he was generally dispirited. Masterman's queer, contemptuous manner was enough to discourage any one. He was sure, too, that Claude and Billy Cheever ridiculed his big, fat figure behind his back. But once he sank into the deep, red-leather arm-chair he was safe. It was ridiculous that a man of his age should come to recognize the advantages of such a refuge, but he laid it to the charge of a mean and spiteful world.

The world did not cease to be mean and spiteful till after he had had his cocktail. It was wonderful the change that took place then—not suddenly, but with a sweet, slow, cheering inner transformation. It was a surging, a glowing, a mellowing. It was like the readjustment of the eyes of the soul. It was seeing the world as generous, kindly. It was growing generous and kindly himself, with the happy conviction that more remained to be got out of life than he had ever wrung from it.

Still, it was something to be a rich banker. Every one couldn't be that. Archie Masterman had certainly possessed a quick eye when he singled out Len Willoughby as the man who could put the firm of Toogood & Masterman on its feet. Three hundred thousand dollars of Bessie's money had gone into that business in 1892, just in time to profit by the panic of 1893. Lord, how they had bought!—gilt-edged stocks for next to nothing!—and how they had sold, a few years later! Len never knew how much money they made. He supposed Archie didn't, either. There were years when the Stock Exchange had been like a wheat-field, yielding thirtyfold and sixtyfold and a hundredfold for every seed they had sown. He had never attempted to keep a tally on what came in; it was sufficient to know that there was always plenty to take out. Besides, it had been an understanding from the first that Archie was to do the drudgery. Len liked this, because it left him free—free for summers in Europe and winters in Egypt or at Palm Beach.

By degrees reminiscence tended toward somnolence. And yet it couldn't be said that Len slept. He kept sufficiently awake to put out his hand from time to time and seize the tumbler. He could even brew himself another glass. If a brother clubman strolled near enough to say, "Hello, Len!" or, "Hello, Willoughby!" he could respond with a dull, "Hello, Tom!" or, "Hello, Jones!" But he spoke as out of a depth; he spoke with some of that weariness at being called back to life which Rembrandt depicts on the face of Lazarus rising from the tomb. It was delicious to sink away from the prosaic and the boresome, to be so fully awake that he could follow the movement in the street and the hopping of the sparrows in the trees, and yet be, as it were, removed, enchanted, seeing and hearing and thinking and even drinking through the medium of a soothing, slumbrous spell.

It could hardly ever be said that he went beyond this point. Though there were occasions on which he miscalculated his effects, they could generally be explained as accidental. Above all, they didn't rise from an appetite for drink. The phrase was one he was fond of; he often used it in condemning a vice of which he disapproved. He used it on this particular afternoon, when Thor Masterman, who had come to drive him homeward in his runabout, was sitting in the opposite arm-chair, waiting to make the start.

"There's one thing about me, Thor; never had an appetite for drink. Not to say *drink*. Thing I despise. Your

father's all wrong about me. Don't know what's got into him. Thinks I take too much. Rot! That's what it is—bally rot! *You* know that, Thor, don't you? Appetite for drink something I despise."

Thor considered the moment one to be made use of. "Has father been saying anything about it?"

"No; but he looks it. Suppose I don't know what he means? Sees double, your father does. Anybody'd think, from the way he treats me, that I was a disgrace to the firm. I'd like to know what that firm 'd be without me."

Thor tried to frame his next question discreetly. "I hope there's been no suggestion of the firm's doing without you, Mr. Willoughby?"

To this Len gave but an indirect reply. "There'll be one soon, if your father doesn't mind himself. I'll retire —and take my money out. Where'll he be then?"

Thor felt his way. "You've taken out a good deal already, haven't you?"

"Not any more than belonged to me. You can bet your boots on that."

"No; not any more than belonged to you, of course. I was only thinking that with the splendid house you've built—and its up-keep—and your general expenses—which are pretty heavy, aren't they?—"

"Not any more than belonged to me, Thor. You can bet your boots on that."

The repetition was made drowsily. The big head of bushy white hair, with its correlative of bushy white beard, swayed with a slow movement that ended in a jerk. It was obvious that the warnings and admonitions to which Thor had been leading up were not for that day. They were useless even when, a half-hour later, the movement of the runabout and the keen air of the high lands as they approached the village roused the big creature to a maudlin cursing of his luck.

On nearing the house, the delicate part of the task which of late Thor had taken almost daily on himself became imminent. It was to get his charge into the house, up to his room, and stretched on a couch without being seen by Lois. Thor had once caught her carrying out this duty unaided. She had evidently called for her father in her mother's limousine, and as Thor passed down the village street she was helping the staggering, ungainly figure toward the door. The next day Thor took his runabout from the garage and went on the errand himself. He was also more ingenious than she in finding a way by which the sorry object could be smuggled indoors. The carriage entrance of the house was too near the street. That it should be so was a trial to Mrs. Willoughby, who would have preferred a house standing in grounds, but there never had been any help for it. When money came in it had been Len's desire to buy back a portion of the old Willoughby farm, and build a mansion on what might reasonably be called his ancestral estate. Of this property there was nothing in the market but a snip along County Street; and though he was satisfied with the site as enabling him to display his prosperity to every one who passed up and down, his wife regretted the absence of a dignified approach.

By avoiding County Street when he came out from town, and following a road that scrambled over the low hillside till it made a juncture with Willoughby's Lane, by descending that ancient cow-path and bringing Len to the privacy of his side-door, Thor endeavored to keep his father's partner from becoming an object of public scandal. He took this trouble not because he bothered about public scandal in itself, but in order to protect Lois Willoughby.

So far his methods had been successful. They failed to-day only because Lois herself was at the side-door. With a pair of garden shears in her gloved hands she was trimming the leafless vine that grew over the pillars of the portico. Thor could see, as she turned round, that she braced herself to meet the moment's humiliation, speaking on the instant he drew up at the steps.

"So good of you to bring papa out from town! I'm sure he's enjoyed the drive." Her hand was on the lever that opened the door of the machine. "Poor papa! You look done up. I dare say you're not well. Be careful, now," she continued, as he lumbered heavily to his feet. "That's a long step there. Take

my hand. I know you must be as tired as can be."

"Dog tired," the father complained, as he lowered himself cautiously. "Dog's life. Tha's wha' I lead. No thanks for it, either. Damn!" The imprecation was necessary because he missed his footing and came down with a jerk. "Can't you see I'm gettin' out?" he groaned, peevishly. "Stan'in' right in my way."

"Better leave him to me," Thor whispered. "I know just what to do with him. One of the advantages of being a doctor."

Willoughby had mind enough to clutch at this suggestion. "Doctor's what I want, hang it all! Sick as a dog. I do' know what 'll happen to me some day. Head aches fit to split. Never had appetite for drink. Tha's one good thing about me."

Lois was still standing near the portico when Thor had assisted his charge to his room, stretched him on a couch, covered him with a rug, left him in a heavy sleep, and crept down the stairs again. It did not escape his eye, quickened by the minutes he had spent with Rosie Fay, that Lois lacked color. For the first time in his life he acutely observed the difference between a plain woman and a pretty one.

"Oh, Thor," she began, as soon as he came out, "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness to papa! How is it to go on? Where is it to end? Oh, Thor, you're a doctor! Tell me what you think. Is there anything I can do?"

His kind, searching eyes, as he stood with one hand on the steering-wheel, rested on her silently. After all, she was twenty-seven, and must take her portion of life's responsibilities. Besides, whatever she might have to bear he meant to share with her. She should not be obliged, like Rosie Fay, for instance, to carry her load alone.

And yet she didn't look as if she would shirk her part. With that tall, erect figure, delicate in outline but strong with the freedom of an open-air life, that proud head which was nevertheless carried meekly, and that straightforward gaze, she gave the impression of being ready to meet anything. The face might be irregular, lacking in many of the tender prettinesses as natural to other girls, even at twenty-seven, as flowers to a field; but no one could deny its force of character.

"I'll tell you something you could do," he said, at last. "You could see—or try to see—that he doesn't spend too much." A slight pause marked his hesitation before adding, "That no one spends too much."

"You mean mamma and me?"

He smiled faintly. "I mean whoever does the spending—but your father most of all, because I'm afraid he's rather reckless. He's spent a good deal during the last twelve or fifteen years, hasn't he?"

She was very quick. "More than he had a right to spend?"

"Well, more than my father," he felt it safe to say.

"But he had more than your father to spend, hadn't he?"

"Do you know that for a certainty?"

"I only know it from papa himself. But, oh, Thor, what is it? Why are you asking?"

He ignored these questions to say: "Couldn't your mother tell us? After all, it was her money, wasn't it?"

She shook her head. "Oh, mamma wouldn't know. If you're in any doubt about it, why don't you ask Mr. Masterman? He could tell you better than any one. Besides, mamma isn't in."

He spoke with a touch of scorn. "I suppose she's in town."

The tone evoked on Lois's part a little smile. They had had battles on the subject before. "That's just where she is."

"That's just where she always is."

"Oh no; not always. Sometimes she stays at home. But she's there pretty often, I admit. She has to make calls, partly because I won't—when I can help it."

He spoke approvingly. "You, at any rate, don't fritter away your time like other women."

"It depends on what other women you mean. I fritter away my time like some women, even though it isn't like the women who make calls. I play golf, for instance, and tennis; I even ride."

"All the same, you don't like the silly thing called society any more than I do."

There was daylight enough to show him the blaze of bravado in her eyes. Her way of holding her head had a certain daring—the daring of one too frank, perhaps too proud, to shrink at truth. "Oh, I don't know. I dare say I should have liked society well enough if society had liked me. But it didn't. As mamma says, I wasn't a success." To compel him to view her in all her lack of charm, she added, with a persistent smile, "You know that, don't you?"

He did know it, though he could hardly say so. He had heard Claude descant on the subject many a time in the years when Lois was still putting in a timid appearance at dances. Claude was interested in everything that had to do with girls, from their clothes to their complexions.

"Can't make it out," he would say at breakfast, after a party; "dances well; dresses well; but doesn't take. Fellows afraid of her. Everybody shy of a girl who isn't popular. Hasn't enough devil. Girl ought to have some devil, hang it all! Dance with her myself? Well, I do—about three times a year. Have her left on my hands an hour at a time. Fellow can't afford that. Think we have no chivalry? Should come to dances yourself, old chap. You'd be a godsend to the girls in the dump."

Thor's dancing days were over before Lois's had begun, but he could imagine what they had been to her. He could look back over the four or five years that separated her from the ordeal, and still see her in "the dump"—tall, timid, furtively watching the young men with those swimming brown orbs of hers, wondering whether or not she should have a partner; heartsore under her finery often driving homeward in the weary early hours with tears streaming down her cheeks. He knew as much about it as if he had been with her. He suffered for her retrospectively. He did it to a degree that made his long face sorrowful.

The sorrow caused Lois some impatience. "For mercy's sake, Thor, don't look at me like that! It isn't as bad as you seem to think. I don't mind it."

"But I do," he declared, with indignation, only to feel that he was slowly coloring.

He colored because the statement brought him within measurable distance of a declaration which he meant to make, but for which he was not ready.

She seemed to divine his embarrassment, speaking with forced lightness. "Please don't waste your sympathy on me. If any one's to be pitied, it's mamma. I'm such a disappointment to her. Let's talk of something else. Where have you been to-day, and what have you been doing?"

He was not blind to her tact, counting it to her credit for the future, but asked abruptly if she knew Fay, the gardener.

"Fay, the gardener?" she echoed. "I know who he is." She went more directly to the point in saying, "I know his daughter."

"Well, she's having a hard time."

"Is she? I should think she might."

His face grew keener. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know—she's that sort. At least, I should judge she was that sort from the little I've seen of her."

"How much have you seen of her?"

"Almost nothing; but little as it was, it impressed itself on my mind. I went to see her once at Mr. Whitney's suggestion."

"Whitney? He's the rector at St. John's, isn't he? What had he to do with her? She doesn't belong to his church?"

Lois explained. "It was when we established the branch of the Girl's Friendly Society at St. John's. Mr. Whitney thought she might care to join it."

"And did she?"

"No; quite the other way. When I went to ask her, she resented it. She had an idea I was patronizing her. That's the difficulty in approaching girls like that."

He looked at her with a challenging expression. "Girls like what?"

"I suppose I mean girls who haven't much money — or who've got to work."

He still challenged her, his head thrown back. "They probably don't consider themselves inferior to you for

that reason. It wouldn't be American if they did."

"And it wouldn't be American if I did; and I don't. They only make me feel so because they feel it so strongly themselves. That's what's not American; and it isn't on my part, but on theirs. They force their sentiment back on me. They make me patronizing whether I will or no."

"And were you patronizing when you went to see Miss Fay?"

To conceal the slightly irritated attentiveness with which he waited for her reply he began to light his motor lamps. Condescension toward Rosie Fay suddenly struck him as offensive, no matter from whom it came.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, indifferently. "There was something about her that disconcerted me."

"She's as good as we are," he declared, snapping the little door of one of the lanterns.

"I don't deny that."

"A generation or two ago we were all farming people together. The Willoughbys and the Brands and the Thorleys and the Fays were on an equal footing. They worked for one another and intermarried. The progress of the country has taken some of us and hurled us up, while it has seized others of us and smashed us down; but we should try to get over that when it comes to human intercourse."

"That's what I was doing when I asked her to join our Friendly Society."

"Pff! The deuce you were! I know your friendly societies. Keep those who are down down. Help the humble to be humbler by making them obsequious."

"You know nothing at all about it," she declared, with spirit. "In trying to make things better you're content to spin theories, while we put something into practice."

He snapped the door of the second lamp with a little bang. "Put something into practice, with the result that people resent it."

"With the result that Rosie Fay resented it; but she's not a fair example. She's proud and rebellious and intense. I never saw any one just like her."

"You probably never saw any one who had to be like her because they'd had her luck. Look here, Lois," he said, with sudden earnestness, "I want you to be a friend to that girl."

She opened her eyes in mild surprise at his intensity. "There's nothing I should like better, if I knew how."

"But you do know how. It's easy enough. Treat her as you would a girl in your own class—Elsie Darling, for instance."

"It's not so simple as that. When Elsie Darling came back after five or six years abroad mamma and I drove into town and called on her. She wasn't in, and we left our cards. Later, we invited her to lunch or to dinner. I should be perfectly willing to go through the same formalities with Miss Fay—only she'd think it queer. It would be queer. It would be queer because she hasn't got—what shall I say?—she hasn't got the social machinery for that kind of ceremoniousness. The machinery means the method of approach, and with people who have to live as she does it's the method of approach that presents the difficulty. It's not as easy as it looks."

"Very well, then; let us admit that it's hard. The harder it is the more it's the job for you."

There was an illuminating quality in her smile that atoned for lack of beauty. "Oh, if you put it in that way—"

"I do put it in that way," he declared, with an earnestness toned down by what was almost wistfulness. "There are so many things in which I want help, Lois—and you're the one to help me."

She held out her hand with characteristic frankness. "I'll do anything I can, Thor. Just tell me what you want me to do when you want me to do it—and I'll try."

"Oh, there'll be a lot of things in which we shall have to pull together," he said, as he held her hand. "I want you to remember, if ever any trouble comes, that"—he hesitated for a word that wouldn't say too much for the moment—"that I'll be there."

"Thank you, Thor. That's a great comfort."

She withdrew her hand quietly. Quietly, too, she assured him, as she moved toward the steps, that she would not fail to force herself again on Rosie Fay. "And about that other matter—

the one you spoke of first—you'll tell me more by and by, won't you?"

After her capacity for ringing true, his conscientiousness prompted him to let her see that she could feel quite sure of him. "I'll tell you anything I can find out; and one of these days, Lois, I must—I must—say a lot more."

She mounted a step or two without turning away from him. "Oh, well," she said, lightly, as though dismissing a topic of no importance, "there'll be plenty of time."

But her smile was a happy one—so happy that he who smiled rarely smiled back at her from the runabout.

He could scarcely be expected to know as yet that his pleasure was not in any happiness of hers, but in the help she might bring to a little creature whose image had haunted him all the afternoon—a little creature whose desperate flower-like face looked up at him from a background of poinsettias.

CHAPTER V

ON coming to the table that evening Claude begged his mother to excuse him for not having dressed for dinner, on the ground that he had an engagement with Billy Cheever. Mrs. Masterman pardoned him with a gracious inclination of the head that made her diamond ear-rings sparkle. No one in the room could be unaware that she disapproved of Claude's informality. Not only did it shock her personal delicacy to dine with men who concealed their shirt-bosoms under the waistcoats they had worn all day, but it contravened the aims by which during her entire married life she had endeavored to elevate the society around her. She herself was one to whom the refinements were as native as foliage to a tree. "It's all right, Claudie dear; but you do know I like you to dress for the evening, don't you?" Without waiting for the younger son to speak, she continued graciously to the elder: "And you, Thor. What have you been doing with yourself to-day?"

Her polite inclusion of her stepson was meant to start "her men," as she called them, in the kind of conversation in which men were most at ease, that which concerned themselves. Thor replied while consuming his soup in the manner acquired in Parisian and Viennese restaurants frequented by young men:

"Got a patient."

Hastily Claude introduced a subject of his own. "Ought to go and see 'The Champion,' father. Hear it's awfully good. Begins with a prize-fight—"

But the father's attention was given to Thor. "Who've you picked up?"

"Fay's wife—Fay, the gardener."

"Indeed? Have to whistle for your fee."

"Oh, I know that—"

"Thor, *please!*" Mrs. Masterman begged. "Don't eat so fast."

"If you know it already," the father continued, "I should think you'd have tried to squeak out of it." He said "know it alweady" and "twied to squeak," owing to a difficulty with the letter *r* which gave an appealing, child-like quality to his speech. "If you start in by taking patients who are not going to pay—"

Claude sought another diversion. "What does it matter to Thor? In three months' time he'll be able to pay sick people for coming to him—what?"

"That's not the point," Masterman explained. "A doctor has no right to pauperize people"—he said "pauperwize people"—"any more than any one else."

"Oh, as to that," Thor said, forcing himself to eat slowly and sit straight in the style commended by his stepmother, "it won't need a doctor to pauperize poor Fay."

"Quite right there," his father agreed. "He's done it himself."

Thor considered the moment a favorable one for making his appeal. "Claude and I have been talking him over—"

"The devil we have!" Claude exclaimed, indignantly.

"What's that?" Masterman's handsome face, which after his day's work was likely to be gray and lifeless, grew sharply interrogative. Time had chiseled it to an incisiveness not incongruous with a lingering air of youth. His hair, mustache, and imperial were but touched with gray. His figure was still lithe and spare. It was the custom to

say of him that he looked but the brother of his two strapping sons.

Claude emphasized his annoyance. "Talking him over! I like that! You blow into the office just as I'm ready to come home, and begin cross-questioning me about father's affairs. I tell you I don't know anything about them. If you call that talking him over—well, you're welcome to your own use of terms."

The head of the house busied himself in carving the joint which had been placed before him. "If you want information, Thor, ask me."

"I don't want information, father; and I don't think Claude is fair in saying I cross-questioned him. I only said that I thought he and I ought to do what we could to get you to renew Fay's lease."

"Oh, did you? Then I can save you the trouble, because I'm not going to."

The declaration was so definite that it left Thor with nothing to say. "Poor old Fay has worked pretty hard, hasn't he?" he ventured at last.

"Possibly. So have I."

"But with the difference that you've been prosperous, and he hasn't."

Masterman laughed good-naturedly. "Which is the difference between me and a good many other people. You don't blame me for that?"

"It's not a question of blaming any one, father. I only supposed that among Americans it was the correct thing for the lucky ones to come to the aid of the less fortunate."

"Take it that I'm doing that for Fay when I get him out of an impossible situation."

Thor smiled ruefully. "When you get him out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

"Well," Claude challenged, coming to his father's aid, "the fire's no worse than the frying-pan, and may be a little better."

"I've seen the girl," Mrs. Masterman contributed to the discussion. "She's been in the greenhouse when I've gone to buy flowers. I must say she didn't strike me very favorably." The two brothers exchanged glances without knowing why. "She seemed to me so much—so very much—above her station."

"What *is* her station?" Thor asked, bridling. "Her station's the same as ours, isn't it?"

The father was amused. "The same as *what?*"

"Surely we're all much of a muchness. Most of us were farmers and market-gardeners up to forty or fifty years ago. I've heard," he went on, utilizing the information he had received that afternoon, "that the Thorleys used to hire out to the Fays."

"Oh, the Thorleys!" Mrs. Masterman smiled.

"The Mastermans didn't," Archie said, gently. "You won't forget that, my boy. Whatever you may be on any other side, you come from a line of gentlemen on mine. Your grandfather Masterman was one of the best-known old-school physicians in this part of the country. His father before him was a Church of England clergyman in Derbyshire, who migrated to America because he'd become a Unitarian. Sort of idealist. Lot of 'em in those days. Time of Napoleon and Southey and Coleridge and all that. Thought that because America was a so-called republic, or a so-called democracy, he'd find people living for one another, and they were just looking out for number one like every one else. Your Uncle Sim takes after him. Died of a broken heart, I believe, because he didn't find the world made over new. But you see the sort of well-born, high-minded stock you sprang from."

Thor lifted his big frame to an erect position, throwing back his head. "I don't care a fig for what I sprang from, father. I don't even care much for what I am. It strikes me as far more important to see that our old friends and neighbors—who are just as good as we are—don't have to go under when we can keep them up."

"Yes, when we can," Thor's father said, with unperturbed gentleness; "but very often we can't. In a world where every one's swimming for his own dear life, those who can't swim have got to drown."

"But every one is not swimming for his own dear life. Most of us are safe on shore. You and I are, for example. And when we are, it seems to me the

least we can do is to fling a life-preserver to the poor chaps who are throwing up their hands and sinking."

Mrs. Masterman rallied her stepson indulgently. "Oh, Thor, how ridiculous you are! How you talk!"

Claude patted his mother's hand. He was still trying to turn attention from bearing too directly on the Fays. "Don't listen to him, mumphy. Beastly socialist, that's what he is. Divide up all the money in the world so that everybody 'll have thirty cents, and then tell 'em to go ahead and live regardless. That 'd be his way of doing things."

But the father was more just. "Oh, no, it wouldn't. Thor's no fool! Has some excellent ideas. A little exaggerated, perhaps, but that 'll cure itself in time. Fault of youth. Good fault, too." He turned affectionately to his elder son. "Rather see you that way, my boy, than with an empty head."

Thor fell silent, from a sense of the futility of talking.

CHAPTER VI

AT the moment when Claude was excusing himself further, begging to be allowed to run away so as not to keep Billy Cheever waiting, Rosie Fay was noticing with relief that her mother was asleep at last. Thor's sedative had taken effect in what the girl considered the nick of time. Having smoothed the pillow, adjusted the patchwork quilt, and placed the small kerosene hand-lamp on a chair at the foot of the bed, so as to shade it from the sleeper's eyes, she slipped down-stairs.

She wore a long, rough coat. Over her hair she had flung a scarf of some gauzy green stuff that heightened her color. The lamplight, or some inner flame of her own, drew opalescent gleams from her gray-greenish eyes as she descended. She was no longer the desperate, petulant little Rosie of the afternoon. Her face was aglow with an eager life. The difference was that between a blossom wilting for lack of water and the same flower fed by rain.

In the tiny living-room at the foot of the stairs her father was eating the supper she had laid out for him. It was a humble supper, spread on the end of a table covered with a cheap cotton cloth of a red and sky-blue mixture. Jasper Fay, in his shirt-sleeves, munched his cold meat and sipped his tea while he entertained himself with a book propped against a loaf of bread. Another small kerosene hand-lamp threw its light on the printed page and illumined his mild, clear-cut, clean-shaven face.

"She's asleep," Rosie whispered from the doorway. "If she wakes while I'm gone you must give her the second dose. I've left it on the wash-stand."

The man lifted his starry blue eyes. "You going out?"

"I'm only going for a little while."

"Couldn't you have gone earlier?"

"How could I, when I had supper to get—and everything?"

He looked uneasy. "I don't like you to be running round these dark roads, my dear. You've been doing it a good deal lately. Where is it you go?"

"Why, father, what nonsense! Here I am cooped up all day—"

He sighed. "Very well, my dear. I know you haven't much pleasure. But things will be different soon, I hope. The new night fireman seems a good man, and I expect we'll do better now. He'll be here at ten. Were you going far?"

She answered promptly. "Only to Polly Wilson's. She wants me to"—Rosie turned over in her mind the various interests on which Polly Wilson might desire to consult her—"she wants me to see her new dress."

"Very well, my dear, but I hope after this evening you'll be able to do your errands in the daytime. You know how it was with Matt. If he hadn't gone roaming the streets at night—"

Rosie came close to the table. Her face was resolute. "Father, I'm not Matt. I know what I'm doing." She added, with increased determination, "I'm acting for the best."

He was mildly surprised. "Acting for the best in going to see Polly Wilson's new dress?"

She ignored this. "I'm twenty-three, father. I've got to follow my own judgment. If I've a chance I must use it."

"What sort of a chance, my dear?"

"There's nothing to hope for here," she went on, cruelly, "except from what I can do myself. Mother's no good;

and Matt's worse than if he was dead. I wish to God he would die—before he comes out. And you know what you are, father."

"I do the best I can, my dear," he said, humbly.

"I know you do; but we can all see what that is. Everybody else is going ahead but us."

"Oh no, they're not, my dear. There are lots that fall behind as bad as we do —and worse."

She shook her head fiercely. "No, not worse. They couldn't. And whatever's to be done, I've got to do it. If I don't—or if I can't—well, we might as well give up. So you mustn't try to stop me, father. I know what I'm doing. It's for your sake and everybody's sake as much as for my own."

He dropped his eyes to his book, in seeming admission that he had no tenable ground on which to meet her in a conflict of wills. "Very well, my dear," he sighed. "If you're going to Polly Wilson's you'd better be off. You'll be home by ten, won't you? I must go then to show the new fireman his way about the place."

Outside it was a windy night, but not a cold one. Shreds of dark cloud scudded across the face of a three-quarters moon, giving it the appearance of traveling through the sky at an incredible rate of speed. In the south wind there was the tang of ocean salt, mingled with the sweeter scents of woodland and withered garden nearer home. There was a crackling of boughs in the old apple-trees, and from the ridge behind the house came the deep, soft, murmurous soughing of pines.

If Rosie lingered on the door-step it was not because she was afraid of the night sounds or of the dark. She was restrained for a minute by a sense of terror at what she was about to do. It was not a new terror. She felt it on every occasion when she went forth to keep this tryst. As she had already said to her father, she knew what she was doing. She was neither so young nor so inexperienced as to be unaware of the element of danger that waited on her steps. No one could have told her better than she could have told herself that the voice of wise counsel would have bidden her stay at home. But if she was not afraid of the night, neither was she irresolute before the undertaking. Being forewarned, she was forearmed. Being forearmed, she could run the risks. Running the risks, she could enjoy the excitement and find solace in the romance.

For it was romance, romance of the sort she had dreamed of and planned for and got herself ready to be equal to, if ever it should come. Somehow, she had always known it would come. She could hardly go back to the time when she did not have this premonition of a lover who would appear like a prince in a fairy-tale and lift her out of her low estate.

And he had come. He had come late on an afternoon in the preceding summer, when she was picking wild raspberries in the wood above Duck Rock. It was a lonely spot in which she could reasonably have expected to be undisturbed. She was picking the berries fast and deftly, because the fruitman who passed in the morning would give her a dollar for her harvest. Was it the dollar, or was it the sweet, wandering, summer air? Was it the mingled perfumes of vine and fruit and soft loam loosened as she crept among the brambles, or was it the shimmer of the waning sunlight or the whir of the wings of birds or the note of a hermit-thrush in some still depth of the woodland ever so far away? Or was it only because she was young and invincibly happy at times, in spite of a sore heart, that she sang to herself as her nimble fingers secured the juicy, delicate red things and dropped them into the pan?

He came like Pan, or a faun, or any other woodland thing, with no sound of his approach, not even that of oaten pipes. When she raised her eyes he was standing in a patch of bracken. She had been stooping to gather the fruit that clustered on a long, low, spiny stem. The words on her lips had been:

> "At least be pity to me shown
> If love it may na be—"

but her voice trailed away faintly on the last syllable, for on looking up he was before her. He wore white flannels, and



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'M CLAUDE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"

a Panama hat of which the brim was roguishly pulled down in front to shade his eyes.

He was smiling unabashed, and yet with a friendliness that made it impossible for her to take offense. "Isn't it Rosie?" he asked, without moving from where he stood in the patch of trampled bracken. "I'm Claude. Don't you remember me?"

A Delphic nymph who had been addressed by Apollo, in the seclusion of some sacred grove, could hardly have felt more joyous or more dumb. Rosie Fay did not know in what kind of words to answer the glistening being who had spoken to her with this fine familiarity. Later, in the silence of the night, she blushed with shame to think of the figure she must have cut, standing speechless before him, the pan of red raspberries in her hands, her raspberry-red lips apart in amazement, and her eyes gleaming and wide with awe.

She remained vague as to what she answered in the end. It was confusedly to the effect that though she remembered him well enough, she supposed that he had long ago forgotten one so insignificant as herself. Presently he was beside her, dropping raspberries into her pan, while they laughed together as in those early days when they had picked peas by her father's permission in Grandpa Thorley's garden.

Their second meeting was accidental—if it was accidental that each had come to the same spot, at the same hour, on the following day, in the hope of finding the other. The third meeting was also on the same spot, but by appointment, in secret, and at night. Claude had been careful to impress on her the disaster that would ensue if their romance were discovered.

But Rosie Fay knew what she was doing. She repeated that statement often to herself. Had she really been a Delphic nymph, or even a young lady of the best society, she might have given herself without reserve to the rapture of her idyl; but her circumstances were peculiar. Rosie was obliged to be practical, to look ahead. A fairy prince was not only a romantic dream in her dreary life, but an agency to be utilized. The least self-seeking of drowning maids might expect the hero on the bank to pull her out of the water. The very fact that she recognized in Claude a tendency to dally with her on the brink instead of landing her in a place of safety compelled her to be the more astute.

But she was not so astute as to be inaccessible to the sense of terror that assailed her every time she went to meet him. It was the fright of one accustomed to walk on earth when seized and borne into the air. Claude's voice over the telephone, as she had heard it that afternoon, was like the call to adventures at once enthralling and appalling, in which she found it hard to keep her head. She kept it only by saying to herself: "I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm doing. My father is ruined; my brother is in jail. But I love this man and he loves me. If he marries me—"

But Rosie's thoughts broke off abruptly there. They broke off because they reached a point beyond which imagination would not carry her. If he marries me! The supposition led her where all was blurred and roseate and golden, like the mists around the Happy Isles. Rosie could not forecast the conditions that would be hers as the wife of Claude Masterman. She only knew that she would be transported into an atmosphere of money, and money she had learned by sore experience to be the sovereign palliative of care. Love was much to poor Rosie, but relief from anxiety was more. It had to be so, since both love and light are secondary blessings to the tired creature whose first need is rest. It was for rest that Claude Masterman stood primarily in her mind. He was a fairy prince, of course; he was a lover who might have satisfied any girl's aspirations. But before everything else he was a hero and a savior, a being in whose vast potentialities, both social and financial, she could find refuge and lie down at last.

It needed but this bright thought to brace her. She clasped her hands to her breast; she lifted her eyes to the swimming moon; she drew deep breaths of the sweet, strong air; she appealed to all the supporting forces she knew anything about. A minute later she was speeding through the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sophie So-and-So

BY MARJORY MORTEN

IT was in the women's lounge of the Public Library that I found her fast asleep on a green-velvet sofa.

Lying on her side with her knees drawn up sharply, she suggested a pre-dynastic mummy, and, like her sinister prototype, her scant garments seemed to have replaced the flesh, veiling her bones. Her thinness and her pallor aroused my interest rather than my sympathy as I stood looking down at her.

Tense even in sleep, she suggested an air of alertness, of guardedness; she seemed to say, "I can protect myself—even now I know what I am doing," and there was something shameless in the way the crude green covering of the sofa threw into relief her black shabbiness, her youth, her utter lack of softness and roundness.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and fixed them upon me with a look at once biting, shrewd, and sardonic. "This new room is so clean and the cushions so fresh and all, I don't belong here, do I? There's a matron somewhere about—you'd call her a maid. Why don't you tell her to put me out?"

"Oh no, please!" I stammered in my eagerness to reassure her. "I beg your pardon for watching you as you slept. I'm sorry—"

She sat up, yawned widely, shut her mouth with a snap, and lifted her hands to her hair with the unconscious charming gesture common to waking womankind.

"Well, if you're sorry, sit down for a moment and talk. I won't bite, though I've a hungry look. Is my hair untidy? I've only got two hair-pins left. Try to imagine being so poor you can't afford to buy a package of hair-pins—and my clothes! Fortunate, isn't it, that it's the fashion not to wear too many clothes?"

She crossed her thin legs and slouched forward with her hands on her hips in an attitude which was an absurd imitation of the affected gawkiness of our young girls. I wanted to slap her, I wanted to weep, and I said, somewhat painfully:

"What in the world are you? You don't, somehow, belong here like this."

"What am I? Just a starving girl; hungry—hungry in every bit of me! Did it ever occur to you that in this glorious city of ours they only feed one part of us richly and free of charge? They let us fill our minds here with all the accumulated brain food of the ages from 8 A.M. till 10 P.M., without a penny to pay; but no one will give me a scrap of food for my heart, and as for my body—" She ended with a despairing gesture. "And the funny thing is that your brain is the only part of you that is self-sustaining. Oh, quite! I don't need other people's thoughts; I've got my own, though they're devilish black ones just now."

I stirred uneasily, fingering my purse. She went on:

"Oh, well, in another minute you'll look at your watch and say you've got an engagement. You're a little bit touched, a little amused, and very much puzzled; and you're wondering what you can do for me, and what on earth your husband would say if you took me home with you. But of course you can't do that, for I might be a woman of the street, for all you know."

I sat myself down beside her on the stuffy couch, and said, sharply: "I do want to help you. I'm not stupid about it. I'm an understanding person. Talk to me."

Her penetrating glance fastened on me. "Oh no," she declared, "you're not really understanding. You want to pigeonhole and docket everybody you meet. You're great on 'types.' You can't fit me into any of your pigeonholes! But I like your eyes. When I woke and found you looking at me, I



Drawn by Howard Giles

"I DON'T NEED OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS; I'VE GOT MY OWN"

said, 'There's a pair of warm eyes; she won't try to patronize me.' Then I said something saucy to you because if you startle a woman she becomes real for a moment, and if you begin real you may get somewhere. And you see I had to find somebody to-day—I'm so beastly tired—somebody intelligent enough to help me in *my* way. You're wondering if I've had anything to eat. Well, I had some luncheon. It was bad, indigestible food, and I hate bad food; it makes me ill. But I've money enough to buy more to-night, so don't think of *that*."

She leaned back and shut her eyes for a moment, and, as her eyes closed, a guarded, knowing smile appeared about the corners of her mouth. She was, it was evident, determined that I should not see her face relaxed, defenseless.

I could only repeat, somewhat self-consciously, "Go on—talk to me."

"Well—" She folded her arms, crossed her muddy shoes, and eyed me boldly. "Well, I can talk to almost any one. What do you want to hear—the truth? I usually start with the truth, and if I meet with a blank look I follow it up with lies. The truth's only for those who can stand it."

I was looking at her hands as she spoke; I have theories about hands. Hers were long, flexible, at once capable and sensitive. She caught my look.

"I'm not a criminal type? Really, I've not any Lombrosial points. Now what shall I tell you? Do you think I'm a waif—homeless? Well, I've a place to sleep in—one of those demoralized streets east of lower Fifth Avenue; one of those diverted sections where shady brown-stone lodging-houses are hedged between loft-buildings. The street is very dirty. They only care for the garbage-cans when they please. No traffic but trucks and delivery-wagons, no children, no hucksters. Now and again a knife-sharpener ringing his bell. In my block there's a woman's trade-union, a very shady table d'hôte, a Yiddish delicatessen shop, and about nineteen houses where Jews make collars and waists and petticoats.

"Well, I've got a top hall bedroom in a house where very queer things happen—very queer, but I don't mind. I'd be queer myself if I wanted to be. Don't wince. I don't want to do that sort of queer thing. I don't want to marry, either. Oh, I was engaged once! That was before mother was ever arrested. He was a friend of my father's—a professor in the City College. He had a bald, cone-shaped head, small eyes, the longest nose in the world, and a queer stomach—fat and loose. He bought me things, and took me to lectures; and father said, 'For God's sake, marry him, Sophie!' But one day—a cold day; we'd been out walking—he was tired and sleepy, and sat all hunched up before the fire, with his chin tucked in. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I laughed and laughed. He asked what was the matter, and I said, 'Oh, you look just like that funny old bird up at the Bronx—the one with the long bill that sits in the mud and makes a snuffly sound.' I laughed and laughed long after he'd gone out of the room and out of the house and down the street; and then I cried. Father never understood; but mother did. She said, 'Well, he *does* look like a queer bird, only I don't know the one at the Zoo.' That's a funny thing about mother—she's got a sense of humor, yet how can any one with humor steal dozens and dozens of pairs of Lisle-thread stockings when she never wears anything but silk!"

I shivered. "How can you speak so of your mother? Did she really steal?"

All trace of bitter amusement left Sophie's face, and for the first time she looked very young and appealing.

"Of course she stole. She steals, rather. Why should I invent such a horrid lie? I may as well tell you the whole thing. My father was a school-teacher—dead languages—and my mother was—is—what you call a shoplifter. Of course she wasn't *born* a shoplifter; neither was she born a lady. She's rather handsome, only she's got too fat. Father died three years ago, and I have never been able to understand why mother couldn't have gone instead. She's getting worse and worse."

"But don't you know," I interrupted, "that this failing, kleptomania, is recognized as a moral disease? They treat it by hypnotic suggestion. It's like tuberculosis, or any other disease; it *can't* be overcome by force of will."

"I don't agree with you," said my young woman, flatly. "I've thought about it for years and years, and I realize that we all have thieving impulses in one form or another. Some of us want to steal things; some want to loot each other's brains and take ideas and opinions. Most opinions are stolen goods. Some want affection, and take each other's husbands and wives. Some want money, and some—they're deadly—take and use the vitality of others. Oh no! The instinct to take is in all of us, and most of us succumb sooner or later. Now you would scorn to take anything but—"

I jumped up hastily. Somewhere in the building sounded the muffled chime of a clock. I looked at my watch and then held out both hands to my extraordinary young person.

"I must go. And I'll be frank with you. You *do* puzzle me, and amuse me, and touch me. At any rate, I don't want to lose you, you appalling child. Suppose you come to lunch with me tomorrow at one o'clock?" I gave her my card.

"What will your husband say?"

"I have no husband, only a brother who doesn't lunch at home."

"Oh, I might have known you were a widow."

I ignored this remark, and repeated as I gathered up my belongings: "Tomorrow at one o'clock?"

In the morning I was almost convinced that I had dreamed Sophie or that I had read a fantastic tale at the Library in that dim hour when it is difficult to define the real from the unreal. But at one o'clock she arrived, looking amazingly presentable. Her shoes were polished, her scant black frock had been pressed and cleaned, and she had added a really fine lace collar and a pair of long suède gloves. She caught me noticing these additions, waited till Beeman had left the room (it spoke volumes for her appearance that Beeman had accepted her without a questioning eyebrow), then she said, maliciously:

"You thought I'd disturb your butler—your man—didn't you? Well, a tailor lives on our first floor, and he sponged and pressed me in return for two fashion drawings. The collar and gloves mother took long ago, but she wasn't arrested that time, and, as father had to pay for everything, I thought I might as well use them. Oh, don't look so distressed! I sha'n't talk this way at the table." And indeed she did not. It was: "What are you reading—Bergson? Your type of woman adores him."

"Have you read him, Sophie?"

She selected a fish-fork after some deliberation. "I understand he has replaced *Godey's Lady's Book*. Oh no, I don't read him—I've read about him; his philosophy is soft to the touch and smells sweet. I go through the *Chronicle Book Review* every month to see what people are up to. There's nothing being written now that I must read. Our writers are only trying to tickle tired emotions, to supply opinions to the lazy, to dope the minds of nervous people so that they may sleep. Why should *you* read? When you're bored or tired or stuffy try tucking your head under your wing and *thinking* for an hour. It's much more amusing than reading."

After luncheon I took Sophie into the drawing-room and asked her if she would like to look at the pictures, half hoping that she knew nothing whatever about them. I really haven't acquired the showman's manner common to collectors, but we're reasonably proud of our small American collection. Sophie ran a shrewd eye about the walls.

"I know them all pretty well," she remarked. "They're good, our men; there's nothing great. If you had a great picture it would dominate the room, make a distinct sound. I hear only a polite murmur.

Sophie, it seemed, had painted—fashion-plates, miniatures, small pastel portraits. "I paint so badly and get such good likenesses," she said, complacently, "that I could make a living at it, but there are some things we do not permit ourselves to do."

I soon realized that there was little Sophie had not done after a fashion in the twenty-three years of her life. She had begun in a shop and had enjoyed making women buy all manner of things they did not want. "Then mother appeared, and with utter lack of tact stole three yards of machine-made lace. They didn't catch her at it, but of course I had

to go, and mother gave the lace to her laundress!"

She had done newspaper work; she had played companion to an old woman, very rich and very fat, who adored her. "Mother spoiled that, too—came to the house as a book-agent and walked off with a jade snuff-box."

Tea-time came before we knew it, and I was thinking of asking my young woman to stay to dinner when she turned to me and with a sudden movement caught a fold of my dress in her hands and patted it appealingly.

"Listen, please. You like me. At least you're not sure that you like me, but you're getting fond of me and you're interested in me. Now I've a proposition to make." She slipped to her knees on the floor beside my chair and turned up her face—her sharp, malicious, guileful little face—to mine. "I'm utterly tired out—this is one of my 'down' times. The map of me is very mountainous—up and down, up and down. I think it will always be so. I shall have some great climbs! But now I'm very thin, and I've got indigestion from bad food; I'm living up my vitality every minute, and when that's gone I sha'n't be able to carry out any of my schemes. Of course my head is full of schemes.

"Now, if you like, I'll come and live with you for two months—just two! You'll feed me and buy me clothes—I really have nothing left—and I'll amuse you and stimulate you and give you all sorts of new ideas. I promise not to let your brother make love to me."

I smiled at the thought of my sleek, conventional Edgely making love to the little waif.

She caught my smile and nodded wisely. "Oh, he'll want to because I'm different; but *I* promise. Now your instinct tells you that I play fair; I'm perfectly straight with people I like. Of course I can't answer for my mother. She may find me and come to call. There's no use putting her on her honor, for she hasn't got any; but she's a charming person, and I'll watch her if she comes; you can depend on that. It's September and you're not doing much, are you, but suffrage and charity work, which bores you at bottom? What do you say? Two months; and if I find we're not getting on before the time is up, I'll simply fade away. What do you say?"

Edgely said a great deal. "Oh, you new women! You're mood-mad! There's no peace for a man nowadays! I'd like to take you to Turkey and put you in '*purda*' for the rest of your life—a yashmak and a zither and a barred window is what you need, my dear sister! You've filled our house with Polish girl strikers, and suffragettes, and sheep-faced poets, and people with cults; but I'll be hanged if I take a gutter-snipe to live with us!"

I could only repeat: "Wait until you see her. You'll like her; she'll amuse you."

"Well, *you* don't amuse me; you make me sick; you make me tired!" said my dear Edgely, stretching his neck and patting his hair anxiously to see if it was quite smooth, as he always does when he's enraged.

The next day Sophie came.

I shall never forget that first evening at dinner. Sophie, with a bronze fillet in her hair and a smocked frock of leaf-green chiffon, looked about sixteen. We had shopped all afternoon and brought the things home in a cab. For all her cleverness, she could not seem demure, but she was very composed and quiet, alarmingly quiet.

Edgely ate his dinner in sulky silence, and I was too tired and dazed to talk.

After the roast, Sophie looked at me with a glitter in her eye. "Is your brother waiting for me to talk to him?" she asked, in a small, husky voice.

Edgely became extremely pink and muttered something under his breath.

"I've been trying to think of things to talk about," she went on, turning her remarkable pale eyes on my poor brother, "but it is difficult. You see, you're interested in golf and polo and bridge, and money, and I know nothing whatever about those things. And as for sport, the only taste of that I've had was a rather funny swordfishing experience off Montauk Point."

"Swordfish?" Edgely pricked his ears and began to look normal again. Whereupon Sophie folded her long hands on the edge of the table and told her tale. She began quietly, and very gradually worked up to a dramatic pitch which

culminated in the description of the swordfish piercing the bow of the boat, tearing a rent in Sophie's frock, and scaring her father, who had been ill, so that he fell overboard.

She wound up with: "Of course, we lost the swordfish in catching father, and the skipper was very much annoyed. Father lay perfectly flat on deck for a long time, and finally asked in a faint voice, 'Sophie, where is the nasty thing?'"

Beeman was rooted to the floor by the pantry door, and Edgely was so diverted that he forgot all about an engagement at his club and looked distinctly disappointed when Sophie excused herself at nine o'clock and went to bed. She told me later that the only swordfish she'd ever seen was at the Natural History Museum, and that she wasn't at all sure that it was not an extinct species. But the battle was won that night when Edgely admitted, sheepishly, that Sophie was an amusing little cuss.

Nothing had ever seriously disturbed him, and I found myself hoping that Sophie would be the means of violently unsettling my brother. I saw that presently—very soon, in fact—he would have become too settled, too heavy, to be moved at all. But if I expected Sophie to focus her attention on us, I was soon disappointed. She talked to us because an audience was essential to her; but she did not really consider us very much more than she did Beeman, or the cook, or my cat Mahmoud. Sometimes she made me wonder if we have not—all of us—a sneaking respect and admiration for unwavering egotism. I never loved Sophie. But as time went on I grew extremely fond of her, and in a queer way I envied her.

It was not possible really to know her; her frankness was, it seemed, not frankness at all. She recounted bits of her extraordinary life because it amused her to talk, and above all because it amused her to shock me. But she withheld her father's name, her birthplace, her address, and many details which would have enabled me definitely to place her.

Her mother did not appear, and I do not know if Sophie saw her at all. She made frequent trips to her lodging for her mail, and there, too, I fancy, she met the people who were in touch with her at the time. At any rate, she had no visitors while she was with me, and she very shortly made it clear that my friends bored her. Suffragists they were, for the most part, and Sophie refused to meet them.

"What's the use? I always hurt their feelings; and they've got such nice feelings! They are, you know, rather like the Boy Scouts—busy and useful in a way, and beautifully organized; but what of it? This widespread confidence in the power of organization is a stupid thing. Organize a hundred and fifty thousand peacocks and a hundred and fifty thousand cows and a hundred and fifty thousand toy poodles, and what do you have? The deafening racket of a million peacocks and cows and poodles. It may be amusing for them; but what are they doing?"

"Sophie, do you realize at all what these splendid women are working for?"

She waved me aside. "I asked your Mrs. Black the other day what was the most essential thing in the world to work for, and she said, 'The economic independence of women.' Now to me there's something droll about a horde of women working for the economic independence of their sex while they themselves are nicely supported by their husbands and fathers and sons. Women have just discovered that they're individuals. Well, let them prove it practically, and they can do anything they like!

"And this eternal busyness with others' affairs! Why, I'm probably the only woman you know who'll admit that she's more interested in herself than in her sister-kind."

About her ambitions, her schemes, Sophie would say nothing. When I questioned her she gave me a deep look in which affection and malice blended. She vowed that for the time she had only one ambition—to grow fat and strong and calm. "When my hair shines and my eyes shine and my bones are covered, I'll talk of the future—not now."

And indeed she made a business of eating and sleeping and caring for her small, meager body. She breakfasted in bed, walked in the Park, and went to bed early, although she did not sleep till after midnight.



Drawn by Howard Giles Engraved by F. A. Pettit

I WENT TO HER ROOM EVERY EVENING FOR A CHAT

I went to her room every evening for a chat and found myself looking forward to that hour, which often stretched itself to two or three—a time of strange confidences and stranger reticences when Sophie, becapped and wrapped in a rosy gown, sat hugging her knees in the middle of the bed. She looked adorable in cap and frills; in fact, she wore everything so charmingly that we spent days in the shops. I bought lavishly; then Sophie turned the tables and declared that I needed clothes myself.

"Why do you try to look artistic? It's not your type at all—traily things and lumpy beads, and your hair in loops! Now you're essentially modern, and should wear ultra-smart things—pearls in your ears, and smart hats, and your hair dressed by Maurice. I'll make you look as an English duchess should and doesn't, in no time."

In years I had not been so extravagant, and I was vastly pleased with the result. Edgely wasn't. He said, "You don't look decent, somehow, sister. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"That's just it," crowed Sophie. "Only an utterly respectable woman can afford to look like that. Now I'm not respectable—I must always be conservative in my clothes."

Sophie made Edgely squirm in every fiber of his being. She shocked him, she took his breath away, she seized his pet convictions and his orderly prejudices and turned them inside out. She left him red and floundering; but when he'd got his breath he came back for more.

Men had played strange parts in Sophie's life; but she had, to the best of my belief, given them nothing. She used them craftily; told them that she was using them, and so disarmed them. One touch of sentiment had come to her in her eighteenth year in the person of an anemic young socialist, a pupil of her father's. They had gone off for a day in the country with a box of sandwiches and Henry George's *Social Problems*.

It was springtime, and the sky was gray after a morning of heavy showers. The ground was quite muddy, and, as Sophie put it, all the green things looked like salad that had soaked for a long time in French dressing. They sat on a rock, and could not read; they opened their lunch-box, and could not eat; they tried to talk and found themselves uttering inanities.

"He touched me once and his hand was quite clammy. I wanted him to kiss me awfully, and he wanted to; but he didn't, and I cried all the way home. I never saw him again, because I found that he made my mind feel cloudy—and he was too poor to be anything but a socialist—ever."

After a long pause Sophie went on, briskly: "Father still hoped I'd be a teacher; he wouldn't see how absurd the idea was. I tried to show him how I felt, and my views upset him very much. I said that I thought the printing-press had been responsible for more madness than the wine-press; and I refused to aid, abet, or in any way encourage the present criminal system of education. Then father said, elongating his upper lip, 'Well, Sophie, perhaps it is wiser that you do not undertake the career of a teacher.' Mother said: 'Do anything you like. You've got brains enough, only I hope you won't marry. It's annoying to have a resident critic in the house all one's life. I know you'd find it annoying, Sophie.' That was rather rough on father under the circumstances, but mother was right in a way.

"Then I went to an art-school for a year, but they wouldn't let me talk; they're a deadly bloodless lot, those art-students, anyway. I decided that the time had come for me to try my personality, to see if it would serve me properly with all kinds of people. So I went into a shop. I found it worked very nicely; I could sell almost anything, and the women used to ask for me. I seemed to know instinctively just the right word or look to rouse a woman's interest in me, or my lace, or her own self, as I chose. It was good practice, but I was really quite ready to go when mother took that piece of insertion."

Sophie had not, I gathered, always lived in New York, and she did not mean to stay. "It's not my field—too full of waste matter. We say New York is the place to live because it's the center, because every one who is doing anything real comes here sooner or later. We forget the hordes of people who come to live vicariously on the activity of others.

For every busy person, there's a score of parasites lapping up the overflow. Now these creatures get in the way—always under one's feet. They disturb one's calculations, and there's no earthly way to use them!"

In the weeks that followed, Edgely was completely demoralized. He was rude to Sophie and very rude to me. He lost his appetite and his pinkness, and he threatened to buy a monoplane. I was not in the least sorry for him. All manner of unsuspected things were struggling to the surface of Edgely, and for the first time in my life I found my brother interesting as a human being.

Sophie grew sleek; one by one she announced the departure of her "dear bones" as they disappeared under a layer of rosy flesh, a layer so charmingly, so cleverly spread that she lost nothing of delicacy. Plump she could never be, and I saw that she would not lose her hungry look, which was the physical mark of her greedy spirit. She was hungry, she said, for everything but sensations—"They're so cheap." She stretched her long arms in an immense gesture, and gloated, "Oh, life—life's so fat, so rich, so luscious, so bursting with things, that I must live a hundred years!"

I had by this time realized that when the two months were ended Sophie would not suggest a longer visit. Having got what she wanted, she would go, and her leave-taking would be as casual as her coming. By no possible chance would she come to me and say: "I must go. You've been awfully good to me, and I'm sorry to leave." She was incapable of gratitude, and consequently of ingratitude. I remember her saying: "Why are people always embarrassing each other with thank-you's? One does what one can, and that's the end of it." She had amused, interested, and upset us to an extent which more than paid for our hospitality, and she would not be sorry to go. Already she showed signs of restlessness.

One day early in November—a bleak, gusty afternoon—I came home at the tea-hour and went directly to my sitting-room fire. From the library across the hall came the sound of voices. I listened deliberately as I took off my furs. Sophie's treble carried distinctly. Edgely's low voice sounded a troubled, vehement note new to my sister-ears.

Sophie was saying: "Oh no, you don't; you couldn't want to marry me. Mother would get away with the wedding-presents under the noses of the detectives. And, anyway, I don't want to marry." Edgely broke in violently; then came Sophie's cool protest: "I can't, and I won't—I don't want to. You're not amusing enough, and I don't care to arrange my life that way. You see, there's nothing you can think of that will do. If I stayed here any longer you'd kiss me again, and your sister wouldn't like it at all. I shouldn't, either. So I must go—just disappear."

Edgely's voice came faintly, resignedly, and then:

"I'm sorry to leave your sister; she's a dear. I've done a great deal for her. It's almost impossible to shock her now, and she's not so faddy as she was. She'll have to get along without me. And you, you nice thing, will grow pink again very soon; you're naturally a pink person. You'll never forget me as long as you live. Good-by! No, stay *just* where you are, please. Good-by!"

I heard the library door close, and Sophie's footsteps sounded on the stairs. Beeman was dressing for dinner, and the new maid was foraging in the pantry ice-box, so Sophie let herself quietly out of the house.

After a few moments, I listened at the door of the library, but Edgely made no sound. In Sophie's room I found her trunk and valises assembled at the foot of the great bed from the depths of which she had spun her nightly drolleries. Everything was locked and strapped and neatly labeled, "To be called for." I looked about the charming room, half hoping to find a note, a word for me, but there was nothing.

That night we dined alone with an empty plate between us. After the savory, Edgely said, frowning (he always frowns when he lies):

"Where is Sophie?"

I looked at my dear brother steadily for a moment before replying, "Where, indeed?"

And that was the end of that.

The Colleges and Mediocrity

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University

THE writer of fiction may be said, with only a pardonable exaggeration, to put himself in the place of the Almighty. Venturing to create a man, he shapes the character of his creature, molds and refines his brain, and prepares a living instrument by which events and circumstances can be controlled or directed toward a reasonable destiny. If he is a bad writer the results deceive only children. But if he is modest enough to study life and imitate it, then he shares the mysterious power of creative evolution and earns his tribute of respect.

The teacher also feels—at least in his remote subconsciousness—that he shares or should share this power. He, too, must make character, brains, efficiency; and if the part he plays is relatively small, at least when he labors over a boy in whom the man is still uncreated, he is engaged in no work of the imagination merely. Except for the parent he is the only professional on the job; and next to the parent he is held most responsible for the result. The praise usually goes to the amateur elements in the task—friends, college spirit, the rigors of athletics, and environment; the blame falls upon the professional educators—the parents and himself.

I am not much concerned with the justice or the injustice of his claim for services rendered. This is one of the questions that must go up to the Supreme Court of the Last Judgment, for no sublunary arbitrator can disentangle the evidence. I merely wish to explain the earnestness with which each college professor accepts his responsibility, and asks, as he looks over his entering classes, "Who among you shall be saved?"

He means, of course, "Who among you shall be educated?"—that he identifies salvation and education is due to his professional bias, and may be taken for what it is worth. When a college education became fashionable, when the little file of the sons of ministers and lawyers entering the college gates was joined and submerged by the multitude of everybody's sons—rich, poor, stupid, brilliant, ambitious, and the opposite—his question first became acute. Now it is burning. Shall the colleges spend their abundant energies and their great, if not too effective, powers upon the few fit, or upon the mass, the multitude of the mediocre? Shall we seek quality or quantity? I know that the question has been answered a hundred times in history; but it has not been answered for twentieth-century America. For America just now provides the greatest exhibit the world has ever seen of successful mediocrity.

There are no contented poor on this side of the Atlantic except in the backwaters of the East. There is no single class content to recognize the intellectual or material superiority of the rest. Every one is pushing onward and upward. The poor man, as we are told every day, may be rich to-morrow; the ignorant goes to night-school and will learn; the drummer hopes to run the business for which he is traveling; the hired man will own land as good as that he plows; the clerk will be a partner in the firm. Even in the universities no institutions like the fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge can exist. In America not even the scholar is willing to stop at such a position. He must go on—or try to go on—as far as the rest. Never before has a nation exhibited so complete a spectacle of millions of insects all swarming upward toward the light.

This view may be optimism. I do not think so. For in nine hundred cases out of a thousand the goal of all this striving is mediocrity. Your son nowadays does not hope to be President. He climbs

toward a much lower round in the ladder. The laborer wishes to reach the middle class. The middle class wishes to be richer. The upper class—if we have one—hopes to make sure of its perch. Our cities reflect the spirit. They rise like the wind from the empty prairie or the dense forest into a reasonable similitude of the "business district" of St. Louis or Chicago, and then stick at a level of ugliness which is not the less ugly for being metropolitan. Our homes show it. A semi-colonial with porcelain tubs and hardwood floors bounds the imagination of all but the artistic temperament or the millionaire. Our literature shows it most distinctly of all. American newspapers and magazines maintain a higher average of composition than is to be found elsewhere, perhaps, and seldom rise above that average. We show it ourselves; for consider how much the speech of one American business man resembles that of another. You can sojourn for days in smoking-cars, hotel corridors, or cafés without encountering an idea which descends to the naïve ignorance of the peasant or rises above mediocrity. Even our multimillionaires, the characteristic "great men" of America, although in the manipulation of natural resources they have risen above the ordinary, seem to be mediocre as personalities. The newspapers are generous of space to every episode in their domestic history; yet what could be flatter than their remarks to strangers who entertain royalty unawares in a broken-down automobile; what less illuminating than their comments on success in life; what less interesting than their lives when once the millions have been made? As a nation we are mediocre.

This may be pessimism. I do not think so. It is the very essence of the American experiment that a vast body of men and women should be raised *as a whole* to a level of comfort, of intelligence, of happiness, which, if far below the best, should be also far above the worst. And this involves, this requires an enormous increase in the total amount of mediocrity. Democracy and free immigration combined inevitably make for such a result. It had to come; and our day's work is still to bring more and more of the illiterate, the incapable, the unfortunate up to the level of the mediocre, even though the burden weighs us down, and the result seems to point toward a future that is drab and dull and commonplace. No race can escape from its circumstances, and these, in part by choice, in part by the chance of inheritance in a rich and undeveloped continent, are ours.

I would not deal so freely in generalizations if I did not feel that they were self-evident; nor would I write of this subject at all if I did not believe that it lay on the very heart of the American colleges. I do not suppose that the college is more vital in American life than any one of a dozen agencies committed by nature to idealism and usefulness. But I think that no individual confronts more inevitably the problem of the mediocre than the professor in an American college.

For see the mass of undergraduates that, drawn from all the social classes, but chiefly from those that have already attained mediocrity, are flung at his head. Among them, to be sure, are a few of the brilliantly ambitious who will use more than can be given to them; but in far greater numbers are the brilliant and unambitious who will use nothing unless it is forced upon them, the stupid but well-meaning who have to be fed with a spoon, and the backward and unmeaning who must be cudgeled along after the rest. Where shall the bewildered teacher apply his goad? Whom shall he permit to fall behind? How shall he keep pace with the leaders without scattering the herd?

There can be no question as to personal choice. I have heard more than one man of experience remark that there is no pleasure in teaching an undergraduate whose grade is below seventy-five per cent.; and, while I do not believe it, I have seldom heard the statement contradicted. Indeed, in the universities, the best scholars on the faculty, unless they love teaching for itself or are controlled by necessity or circumstance, gravitate generally toward small and selected classes or graduate work. And it would be easy and pleasant for all of us to concentrate upon the exceptional students—to educate them, even if the rest

should go unwashed by the waters of knowledge. When circumstances are favorable, the forcing of a needle into soft iron is not more difficult than to push one really new idea into an immature brain. But if circumstances are unfavorable, if there are thirty brains of all ranges of capability to be manipulated, the difficulty is multiplied. I can give one or two men with good minds and a good environment behind them—I can give them, if they want it, a comprehension of the strange and moving literary force called romanticism, which, springing from obscure reactions in the psychology of a race, spreads through thought and speech and action until it transmutes into literature and becomes a rosy semblance of the life men would desire to lead in a world shaped by their imagination. Or I can try to give the same conception to all, knowing that half the minds will be as blank as before, that most of the remainder will return confused and broken images of the truth perhaps less valuable than blankness, and that the few fit will profit less, because, of necessity, less has been given them.

The literal-minded will probably reply, "Don't try to teach romanticism." Well, I do not—to elementary classes. But this merely alters the terms of the problem—the solution will be the same. It would be easiest, it would be pleasantest, it would seem to be most efficient in the American colleges, to sacrifice the mediocre to the able, to dismiss quantity and hold fast to quality. And yet every one knows that this is precisely what we do not do. Every one knows, or can find out for the asking, that in our schools and all our undergraduate departments nine-tenths of our labor is spent upon those least able or least likely to profit by the results.

The cynic will remark that our perversity is due to the attitude of the powers that be, who, in the contemporary college, are almost as sensitive to the merits of quantity as the "boosters" of a Western town. The cynic would be partly right. We are still in the pioneering stage in the college world—or think that we are—where sheer numbers seem necessary in order to hold down the investment. And yet the pressure supposed to be exerted upon the underlings in order to keep classes large is so much less—at least in colleges of a high rank—than is popularly supposed, that I am inclined to think this motive unimportant in the problem.

It is not a crude desire to keep the college "big"; nor is it weak human nature, hesitating to eliminate a nuisance when that nuisance is a friendly, fresh-spirited boy; it is the American passion for democracy that makes us lavish our energies upon the multitude of the mediocre. For a belief that the right to an education is as universal as freedom is ingrained in the American mind. The college professor may never have recognized this as the cause of his perverse devotion to the mediocre. He may never have said, he may never have thought, "If the republic is to be saved it is by raising the average of intelligence." But his actions prove that somewhere in his subconsciousness this belief is stirring. It is this hidden passion that manifests itself in the attitude I have called perverse.

This passion for democracy is the most sincere and possibly the most valuable quality in our whole educational system. When I glimpse its subterranean motives I know why my heart is sore if the ninety-and-nine average men are unmoved by my teaching, even though the hundredth man has responded beyond my hopes. But when I calculate its effects I realize that it is responsible for some of the difficulties in which American education flounders. It is the quintessence of a noble idealism; but we have followed it blindly; and sometimes it has led us into the mire.

Everywhere but in so-called graduate work, and in some measure even there, this desire to do something for every one has made us neglect the exceptional man and actually favor the mediocre. There is no question, I think, as to the fact, and a comparison of the best products of English and Continental training-schools with our own graduates will bring it home. They permit fewer men to call themselves educated; but these men are more highly trained, more efficient intellectually, than ours. In science, in scholarship, as in literature, we still look eastward for leaders.

In the past our deficiencies were due to inferior equipment and less extensive resources. But now we can offer neither poverty nor immaturity as an excuse. Our failure to provide the best possible education for the best men can be attributed only to our desire to give every man his equal chance, a desire which, more deeply interpreted, means that we have preferred universal mediocrity to an aristocracy of brains and a commonalty of ignorance. We educate a class, not individuals. We boast of the type, of the average our colleges produce. In my own university one hears far less of Jonathan Edwards, of Evarts, of Calhoun, or of Stedman than of the "Yale man." This indirect evidence, I think, is even more significant than the results of matching Harvard with Oxford or Columbia with Berlin.

Are we wrong? Am I absurd when I feel that my class must come forward as a body—the lazy millionaire's son, the earnest child of an uncouth immigrant, the able inheritor of sufficient brains—must come forward, all of them, or the year's work is not well done? I do not think so—for I believe in the American experiment. I believe in the passion for democracy—even when misguided, even when blind.

But it is blind. That is the chief criticism one has to offer. The French of the Revolution were so afraid of aristocracy that in the new republic they reduced all titles to "citizen." We have been so afraid of slighting the democracy that in the colleges we have reduced all education to an average. The needless folly of limiting ourselves to such a programme is manifest. We have energy enough and to spare, and money to make the mare go faster and farther than any one has yet driven her. It is perfectly possible to give signal ability its proper opportunity without failing in our duty to the multitudinous mediocre. This is not an argument for aristocracy in education. It is common sense. For we need leaders in the American experiment quite as much as a continuously rising democracy. And in the next stage of development we shall need them more.

The establishment of "honor" schools and "honor" courses is a tardy and so far rather imperfect recognition of this fact. I have no programme to propose for their development. The details must be worked out in the class-room, not in an essay. But when we see that our admirable loyalty to the democratic ideal has held us back at the same time that it has kept us true to destiny, we shall put more intelligence into our reforms. The college must continue to be an institution for the increase of mediocrity, for mediocrity is infinitely preferable to ignorance; but it must also provide the exceptional man with the training by which he alone can profit. Like the Yankee contrivance which can be used for both ladder and chair, it must perform both the functions demanded of it, even at the risk of being less than best in one of them.

The worst fault, however, into which our age-long service of mediocrity has led us is a weak-kneed, pusillanimous deference to mediocrity itself. The college has borrowed the vice from every-day American life. For example, the most deadly weapon in the yellow journalist's armory is the term "high-brow." A politician may be called "grafter," "boss," or even "muckraker," and escape unscratched; but if he is denounced as a "high-brow," and the label sticks, his career is ended. A playwright or a novelist may be written down as "cheap," he may be said to plagiarize, he may be shown to be vicious or unclean, without serious damage to his reputation; but let him be proved a "high-brow" and the public will fly from him as if he were a book-agent. Now the widespread American belief that knowledge makes a man impractical is responsible for some of this curious odium; but far more is due to our servile deference to mediocrity. The weight of public opinion is usually against the expert, the specialist, the thinker, the exceptional man in general, for public opinion, whether right or wrong, is always mediocre; and there are few among us who do not in this respect yield somehow, somewhere, to public opinion. The doctor distrusts the advanced political theorist, the politician distrusts the advanced dramatist, the dramatist sneers at the innovations of science. We are all made timid by

the enormous majorities which uphold mediocrity.

The college is like a salt-pool on the ocean shore, where young sea-things are growing in the gentle wash of waves that come from the world without. There is a public opinion in college which is as like the public opinion without as a microcosm can be to a macrocosm. And just as the public opinion without favors mediocrity in everything but making money, so this public opinion encourages mediocrity in everything but athletics and social advance. No need to dwell upon this. The fact is better known than the gradual change which has come over college ideals in the last decade, until now the minority in favor of culture, knowledge, mental keenness, and other attributes of a high civilization is comfortably large.

But the majority still exists, and its burden weighs heavily. It is curiously difficult for a teacher who is no mental machine, but human, to estimate at his true intellectual value a fine young fellow who already possesses the "push" and the "punch" which are still sufficient for a reasonable financial success in America. It is enormously difficult to insist upon standards of intellectual accomplishment above the mediocre level with which the public is content. Let the graduate be deficient in some category that even mediocrity has mastered —say, spelling, or letter-writing, or punctuation—and opinion howls him down; but in the higher departments of theoretical knowledge the world outside is quite content with a fifty or sixty per cent. efficiency, and deprecates more as an accumulation of material not readily transmutable into cash.

All this the teacher feels, and as his class become personalities to him, he inclines further and further toward their own opinion, the college world's opinion, everybody's opinion of what a student should do and know. Then, at the crisis, the insidious, unrecognized passion for democracy, the subconscious feeling that it his *duty* to raise this deadweight as much as may be permitted him, enters to complicate the situation. He begins to overestimate mediocrity, knowing that he must serve it. His pride dictates, "The results, all things considered, are not so bad." He blames himself for a meticulous idealism. He makes the fatal error of assenting to mediocrity, and thereby ends his career as an agent for raising it. Or he violently reacts against the service required of him, antagonizes his class, and becomes equally valueless, except for graduate work. Here is a familiar college tragedy.

It is easy enough to fulminate from without against the "low standards" of the colleges. Try to raise them and you will find that America is on the other end of the lever. It is difficult to meet such a situation without truckling to mediocrity; it is very difficult to fight the mediocre while loving democracy.

It is difficult, but not impossible, and the difficulty would be less if those chiefly concerned—the faculty, the undergraduates, and the parents—could see the situation for what it is, and, so far as weak human nature permits, direct themselves accordingly.

The faculty, unfortunately, are not exempt from the circumstances of the age in America. If you prick a college professor he will show mediocrity as frequently as his fellow-Christian. But he has this advantage—his profession must bear the brunt of the struggle to attain that comfortable average of intelligence which the American experiment demands. His profession must also sweat and toil to train the leaders without whom that experiment must fail. If responsibility breeds strength, then he cannot remain mediocre. But it is not of his occasional mediocrity that I complain; it is of his frequent and unnecessary lack of vision, his failure to see that both of these ends must be sought. As a class, the teaching profession is most reprehensible for the first of the two errors of democracy which I have discussed in this essay—the failure to encourage the exceptional man.

Those faculty meetings whose rumblings echoed in our undergraduate world present to the philosophic mind a spectacle of earnest scholars anguishing through precious evening hours over Reilley's deficiencies in history, or the hopeless befuddlement of Jenkinson in the presence of untranslated French. The capable undergraduate who is doing

his work, and beginning to profit by his education, has little place in their deliberations, which, to paraphrase Dogberry, seem often to have for text, "If a man can learn, let him alone lest he learn more; but if he can learn nothing, let him be taught." And yet beneath this haze of cross-purposes there lies, as I have tried to show, an intuitive perception of a great service. They have pledged themselves, these scholars, to the democracy, and nobly, if sometimes blindly, they are laboring in its behalf. When their vision clears they will spend not more, perhaps, but certainly as much energy upon the intellectually predestined as upon the mentally unregenerate in the American colleges.

The undergraduate and his parents are guilty under the second count of the general indictment. They cater to mediocrity. As I talk to the loyal, energetic undergraduate outside of the classroom, where he is not afraid to be himself, and as I meet his parents in the course of every-day life, I am convinced that here again the difficulty is quite as much a defect of vision as the pressure of unescapable circumstance. If the undergraduate could see the situation as it is, what would happen? If he could see what the time spirit sees, that he has consented to be part of the dead-weight of crude Americanism, to be raised with infinite pains to an intellectual level only a little higher, where he may view the world only a little more broadly, with but a trifle more of truth! Would he be content with his part? I doubt it. For if there is one thing experience in an American university teaches it is this, that the undergraduate (who, after all, is a picked man, not the average of his race) is not so mediocre as he seems—is not nearly so mediocre as the education he seems to desire.

And the parents!—if they could glimpse what even the college sees: that when they send us their children with injunctions to think well, but not *too* well, they are bowing down to the leaden calf of mediocrity. If only they could realize that their boys are held back by such influence, are caught fast in the sands of mediocrity! If they could know that the college which loves their sons and daughters fears them often enough, as counterweights in the slow uplift to which it is pledged! If they saw all this, would they be content with their part in American education? More than one encouraging experience makes me sure of the response.

And we need their aid—the aid of the parents and the aid of the undergraduates; for, until democracy reaches the level of its opportunities, or is proved a failure, the problem of mediocrity will continue to exist. We cannot solve it by educating the best men only. We cannot solve it by slighting the able. We cannot escape it by pretending that mediocrity is good enough. We must bear the burden. But as we push on toward a distant and uncertain victory a clearer sight of the path we have chosen would save us from stumbling blindly and stupidly beneath its weight.

The Return of Martha

BY ALICE BROWN

MARTHA JAMES and her sister Lucy were moving back into the old house at Bosford. It was early spring, with the taste of winter in it still, overlaid by beguiling hints of coming warmth and beauty. The "going" was so bad that Martha really thought the load of goods might be stuck on the way from the station. Yet the birds were singing so remindingly and the sound of running water was so loud and free that she concluded recklessly it would not matter much if the goods stayed all night by the way. Some of the happy abandon of her youth had entered into her with the sight of the old home and the feel of spring together, and she told Lucy, who only looked at her in a mild wonderment, that she hardly cared what did happen. Martha was a woman of middle age now, but so intrenched in the endurance of her wiry type that she hardly ever had to consider how far she had left her youth behind. She was slim and straight, with a fine, clarified face and an abundance of rich brown hair. Perhaps she had never been pretty in the enchanting ways of youth, but now there was an added appeal in her clear eyes, and often she did look young, in a grave fashion, like a maiden given to serious thoughts. Lucy was different—blond, wistful, and like a child.

This coming back to the old homestead a year after their mother's death had been Martha's impulsive decision. She had seen that she must give up her work in the shop, since mother was no longer there to be with Lucy, who was pathetically not herself, and had not been since the time, years ago, of what Lucy proudly called her "accident." That, at least, she did remember. The horse had run away, and Lucy had been thrown out, and since then, though she had kept her full measure of strength, her mind had never been the same. Other sadnesses had followed the accident. Martha had told Jason West that she couldn't leave Lucy to marry him, and he had gone away, hot with rage, swearing she never had cared about him at all, or she wouldn't have allowed even Lucy to stand between them. So Martha had proposed letting the old house and moving to Mill Village, where it would be easier to make a living and, her grieving heart told her, where she would not be reminded of Jason at every turn.

About three o'clock of this spring day the furniture came, and the Peabody boys, who looked middle-aged when Martha was young, brought it in and disposed it in its wonted places. They were silent, round-shouldered men, with faded thick hair that had once been red, and they were glad to have Martha back. She watched them in a dream as they set up the old clock in the corner and put mother's worn sofa between the east windows, without a word from her. It seemed to her, hearing the birds and the rush of liberated streams, that something had come back with the spring. The Peabody boys were silently rebuilding for her the house of life as it had been. She almost forgot Lucy, who wandered up and down, a little shawl over her shoulders, and seemed, in a puzzled way, to be trying to acquaint herself with the face of long-past days. But after the Peabody boys had gone and the sisters had drunk a cup of tea, the dusk and stillness began speaking to them in a moving way. Martha felt the pang of loss. This was the time of day when lonesomeness walks in with the dark and you must be very happy or hopeful to meet it. Lucy, she saw, was not going to be able to meet it at all. Lucy sat rocking back and forth by the front window, looking out on the moss-rose bush, and moaning: "I want to see mother. I want to see mother."

Martha, going back and forth in the familiar rooms and over the worn stairs, flouted at every step by the ghosts of memory, heard the lament echoing in her own heart and wondered if she could bear it. She stopped on the way downstairs and leaned against the wall, staying herself by her outstretched hands.

"I can't stand it," she said, aloud. "I can't stand it another minute."

But she did get hold of herself because she must. The dusk was coming faster, and that itself might frighten Lucy if no one were near to touch her hand and say little things in a steady voice. She straightened, went down the stairs and into the sitting-room.

"Lucy," said she, in that tone of comfortable cheerfulness she and her mother had learned to use to her—"Lucy, don't you want a bite o' suthin' more 'fore we go to bed?"

But Lucy hardly noticed her. She did look up eagerly when Martha entered the room, but only to drop her eyes again to her lap where her hands lay clasped. Now she varied her lament, but only to make it the more poignant.

"I want my mother," said she; "I want my mother."

Martha drew up a chair and sat down opposite her, so that their knees touched. Lucy, in contrast with her, ashy white now, and with a piteous look of the eyes, seemed little more than a child. Martha bent forward and laid her firm hands on her sister's trembling ones.

"Lucy," said she, "you hear to me. Mother can't come just now. She's left us together. Don't you want to behave nice and pretty same 's mother'd want we should?"

But Lucy shook her head and kept on with her unhappy moaning, "I want my mother."

"I don't see what's the matter of us all of a sudden," said Martha. She was despairing, and two tears ran down her cheeks and splashed her hands. "You never missed her so 'fore we come here."

Then she knew. It was the house. The spell of memory was on them both. She herself was walking among the ghosts of the dead days, and Lucy, too, through her cloud, was getting confused messages. Mother had been the center of the house when they were happy in it. It was she the walls were calling for. Martha made one more trial.

"Lucy," said she, "don't you think you could behave like a good girl same 's mother'd want us to?"

But again Lucy cried out in answer, and though the words were unchanged, they rang more piercingly, and Martha caught away her hands from those weaving fingers and clapped them to her ears. She got up and ran out of the room and up-stairs again, to stand before the old mirror that had used to hang in this very place, and looked at herself, because it seemed to her she must meet sane human eyes, if only her own, before she could encounter that lament again. Then she spoke aloud:

"I look for all the world as mother used to. It won't take much more to make me look like her at the last—not much more."

Hurriedly, and not quite knowing why it was to comfort her, she pulled down her hair, parted it and brought it smoothly over her ears and into a coil behind. And then she ran up into the attic to the chest of mother's clothes that had just been set there out of the way so that Lucy should not come upon them, and took out an every-day gingham, an apron, and wide collar of the sort mother wore. She had been old-fashioned in her dress, and Martha had laughed at her for it, yet with a fond certainty that no other mother looked so sweet. Martha went down to her own room again and took off her dress. She slipped on the gingham and clasped the embroidered collar with mother's cameo. That was in her own bureau drawer, and so were the gold-bowed spectacles mother had inherited from Grandma True. For a long minute Martha looked at the spectacles, and then she went to the hearth and laid them on it, and carefully pounded out the glass. This troubled her a little. She spoke as she did it, and it seemed to her that mother must certainly hear.

"I've got to do it. Don't you see I've got to? You'll be willin' when you see why."

She swept the powdered glass into the ashes, and slipped on the empty bows. Then she looked in the mirror. It was darker now, but the figure she saw there

startled her. "My soul!" she said in wonder. Then she went down-stairs.

Lucy was not lamenting now. She was always a little timid in the dark, and wanted some one by her until the lamp was lighted. But she did look up, and Martha, who did not dare to hesitate lest her courage fail, walked quickly forward. Lucy gave a little cry:

"Oh, mother, you've come back!"

Martha was sure she had done well. She sat down again in the chair opposite Lucy's. This was as mother had used to sit, to wear away the twilight. "Yes," she said. "Now don't you want a mite o' suthin' to eat?"

Lucy laughed a little. It was a pretty laugh, not a silly one. She had pleasant ways still when she was at ease.

"Cookies," she said. "I know where."

She got up and went in her light yet drifting way into the kitchen and straight to the corner cupboard where the old cooky-jar used to sit. And by some miracle, Martha thought, it was there still. It had survived their exile and was back again, though there were no cookies in it. Lucy opened it and put in her hand. But she was not disturbed to find it empty. It had often been empty in the old days. Perhaps that made it seem the more familiar. She laughed a little. "To-morrow!" she chanted, hopefully.

"Yes," said Martha. "To-morrow we'll make some more."

So they ate quite happily some odds and ends they had brought with them, and then they "fastened up" and went to bed. Lucy, as she brushed her long hair—for this she did faithfully and as if it were an absorbing game—sang a little in her sweet, thin voice, a song about Long Ago, and when she was in bed she called out to Martha in her bed across the entry, "Mother!"

Martha raised herself on her elbow. Her heart beat thickly. She wondered if the spell would last. "What is it, Lucy?" she called back.

Lucy laughed. It was her little joke, an old one Martha knew. "Good night! That's all."

Next day the neighbors began to run in. The first was Miss Annie Lovett, who had been the village dressmaker even in their mother's time. She stopped on her way home from Briar Lane, where she had been sewing. Martha, meeting her at the door, was struck by its being so queer that Miss Lovett had not changed at all. She had always been withered and dry of speech as of flesh, and she was no more than that to-day. Martha had forgotten her own masquerading costume until she saw Miss Lovett was standing still and staring up at her with no pretense at shaking hands. Miss Lovett's voice came to her in a crackly rush.

"Why, Marthy James," said she, "this ain't you?"

"Who 'd you think 'twas?" said Martha, with a clutch at pleasantry.

"Why," said Miss Lovett, "I thought for all the world 'twas your mother. And then it come over me she'd passed away. It give me quite a turn."

Martha had recovered her rather humorous calm. "I've been said to resemble mother," she remarked, soberly. "Walk in, Miss Lovett."

Miss Lovett did come in and laughed a little still. "I can't get over it," said she. "You're the very image of her, and you ain't more'n forty-three, and she was seventy if she was a day. How old was your mother?"

"Seventy-three this June," said Martha. She drew forward the rocking-chair and took her visitor's little sewing-bag, as she persuaded her to sit.

Miss Lovett accepted the chair, but she sat on the edge of it and stared at Martha. "Well!" she said at length. "Well! When I see you standin' there in the dusk, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather."

Martha sat in the big arm-chair, her hands folded in her lap. Having entered into her part, she was quietude itself. "Yes," said she, "I feel pleased to think I resemble mother. Lucy takes real comfort in it."

Miss Lovett caught herself back from her wonder to meet the formalities of a call. "How is Lucy?" she asked.

"Lucy's about the same."

"I thought maybe she'd be here and I'd have a word with her. I always liked Lucy."

"She's gone to bed," said Martha. "She goes early. Some days she's tired as a child."

They sat in the dark and talked of one and another incident of the neighborhood life, and it was nine o'clock before Miss Lovett got up to go. Martha lighted the little kitchen lamp to see her out, and Miss Lovett, the minute she saw her in the light, was transfixed again.

"I can't get over it," said she. "You do look so like your mother. Why, Marthy James, you hain't got any glass in your spe'tacles."

"I broke 'em," said Martha, calmly.

"Well, I should think you'd miss 'em. When d'you expect to have 'em fixed?"

"I dunno," said Martha. "I can't leave Lucy long to a time."

"But how d'you expect you can sew?"

"I don't have much time for sewin'."

Miss Lovett was vibrating in an ecstasy of interest. "But Marthy James," said she, "if you don't use your spe'tacles, for mercy sakes what makes you wear the bows?"

"Folks get used to their spe'tacles," said Martha. She kept an innocent and unmoved front. "Spos'n' you hadn't got any glass, don't you think you'd like the feelin' o' the bows?"

"Well," said Miss Lovett, vaguely, "I dunno. Seems if you'd changed more'n any of us. In a way you hain't. And then again you have. You've got a real good complexion, same as you always had, but I can't get over the way you've fixed yourself up. Why, you might be a hunderd!"

"Oh no," said Martha, "I ain't a hunderd." She held the light to show Miss Lovett the step. "You better tell the neighbors," she called after her.

"Tell 'em what?" Miss Lovett called back. She was finding her way past the thicket of moss roses.

"Tell 'em how much I look like mother, and how I might be a hunderd. Then when they see me they won't be so struck up and we sha'n't have to go over it all again. Good night."

Martha went back into the sitting-room and walked up to the mirror. She held the lamp so that she could see plainly. She looked at first seriously, and then with a little smile. It made her face quite sweet and tender. "I guess," said she, "it's goin' to be a comfort to me, too."

From this time neighbors kept calling, but they were all tactfully silent over Martha's changed looks. She judged Miss Lovett had prepared them, and she was glad. She found a strange restfulness in her sober masquerading. Her own trials seemed to have ceased. She had taken on mother's calmness with her dress.

So life went even happily until the day Jason West came back. He walked past the rose-bushes up to the front door with his old hurried stride, and Martha knew him at once. It was, she thought in that minute by the window, because he had never worn a beard and was clean-shaven still. He was a little more intent of gaze, but that was all. He had kept the look of youth. She stepped back from the window before he lifted his eyes to hers, and when he knocked she stood immovable, crowded into a corner, her hand at her heart. Lucy looked up from her work of sewing patchwork squares—a pastime she loved, doing it sometimes well and sometimes ill.

"Mother," said she, "there's somebody on the step. Don't you want me to go?"

So Martha went. She looked at Jason through the screen door, but she did not open it. He started a little when he saw her. The look cut her to the heart.

"How do you do?" he said. "Is Marthy to home?"

To her surprise, Martha found herself unreasonably stirred at this. She was changed, and by her own act, and she was full of an honest desire that he should go away without knowing her at all. Yet, because he did not know her, she was hurt. "If you mean Marthy James," said she, "I'm Marthy James."

Jason smiled suddenly, the old flashing smile he had had years ago when he teased her. "Why, Marthy," said he, "I never should have know ye. How you've changed!"

The red ran up over her face. Tears burned her eyes. But she recovered herself. "Well," said she, "of all the old neighbors you've changed the least. Won't you step in and see Lucy?"

"Why, yes," said Jason, as if he wondered that she could ask, since that was what he came to do. "Course I'm comin' in."



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"WHY, MARTHY JAMES, YOU HAIN'T GOT ANY GLASS IN YOUR SPE'TACLES"

And Lucy knew him. She greeted him, Martha thought, as if he had been in every day without a break.

"Jason," said she, "d'you bring me an orange?"

He took an orange out of his pocket and gave it to her. Martha thought it was like witch-work.

"I used to fetch 'em to her when she fust had her accident," said he. "Don't you remember?"

"How'd you come on oranges this time o' year?" asked Martha. She was glad he had remembered. "She hain't had one since last March. Then I got a dozen."

Jason began to talk—all about himself—and Lucy sat and ate her orange peacefully. Jason had a great deal to tell. He had done very well in the West, and now he had come back to the old place to develop water-power in Dog River, about five miles from here, to start an electric plant. He said astonishing things—blunt, reckless things, exactly as he had twenty years ago.

"What do you think, Marthy?" said he. "It ain't more'n a couple o' years since I've got over bein' mad with you."

Martha blushed under mother's cap, but she answered, primly, "I don't know as anybody's any call to be mad with me."

"I was," said Jason, "mad as fire because you wouldn't give up everybody —you know—and come and foller me. I never begun to see your side of it till about two years ago, when mother had her stroke. I guess that kinder softened me up, and I see how 'twould be if anybody wanted me to go off and leave her. Why, I wouldn't do it, that's all."

"I understand," said Martha, stiffly, "your mother's passed away."

"Yes. Last February 'twas. But if she hadn't, Marthy, I was comin' just the same. I was goin' to say, you bring your mother 'n' Lucy and I'll bring mother, and we'll pitch our tent together."

"Mother passed away some time before yours did," said Martha. She wondered what else she could have said. But Lucy innocently broke the awkward moment.

"Mother," said she, "where 'll I put my orange-skins?"

Martha got up and took them; and when she came back to her chair Jason was looking at her frowningly, shaking his head and pursing up his lips. That meant some quick emotion in him.

"She called you 'mother,'" said he.

Martha nodded, with an effect of hushing him.

"I s'pose she misses her," said Jason.

"Not now," said Martha; "not since she's begun to think—"

"George!" said Jason, "I believe you've dressed that way a-purpose."

"There! there!" said Martha. But Lucy had not noticed. She was rocking and singing her little song of Long Ago.

"By George!" said he again. There were tears in his eyes. "How's anybody goin' to make up to you for all them years?"

"You hain't changed a mite, Jason West," said Martha, tartly. "You speak quicker 'n you think."

"Well," said Jason, also in a flash, "what I say I'll stand to." But he went off into talk about the old neighbors, and he knew more, although he had been home but a day, than Martha did after her four weeks. It was not until he got up to go that he told her he had actually come for good. "I'm stayin' over to Taylor's," said he. "Remember that bobtailed cat they had twenty years ago, and the one-legged gander? Well, they've got a bobtailed cat now, and if I look round a little I expect I shall see the gander."

Martha went ceremoniously to the door to bid him good-by. He shook hands with her. Then he looked at her hair.

"Marthy," said he, "you hain't got a gray thread. Don't you remember how I used to tousle up your hair to make you mad? Hanged if I wouldn't like to do it now to get it back up over your ears and make you look as you used to."

"I ain't concerned about my looks," said Martha. But her cheeks were burning so that she was ashamed of them, and when she went in she stopped before the glass. She stood there staring at herself until Lucy asked:

"What is it, mother?"

Martha did not answer. She heard Jason whistling along the road and

thought she was angry with him. It seemed to her time had hardly touched him, while it had brought her hair down over her ears and clothed her in the fashion of a bygone day. And then she remembered it was she herself who had drawn her hair down, for Lucy's sake, and that she had felt it a happy thing to be wearing mother's clothes.

Lucy was singing Jason's name in a little chant. "Jason West," she sang. "Jason West."

"There," said Martha, when the chant hurt her, jarring out old memories, "never mind. He won't come again."

But he did come, nearly every day, chiefly at dusk, after his running here and there, engaging workmen and laying out his plans, and always he behaved as if he and Martha were old friends, confirmed in an assured relation.

He was very good to Lucy, too. He brought her presents, none of them costing much, but such as to keep her in a delighted expectation. She was quite at ease with him, and, perhaps because he treated her like a woman and not a child, she was every day more like her old self. He put quiet questions to her, and she would answer sensibly.

"I never'll forget it in you," said Martha, impulsively, when she went to the door with him one night. "Never, so long's I live."

"What?" asked Jason.

"Bein' so good to Lucy. You're kinder bringin' her out."

"Lucy never'll be what she was, but she's got a good deal left," said Jason, gravely. "Folks hadn't ought to treat her as if she wa'n't growed up. You give me a word with her now and then alone, Marthy, and see if she don't set up and answer like a major."

Martha did it the very next night. She went off into the kitchen to sponge bread, and from there she heard the even flow of Jason's voice. He was telling Lucy a story, she judged, for now and then Lucy laughed a little. It sounded very cozy and pleasant, and she took a long time to sponge the bread.

Jason, at the window, heard Martha lay down her knife and spoon in the sink, and then he put his hands on his knees and bent forward a little. "Lucy," said he, "you look at me."

She looked at him, smiling in her pretty way.

"Lucy," said he, "where's Marthy?"

Instantly her face drew itself together into a little frown. "Marthy?" she repeated, helplessly.

"Yes," said Jason. "Where's Marthy?"

Lucy gazed at him in a wistful appeal, as if, having thought of Martha, she would beg of him to find her. The step in the kitchen neared the door.

"Never mind," said Jason, with his ready cheerfulness. "We'll find her. Some other day. Mother's comin' now."

But Lucy was still troubled, and Martha, seeing it, went to her at once.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

Martha was not much used to tender words, but mother had been, and they were every day more natural to her tongue.

Lucy looked at her still from a cloud of doubt.

"I guess she thought she'd lost somethin'," said Jason, carelessly. "Didn't you, Lucy?"

"Your knittin'?" asked Martha. "Here 'tis." And Lucy had forgotten what it was that troubled her.

Day after day Jason snatched at pretexts for a word with Lucy alone, and every time he talked about Martha. Once he was quite explicit, in a careless way, painting before her the picture of Martha as she had been. This was a late afternoon when Martha was safely away for half an hour, helping Miss Annie Lovett take her finished quilt out of the frames. Jason, lounging in the big chair by the window, casting a glance at Lucy now and then, looked very purposeful. Lucy, happily sewing her patchwork and vaguely aware of a pleasure in it because the orange-colored square was laid against a blue, glanced up at him from time to time and answered in an absorbed, contented way.

"Lucy," said Jason, "we used to have proper good times together, you and Marthy and me."

"Yes," said Lucy, smiling.

"You remember that time I clim' the old nut-tree and fell half-way down, and Marthy screamed out: 'I'll ketch you. I'm holdin' my apron'?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "I remember."

"Then there was that time your mother went to camp-meetin' and stayed through the week, and Marthy kep' house, and I come to supper every night."

"Yes," said Lucy, delightedly. She was holding up her squares to the light, and Jason could not tell whether she was content over the recalling of old days or the sunlight through the orange and the blue.

"I never minded your mother's goin' away and stayin' a week at a time," said he, "if only Marthy'd keep house. I was glad to have her go and get a rest."

"Oh yes," said Lucy. "So was I, Jason; so was I."

Then Jason put his unfailing question. He leaned forward and compelled her glance. "Lucy," said he, "I want to see Marthy. Don't you?"

Lucy had laid down her patchwork. She looked at him in a puzzled questioning. "Yes," said she. "Yes, Jason. You find her."

"That's about it," said Jason. "We've got to find her. You do it, Lucy. When mother comes in, you ask where Marthy is."

While Lucy was still regarding him, now with a frightened gaze, Martha did come, warm from her walking, a wholesome veil of pink over her cheeks. First her eyes sought Lucy, though in passing she gave Jason a smiling nod. But Lucy could not wait for any greeting. She stretched up trembling hands to her. "Mother," said she, "where's Marthy?"

Martha stepped back a pace. Then she looked at Jason. He met her eyes gravely.

"Yes," said he, "she's kinder homesick for old times. We've been talkin' 'em over. I don't know what she's goin' to do if you can't find Marthy for her."

Perhaps it was the steadying suggestion of his tone that kept Lucy to the point. She was holding Martha now by both hands, and her face fell into pathetic lines. "Oh, mother," she cried, "you find Marthy. If you don't find Marthy I shall die."

Jason rose from his chair.

"All right," said he, cheerfully; "we'll find Marthy. We won't be long about it, either. You sit here like a good girl, and fold your patchwork up, and we'll see what we can do." He turned about and held the door for Martha, and they left the room. Jason shut the door behind them. Then he took Martha into his arms and kissed her. He laughed.

"Marthy," said he, "your eyes are big as saucers. You've got awful pretty eyes. Now I'm goin' to pull your hair down, and you run and do it up same's you used to. And take off that collar and stick on a bow or somethin'. Put on the youngest thing you've got. You don't want Lucy to set there cryin' for her sister when you could put the clock back twenty year if you wa'n't so set. George! I never see so much hair. You roll it up on the top o' your head and be down here 'fore Lucy has time to cry her eyes out."

Martha ran up the stairs without a word. He heard the door latch after her. Jason stood in the front doorway and looked off over the moss-rose bushes. He was not sure she would come back at all, but he stood there and hoped. In a little time she came. She wore a white dress, and her lovely hair was coiled on the top of her head. She even had a blue-ribbon belt, and that was exactly like long ago, for Jason had given it to her. This he did not know, but it moved him in some way not clear to him, and the tears came into his eyes. Martha, soberly, yet not hesitating, came down the stairs. Her eyes were steadfastly upon him, and he could see her breath come fast. Jason felt as if he were there to receive his bride, and he held out his arms. He kissed her softly, and Martha received the kiss like a wife who has learned the expectation of love. Then they went in to Lucy. She had been obedient. Her patchwork lay exactly folded, and she was watching the door. At the sight of them her face flushed all over in its lovely pink.

"Oh, Marthy!" she cried. "You've come back, hain't you? Don't you ever go away any more." Then she saw that Jason was holding Martha's hand, and that they stood there together not quite as she had seen them. "Why," said she, "you hain't got married?"

"No," said Jason. He drew Martha forward a step, so that he seemed to be giving her to Lucy. "No, we hain't. But we're going to be in a few days."

In Shakespeare's America

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

OLD English and Scottish popular ballads are not the only legacy of the Old World to the New that time has kept more or less intact in the dark hollows of the Kentucky hills. Sink a shaft almost anywhere in the obscure social and spiritual strata of that secluded section and you will make striking, often startling, discoveries. The very language itself, far from being, as is too commonly supposed, a mere uncouth dialect, preserves in many respects the obsolete idiom of our ancestors, and is starred with interesting and significant survivals.

It is said that when the mountaineer begins to read at all, he displays so marked a preference for Shakespeare that it is invariably the works of that poet that have most frequently to be rebound in any library to which he has access. The reason he himself gives for this predilection is that the things Shakespeare makes his characters do always seem so "natural."

So also must seem the things he makes them say. Words and turns of expression employed by Shakespeare and in the King James version of the Bible are of such common occurrence in the mountain speech that it is quite possible for a native student of his own people's peculiar characteristics to argue, with no small show of reason, that "the purest English on earth is that of the Kentucky mountains — however unpolished and crude it may be grammatically. Another asserts that this racy idiom is the one real literary dialect as yet produced in America.

A teacher in a settlement school told me that her greatest trouble was getting the children to talk "good English." Yet the natural, untutored speech of these children (and of the grown people as well, when they have remained uncontaminated by outside influences) is of a pristine poetic quality seldom found save among the very primitive.

Just because the mountaineers are, for the most part, either illiterate or able to see few newspapers, they have no stereotyped forms of expression. For them the language is in the same state of fluidity and flux that it was for Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so that they are always free to vary and invent, and are often forced to feel around, as it were, not only for the *right* word, but for their *own* word, which, since they have a natural esthetic instinct for verbal shapes and sounds, gives their speech a remarkable sense of freshness and stylistic distinction. Moreover, the very fact that their vocabulary is extremely limited tends to foster a fanciful and figurative form of expression, as in the case of the old preacher who, referring to the white-haired among his auditors, called down a blessing upon those "whose heads were bloomin' for the grave."

There is much that is coarse and crude in the mountaineer's method of expression, reflecting, frequently, the conditions under which he lives.

But what at first sight appears most corrupt or colloquial often proves on closer acquaintance to possess unexceptionable linguistic credentials. What, for example, could possibly have a more bucolic or Bœotian flavor than the use of the verb "to talk" in the sense of "to court" or "to woo"? Yet, in "King Lear" we find Regan saying, precisely:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have *talked*.

In Shakespeare also we find "holp" for "helped," a form of the preterite very common in the mountains, as are also "whup" for "whipped," "wrop" for "wrapped," "clomb" for "climbed." If a mountain man becomes suddenly bereft of his senses, it is said of him that "he's tuk a franzy spell," and this rustic pronunciation has the authority of no less a poet than Sir Philip Sidney.

There is also sound logic, if not literary authority, for "ary" and "nary," which are nothing more or less than contractions of "e'er a" and "ne'er a"—corruptions, if one chooses, but notably euphonious and convenient—and the forms "farder" and "furder" for "farther" and "further" have exactly the same justification from an etymological point of view as "murder," which used to be written "murther"; while the impersonal pronoun "hit" is no mere cockneyism for "it," but the original Anglo-Saxon form of the word.

It is the custom of the city-bred to scorn the provincial; but words, or the uses of words, so labeled in the dictionary, are often those which best repay the attention of the student. Thus the visitor to the Cumberlands is sure to be struck by the use of the word "generation" without temporal significance and as an exact synonym of "breed" or "race." For example, "Thar's a powerful generation o' them Holmeses." But this is merely a forgotten Elizabethan use of the word, and might be made to throw an interesting light upon the exegesis of the text in which Christ characterized his hearers on one occasion as a "generation of vipers."

The quaint, picturesque, and archaic "begone," which Shakespeare could put in the mouth of a king issuing orders to his loyal lieges, is now used only when addressing a dog, and never even to the humblest man or woman.

Old customs naturally preserve traces of an ancient terminology. Thus the mountain marriage observances, which have kept intact an unusual element of traditionalism, even for this conservative section, present the word "infare" as the name for the bridegroom's frolic. This precedes the wedding proper, celebrated the following day at the home of the bride's parents, whither all repair on horseback, the bride seated on a pillion behind her future lord and master. The attendants of the bridal pair are termed "waiters" and "waitresses."

Another use of the verb "to wait" is "to attend," as in the case of a nurse or a doctor, while still a third is "to say grace." This last is a wholly exotic or "fotcht-on" custom, and is rarely found save in those families affected by outside religious influences. But if you are a guest in a mountain home, and are thought to be a "missionary" (since "Bible readers" and "missionaries" are almost the only visitors in certain remote sections), you are quite likely to be asked to "wait on the table," and you will not be able to escape the performance of this rite, although in some cases your host may politely inquire in advance whether you "follow talkin'," so that you can ask a blessing or not, as you choose.

If he is one of those who are accustomed to ask it themselves, he will take a preliminary look around the table and caution the children to "act pretty," just as, when you have arrived at his house, he said he was "proud" to see you looking so "stout," and asked you to sit down and make yourself "pleasant" while waiting for dinner.

The most common and familiar words often express a most uncommon and unfamiliar shade of meaning in the mountains, where "nice" means "sober" (in the alcoholic sense); where to be "ambitious" is to be "angry" and ready to fight; where "to cook" is "to boil," "to boil" is merely "to heat up" on the fire, and to roast is "to smother." Where "ivy" is "laurel," "laurel" is "rhododendron," a "flower-pot" is any kind of bouquet, and "lilies" are "roses" (of Sharon); where "worried" or "worritted" means "tired"; where "death" may be merely a temporary loss of consciousness; where a "funeral" is quite different from a "burying"; where people always speak of "*these* molasses" in the plural, and of a "creek o' land," just as they do of a "nap o' sleep" or a "meal o' vittles"; where a "limb" is a "branch," and a "branch," like a "prong," is but the "fork" of a creek; where "several" is "plenty," and "plenty" a number past all computing; and, lastly, where, if a man tells you he doesn't "keer" to do a thing, you may be certain that he really wants to do it!

The mountaineer still retains the word "house" in many combinations from which we have long since dropped it as no longer necessary to express our meaning. Thus we continue to say "schoolhouse" and "court-house" (as well as "bath - house," "ice - house," "smoke -

house," etc.), but the mountaineer, more logical and consistent, says also "church house" and "jail house."

A traveler arrived at a certain county-seat. Seeing several men seated along a rail fence, he asked them which house was the hotel. They told him, and he invited them to join him and have a drink. All accepted except one, who retained his solitary seat on the court-house fence.

"Why doesn't he come?" asked the stranger. "Doesn't he want a drink?"

"Oh, that feller!" exclaimed the spokesman. "He knows I won't let him. You see, stranger, he's in *jail*, and I'm the jailer!"

In mountain usage, present participles have the full force of adjectives, and one never hesitates to treat them as such by coining a superlative for them upon occasion. Thus I have heard men called the "talkingest," horses the "single-footingest," girls the "smilingest," and certain kinds of wood the "lastingest" or "lastiest." The stranger never fails to be afforded additional surprises in this particular *genre*. One commented to a mountain woman on her skill in knitting as she walked along the rough mountain roads or climbed the steep trails.

"Oh, that's nothing!" the woman exclaimed. "Now ther's Aunt Mandy. She's the *knittingest* woman ever I saw. She takes her yarn to bed with her every night, and ever' now and then she throws out a sock!"

The mountaineer, moreover, makes many compound words. Thus he never refers to a mouth specialist save as a "tooth-dentist," and children who see a certain exotic fruit for the first time, have been known to christen it an "orange-apple," and in the same way we have a "Bible-book," a "pallet-bed," and a "poppet-doll."

Mountain dolls are cut out roughly from a block of wood with a knife, and their hair is of wool or of hemp dyed in [illegible] yellow, or black. All mountain

A teach[illegible] of similar household manufacme that her[illegible] those of children a hundred the children [illegible]o generally.

Yet the natu[illegible]in boys make their own these children [illegible]arvles," out of what they as well, when t[illegible]tone." To do this they contaminated by[illegible]iece of stone by knocking it against another stone. Then they make a hole in a large rock and, putting the small stone in the end of a split stick, they work it round and round in the hole until it is perfectly smooth and spherical. It takes about six hours to make a single marble.

The children also have a great variety of games, most of which are clearly traditional, and have been identified with English games whose names are often but slightly altered in the mountain version. Thus "Blind Man's Buff" has become in Kentucky "Blind Pole" (Fold); "Chickamy" has become "Chickie My Cranie Crow," and "Round and Round the Village," "Round the Levee," "Hooper's Hide," "Hoop Hide," etc. But the most popular of these mountain games, as far as my own observation goes, is one whose title, "Old Bald Eagle," seems to indicate that it has an American, if not, indeed, a local, origin:

Old bald eagle sails around,
Daylight's gone.
Watch Miss Maggie sail around,
Daylight's gone.
Back and forth across the floor,
Daylight's gone.
Swing your partner on the floor,
Daylight's gone.

Another favorite with the children, though it is not a play-song, strictly speaking, is "The Swapping Song." Part of this—the first part—is the nursery rhyme which everybody knows:

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I put upon the shelf . . .

But in the mountain version the real fun doesn't begin until after the termination of this introduction by the wheelbarrow catastrophe. For then the hero, left with a useless wife upon his hands, trades her off for a horse, which in turn he exchanges for a cow, the cow for a calf, the calf for a sheep, the sheep for a goat, and so on, until he finally ends with nothing at all. Each distich ends with a nonsense refrain, as here, at the end:

Then I traded my mouse for a blind old mole,
And the daggone thing ran straight for its hole,



A WAYSIDE COTTAGE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

With a wing-wang-waddle and a jack-straw-straddle,
And a John-fair-faddle, and a long way home.

On the whole there is a notable absence of ritual and ceremonial observance connected with traditional holidays, such as May Day and Hallowe'en, for example. A trace, at least, of the orgiastic May Pole revelry has, it is true, been ingeniously detected in the words still sung to the tune of one of the popular "country dances":

One and one are two,
Two and one are three,
Winding up the maple-leaf,
Busy as a bee.

Here the word "maple" is unquestionably a corruption of "May-pole."

But the most remarkable survival of this sort is the so-called "Old Christmas." In Trinity Churchyard, in New York, there is an elder-bush that was brought to this country from Glastonbury, England, and whose anticipated breaking into bloom is awaited each year about the sixth of January by those familiar with the legendary Yule-tide lore of Old England. This lore is well-nigh universal in the Cumberlands, where Old Christmas is still observed by thousands, and where children who have never heard of Santa Claus, and hardly even of the Christ story, believe implicitly that, just at midnight, not only do the elder-bushes bloom, but the cows and oxen kneel, lowing, in their stalls.

The attempt has been made to connect these beliefs with the old English observance of Twelfth Night, since Old Christmas occurs just twelve days later than the customary celebration of Christ's nativity. But this, of course, is absurd. Old Christmas is merely the Christmas that was celebrated in Shakespeare's day, before the change that was made in the calendar about the middle of the eighteenth century. Many at that time in England refused to accept this "impious" change, and among these, no doubt, were the ancestors of the early settlers in Kentucky; unless, perhaps, a truer explanation is that these early settlers, already buried in the wilderness when the change occurred, have re-



PRIMITIVE BUT GENEROUS HOSPITALITY MEETS THE WAYFARER EVERYWHERE

mained unaware of it in many cases until the present day!

Now often both Christmases are observed in the same community—Old Christmas by the old folks; New Christmas by the young people, who have undergone outside influences and rebel against the tyranny of separate traditions. But while the former make of their festival a "mighty solemn occasion," sitting and holding their hands all day and refusing to eat, the latter celebrate theirs in a lively fashion with frolics of all sorts. Indeed, the 25th of December has become in many sections of the mountains a day of marked disorder, when, more than at any other time, the men and boys drink and shoot up the settlements. So that the peace of the Cumberlands has not, on the whole, been promoted by this belated rectification of the calendar!

The mountaineer is a great believer in signs and portents. It is interesting in this connection to recall that it was in the person of a mountain man, Owen Glendower, from the wilds of Wales, that Shakespeare himself, with delightful humor, satirized such beliefs in his own time:

> At my nativity,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets.

So spoke the Welsh chieftain, forerunner, in this respect, of the great Wallenstein. And so also, a glare in his eye and his speech shot through with apocalyptical splendors, spoke the old man who told me that he was born the "night the stars fell." Only his explanation of this meteoric phenomenon that marked his natal hour was quite impersonal, and had nothing to do with his own humble destiny. The angels of the Lord, he said, and the angels of Satan, had fought a great "surgin'" battle. The latter was defeated and flung headlong from heaven. But as he fell, "the

old Sarpint," seeking to do one last "devilment," clutched at the stars and "drug" one-fourth of them down with him from their places in the "firmament."

Nor is there one of the ingredients in the broth brewed by the witches in "Macbeth" unknown to the mountain wizards and warlocks. For the state of Massachusetts and the town of Salem have had no monopoly of the magic arts in this country.

Less than fifty years ago the belief in witchcraft had quite a following in the Kentucky mountains. Nor has it died out yet. There are numbers and numbers of women and men in the mountains who are credited with the powers of witchcraft, and who believe themselves to be gifted with those strange powers.

So writes Mr. Josiah H. Combs, himself a mountain man, in his valuable little treatise entitled *The Kentucky Highlanders*. Personally, I confess I never happened to meet any one who claimed to be a witch or a wizard, though I knew several who were said to possess charms of one sort or another. There was still living not long ago, in one locality which I visited, an old woman who asserted that she could cure almost anything, including cancer. She said that in order to work a cure, however, she must first know the full name of the person, together with the "nater" of the trouble, and that then she had to go out and look at a green apple-tree, saying a few "words of ceremony."

These were her secret. She could not reveal it to another woman without losing her power. For a woman could tell it only to three men, and a man to three women. She herself had been taught the charm many years before by an old man who, in turn, may have received it from another woman, or from the devil himself. For there are those in the mountains who are supposed to have sold their souls quite in accordance with the best Faustian traditions.

In the Cumberlands there has never been felt any of that *odium theologicum* toward witches found elsewhere in modern times. They have, it is true, been feared; and, if we are to credit the tales current in the country, individual witches have, when taken, been subjected to cruel punishments—even put



THE BRIDE REPAIRS TO THE WEDDING SEATED BEHIND HER FUTURE LORD

to death. But there has never, so far as I have heard, been any systematic persecution of those suspected of diabolic practices; and this accords with the simpler and more natural sentiment on the subject in primitive Catholic, rather than Protestant, countries, where there are always adequate means with which to combat this particular spiritual evil.

There are, of course, no priests in the Cumberlands to make the sign of the cross, sprinkling a little holy water on the infected place or on the person suspected of suffering from a *maléfice*. But there are almost as many witch doctors as there are witches, and their charms make it very dangerous for the latter to attempt anything serious against human life. Besides, witches are always liable to painful accidents in the pursuit of their unhallowed profession.

Many years ago [writes Mr. Combs] a man's wife, who was a witch, went one night to attend a meeting of the witches. In the guise of a black cat she came home to where her husband was sitting by the fireside and threw her paws upon his knees. Not especially in love with the salutation of this strange visitor, he chopped one of her paws off, and immediately the hand of a woman lay upon his knee. The next morning his wife complained of sickness, and was not disposed to get out of bed. The husband was suspicious and asked her to reach out her right arm. She did so, and the hand was missing.

I myself have heard this story told in varying versions. I have also heard another of the same sort, concerning a woman who every night turned a young man into a horse, and rode him so hard that the following morning he was exhausted. A stranger who happened to be staying in the house where this occurred observed the young man wasting from day to day, and suspected the woman of sorcery. So he lay awake one night and saw her come to her victim's bedside, shake a bridle over him, and say three times, "Up devil; put on bridle!" Then, as he changed shape, she leaped on his back and dashed through the door. The next night the stranger turned the tables on the enchantress; and, when he had changed her into a mare, rode her straight up the creek to a blacksmith's shop, where he dismounted and gave her a full set of shoes. Then, after riding her all night, he brought her



A HUMBLE CABIN IN THE HIGHLANDS



THE FAMILY DINNER

back to the cabin and restored her to her proper form. But the shoes still remained fixed with cruel nails to her hands and feet.

The imagination of the mountain people is very limited. It is hard for them to visualize things and events beyond the narrow range of their exceedingly restricted personal experience. But at the same time this narrow imaginative faculty is very intense and clothes the most extraordinary incidents with the matter-of-fact colors of reality. This, as we have seen, is what gives the homely, racy touch to their ballad literature, recreates this, and imparts to its traditional treasures something of the value of original expression. And in the same way it gives to these folk-tales, whose motives are among the commonplaces of popular imagination, a real savor of the soil, a richness of racial genius. The humble mountain cabin, its gallery or "dog run" hung with saddles, bunches of onions, and bundles of broom-corn, —this is the customary setting for stories that are worthy of Grimm, and that will perhaps some day find a Grimm to collect them.

For the most part, the operations of mountain witches are confined to such simple tricks as spells cast upon cows, which can easily be counteracted either by putting a silver dollar or half-dollar in the churn, or else sharpening the edge of the coin on a "grinding-stone" and cutting the afflicted beast's tongue with it. Still, there are interesting instances of the survival of "sympathetic magic," so-called, where the magician seeks the life of his enemy through the agency of a simulacrum. Mr. Combs reports such an instance from Knott County. There, once upon a time, a wizard became jealous of another man. This man suddenly dropped dead between his plow-handles one day while plowing in his corn-field. When those who ran to his aid lifted him up, his head fell back and a "witch ball" rolled from his mouth. The case was "investigated," and it was found that the wizard had gone into the woods, drawn a picture of his enemy on a tree, and shot it with a ball made from the hair of a horse or a cow.

The anecdote makes a curious contribution to the study of the Cumberland vendetta. It seems odd at first that men accustomed to fight with fists and with guns should have recourse to such secret methods of assassination. But, then, is it so strange, on reflection, after

all? Is the *envoûtement*, practised as a form of private vengeance, any less secret, really, than the shooting from ambush which has been so characteristic of this country, and which has so severely taxed the skill of its apologists?

Not that he has always fought this way, by any means, or feared to meet his foe face to face. From the earliest days, when the rifle had not yet entirely superseded the old-fashioned "fist and skull" fight, down to the present, for the settling of disputes and the assertion of personal prowess, the Cumberlands have not lacked their "bullies" or "champions," and anecdotes concerning them not infrequently have the true ring or flavor of the Iron Age.

Thus a Knott County man rode over to Hazard in Perry County one court day. There was a big crowd around the court-house, trading horses and waiting for court to begin. A citizen rode up to him and said:

"You're Bill Judd, hain't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the first man.

"Well, I've heard you're the best man in Knott County," continued the second.

"I've heard it, too," was the quiet answer.

"I'm the best man in Perry, and a better man than you," came the challenge.

"That's for you to say and for me to find out," was its acceptance.

"Will you make it ten or twenty paces?"

"Ten."

So they backed off ten paces and drew. They fired five or six times at each other, until the Perry man got a bullet through his body and fell over his horse's neck.

"Paw got one through his stomach," said the son of the Knott County champion, who told the story, "and had a right smart trouble with his eating for some time arter."

Even among the incontestable "bad men" of the Kentucky mountains there is to be noted at least one striking survival of chivalric psychology or senti-



A TYPICAL HOME IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS



THEY BACKED OFF TEN PACES AND DREW

ment. In Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," when that monarch, "great Bolingbroke," has chided his son for his wayward courses and his time wasted with wastrels, citing the high example of Harry Hotspur for his confusion, the young Prince Hal, stirred with a sudden sense of shame, announces his resolution to reform and, in especial, to humble Harry Percy. "For the time will come," he says,

"That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf."

Now this sentiment, which is expressed by both Prince Hal and Harry Hotspur, the flower of chivalry in their day, and which perhaps springs from some primitive religious instinct that you actually appropriate the virtue of your victim and make it yours, is precisely the motive of the mountain "bad man" who, stirred by the blood lust, instinctively seeks some one with a "record" even longer than his own, so that he can, as it were, annex it—add as many notches on his own gun-barrel as the other had on his. In such strange forms, and in such unexpected, out-of-the-way places, do those ideals and aspirations still survive that once shaped history!

Roscoe the Invincible

BY ALICE COWDERY

TOM PARKER burst forth from business and joined the crowd of home-going commuters. Tom was thrilled; he had an idea—the first in two weeks. The very opening words, the very closing ones of his story had sprung out sparkling and seductive. He stopped just short of the curb, drew out his pen and an unpaid bill, intending to scratch down the possibly immortal things; but he did not. The blast of a siren in his left ear precipitated him upon the sidewalk. As Tom turned an irate eye upon the enormous limousine rounding the corner, he was conscious of another fixing him through the window of the car.

Tom shook a fist at it, automatically, and was about to continue his sparkling phrases from the haven of the sidewalk. But again he did not. A hand slapped down on his shoulder with a vigor that completed the nerve-shock of the siren blast, and a voice, loud and exulting, cried:

"Well, well, Tom Parker! To think that my new sixty-horse-power gas-wagon nearly ran *you* down!"

Tom, thoroughly irritated, turned and glared at his accoster.

"Never thought in the old days I'd be able to, eh?" The fatuous joy of the speaker merged into amazement. "Say, I believe you don't remember me!"

"Well," said Tom, still resentful, "I won't forget you." He looked at the other grudgingly. "Prep school, wasn't it?"

"Sure. Phipps—Roscoe Phipps."

"How are you, Phipps? You've—enlarged," Tom added by way of apology.

The other protruded his portly front proudly: "Should say I have—all round," and he slapped his pocket knowingly. "And to think," he added, "that I pay my man two hundred a month to run down my old pal!"

Pal! What rot! A fat-headed, fat-legged, full-fed youth, years Tom's senior, who had hung on at school until the authorities had passed him in desperation to get rid of him.

"Well," said Tom, false but polite, "glad to 've met you again. So long. Catching a boat."

"Hold on! Hop in," cried Roscoe. He propelled Tom toward the car. "Come have a drink."

Tom didn't want a drink. He didn't want Roscoe. He wanted to make his boat, and Constance, and his evening of writing. But there was a persistency about Roscoe.

Roscoe was full of his new car. He snapped buttons exposing desk and dressing-table, he bade Tom note the bunch of orchids, the pale gray and silver fittings, the chinchilla robes. And his apartments! Tom would be astonished when he saw those. Tom, with a firm resolve never to do so, sat back in his corner, emitting an occasional grunt to be interpreted as admiration if Roscoe chose. Roscoe did choose.

"How did all this grandeur come about?" asked Tom.

"Aunt Martha and wool," Roscoe beamed, exultingly. "You, by the way, went in for—?"

"Banking."

"Ah!" Roscoe's glance that had been shifting along the streets that it might miss no effect of his progress on passing notice, came back to Tom with respect. "Thought it was to be the army."

Tom explained that his father had died, and that he had had to go to work immediately. "Bank clerk," he explained, shortly.

"Clerk!" Roscoe stared at him. "Too bad," he murmured, "too bad. Hard lines. Times changed, didn't they? By Jove!" he added, buoyantly, "and I pay a mere chauffeur two hundred a month. Well, well! Married?"

"Yes," said Tom, again, shortly.



"SAY, I BELIEVE YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!"

"So'm I. Most beautiful woman in San Francisco. Pure gold, her hair, sir, and sixty-nine inches long. And dress! *There* is a woman who can show money. We'll have to get together, all of us. Mustn't let you mould away over in the suburbs."

Tom, resenting decidedly the "moulding away," admitted vaguely that they must all get together, but meanwhile he had missed his boat. He must telephone his wife he'd be late for dinner.

"Have dinner with me," said Roscoe. "My wife's away till to-morrow."

"But she takes such pains, you know." Tom was impulsive before the vision of Constance. "She's getting to be the greatest little cook."

"Cook!" Roscoe's tone was commiserating. "Tell her to come over, too," he called after him. Tom reappeared briskly from the telephone-booth.

"She can't make it. Well, so long."

"See here; *I'll* phone her. What's the number?" Roscoe plunged into the booth. He reappeared, beaming. "It's all settled. You're both coming to dinner to-morrow. And I told her I'd keep you now." Tom glared speechless at Roscoe. He began to understand how Roscoe had achieved limousines and things. Roscoe propelled him through dinner, theater, and supper, shot him down finally in time for the last boat. The great story seemed a flat, dead thing. Possibly he would get fifty for it when he had worked two weeks upon it. Roscoe had spent half that in this miserably wasted, head-splitting night.

At two o'clock Tom left the station and went up the one hundred and eighty steps that led from the lower road to the bungalow he had leased for this first year of their married life. A light came through the trees. He wondered if Constance were still awake. The front door was ajar in rural custom. He could see

into the bedroom as he stepped across the living-hall, and the sight held him silent. On the floor, in a litter of scraps and feathers and artificial flowers, sat Constance in her nightgown. The electric light shone on her lovely little face, her dark hair was tousled and askew. She frowned and stared before her, and then she reached forth and picked up some article from the maelstrom, thrust it at arm's-length, dropped it again. Thus occupied, she did not see Tom until he stood in the doorway.

"What in thunder are you doing?"

Constance held up a large black object. "I made it," she said. There was a curious mingling of triumph and disgust in her tone.

"What is it?"

"Oh!" Constance pealed in momentary mirth. "A hat, idiot! When Mr. What's-his-name rang up I had just time to go down to the village and get some wire and buckram, and I cut up that old black velvet skirt of mine, and ironed it, and—" Constance arose, trailing robes of whiteness, and went to her mirror. She crammed the hat down over her tousled hair, powdered her nose, and turned to him. "Isn't it becoming?" Triumph and disgust still hung in the balance.

"Well—" Tom hesitated a fatal second.

She hurled the hat from her across the room. "It isn't!" she cried. "It's loathsome! Oh, I'm so tired, and I had such a good dinner for you, and you didn't come, and I haven't a thing to wear to-morrow night." And Constance abandoned herself to her pillows. Tom looked at her helplessly. He confounded the poverty that wouldn't let him say in manly, husbandly fashion, "Here, go buy yourself something." Instead he repeated:

"To-morrow night? That confounded dinner? We won't go, darling."

Constance removed an eye from her eclipse. "We don't have to?"

"No," said Tom, sturdily. "And what's more," he reiterated, "we won't."

"How can we get out of it?" asked Tom, waking abruptly after four hours' sleep. Had he been asleep? Sunlight trickled through the curtains, but there under the electric light by the mirror stood Constance, the hat on her head. He rubbed his eyes and stared. "You been there all night?"

"I've been planning what to do with this thing almost all night," said Constance, petulantly. "Buying buckram, and losing sleep and everything— Of course we'll have to go—to use it."

Her reasoning seemed logical. It held Tom silent a moment. A whistle sounded from the cove below.

"There's the six-thirty boat," he cried, leaping forth. "Half an hour for mine. How about breakfast?"

"Get it on the boat."

"My darling, I can't charge it on the boat. I've just enough to last me for lunch." Tom went out to build the fire and put water on for shaving and coffee.

"Where's my dress-suit?" he shouted from the kitchen. Constance turned to the closet, fumbled a moment there, and then emerged, guilt on her face, holding an odd bunch of garments. She felt Tom's eye from the doorway.

"They must have slipped off the hangers," she murmured, apologetically.

"Good Lord!" cried Tom. "*Yours* never slip off the hangers, *do* they? You take good care of that. That means," he added, gloomily, "taking 'em to a tailor—more expense. Then up to some feller's room to change—more bother. Twenty minutes," he shouted, chattering now under a cold shower. "Hurry up with that toast, Constance!"

"You're lucky," said Constance, tensely, as, kimono-wrapped, she evolved a sketchy breakfast; "you don't have to make your clothes yourself and then wear them."

There was a passionate five minutes of suit-case, studs, ties. "Look on the closet floor where you keep my suit," shouted Tom, "or in the coal-bin!" His sarcasms flying, his hair erect, Tom always struck Constance as screamingly funny under stress. "No sleep to-night, either," he muttered. "See here: what was our object in coming to the country, anyway? To be let alone, wasn't it? To economize in peace; cut out all this café, theater, dress-suit stuff, wasn't it? Now, wasn't it?"

Constance, convulsed with mirth and

the necessity for suppressing it in those tense moments, lest it rouse more ire, scramblingly got him off at last. He kissed her in a quick, hearty grasp.

"Now, remember, darling — never again. Be firm next time. I must have my sleep and my evenings. There's the boat. Go'-by. Meet you at the ferry. For Heaven's sake, try and be on time."

Constance, with a sigh, went back to her hat.

All that day she sat in the maelstrom—beds unmade, dishes unwashed, bath-room littered as only Tom could litter a bath-room; now shedding a few nervous tears, now fierce and determined, making and remaking her hat. The five-thirty must be caught, tailor suit pressed, spot removed. One shoe lacked a button. At four she ripped the black-and-gold cord from her tea-gown and wound it about the hat. She looked with hatred on her costume. Even if she wore her lingerie gown, like a school-girl, she had no suitable wrap. And then, the rain! The roads turned to rivers of mud; the 'bus leaked.

As she got off the boat brooding upon her wrongs and that damp car ride through the rain with Tom, she noticed a limousine drawn up at the curb. Some happy being, fresh, French-hatted, rain-proofed—not to be unwrapped like a damp old bundle from a rummage sale. And where was Tom? Why wasn't he waiting? Did he expect *her* to wait? She was concentrating emotionally when Tom himself stepped forth from the limousine with a grin.

"He sent it for me to pick you up.



ON THE FLOOR, IN A LITTER OF SCRAPS AND FEATHERS, SAT CONSTANCE

Awfully decent—but—I'd like to furnish my own conveyance."

"Put these galoshes in your pocket," said Constance. "And this soggy veil and these old gloves." She lay back with twenty-four hours' deferred relaxation in her sigh. As they sped up the glistening street they suddenly leaned toward each other and kissed.

"If we were only going some place we wanted to go, in this—just you and I!" sighed Constance.

They went through the gilded halls up to Roscoe's apartment. A valet opened the door; beyond him, Roscoe, shining and expansive, greeted them exuberantly.

"Thought we'd better meet here than at the restaurant; want you to see our rooms—just done over, absolutely perfect."

"Why, Roscoe, they're not at all what I want, and you know it." With this thrust at her husband, a large blonde turned to greet them calmly. Roscoe, nothing dimmed by her rebuff, surveyed her proudly, watching the others also to note her effect. She wore a black velvet skirt and a jet girdle, and her sixty-nine inches of golden hair was crowned by a hat—oh, a perfect hat! As Constance absorbed that hat the last shred of faith in her own went down before it.

"See here, Tom; come over here. Guess you never saw anything like these, did you?" Roscoe rolled back the panels of a bookcase and paraded the ranks of immaculate *éditions de luxe*. "Look at 'em! Not one cost me less than fifty." He passed a volume with elaborate carelessness to Tom.

Tom touched the uncut leaves with the contrastive awe that seemed expected of him.

"They cost; but they fit—all this; eh, my boy?"

"Show 'em that lace, Clarisse," he added. Clarisse languidly led the way to a piece of filet. Her white fingers caressed it lightly.

"Two women went blind making it, mother and daughter. I bought it the last time I was in Italy. You can't get *anything* over here." Roscoe beamed proudly. "Perfect taste, my wife's," he assured Tom in a voice that was meant to carry. Clarisse graciously accepted it.

"All of this," she confided to Constance, "is, of course, just temporary. Roscoe's interests keep us here. But there's nothing in America for me." Her tone implied such martyrdom that Constance looked as sympathetic and as doubtful of America's possibilities as she could. "I just live," continued Clarisse, in a louder tone, and glancing at Roscoe, "for my next trip abroad."

For an instant it seemed that Roscoe was inclined to take issue with her on this point, but his proud smile shone out again. "Did you show her the pin we got this morning?" Clarisse exhibited rather wearily a large cluster of diamonds on her shoulder.

"Lovely!" cried Constance. Tom muttered his appreciation and turned abruptly away. The tiny diamond he had saved up for, through so many months, looked like a baby's first on Constance's finger.

A maid brought in a tray. Clarisse, as she nibbled a caviare sandwich, kept her violet orbs on Constance, and Constance knew that no thread of her apparel escaped that luminous gaze.

After dinner they entered the limousine. Rain had ceased, but the windows were kept tight shut. Through the park and along the beach. Back along the beach and through the park. Roscoe acted as if he owned the park, the cliff, the very waves.

"What do you two do on Sundays over there?" he said, concluding his patronizing of the light effects.

Tom, coming out of a moody trance, was indiscreet. "Why, nothing," he replied. "Just loaf around after breakfast; take a tramp, usually."

"You won't *have* to tramp this Sunday," cried Roscoe. "I'll bring the car over; we'll go for a long ride and have lunch somewhere." He turned a beaming face to the others.

"But—" Tom searched for Constance's foot with his own to press warning and alarm.

"No, no," Roscoe continued; "no trouble at all. We'll come over on the ten. Air 'll do us all good. Eh, honey?" to his wife.

"Anything for a change," murmured



ROSCOE, NOTHING DIMMED BY HER REBUFF, SURVEYED HER PROUDLY

Clarisse, wearily. And Roscoe's last words were:

"Sunday. Ten sharp. Now remember."

Saturday afternoon, sleepy and dissatisfied, Tom came home and plodded up the one hundred and eighty steps. It seemed unbelievable that they had contracted for a year of those steps. And where was the usual zest of an anticipated Sunday in the spring fields with Constance? Was it true, or was it some hideous nightmare, that he must sit through more weary hours listening to Roscoe's prosperity?

Constance, flushed and tired after a day of thorough and belated housecleaning, was in the kitchen. She greeted him reproachfully. "We won't have to have them here for supper tomorrow, will we? If you do want 'em—"

"*Want* 'em!" cried Tom, flinging his evening paper upon the table and pacing about the kitchen. "*Want* 'em!"

"If you do," continued Constance, slamming the oven door, "it's too late to order. You'll have to go down to the village and get beer and cheese and ginger-ale and some cold meat and olives and—"

"Good Lord! I'm tired."

"Very well. *I'll* go."

"Don't be ridiculous."

Constance shrugged a shoulder, and, holding a saucepan full of carrots over the sink at arm's-length, screwed her face away in distaste, and poured off the boiling water.

"It's easy for *her*," she murmured. "*She* just pushes an enameled button."

"See here"—Tom stared at her gloomily—"you knew what you were getting into when we married. Now didn't you?"

"No," said Constance, stirring butter viciously into the carrots.

"You knew," Tom paused by the stove and fixed her with a stern eye—"you knew we were going to cut out all this darn foolishness—give me a chance to work on my stories—"

Constance shrugged a shoulder and pounded at the potatoes with a slim, hot hand. Tom took a turn from the stove to the sink.

"And why do I want to work on them—why? To get out of debt. To get money for you—for *you*, so you won't have to do this sort of thing. You know that, don't you?"

Constance raised a slightly misty glance to his.

"If I had a thousand ahead, I'd throw up that infernal bank—"

"Oh, Tom, do stop! If we only did have that! When I think of what I've wasted at home, with mother—" Constance cast a reminiscent eye on past extravagances.

"Where are the chops?" asked Tom, abruptly. "I'll fry 'em."

"No."

"And *I'll* do the dishes."

"No."

"Yes." Tom dumped the chops into the frying-pan. Suddenly they leaned above the sizzling stove and kissed.

"As for the Phippses," said Tom, emphatically, "to-morrow we'll get rid of them for ever. Won't we, darling?"

Constance nodded, but doubt lingered in her eye.

Sunday morning from sun-up to ten o'clock, Constance, glowing with sacrificial hospitality, sang about her housework. She longed to get off alone with Tom for a picnic lunch on an emerald hill, but she made her little house beautiful with wild flowers, and laid out her supper-table with her best bridal linen and silver. It would be her first real supper-party. She drew her dining-room curtains and lit her yellow candles about a centerpiece of flaming poppies, and then called Tom to see it. It did look gay and happy, they agreed. Constance blew out the candles.

"Maybe they'll seem nicer over here," she said, hopefully.

"There's the car now," said Tom as the siren ordered them forth.

"Hop in," cried Roscoe after the preliminary greetings. "Did you see her take the hill? Great car!"

"Don't you want to come in and see our bungalow first?" asked Constance.

Clarisse, over her corsage bouquet of orchids and valley lilies, raised the tortoise-shell lorgnon she affected and surveyed the lowly cot. "Charming," she said. "So really quaint. But I won't get out now, dear."

"It's *sweet*," said Constance, a little defiantly. Tom gave her a quick smile.

"Nice little place," said Roscoe. "Hop in, hop in." As they hopped, Roscoe recounted at length his idea of buying a large estate some day. He implied that he'd show 'em what a country home should be—as he'd shown 'em what hats, books, diamonds, limousines, apartments should be. The car leaped forward until golden fields, purple fields, luscious greens were a vague, impressionistic blur.

"Some car, eh?" cried Roscoe, exulting. Oh, he'd show 'em what country rides should be, country luncheons—yes, and road-house suppers.

"But we want you to have supper with us," faltered Constance from where she lay entombed by Clarisse.

"Don't you bother about supper," said Roscoe.

"But I thought—I'd planned—" murmured Constance, biting her lip before the vision of her softly shining little table, to keep back a quiver. Again Tom turned and smiled at her.

"Just you wait and see," said Roscoe. "I'll give you a supper!"

And the four little candles were snuffed out in the glare of road-house lights.

"Well," said Tom, buoyed to briskness at sight of home once more, and handing Constance out, "thank you."

"Couldn't you stay to-night?" asked Constance, roused once more to hospitality. "We've couches."

"I haven't a thing to dress with," said Clarisse, and her tone precluded the possibility of Constance's having sufficient.

"Good night, then," said Constance. "And thanks for a lovely time." Tom joined in the pæan of gratitude.

"Hold on. I nearly forgot." Roscoe stuck out his head. "I got tickets for us all for the 'Green Pig,' Tuesday. Come over to dinner."

Tom touched Constance's foot with his, and she faltered, "Tuesday we're —we're dining in town with mother."

"Too bad," murmured Tom. "Thanks just the same."

"Only a family party?" insisted Roscoe. "Then you can meet us later. Here." He took two tickets from his pocket-book. Now that's settled. You can leave a family dinner. Where's your mother live? I'll send the car for you."

"No," said Tom, "we—"

"All right. But we'll do the show, anyhow. Now remember!" Roscoe shouted above the car's chug. He thrust the tickets upon Tom. "We'll take a spin after," he shouted back again as they went down the hill.

"I *was* firm, Tom," said Constance. "No, don't tear them. Now," she moaned, "we've begun to lie."

"Thanks; oh, thanks," muttered Tom, savagely, as he stalked ahead into the house.

"Thanks—that will be lovely," he muttered as he prepared for bed. "Thanks. How wonderful!" he continued to mutter at intervals, pounding his head into his pillow. "No!" he cried, fiercely; and then, in a weak falsetto, "Oh, lovely. Thanks." He stuck his head forth and glared at Constance, brushing her hair. "If I have to thank Roscoe again, I'll— Are we weak-minded, or what?" he cried, abruptly. "I don't see that we make ourselves so blamed fascinating."

Constance vented slightly hysterical mirth. "We're the perfect contrast—poor, but not too embarrassingly shabby. He wants some one to make him feel *big*."

"And he gets what he wants, does he?" cried Tom. "By heavens! he won't get us again, I tell you." Tom's eye fell on the tickets lying on the table, and his glance shifted gloomily to his watch. "He permits me five hours' sleep to-night," he murmured, with infinite sarcasm.

They began to dread the sound of the telephone lest it summon them to some new festivity. Constance's energies were concentrated on keeping a city wardrobe in repair for emergencies. Bills increased subtly. Roscoe was served up for breakfast and dinner. Domestic conversations became little more than indignation meetings. The awful truth confronted them that, in the parting burst of craven gratitude, you couldn't adequately rebuff the occasion for further gratitude—an interminable chain.

"I can't bear to think of it," wailed Constance. Life seemed to resolve into one hundred and eighty stair-steps at midnight. "But we've certainly got to ask them here for dinner, very soon."

Tom hooked an aiding arm through hers.

"It's the only way we have," continued Constance, wearily, "of repaying them."

"Repaying!" cried Tom, fiercely. "He's spent over five hundred on us already, besides the car. I counted it up to-night."

"Everything's comparative," said Constance. "You compare the work it 'll mean for me, and the extra cost—"

Tom stood mulishly. "How much extra cost?"

"Oh, a Jap for the evening, and roast and wine and cigars and caviare and cigarettes, and all that sort of thing."

"I'll be—"

"And listen, Tom," she cried, inspired. "Roscoe 'll have to thank *us*."

Even in the darkness a certain calm seemed to emanate from Tom. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, softly.

The dinner set Constance two days back in her housework, and Tom a week in his living expenses, but, seduced by the idea of evening things up, he was recklessly genial. Roscoe, too, was genial; approved of them as toy housekeepers, admitted there might be something, after all, in simple country life for a man of the world whose liver wasn't quite all a liver should be. Clarisse de-

clared it a real little picnic. As the last toot of the departing limousine floated back up the hill, the exotic joy of being thanked still glowed in the Parker hearts. They hurled themselves into each other's arms on the moonlit road and did a one-step. The clatter of the Jap washing up was sweet, luxurious music. They sat long before the wood fire, relaxed to the calm of a great debt liquidated—at least comparatively.

"Roscoe told me," murmured Constance, dreamily, "that he's going to do something for you—stuck in that old bank."

Tom flung away his cigarette and sat upright. "He is, is he?" he cried, immediately irate. "What?"

"Just mentioned it."

"Well, he won't. I'll manage my work in my own way. And now let's settle this thing definitely. We've worked 'em off. Very well. Now when they ring up to-morrow, what are you going to say?" There was cold challenge in Tom's tone.

"I shall say," replied Constance, firmly, "that we're engaged."

Tom sniffed. "You've said that before, I believe. And when they ring up the next day, what 'll you say?"

"Ill."

"And when you thank 'em for the flowers and books occasioned by your illness, what 'll you say?"

"Still ill—engaged."

"Rather raw, eh?"

"Then I shall say, frankly—"

Tom snorted.

"I shall say," continued Constance, with dreamy eyes on the fire—"I shall say—" She turned to Tom earnestly. "But we've got to say the same thing."

"You're going to do the talking," said Tom. "I'm too busy."

"I shall say, 'Roscoe—or Clarisse—Tom and I are going to be frank. Life is impossible without frankness.'"

"Very well. Go on."

"'We must all be frank together. We must—er—give all this up. We live in different spheres. We're poor, and very busy; you're rich, with lots of spare time.' You know, Tom—make it seem they're too grand—it 'll soften it."

Tom nodded, appreciatively. "You better memorize it."

"I'll write it out and put it by the phone."

"Then we can be natural again. O Lord! how good it will seem!" Tom yawned, stretched, hugged her, then dropped his arms abruptly. "But suppose you have to say it to their faces?"

They looked at each other doubtfully. Suddenly Constance jumped up, grabbed a pillow from the couch. "Put that under your vest," she commanded.

Tom stared.

"Put it so. Now—clear your throat. Patronize." She faced Tom, smiling alluringly. "Now, dear Roscoe, you're so *big*, you'll understand"—Constance's voice became a seductive coo—"Tom and I have decided to be frank—"

Tom rose to the spirit of the affair and became Roscoe brilliantly. Then he took out the pillow and crowned himself with Constance's despised hat and became the proud, weary Clarisse. The air of the bungalow was saturated with unyielding frankness.

At five-thirty the next day the telephone rang. Constance picked up the phone and glued her eyes to the formula she had prepared; she felt slightly nervous, but still very frank. At five-forty she slammed up the phone, lit the fire with many slams, slammed on the kettle, slammed on her hat, and slammed down to meet Tom. Tom, already relaxing to the glory of anticipated victory, came out from the throng, grinning.

"She says," Constance flung the words at him in breathless staccato, "they had such a good time last night over here that Roscoe's gone crazy about the country. She says he wanted to surprise us, but I must come over to-morrow and help her select furnishings—"

"Furnishings?" Tom stared at her, his thoughts all concentrated to a dark foreboding.

"They've taken a house-boat in the cove for the summer, and the yellow cottage on the beach for the servants, and they're going to get a steam-launch, and—" They plodded up the nine thousand and ninety-nine stairs.

Roscoe anchored the house-boat where the vista up the stairs commanded a full view of the Parker bungalow. Stairs



EXPANDING PROUDLY AS HE AWAITED THEIR PLAUDITS—AS IF HE HAD MADE THE MUSIC!

were no barrier to Roscoe. He got a megaphone and a yodel—got them a megaphone also in which to shout back their prompt and merry acceptance of what treat he might devise. A great van preceded them, laden with furniture, awnings, exotic plants, chests of linen and silver, butler, maid, cook. A decorator transformed the interior into a glowing boudoir. Clarisse moaned at everything, but Roscoe dominated all by his liver and his sudden passion for simple outdoor life. And every night the summons yodeled forth.

They were spared the agitation of renewed hospitality. Roscoe made it clear that he intended to be perpetual host. His was the natural center of gravitation, not only because his liver—not to mention his stomach—made it easier for them to come down than for him to climb up, but because he had all the concomitants of festivity on perpetual tap.

Constance looked about her own porch that had hitherto seemed so simple and desirable. "It looks dank—buggy," she said.

"The *nerve* to come to our own country and show us how much better they can do it—the *nerve*," muttered Tom. But every night the summons yodeled forth. They scrambled through dinner—when they were permitted to have it at home—left the dishes, were dashed up to San Quentin in the launch, and then back to hear the phonograph. Roscoe fell easily into habits. These things pleased him. But at the sight of a phonograph—for ever after a glint of hatred would shoot through Tom's eye. Tom was smoking entirely too much. It was all that kept him quiescent before that figure of Roscoe, beaming, as he inserted disks and needles and wound the machine hour after hour. Roscoe frowned, indignant, if a word was spoken while he played. He reduced them all to limp silence, bowing at the end, expanding proudly as he awaited their plaudits—as if he had made the music! To be sure, he had bought it. It was all one to Roscoe.

One night as they crossed the wharf and went up the stairs Constance began to weep softly.

"It's that steady roar of canned music, and not being allowed to talk, and a toothache," she sobbed, bitterly.

"Can't I even have a toothache by myself?"

"No, poor child," said Tom, with equal bitterness; "no."

"I could go home to m-mother," sobbed Constance, "and y-you could get a r-room in s-some slum—"

"He'd find us."

"C-can't we even get a S-sunday off?"

"We'd only have to come back." There was no denying that.

But it was Clarisse who brought the first gleam of hope into those dark days. She had all the ports of the house-boat closed against the nerve-racking air-currents, and shut herself up on the divan in the *salon*. She refused to be comforted, and made continuous moan for Paris and new fall clothes; dwelt in subtle, ceaseless manner on foreign spas as the only hope for a liver growing obviously worse.

On that glad evening when the heaving van crawled down the road to the ferry, the Parkers clasped and clung on the hill above; and they flung the megaphone far into the night. Three months of freedom had been promised them.

False dawn—mirage. Was it freedom, with the thought of that return hanging over them, when postals inundated telling of future reunions?

They had news of Roscoe's illness in Paris. They dared not meet each other's eye, where lay the guilty hope of further respite. Two weeks more, and a telegram told of Roscoe's death.

They spoke of him now in mellowed, kindly tones.

"He certainly wasn't *close*," said Tom.

"It was the only solution," said Constance. "It's awful we can't feel worse about it."

"Poor Roscoe! he was never *close*," reiterated Tom.

"We're sorry it had to come that way, aren't we, Tom?"

"Sure. But we're free of him, at last. *I* couldn't beat him," admitted Tom. "He was beaten," he added, sententiously, "only by death." But Tom was mistaken.

Constance met him at the station a few evenings later. There was a strange light in her eyes, a stranger twist on her lips. She got him away from the crowd and handed him a letter. As Tom read it the same strange light came into his eyes, the same twist about his lips. He folded the letter gently and, fixing his gaze on the far tip of a redwood, he murmured, "Roscoe, you win."

Roscoe had indeed won. He had left Tom two thousand dollars. It took more than death to beat Roscoe.

When Life Comes Knocking at Thy Door

BY LUCINE FINCH

WHEN Life comes knocking at thy door,
O, Servant,
What wilt thou give him for his portion—
Thou, his servant?
My young, cool heart!
My little heart
For his warm hands to hold.

When Death comes knocking at thy door,
O, Servant,
What wilt thou give him for his portion—
Thou, his servant?
My wild, wild heart!
My flaming heart
For his quiet hands to cool.

Recent Experiments with Homing Birds

BY JOHN B. WATSON

Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology, Johns Hopkins University

UNTIL the advent of telegraphy the most dependable quick bearer of news was the now almost unnoticed bird, the homing - pigeon. Few of us realize the vast influence this bird exercised in its day over the destinies of nations. Historical references show that the pigeon was known and used in very ancient times (500 B.C.). Even as early as A.D. 1200 the "pigeon post" had become a well-established institution over Persia, Servia, and Egypt. The cotes were owned by the government, and attached to each cote was an official post-office and postmaster.

Probably the use of these birds in times of war, and especially in besieged fortresses, is best known. So important was their function in this respect that until 1850 almost every army post and fort had its cote and was supplied with pigeons from other military stations. Indeed, the French army extended the use of the homing pigeon to the field by equipping the cotes with wheels (traveling-cotes) and training the birds to return to these rolling habitations, regardless of their location. The French navy established cotes on board war-vessels, but the experiment was given up, largely because the pigeon does not home well over water from distances greater than two hundred miles. The commercial value of the pigeon post has been very great indeed. Practically all of the boards of trade in the large cities of Europe were supplied with these pigeons. Their use in obtaining advance information concerning crops, local insurrections, rumors of war, etc., can hardly be overestimated. Newspapers likewise were supplied with pigeon posts. After the introduction of the microscope and photography very long messages could be sent. The material was written out and then micro-photographed. Some fifty thousand words could be sent in one despatch, and the total weight of the paper and the carrying-quill was less than 0.5 gram. The recipient of the despatch could read it with an ordinary low-power microscope.

Although the telegraph and the telephone have robbed the homing-pigeon of his utilitarian value, the mystery of how he effects a return over mountain and valley, over trackless waste, forest, and stream, is possibly as unsolved today as it was in the twelfth century, when his commercial value was highest.

During the last few years many experiments have been tried which have had for their purpose the unraveling of the difficult and delicate problems connected with homing. In a previous number of *Harper's* (October, 1909) I gave a brief sketch of some work I had been doing on homing in Dry Tortugas, Florida, under the auspices of the Marine Biological Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Dry Tortugas group of islands lies well out in the Gulf of Mexico, some seventy-eight miles due west of Key West, about four hundred miles south of Mobile, and nine hundred miles east of Galveston. To Bird Key, one of the tiny islands composing this group, a vast colony of noddy and sooty terns comes annually for its nesting season. These birds are quite similar to the gulls which one sees in almost every harbor. On account of its insular position Bird Key is wonderfully suited for carrying out experiments in homing. The work there has been continued by Dr. K. S. Lashley and the writer.

We have been primarily engaged in testing to what extent the "visual-landmark theory" will account for the facts of homing. It may be mentioned that

there are many theories of homing, such as the *magnetic theory* of Thauzies; the *contrepied* ("back-tracking") *theory* of Reynaud, and the *inherited memory theory* of Kingsley, as well as a host of others; but to all of them, with the exception of the visual-landmark theory, there are fatal objections. The visual-landmark theory, on the other hand, has been widely accepted and is today the prevailing one. Possibly the best way to give a clear understanding of both the good and the bad points of this theory is to consider it in connection with certain experiments which are now going on.

In all of the work on homing a distinction is made between what is called *proximate orientation* and *distant orientation*. Proximate orientation refers to the method the animal uses to get back to the goal (goal is a general term to cover nest, burrow, cote, etc.) when the goal itself, or objects in its immediate neighborhood, lie within the range of vision or of some other sense organ. This on first sight might seem not to involve any problem of return. It does not in the case of a homing-pigeon which lives in a large and visually prominent cote, but if we consider other birds the problem presents difficulties. In the case of the sooty tern, one of the species of tropical birds nesting in Tortugas, proximate orientation is a life-and-death matter. These birds dig a small round hole in the sand which they use as a nest. These holes are dug usually in the open stretches of the island. The nesting-areas are greatly congested—one nest lying often less than ten inches from its neighbor. During the nesting season the birds are quarrelsome and guard the small areas around their nests jealously. A given bird, having gone out for food, must, on its return, pick out its own nest from a thousand others. To the human observer this seems to be an almost impossible task, yet the birds do it with extreme accuracy and with great rapidity. At first sight there seem to be no guiding signs or landmarks which can aid the birds. In my preliminary study I was not able to find out how the birds accomplished it. I found that I could dig the nest up and then remake it without disturbing the bird. Yet if I obliterated the old nest and made another only a few inches to the right or left of the old one, the bird invariably went back to the original nest-site, and only by degrees learned to take the nest in its new position.

Recently Dr. Lashley has made a thorough study of this problem. He finds that the birds do not necessarily use the objects immediately around the nest in proximate orientation. When the birds fly in from the sea they direct their flight by the more prominent features of the island, such as the buildings, prominent bushes, etc. This leads them to the general area in which the nest is situated and to a fixed *alighting-place*. Once at the alighting-place, the rest of the journey is made partly through using certain small, inconspicuous visual objects as guides, and partly through the use of the *muscular sense*. Thus in a crowded locality where vision could only lead it astray the bird relies upon the muscular sense somewhat as does the blind man, or as the normal man does in passing through a familiar room in the dark. These experiments of Lashley's seem to show that in short flights the birds do not need any mysterious "sixth sense" to guide them. Vision, aided by the muscular sense, will account for the facts.

Yet it may be asked what bearing such experiments have upon the more distant flights—upon the factors involved in *distant orientation*. The bearing is very close indeed. Many investigators argue that since the birds can form habits of reacting to the nest itself, to proximate landmarks, etc., and can be guided back in this way from short flights, the same process, elaborated, will account for the longer flights, or in general for so-called *distant orientation*. It can be gathered from this that there is in the minds of many a serious doubt as to whether there is any such thing as true *distant orientation*. The adherents of the visual-landmark theory maintain that the method of training the pigeons for long flights finally gives the bird as great familiarity with the whole country as the ordinary animal has with the surroundings of its home; hence, that when a bird is trained and then sent one thousand miles away,



A COLONY OF SOOTY TERNS NESTING IN THE SAND—BIRD KEY

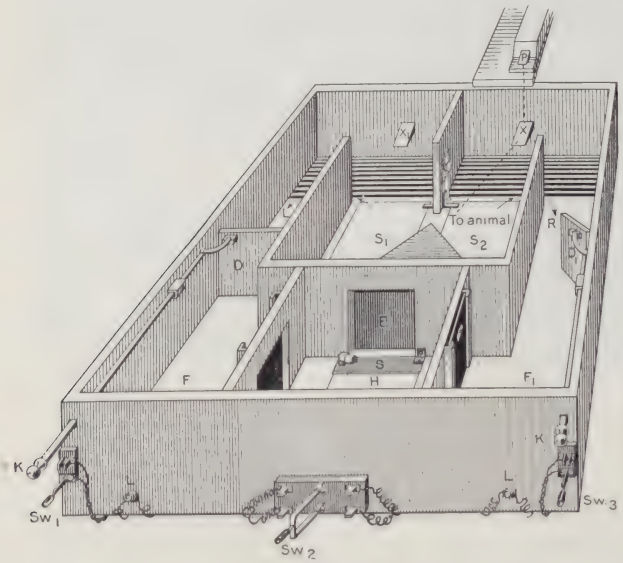
on release it makes for the first familiar landmark, say a mountain-peak one hundred miles away. Arriving there, without breaking the flight, it goes toward the next landmark, say a large city. By following back these landmarks it finally arrives in a neighborhood where it can see the cote. To one familiar only with the flights of the homing-pigeons this theory seems eminently sane and reasonable on first sight; more thorough examination of the flights of the homing-pigeon, however, leads us into difficulties.

We are led into still deeper waters when we consider homing and migration in other birds. Let us glance for a moment at the present world-record flights of homers and at the way in which such birds are trained. In 1901 the world record for time and distance in the case of the pigeon was one thousand miles in about nine days. Since that time the fanciers in Fort Wayne, Indiana, have obtained some startling records.

The present world champion is Bullet D-1872, owned by Mr. O. W. Anderson of the above city. The bird was hatched in 1909. When four and a half months of age, training was begun. She was taken first two, then five, eight, fifteen, twenty-five, forty, and then seventy-five miles away and allowed to return. (This training was distributed, of course, over several weeks.) She was then entered in the one-hundred and two-hundred mile races. In 1910 she was again given the above preliminary training races, and allowed to compete in the two-hundred, three hundred, four-hundred, and five-hundred mile races. In 1911 and 1912 she was given the same amount of training. In 1913, after the preliminary flights, she won the two-hundred and the five-hundred mile races, flying the five-hundred-mile race in about eleven hours. Shortly after this flight the bird was sent to Abilene, Texas, one thousand and ten miles (air-line measure) from Fort Wayne. The bird was liberated at 4.30 A.M., July 11, 1913, and homed at 4 P.M., July 12th, the flying time being one day, eleven hours, thirty minutes, and six seconds. In this same race a bird belonging to Mr. John Schilling homed at 11.30 A.M. the following day (July 13th), and a third bird, belonging to Mr. F. Nahrwald, a half-hour later. All of the above races were flown under the rules of the American Racing Pigeon Union. The best previous record for one thousand miles was made by a pigeon belonging to H. Beech of Fort Wayne, in 1912, the time being two days, nine hours, and some odd minutes. And this record lowered the time made in 1910 by a bird belonging to Mr. L. Gebfert of the same city, this time being three days, eleven hours, and some odd minutes. Such

records will probably never be beaten except by happy combinations of strong favorable wind and clear, warm weather.

Even in such amazing flights as these the supporters of the visual-landmark theory find nothing really more wonderful than what we see every day around a pigeon-loft—*viz.*, the bird flying first to one familiar object of sight and then to the next one. Hachet-Souplet, one of the ablest supporters of this theory, has recently made some experiments with the homing-pigeon which lend some slight support to such a view. In order to test whether the birds can return over areas unknown to them he resorted to the use of traveling-cotes. Before any final tests were made, the birds, through experiments in other localities, were made thoroughly familiar with the outside of their own cotes. In a given test the cote was taken first into a strange locality and allowed to remain there for two or three days. We shall call this point A. Several birds were then put into a basket and left at A, while the cote was driven on some four or five miles to a point B. The birds at A were then released. The birds, on release, mounted rapidly in the air and, spying the cote, at once flew to it. Repeated tests showed that the distance between A and B could be increased up to about seven miles before the birds lost the ability to return. If the distance was increased to *eight miles, none of the birds returned.*



APPARATUS FOR TESTING THE SENSITIVITY OF BIRDS TO LIGHT-RAYS

After determining this distance, the experiment was modified: Upon arriving at point A, two birds at a time were tethered to the cote by means of a cord one hundred feet in length and allowed to fly to that height and survey the surrounding country. This was repeated for two or three days, then, as in the test above, these pigeons were left at A while the carriage was sent to B. It was found after many experiments that such birds as were allowed preliminary observation could return to the cote when the distance between A and B was sixty-five miles. Hachet-Souplet believes that the birds' view from the carriage at A gave them a set of "visual memories" which enabled them to fly to the cote even when the latter was not directly visible. The birds probably first flew to one distant familiar point, and then, if the cote itself was not visible, to another, etc., until at some point the cote became visible.

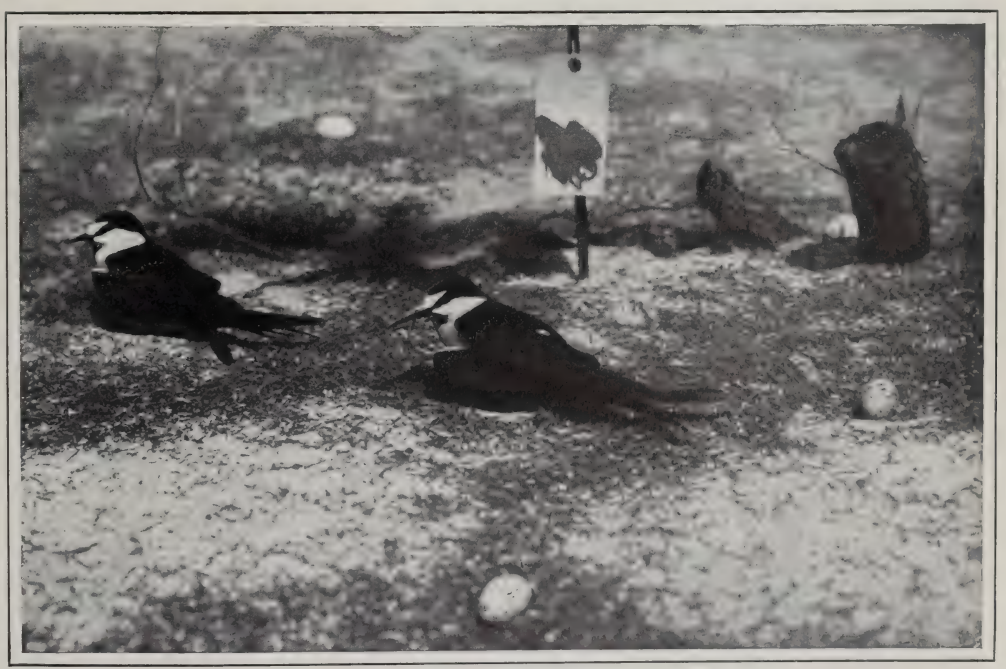
These experiments were made only a short time ago and have not been confirmed by other experimenters. While they were inadequate to bring out the facts for which they were planned, they serve to show quite clearly the method by which the adherents of this theory would attempt to explain even the long flights obtained in the world records.

Some of us, however, are not satisfied that such a theory will account for the facts of homing and migration. Even in advance of actual facts to the contrary, there happen to be obvious theoretical weaknesses in the theory of Hachet-Souplet. In the first place, our laboratory experiments have shown that the bird is exceedingly slow in forming visual habits of a kind to aid him in such flights. Certainly those of us familiar with the laboratory display of ingenuity in this bird can hardly convince our-

selves that the few training flights such as we have already witnessed in the case of Bullet, the present world's champion, can give the bird such a rapid command of so vast a territory as would be called for in her later performances. In the second place, convenient landmarks are not always at hand. When we consider the distance at which objects can be seen even by the sharpest human eye (and the human eye is probably much keener than the bird's eye) we become still more skeptical. Mathematical considerations show that if the bird is at a given distance from its cote it must fly to a certain height in order to see it.

To point out the difficulties in the way of this theory, Dr. Lashley and I have recently made a series of calculations to show the height to which the bird, at a given distance from the cote, must fly in order to see the cote. We have made our calculation (allowing for refraction) to suit the conditions at Tortugas. The birds nest there on or near the ground, which is not much above sea-level. On one of the near-by islands, however, there is a lighthouse one hundred and fifty-one feet in height. In order to be fair to the theory we must suppose that the birds use the upper part of this as a landmark. As a result of this calculation we find that when the bird is one hundred miles away it has to fly approximately nine-tenths of a mile high; when two hundred miles away, approximately three miles high; when five hundred miles away, twenty-five miles high; and finally when nine hundred miles away, eighty-five miles high! When we consider how rarefied the air becomes, and how low the temperature of the air is, at even two or three miles above the earth's surface, we may be sure that few birds (certainly few tropical birds) ever reach even a height of one mile. As a matter of fact, the homing-pigeon rarely rises above six hundred to nine hundred feet, and the terns at Tortugas usually fly at a height of less than three hundred feet.

Certain investigators (*e.g.*, Duchâtel), realizing the danger to the visual-landmark theory from this source, have been driven to the extreme position of maintaining the view that the bird does not use ordinary rays of light for vision; but that its retina is sensitive to *infra-*



NESTING AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT

The post and attached tag may be seen in the background marking the nest from which the bird was taken.

luminous rays and sensitive especially to the long rays (infra-red). They suppose, further, that the infra-red rays follow the surface of the earth. An animal using such rays could see its goal directly from great distances—the curvature of the earth not interfering with the continuity of vision. Such a theory is based upon poor physical grounds. Had it been based upon the assumption that the bird is especially sensitive to the short, or ultra-violet, rays, it would have been physically more defensible. The violet rays undergo greater refraction than the other rays by the earth's atmosphere, and it is conceivable that a bird having a retina very sensitive to such rays might see its goal by rising to a slightly less height than man.



A BIRD THAT HOMED NEARLY SIX HUNDRED MILES ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO

The markings—three bars across the bird's head — are distinctly visible.

We have recently entered into a somewhat elaborate test of the general question as to whether birds use rays of light to which the human retina is not sensitive. The experiment was carried out with the apparatus shown (page 460), which is used as follows: The apparatus is set up in a dark room; through a small window one allows a beam of colored light (monochromatic) to fall upon the plaster-of-Paris surface X; the other plaster-of-Paris surface, X_1, is not illuminated. The animal is kept in compartment H in darkness. The door E is then raised, and the animal allowed to go either toward X, the lighted side, or toward X_1, the unlighted side. If he goes toward the lighted side he may pass on around through the door D_1 to *food* in compartment F_1. The door D_1 is then closed behind him. After a moment the animal is let through a side-door again into H for another trial. If, on the other hand, the animal goes to the unlighted side, he finds the door D closed. Before obtaining food he must retrace his steps and finally pass through D_1 to the food. The apparatus is so arranged that the light may be made to fall either upon X or X_1. The animal must learn to go *always* to the *lighted* side.

The homing-pigeon and the chick learn to do this very readily after a few trials, rarely making an error. We usually train the animal upon green. When perfect upon this we gradually change the wave-length of the light—*i.e.*, pass successively through yellow, green, orange, red, etc., until we come to the deep red. We finally reach a point where the animal "breaks down"—*i.e.*, goes as often to the dark side as to the light side. This point gives us the limit of spectral sensitivity in the red. We next retrain our animal upon green until he is running perfectly, and then gradually shorten the wave-length—*i.e.*, pass through the blue into the violets, etc. After a long series of such experiments we have found that the pigeon's spectral range almost exactly coincides with man's. Duchâtel's speculation therefore falls to the

ground. If we are to explain homing in terms of the visual-landmark theory, we cannot assume any superhuman powers of vision for the bird.

Such unsatisfactory experimentation upon distant orientation as we have here set forth led us to consider possible ways of making a crucial test as to whether birds can home from great distances over a territory which can offer no familiar landmarks. We decided that under the ordinary conditions of training and flying homing-pigeons we could never reach dependable results. If the pigeon could home over long stretches of water there would be no difficulty in making such a test. A moment's consideration, however, will show that the pigeon cannot possibly home over water for a period longer than twelve or fourteen hours, and the distance covered in a day's flight is rarely more than four to five hundred miles. This limitation is forced upon the pigeon by reason of the fact that it can neither sleep upon the water nor can it obtain food while flying over the water. To make such an experiment we must use birds which are as much at home upon the water as upon the land. Fortunately, as we have already noted, the conditions at Tortugas are almost ideal for making such an experiment. In the first place, the noddy and sooty terns are tropical, spending their winters along the shores of the Caribbean Sea. On or about the 25th of April they leave that region in a body and fly north to Bird Key. They remain there until the activities connected with nesting, brooding, and the rearing of the young are complete. While nesting they rarely leave Bird Key for distances greater than twenty miles. Consequently it becomes possible to send the birds anywhere north into a region never before visited by them. In the second place, Bird Key is the last point of land between Key West and Galveston, which is about nine hundred miles distant. This gives us a magnificent opportunity to test whether the birds can home over a nine-hundred-mile stretch of water which can offer apparently no possible visual landmarks. With these birds in this locality we can realize conditions which cannot be realized in any homing-pigeon loft at the present time.

In my previous article in *Harper's* I gave the results of some successful test where the birds were sent one thousand miles north to Cape Hatteras. Three out of five birds sent to this point homed with ease and in a time which was then below the world's record for the homing-pigeon. These results were found to be out of harmony with the visual-landmark theory. Several of the adherents of this theory wrote to me, however, and tried to explain the returns by assuming that the birds had been sent into a country colder than that to which they were accustomed, and that they instinctively flew along the shores of Florida toward a warmer region. Arriving in the neighborhood of Key West, they were able, in high circling flights, to see Tortugas (seventy-eight miles distant). Possibly such a theory of their return is correct, but it must be said that this explanation does not lend any support to the visual-landmark theory.

At that time I had not been able to get any successful flights over the nine-hundred-mile water stretch between Galveston and Bird Key. Our last season's work in Tortugas was successful in this respect by reason of the fact that our early unsuccessful efforts led us to establish a better technique of capturing and marking the birds, feeding them *en route*, etc. In considering these experiments on the terns it must be remembered that we did not have to deal with a tame pigeon which is used to a shipping-basket and to being fed and watered by man. The terns are wild birds, wholly unused to man and to the ways of civilization in general. Furthermore, they are water-birds, drinking sea-water, and getting their food by picking up live minnows, which, when attacked by large fish, spring out over the surface of the water. Methods of capturing the birds, and especially of caring for them on their long journeys, had to be learned by bitter experience. On a given day when we had made arrangements for shipping (always a difficult task) we began to capture the birds. As one passes over the island the boldest of them stay on the nests, or, if they do leave, they fly back while the experimenter is standing close

to the nest. These bold birds are the ones always captured.

Before passing over a given area for the purpose of capture, stakes about twelve inches long and one inch square are made. A large Dennison tag and a small tag are attached to the end of the stake, the small tag being attached loosely. The two tags bear identical legends. The large tag will have written upon it in waterproof ink, *e.g.*, "Sooty, Galveston, removed May 16th, marked with scarlet lake, 3 bars on head and neck." When a sooty is captured the stake is pushed down into the sand; when a noddy is taken the tag is tied to a convenient twig. The small tag, bearing a duplicate of the above legend, is pulled off. The bird and small tag are handed to an assistant, who ties the tag around the bird's neck and puts the animal into a portable cage. When enough birds have been collected the lot is taken back to the house and the birds are marked with oil-paints as indicated by the card attached to each bird's neck. The illustrations (pp. 461, 462), show the clearness with which the markings appear after the return of the birds. The two birds shown in the photographs actually homed from five hundred and eighty-five miles over open water. After the birds are thus captured and marked they are put into a shipping-cage and sent to Key West, where a large supply of minnows is obtained for feeding them *en route*. On the trip in which successful results were obtained Dr. Lashley took the birds in charge, and at Key West boarded the Mallory steamer which sailed directly for Galveston. The birds were released at two points intermediate between Bird Key and Galveston, and also in Galveston Harbor. Ten birds were released when *five hundred and eighty-five miles out;* eight of them returned to the nest. Two birds were released at night in a driving rain when *seven hundred and twenty miles out.* Both returned. Twelve birds were released in Galveston Harbor, *eight hundred and fifty-five miles* from Bird Key. Only three birds returned. That only three birds returned is not surprising, in view of the fact that by the time Galveston was reached the birds were in poor condition—they had to be forcibly fed. When released they flew at once to the shore to rest, and many were doubtless captured by the hawks which line the Galveston shores.

This is certainly the most astonishing record of returns ever obtained under experimental conditions. *We have here large numbers of birds returning over open water from all distances up to approximately nine hundred miles.* Here there can be no question of flying high enough to see Bird Key directly, nor of an instinctive following of a coast-line into a warmer climate, since Galveston lies in approximately the same latitude as Bird Key. Nor can there be any question of visual landmarks in the customary meaning of that term. That reasonable landmark theory which, if it were true, would explain all of the flights of homing-birds on the ordinary grounds of habit formation seems here to break down completely. We are left apparently with the inference that there is such a thing as *distant orientation*, but without any explanation of how it is effected. Strange as it may seem, this does not discourage us; the mere establishment of the fact that there is a genuine problem in homing will give to scientific investigators a stimulus to further work which has been lacking before. It is unbelievable that the problems connected with homing and migration can long resist the combined attacks of scientific students.

Mr. Durgan Rides Down Cupid

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

AS I look back on that particular stage of Mr. Durgan's courtship of me I cannot make up my mind how much of what occurred he really planned and how much just happened. The one thing I am sure of is that there is always something new that we can learn about the ways of love.

I had always said that lovers' misunderstandings were so silly. The two have a little quarrel that a few plain words would set right, but they go around with their heads in the air, not seeming to know how to say the words, and making themselves unnecessarily wretched. Another thing I could not understand was the vagaries of jealousy. Of course, now and then Mr. Durgan has made me uncomfortable by paying too much attention to a girl, but that wasn't jealousy; it was only my feeling that he oughtn't to waste his time on people not worth his while. What most disgusted me in love-affairs was the way the cooler-headed of a pair of lovers would call out that unreasonable passion of jealousy to further his or her private ends. He, or she, wishing to bring the other one to heel, would begin to pay violent attention to a third person. I have always said that I did not see how any lover could be so deceived.

I did not say much about my theories to Mr. Durgan, for I was too busy trying to combat his methods of courtship, which were too much like the methods of business. He insisted on definiteness, and from the very day he addressed me he wanted me to tell him the exact day and hour when I would marry him.

He would bring up the subject at all sorts of unexpected times. As I look back on it now, the most decisive conversation on the point, and, indeed, the most momentous event of my life, started one day when we were coming back from the Ragged Mountains. Randall Craig was on the road, and he turned back and rode half a mile with us. I never saw any one look so well on a horse as Randall—he's so big and triumphant.

"And to think," Mr. Durgan said, after Randall had left us, "that that man is a minister! Why, he ought to be a warrior, riding down bloody enemies."

I never can get used to the unreasonableness and set ideas of men. Randall Craig did ride down enemies of sin and pain, but just because he did it with a smile, and in a big, powerful way, Mr. Durgan felt he had no right to be a servant of the church, but ought to be in Wall Street, or some place else, doing the devil's work.

I might have said something if I had not seen, through the trees, a figure in a habit I knew well. I gasped.

"Honey," I said, "I do believe that's Annabel Carson come back! No one else would have the courage to wear a scarlet riding-habit."

Annabel was walking through a path in the woods, her horse's bridle over her arm. Her blue eyes were shining out of her pale face like radiant, far-off stars, and her mouth was like a flower. I thought she would stop and speak to me, but she only said in her softest voice:

"To-morrow, Sallie. Aunt Edwina is waiting tea, and I can feel in my marrow how cross she is."

I could see her absorbing Mr. Durgan. As for him, he stopped his horse and gazed after her as she went sidling through the green trees.

"Sallie Rives," he sighed, "that girl is a queen. She's the sort to make even another girl gasp and look again hard, to see if there isn't some imperfection. She's the sort to make a married man think, 'Oh, if only I were not married!' and the average engaged man think, 'Oh, why was I in such a hurry?' and a free man to think, 'I've met my fate this time. Lead me to her.'"

"I can lead you to Annabel as soon as you like," I remarked, coldly.

"I said 'the average engaged man,'" Mr. Durgan reminded me. "If you lead me to her, I'll show her a peach beside whom she is a prune."

I was just thinking that behind his deplorable language Mr. Durgan had pleasant meanings, when he said in a snappy tone:

"But if I have to be an engaged man much longer, riding horseback, and getting indigestion from miserable cooking, and never knowing where any of my things are, by Jove! I'm going to such distraction wherever I can find it!"

"It's only," I said, fibbing a little I am afraid, "that I want to give you time to get used to the idea of a church wedding and a big reception afterward."

"Well, I'm used to it," he returned. "Only, I'm not going to wait much longer for you to name the day."

"If I haven't named it in three weeks, honey, you can name it for your own self," I promised.

Mr. Durgan was so pleased that he began to gallop, and we flew over the ground. But by and by he said:

"Sallie, I can't get your Annabel Carson out of my mind. She's wonderful."

Then I saw that I must put Mr. Durgan right as to the sort of person Annabel was. "Don't call her my Annabel," I said, coldly; "she is not at all an admirable person."

"Tell me," Mr. Durgan begged in that eager way men show when they scent news which approaches the scandalous.

"Annabel Carson lives with her aunt Edwina," I told him. "Her aunt eloped long, long ago with Randall Craig's uncle, and was miserable ever after until Annabel's parents died and she took her. Annabel, as you see, has some good looks, and 'most all the young men went mad over her, especially Randall Craig and Philip Fleury. Her aunt Edwina never did let her see them alone, because she didn't trust men, on account of her own experiences. And she'd forbid men the house on very slight pretexts. She forbade Randall to come, because he was his uncle's nephew; she forbade Phillie Fleury to come, because he was what you would call an idler, and what Annabel and I call a man of leisure. It certainly did annoy Annabel. So one evening she eloped with Phillie. Randall Craig met them, and made her come home. Her aunt Edwina took her abroad the very next week, and none of us have seen her since till to-day. Phillie went away soon after, and has never come back."

"How did it all leak out?" Mr. Durgan asked. "Craig doesn't look like a man who'd tell he had been bashing love's young dream."

"Oh, of course he wouldn't tell," I said, right shocked. "It all came out through her aunt Edwina's negroes. Aunt Edwina talks loudly and clearly when she's angry, and of course the servants were at the keyholes. Then they told other people's negroes. It's a strange thing that while no one would dream of listening to servants' gossip, yet sometimes they begin things before you can stop them, and then, of course, you have to let them finish, in order to tell them that they must be mistaken, and must be sure and not repeat what they said to any one else."

The next day Annabel came to see me just after dinner, and at once began raving about Mr. Durgan. When he rode up, a few minutes afterward, looking so straight and strong, she let so much admiration show in her eyes that she appeared right silly. One would almost have thought she was his fiancée. The surprising part of it was that Mr. Durgan seemed to respond to her admiration. When she had at last gone he told me that he thought she was even more attractive than she had seemed at first.

"She hits me where I live," he said.

"I certainly agree with some of what you say about her face," I told him, "but I have my doubts about her soul."

"What do you mean—soul?" asked Mr. Durgan, blankly.

I felt a little relieved, for when a lover isn't thinking of anything but another girl's face, his fiancée may feel safe.

"Honey," I replied, "you will admit, surely, that there is something—not nice—about a girl who elopes, or tries to elope. A marriage should be solemnized after deep thought, and before all the close friends of the couple. When a girl thinks so lightly of her future as to run



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"ONLY, I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT MUCH LONGER FOR YOU TO NAME THE DAY"

away from her friends and surreptitiously marry, there is something wrong with her character."

"Oh, she only tried to do it," said Mr. Durgan, easily, "and that makes her all the more interesting."

I decided then and there that I did not intend for Mr. Durgan to see much of Annabel; not that I was afraid of her, but I knew she would not be a good influence for him. But in less than twenty-four hours I saw that I should have not only Annabel to reckon with, but Mr. Durgan. Annabel came to my house every day; every day Mr. Durgan dragged me up to her house, or else he went alone.

I do not think I was really jealous, for it did not seem like Mr. Durgan could possibly care more for Annabel than for me. Yet I did have a queer, miserable sinking of the heart whenever he spoke of her. What especially worried me was a change in his opinion as to what her future should be. In the beginning he said he hoped she would some day marry Craig. But later he said that a girl like that should not marry. She ought to remain a beautiful, unattached creature for ever, to teach young men the ways of love, and to afford recreation to jaded married men. That worried me, for I am acquainted with that kind of unattached woman, and I know she can make good wives miserable. She's somehow worse than a widow.

Meanwhile, we all went to call on Annabel's aunt Edwina, for she was not exactly reticent. She spoke to her friends with great freedom and bitterness about Annabel. She said she had carried her to the most beautiful places in Europe, and that Annabel had walked through it all like an automaton. Annabel had refused to be presented at court, and she wouldn't say a word to the young men that swarmed at her feet. If she wasn't to be allowed to marry Phillie Fleury, she said, she wouldn't marry any one; instead, she would improve her mind and become as unattractive as possible.

Annabel's aunt Edwina also said that she was worn out dragging Annabel over the Continent like a block at the end of a rope, and supposing, after four years, that Phillie Fleury was safely married, she had returned. Then, to her great disgust, she found that Phillie also had been away traveling. For all she knew, he and Annabel may have been in communication. At any rate, she wanted the news spread far and wide that if Annabel married Phillie Fleury she would never see her again and never leave her a penny. We spread the news for her.

I was riding one day with Mr. Durgan, wishing that Annabel had never come home, and wishing that Craig, who seemed to be avoiding her, would renew his old devotion, when Mr. Durgan said, suddenly:

"Seems to me I've never before seen the man that's riding toward us."

I 'most fell off my horse, for there, cantering up to us, was Philip Fleury, whom I thought of as on the boulevards of Paris, when I thought of him at all. He stopped his horse and leaned over to shake hands with me.

"Here's your bad penny turned up again, Miss Sallie," he said.

"Phillie Fleury!" I cried.

As I introduced him to Mr. Durgan I could see he didn't like him.

"Come and see me right soon, Phillie!" I called. "Come this evening to supper."

"Nothing I'd rather do, Miss Sallie," he said.

"So," said Mr. Durgan, as we rode on, "that's your Phillie Fleury! I had a feeling he was a loafer; I bet he never did anything harder than raising those supercilious eyebrows of his up to his curls. Phillie Fleury—nice flower-garden sort of name."

I smiled absently. I was thinking that, now Phillie Fleury had come back, maybe he and Annabel would renew.

When Mr. Durgan left me at my gate, he said: "I guess I'll ride up to Annabel's and tell her not to come to supper here to-night. Now that I've seen Fleury, I'm not going to let her waste herself on him. I don't mean to bring them together."

Before I could reply he rode off. I sat staring after him, and I was still staring when Randall Craig rode by. Seeing him, I had an inspiration. If I could put two men on Annabel's trail, she'd certainly not have very much time

left to devote to Mr. Durgan. I told Randall that Phillie had come back and that I had every reason to believe that he would again press his suit with Annabel. Randall had always confided in me.

"He won't if I can help it, Miss Sallie," he said.

I went into the house to give Mammy Rose some orders for supper. Then I put on my prettiest dress. If Mr. Durgan persisted in calling Phillie Fleury "mine," I meant to make a real effort to have him look like mine, at least temporarily. Just after Phillie came, a negro boy brought a note from Mr. Durgan saying that Annabel was upset with the news he had given her, and he thought he'd stay to supper with her and comfort her.

The next day when he came to see me, I acted like I felt dignified toward him, but he did not seem to observe it.

"Sallie Rives," he called, "what do you think? Annabel Carson was seen out riding this morning with your Phillie Fleury."

I was so excited that I forgot to be cool. "Honey, hush!" I cried. "Who told you?"

"Why—er—old Uncle Henry mentioned it when he brought round my horse this morning."

"Did he say where they went?"

"I don't know anything more about it," he said, right sulkily.

He really was cross, and when Randall Craig rode by he called out to him, and said he'd join him in a gallop. I was right disturbed, for Mr. Durgan is naturally sweet-tempered. I couldn't help thinking that if only I named the day, like he wanted me to, he'd be amiability itself. But about noontime he came back, mighty sweet-tempered, and with a look on his face that told me something had happened to interest him.

"Sallie Rives," he said, after we were sitting on the porch, "guess what chanced after Craig and I left you!"

I had a disagreeable premonition that it was something about Annabel, but of course I said I couldn't imagine, for when a man asks you to guess what has happened he expects you, if you guess at all, to guess wrong.

"Well," Mr. Durgan went on, "Craig wanted to make a short cut among the butternut woods, and so I agreed. I was riding pretty nearly flat on the saddle through a tangle of trees, and I thought I heard voices ahead of me. When I got to a cleared place I sat up. There, if you please, were Annabel Carson and Fleury, standing by their mounts; and there was Craig, sitting on his, as still as a statue. And Annabel Carson was talking.

"Whatever was she saying?" I cried.

"These, Sallie Rives, were her words: 'How do you do, Keeper Randall Craig? Are you still at your self-imposed task of shepherding what you regard as little fool sheep from what you consider danger?'"

"Fleury laughed in a hateful sort of way. Craig took off his hat, and said, 'Good morning, Annabel; I am glad you have come back home at last.' And she said, 'You haven't answered my question. Are you spying on me again?' Craig's face got red, and he said, 'I certainly don't intend for any harm to happen to you, Annabel, as long as there is life in my body.' Then they appeared to see me, and stopped talking."

"What did you say, honey?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, I talked about the weather, of course, and said it was a fine day for riding. Then Craig said to me: 'It is, indeed, and I am sorry that your engagement with Miss Sallie prevents you from going farther with me. I'll join Annabel and Fleury.' So of course I backed out of there, Sallie, and fled to you."

"Mr. Durgan!" I gasped, "that's a mighty funny way for Randall Craig to behave. Do you reckon he means to force himself on them?"

"It looked that way to me," Mr. Durgan said, "and Phil-lillie Fleury isn't big enough to stop him."

"But Annabel is twenty-three now," I said, "quite old enough to know her own mind. If she wants Phillie Fleury still—"

"She oughtn't to want him," interrupted Mr. Durgan, gravely. "Don't you see, Sallie, that if Craig interferes, it's not only because he'd like the girl himself, though that's plain; it's because he knows Fleury — knows something about him that goes to show he wouldn't make Annabel Carson happy!"

"I reckon so," I said, doubtfully.

"Craig is pretty thoroughly in earnest about this," Mr. Durgan said. "He told me he was giving up his church in Charlottesville to take a little pastorate up in the Blue Ridge Mountains—a quixotic trick, of a piece with his general scheme of life. Why, that man could make thousands in a New York church!"

"But, Mr. Durgan," I said, "this is very unfortunate. Randall can't keep Annabel and Fleury from meeting; and if he joins them when they do meet, he'll put himself in a ridiculous position in the eyes of the whole county. Somehow I'd like to save Randall the mortification," I murmured.

"And so you shall," Mr. Durgan said, with a self-sacrificing air.

I drew a long, inward, miserable sigh. If there is anything that ever clouds my perfect happiness with Mr. Durgan, it is when he begins to play Providence. Almost I was tempted to say to him:

"Honey, let's let other people alone, and think of ourselves. How should you like us to be married three months from to-day?"

I didn't say it, but I wish with all my heart I had. For the next two or three days gossip fairly hummed. Then things changed, and gossip hummed harder than ever. Annabel was seen no more with either Phillie or Randall, but she was seen constantly with Mr. Durgan. One evening when I was expecting Mr. Durgan he did not arrive till 'most supper-time, and then he came in beaming. "Sallie," he said, "I've found a way out of Annabel's difficulties. I've had her out in the car. What I mean to do is to teach Annabel to run the car, and then lend it to her."

"You mean the car will take her mind off Phillie?" I asked.

"Precisely," said Mr. Durgan, blandly, "for the car is new to her, and Phillillie isn't!"

"I hope Annabel is a bright student?" I asked.

"Well, no, no," said Mr. Durgan, in a measured tone. "She's a bit slow. I'd not dream of giving so much time to her if Fleury was not with you so much. I know you won't be lonely."

It was true that Phillie spent almost as much time with me as Mr. Durgan did. I did not, of course, flirt with him, but I let him confide in me, which is the next thing to flirting, I reckon.

Mr. Durgan found it necessary to spend hours with Annabel every day, driving her all over the country.

"Honey," I said to him, "don't you reckon the neighbors will be talking about how much you are driving around with Annabel?"

"Why should they? I'm driving with her, but I'm thinking of you."

Of course, after that there was nothing for me to say. It was not till the following week that I began to feel right unhappy. For then Mr. Durgan was with Annabel far more than he was with me. They would spend the whole day driving, and sometimes at night Mr. Durgan would come to see me and tell me all they had seen and said, and sometimes he would send a note by a negro, saying he was too tired to call, but would be at my door-step early in the morning. Mr. Durgan sent me splendid gifts every day—out-of-season fruit, and books with wonderful bindings—but his manner when he was with me defied my analysis. He seemed as affectionate as ever, but he was one shining, slippery surface. Questions and suggestions rolled off him ineffectively. He did not seem to consider that he was doing anything unusual, and he did not seem to notice any change in my manner.

What hurt me most of all was that the three weeks were more than up at the end of which I had said that he might name the day if I had not already done so, and he had made no allusion to that conversation, nor, indeed, to our future together. My pride would not permit me to do so. I was perfectly wretched, and what I was afraid of was that I would get to the point where I didn't care who knew it. I hated to believe that Mr. Durgan was falling in love with a person so unworthy of him as Annabel Carson, and yet he certainly wasn't acting as if he were in love with me.

One night Mr. Durgan told me that he had lent Annabel the car for a week without reservation, because she said that she and her aunt Edwina wanted to go into Charlottesville 'most every day to shop. The next morning she drove past my house alone; a little while after,

she repassed, with Phillie Fleury beside her. I could not repress a malicious smile. If Mr. Durgan had wanted to separate her from Phillie, he had not succeeded; and, moreover, he had arranged matters so that Randall Craig could not act as watch-dog. No horse could keep up with Mr. Durgan's car.

That evening and night and the next morning Mr. Durgan spent in Charlottesville, talking business with some of his Wall Street friends. Just before noon I was right surprised to see him galloping down the road to my house, leading his second horse.

"Sallie," he said to me, not even dismounting, "I want you to have this horse saddled and come for a ride."

"I have a headache, and I don't feel like riding," I said, coolly, "and if I did I'd ride my own horse. Besides, I've had no dinner."

"I don't think you have a headache, Sallie," he said; "and I not only want you, but I need you. So please be as quick as you can. I've some sandwiches which we can eat as we ride."

I don't know why I did like he said, but I did, with a queer sense of premonition, his manner was so strange. I wondered if he meant to carry me out of sight of all the dear places where we had been so happy, and tell me that he no longer cared for me.

We set off in the direction of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Mr. Durgan certainly was in a hurry. Much as he hates galloping, he galloped all the horses could stand. He didn't speak a word, and neither did I, but I marked, as we passed them, those places in the road which were endeared to me because they meant something in our love. An hour passed without a word from Mr. Durgan, two hours, and then three hours. Never had we ridden so long and so far together. When we struck into a steep road leading up one of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I ventured to speak.

"Mr. Durgan," I said, "our horses won't be able to get us back to-day if we go much farther."

"I know, I know, Sallie," he said, his eyes on the road.

It was a steep road, possible for carts, but I thought I saw upon its mud the recent impress of a tire. On we went, and at last we stopped at a little settlement. Mr. Durgan dismounted and went into the small log house that served as post-office and grocery-store. Presently he came out.

"Sallie, are you pretty tired?" he asked, and there was a wistful, cherishing note in his voice that 'most brought the tears to my eyes.

"I can go as far as you like," I said, in a choked voice, "but we have to think about the horses and getting back."

"That's my brave girl," he said. "It 'll be all right about the horses; they say we can get two at Johnson's place, five or six miles on. I thought we could get them here, but Craig took the only one."

We rode on side by side, still in silence. Presently Mr. Durgan said, gently:

"Don't cry, Sallie; don't cry. I've been waiting to fight down my temper till I could tell you. I've been such an infernal fool! The fact is, I—I'm pursuing my car!"

"Your car?" I cried.

"Yes; and if I'm any judge of the road, in a few miles we'll come up to that car, all right. The fact is, Sallie, Craig telephoned me from this little place we've just passed. This morning Annabel Carson's aunt Edwina sent for him. She said that last night she saw Annabel and Fleury in my car. Annabel saw her, too, and I guess the old lady felt she had to uphold her own authority. Anyhow, she forbade Annabel ever to speak to Fleury or to use the car again. She said if Annabel had anything more to do with Fleury she could take her things and leave, and the money should go to charity. Annabel said she was sick of hearing of the old money. All this was after breakfast. Annabel walked out of the house and drove off in my car. Half an hour later the aunt saw her and Fleury driving off together in this direction. She sent for Craig and told him, and begged him to stop them. Craig was quick-witted; he took the train as far as it went, and that gave him an advantage. They were ahead of him, but he traced them to that little store where we stopped awhile back. Then he telephoned me to get you to follow him and them and bring Annabel back."



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"ARE YOU SPYING ON ME AGAIN?" SHE DEMANDED

"I don't see why we should stop them," I murmured.

"Because—because I don't want Annabel to marry Fleury," Mr. Durgan said, and he actually laughed.

Maybe I ought to have felt wretched, but in some way I was rather cheered. It seemed to me that Mr. Durgan's reason for wanting Annabel not to marry Phillie could not be purely personal. Yet, as I discovered later, in one way it was personal.

The road grew steeper and steeper. Mr. Durgan frowned and muttered prophecies about the state of his car.

"Besides," he said, exasperatedly, "where were they going, anyhow? Why in thunder didn't they light out for Richmond or some civilized spot?"

At last we reached Johnson's place, only to find the house shut up.

"Well!" exploded Mr. Durgan.

"You won't get any horses here, Mr. Durgan," I said, with a calm I was far from feeling. "Evidently these people have gone away, like such people sometimes do, to visit their kin for a few days. If they hadn't, there'd be dogs around. They've ridden their own horses. You go to the barn and see."

When Mr. Durgan came back he said: "Don't you worry, Sallie. I don't see that it's really necessary to get back to-night; but if it is, we'll find horses somewhere."

I said nothing, for I was too confused and depressed to know how to answer. But of one thing I was determined, and that was that I should go back to my own house that very night. We picked our way for maybe another hour, and then it began to rain. And such a rain! Mr. Durgan put his coat over me, and there was something in the way he did it that made me feel he was blaming himself.

"Never mind," I whispered; "we'll get to a cabin soon."

"You're a trump, now and for ever," Mr. Durgan said, and I am almost sure he added "darling."

We were not in the worst of the rain for more than fifteen minutes. For as I was plodding along behind Mr. Durgan I heard him give an exclamation that sounded like a curse. Then he added, with a short laugh, "Well, here's some sort of shelter, anyway, Sallie."

The shelter consisted of Mr. Durgan's own car, palpably stuck. Tied to a tree near by was a horse. Inside the car, and sitting as far from one another as possible, were Annabel, Phillie, and Randall."

"Hello!" said Mr. Durgan in a casual tone, but with a broad smile. "Room for any more?"

Randall gave us a welcoming, if rather painful, smile; Phillie scowled, and Annabel screamed.

"Come, come," said Mr. Durgan to Phillie, "you mustn't mind my getting into my own car."

He helped me in, and went off to tie our horses. Annabel at once laid her head on my shoulder and began to cry and say incoherent things. By the time Mr. Durgan had joined us I was able to make out her words:

"And three weeks has been more than enough to prove to me that, whether or not I loved Phillie four years ago, I don't love him now. And he doesn't love me, either; he just wants to spite Aunt Edwina. And I only meant to assert myself to Aunt Edwina when I let Phillie come along to-day. And he took the wheel after a while. And then he wouldn't turn back, for he said I had to elope with him. And I didn't know what to do. And I tried being angry and coaxing and everything. And then I tried jumping out. And I tried screaming, but nobody heard."

Annabel sobbed a little longer and continued: "And if any one thinks I ought to protect Phillie, I don't, and I won't. He hasn't acted like a gentleman, running away with me against my will like this. And he says we never can get back to-night, and that I'll be hopelessly compromised. And I know Aunt Edwina, with her queer, old-fashioned view, will think so. And I want to go back to Aunt Edwina, and stop quarreling, and inherit her money, for Randall says a person can do so much good with money."

It took Annabel a long time to say this. The rain was pouring down and it was beginning to get dark. While I had listened to all she said, my mind fastened on but one point. "Mr. Dur-

gan," I said, "you can drive us back, can't you?"

Mr. Durgan shook his head. "Can't be done, Sallie. Mr. Fleury, Esquire, has been a none too careful driver. We can't get back to-night if we tramp the ten miles or so between us and possible horses."

I shivered a little. For our little community is conservative, and no story of broken-down cars would quite suffice.

"It's fifteen miles to a horse, I am afraid," Randall said in a worried voice.

"Then we must just go to some cabin," I replied, resignedly.

"The trouble is," Randall said, "that there is no cabin within several miles. Fleury took the wrong road — an old timber road."

Then Annabel wept more loudly than ever; the rain dripped on the roof of the car, and the horses drooped wearily.

"We've got to spend the night somewhere. We can't sit up in this car all night," Phillie said, sulkily.

I really felt that silence from him would be appropriate.

"I've got it!" Randall cried. "My new church! I know a short cut to it, of perhaps four miles — pretty steep mountain paths, but the girls can ride. I can make a fire to dry us out, at least."

There was little discussion, and within a few minutes we were on our way to Randall's church. I shall say nothing of the difficulties of that dreadful journey. At eight o'clock we arrived, and in half an hour after that we were sitting around a fire, eating Mr. Durgan's sandwiches.

Then Mr. Durgan gave me a surprise which nothing else can ever equal. He had been speaking to Randall, and they had been examining a piece of paper. They passed it to me. It was a marriage license in his name and mine.

"You know you said I could name the day, Sallie," he remarked.

Annabel screamed. I certainly don't like that girl.

"Oh, do! You mean marry her now, don't you, Mr. Durgan? Oh, that will make it look all right to Aunt Edwina, Sallie. Oh, we can say that Randall wanted you to be the first couple married in his new church. Oh, you can say Mr. Durgan didn't want a fuss at his wedding, and so you did it quietly. Oh, save me, Sallie!"

"I will never do it," I said; "but if I should, it wouldn't be to save you, Annabel, but to please the very best man in the world."

Then I wept a little, and Mr. Durgan put his arm around me, and Annabel went over and wept on Randall's shoulder, and there didn't seem anything for Phillie to do except go outside and see if it was still raining. To this day I don't know why I consented, when I remembered all I had said about the quality of a girl's character who would elope. But I knew Mr. Durgan would never remind me of it, and it did seem a relief not to have to get my house ready for a wedding reception. Annabel kept on babbling of what an advantage it would be to her and to me, and how Mr. Durgan and I could go straight off to Europe. Mr. Durgan didn't say one word, but his arm about me was eloquent.

So Randall put on his surplice, and Mr. Durgan and I stood up before him and were married. Nobody said much, and it really was very sweet and solemn. Then Phillie announced that it had stopped raining and the moon was out. Annabel and I mounted the two horses that were least tired; Mr. Durgan led mine, and so we set out for our first wedding journey. It was three in the morning when we came to the nearest railroad town. There was a freight due at half-past three. We got that, and were home in an hour. I took Annabel into my house, while Mr. Durgan went to his and packed a trunk. I sat up, packing, too, and at six he called for me again, in a borrowed car, and we drove to Charlottesville, whence we were to go to New York.

I sat up beside Mr. Durgan, and I know my face was more plain and old and tired than it had ever been, but I know it was lovely to him.

"Sallie," he confessed, "I more than half planned this after we got up in the mountains. For I just began to despair of getting you."

"If only you'll just always keep me," I whispered, putting my head against his shoulder.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A DAY is a natural thing. It records by means of its light and darkness the rotation of the earth on its axis; and a year is a natural thing; it records the earth's revolution round the sun. In a poorer way, in the way of timing the relations of such an inferior luminary as the moon to ourselves, a month is very well. It is something natural, actual, not to be spurned as an artifice, the weak invention of man to help him get through his history. But what is a week? What, worse yet, is a century? Palpable conventions, makeshifts of the mind, with no more reality in them than the excuses one offers for not accepting an invitation to dinner. To-day, yesterday, to-morrow, are tangible experiences; but what is a week, with its division into seven parts named after heathenish deities? One is never in doubt whether this is to-day or to-morrow, but how often do we hear distracted mothers or fathers of families asking, "Is this Thursday?" and when told it is Saturday, saying, "Dear me! I thought it was Tuesday." This alone shows that there is no such thing as a week; and as for centuries, even the few men who, in spite of rum and tobacco, live to see one in and out, have nothing but the almanac to support them in their pretension that there is any such division of time. Yet the rest of us go on glibly talking of this century and that, and feigning that one morally or materially differs from another according as it is, say, the nineteenth or twentieth. Does anybody who has lived round the corner of the last century feel himself at all another man in his conditioning and circumstancing, except as he is better or worse, or richer or poorer, by his own doing? Yet it is but a little while ago, a few of those honest days of the honest years, that we were feigning something thinkable, something tangible in the close of the century that is gone; and a very good riddance in lots of things. The French phrased this attribution of mood or quality to those last days or years, and we called it, after them, *fin de siècle*. The notion took our fancy so much that for the time we began to believe in it; but when the end of the century had come and gone, who would have known it, if it had not been for the German Emperor's contention that the new one began in 1900 instead of 1901?

For these reasons (they seem very like reasons to us) we are glad to have Mr. Gaillard Hunt call his very interesting book about *Life in America One Hundred Years Ago* by that name instead of some name recognizing the nineteenth century as divisible in character from the twentieth. He is often obliged to say this or that was so in 1816 or 1817 instead of 1815; but he saves himself by frankly dating the facts, instead of loosely assigning them to a conventional period. He does not urge the nineteenth or twentieth century upon the reader's consciousness, but leaves him comfortably to those hundred appreciable years, free in their play of a few less or a few more, to imagine how it was with us in our growth from provincial to national life. The appearance we made to ourselves and to others; our means of getting about from place to place, or from this part of the country to that; the sort and fashion of the things we wore; the songs we sang, or tried to sing; the plays we saw; the sins we committed and the vices we indulged; the punishments we inflicted upon one another, and our attempts to reform our fellow-criminals by putting them in prisons which we began to call penitentiaries in recognition of the regret they were supposed to instil in the convicts; our advance from a spelling-book and a dictionary of our own to a literature of our own; our methods of dealing with the sick by means of medicine, and with the well by a character-

istic cuisine; our phases of poverty and industry; our spectacle of a house divided against itself by slavery, and already tottering; our anomalous civilization disfigured by barbarism: these and many others are the heads of his profitably and pleasantly varied discourse. There is no pose for that effect of picturesqueness or drama which was once the bane of such lighter historic study. It is of a simple and quiet dignity which does not feel itself impaired when it stoops to any detail in our people's life.

Often the record is discouraging and mortifying; we wish we had not been so ignorant and braggart, so swollen with conceit of our present as well as our future; that we had been a little modester, a little honester, a little decenter. But it is best we should see our life as it was then, and the sight may suggest useful question of our life now. Perhaps if the affair were prospect instead of retrospect, the world of 1915 would not show so much better to that world of 1815. Would that bygone date be overawed or overwhelmed by the surpassing beauty and sublimity of ours? If 1815 could speak to 1915, would it be in terms of just subordination, spiritual or material? Leaving out the long tale of comforts and conveniences which this western part of the world began the telling of and has carried forward to no imaginable close, what have we gained over that far-off date of 1815? Is it much to brag of that after a hundred years Europe is again plunged in a universal war more hideous and atrocious than that which it had then just emerged from? Is the German Kaiser an improvement on the French Emperor?

But not to dwell upon that forbidden ground where the feet of this magazine may not stray, is there much to be glad of, to boast of, in the advance of this fair land of liberty, equality, and neutrality? Well, yes (rather unexpectedly to ourselves), we think there is; and in proof we would fain invoke the witness of Mr. Hunt's book in greater detail than is quite practicable. We have not, indeed, got much beyond Washington's ideal of neutrality; he left Mr. Wilson little to imagine of that in circumstances of much greater difficulty. But in those other matters, dearer to the heart, our 1915 is far ahead of our 1815. Not only is chattel slavery an evil dream of the past, but industrial slavery is greatly tempered, and there are visionaries who fancy our waking from it altogether. In the minor morals, which we will suppose are the manners and customs, there is much, very much, to choose between 1815 and 1915. A berth in a Pullman sleeper, especially one over the trucks, is not unalloyed luxury; but what about sitting up all night in a stage-coach, floundering through mud and mire from dark till dawn, and arriving at the breakfast of a wayside tavern? Surely walking forward through at least five coaches and famishing till you can get a place in the dining-car is better than that. If the instance is too crucial, any reader can supply an abundance of others. But it is not in creature comforts so much as in things of the mind and soul that 1915 can look back upon 1815 with complacency. We are really an improvement on that poor period in these, and though we are not yet a burning and a shining light before the nations, we are not such a smudge as our people were then at times.

It may be contended with a great deal of reason that in the matter of public men we cannot claim equality with 1815. We have hardly any such statesmen as that time could boast, but we have a great many more statesmen, and what we want in quality we more than make up in quantity. Generally speaking, our public men do not write as good a style as the public men wrote then, but perhaps a good style is not now so much needed, general education having gone so far with us all that we are able to dispense with a good style in them. We far surpass 1815 in the arts and letters, both qualitatively and quantitatively. We have, or have lately lost, far greater sculptors and architects if not painters; and in the article of novelists there is no possible comparison. We have rather got past having great poets, but we are by way of having them again, we believe, and in 1815 they had in a manner none. In the whole book-world they had only one big-seller, such as we have or have had by the

dozen. Webster's spelling-book sold a million or more, and it must be owned that it was better literature than most of our fiction. Webster's dictionary came later, but as far as simplified spelling went, the public mind seemed riper for it then than now. The good Father Noah was able to stamp the *u* out of all the Latin forms where English reverence for the misspelling of the Norman French had put it; and he elided other silent letters, dumb dogs which served no earthly use; whereas now our recolonizing Anglomaniacs are putting them all back. If they do not restore the *k* to its place in musick and physick, as they do the *u* in honour and labour, it is because the English themselves have dropped it, and they cannot well be more English than the English.

In religion we have no longer the wild revivals of a hundred years ago, but an actual evangelist is able to repeat the emotioning of the camp-meeting in our largest cities, and probably others could do the like. In the mean time we have got rid of the terrible unscriptural New England Sabbath in New England itself; and we do not drink strong waters nearly so much, or chew tobacco, in the North at least. To be sure, some of our women have tried to take up smoking cigarettes, but that is not so bad as chewing tobacco or rubbing snuff.

To turn again to our material superiorities, there was not one sky-scraper in the whole length and breadth of the land in 1815, nor one building heated by steam or lighted by electricity; and now look at them! Our women in 1815 still felt the Greek impulse of the French Empire in their dress, and they did not totter about on heels as high and as creative of callosities as those we now see martyrizing the feet of fashion. Except in the Land of Steady Habits, as Connecticut was called, our actual divorce license was unknown, and the marriage license was more frequent. People married sooner if not in more haste than now, and used a longer leisure in repenting; but whether this was better, upon the whole, is doubtful. Certainly people think, or at least talk, more seriously about marriage in 1915 than in 1815; they seem not to have heard of eugenics then, and our time, until all Europe went about carrying off the effects of them, seemed to hear of little else. We incline to believe that in the article of matrimony 1915 is wiser than 1815, because it could not be more ignorant. Early marriages and large families were the rule then, but as more mothers and children seem to survive now, the theory and practice of 1915 is at least not without its excuses. Perhaps now, if the cannon keeps roaring louder and louder for its food, statesmanship will assume an authority in the matter hitherto left to the church and the conscience. One reads that a doubt is felt in behalf of the women about to become unmarried mothers in the neighborhood of the English training-camps (their number is put at twenty thousand by perhaps wholesale statisticians), and it is seriously questioned whether they ought to be devoted to the infamy that such maternity entails in times of peace. We have made some attempts by public discussion and by statute to abolish white slavery; but in 1815 no such thing was imagined possible or altogether desirable. The other slavery, the black slavery, was almost universally condemned in principle, for the cotton-gin had not yet revealed that an institution soon to become so profitable was divinely ordained. Now that slavery exists only as a fact of history, and as a perpetual warning against any and every form of slavery. In the section which it corrupted and ruined its specter lingers still in the shape of child labor, but even there the law will eventually pursue and banish it.

In 1815 people began to doubt whether they ought not to reform rather than punish criminals, and invented the name in the hope that the nature of the penitentiary would follow. As yet the substance has not overtaken the shadow. The state continues to steal the earnings of the prisoner and to punish his family by depriving it of his support while it tries to reform him. Its methods of reform are otherwise crude enough, and it casts him out at the end of his term a very impenitent sinner, with the reasonable certainty of welcoming him back again and again. But in 1915 it has been imagined in several states that he is the ward of the state

with civic rights suspended, but with human rights in full force with the public, inviolable and irrefragable. This has not been done without some humorous and cynical comment from the public press, or without prophecy of failure in a region where the system of 1815 had triumphed in the indefinite multiplication of prisons and prisoners.

Men, women, and children continue to die in this era as in that, but not so hopelessly as under a system of medicine no less self-confident than ours. Very possibly our own theory and practice will show as grotesque in 2015 as that of 1815 shows now; but in the mean time many diseases have been reduced from the proud proportions of epidemics to those of mild sporadic cases. Every day scores, perhaps hundreds, of lives saved from appendicitis cry against the old dictum that to open the abdominal cavity was murder; malaria has resolved itself into a mosquito which may be hunted to its stagnant habitat and driven away with yellow fever under its wings to perish miserably. Germs, microbes, bacteria, infections, with all their tenements and hereditaments have been hopelessly exiled; and the dread doom of heredity has been recognized as propinquity and lifted, where there had in 1815 seemed no hope of escape from it. We would not be too positive in asserting the advantages of 1915, and we will not say that medicine has conferred more blessings on our time than religion, politics, and morals put together, but something like this we should not mind another's saying. In morals, perhaps the greatest advance has been made toward a reasoned temperance. Nearly every one would be ashamed now to drink to drunkenness, but in 1815 people of all sorts and conditions got drunk not only without shame, but almost without blame. Now in 1915, total abstinence has been ordained in the largest empire under the sun by one of those acts of beneficent despotism which have sometimes enamoured men of the despotic ideal, and you can no more get a drink without crossing from Russia into Germany than you can without going into New Hampshire if you are athirst in Maine. This is an excess of virtue, but without a ukase people have long been turning from spirits to the fermented and malted liquors, and the average man of 1915 no more thinks of drinking to excess than the average woman of 1815.

Mr. Hunt's conscience, however, will not let him flatter our self-esteem to our undoing. He holds the balance between that time and this with an unwavering hand, and we go up or we go down according to our moral weight. In the national characteristic of graft, for instance, we cannot greatly congratulate ourselves from his sparing instances of public corruption. There was graft then as there is now, but it was not an accepted condition. Yet we have not now, to our knowledge, any high officer of our army in the pay of a foreign potentate as General Wilkinson was, a little earlier than 1815, in that of the Spanish king. It was a more brutal time, but apparently not so violent, and murder, if we may trust the report of our daily press, did not rage so openly and constantly. To be sure, the daily press was not so observant of murder then as now, or possibly, indeed, murder was too common for notice. From this conclusion, though, we shrink; we almost prefer to believe that fewer disappointed lovers shot their sweethearts in 1815 than in 1915.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HOW many of our readers, we wonder, attach such importance to the serial novel as to feel a grievous disappointment at its accidential absence from one or even two or three numbers of their magazine?

Good novels, outside of magazines, are to be had for the asking. Few of our readers have read all of them, probably not all those of the current year. The volume of fiction is not diminished in the numbers lacking the serial novel. There are short stories enough—eight or nine in a single issue of this Magazine, and very likely part of a short serial of the lighter sort, in addition—enough altogether to satisfy the most voracious appetite for fiction. What is lacking? What particular exaction is not met?

The unusual break of a tenacious custom leads naturally to inquiry as to the virtue of the custom itself. If "blessings brighten as they take their flight," the momentary loss becomes a test of our appreciation. Many who refuse to read a serial until it is concluded and in covers are glad every month to have the visible reminder of their continence and a tempting glimpse of the accumulating treat in store for them. For the continued story has not been merely a device of the publishers to sustain the interest of readers from month to month. It was such a device and served well its purpose in isolated communities and before books were abundant and accessible—served also to convert a periodical miscellany into some semblance of organic continuity. But readers would have demanded it if it had not been provided for them, for the same reason that they wanted a periodical publication at all—a daily, a weekly, or a monthly; and in early "Peter Parley" times they craved an "Annual" as well. This sort of publication began with the almanac.

The world as an orderly institution was set a-going that way, as recorded in the Book of Genesis—time being divided out to us by the "lights in the firmament." Our living, both in creative specialization and in conventional ordinance, is divided unto us. Hence, in due time, periodical literature—one of the most characteristic functions of that institution being the serial publication of fiction,—at least it came to be that when fiction itself began to be tolerated outside of religious allegory and the didactic moral tract—which was about the time when this Magazine began, sixty-five years ago.

The exceptional reader who refuses to take ten or a dozen bites at his cherry is a very independent person, rejecting the serial tradition. Is there a class of him? And is this class somehow accountable for the growing favor accorded to the short story and the short poem—those pieces of literature for which Poe decreed a reading of at one sitting? But Poe himself seems to have taken a lively interest in the serial novel, as was shown by his brilliant attempt to forecast from its opening chapters the whole plot of *Barnaby Rudge*. By the way, how much of the fascination of the continued story depends upon the problem it presents to an imaginative curiosity as to its dénouement? We have known this suspense to affect the peace of mind of readers who have followed the course of a story nearly to the final lifting of the curtain, but who fear to be cheated of that disclosure by their own demise.

This element of suspense in the publication of a novel makes fiction seem more like life, coming to us in parts, with intervals that give room for the play of imaginative or merely fanciful conjecture. In the mid-Victorian era this method of publication was adopted outside of magazines, as in the case of the *Pickwick Papers* and many novels.

Still we wonder if readers of to-day are as slavishly addicted to the serial

habit as they were fifty or sixty years ago. The organic continuity of a magazine no longer depends upon the serial story. A magazine of any vitality could not long be held in that dependence; it of necessity comes very soon not merely to reflect the life and thought of its time in every important phase of social development, but to be intimately and initiatively participant in movements not distinctively literary. It may become so profoundly and essentially timely as to have no space for the current actualities which belong to journalism, or even for allusion to them, and yet be in no sense "purely literary." But organic it must be, even in the constitution of an individual number—as complexly organic as contemporary society.

The main thing binding the magazine to the serial novel is the imperative necessity that it shall present creatively imaginative work, as it presents Science, in the very making—that it shall be in at the birth. How is it in the case of Science? Here is a new disclosure as to the very constitution of matter, fresh from the laboratory. It may have as yet been unheralded to the world, or only in such terms as have stimulated general curiosity. The class of readers eagerly awaiting such disclosures is not confined to specialists, and it is not a chance happening that some periodical, organized to meet such moments, and therefore counting among its constituency this class of readers, is the direct medium of communication between the laboratory and the world.

By the same peculiar fitness new revelations of genius in creative fiction are delivered fresh from the source through well-developed channels of familiar communication. Such a channel for our most brilliant essayists was offered two generations ago by the Lyceum Lecture, their audiences having a pleasing sense of social community in the reception of this direct ministration. Not so visibly, but no less really, has a bond socially united the readers of any abidingly cherished modern magazine with one another and with their favorite authors, as if they were gathered about the same board for a common festival. The sense of this sociableness has probably done more than anything else to heighten the lively expectation of readers for the serial novel, not as the only attractive course of the feast, but as the especial *pièce de résistance.*

There is a delightful sense of fountain-like freshness when each new instalment seems to come direct from the novelist's mint. In the heyday of the serial novel the publishers themselves had no complete copy of the manuscript beforehand. In fact, three of the most eminent writers of serial fiction—Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens—died with work in hand unfinished. To *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was added that other mystery of its conclusion, which, ever since the sudden interruption of that serial, has busied many active imaginations to unravel.

Fiction, in its main current and impulse, has for a century and a half been, first of all, social, and has become itself inevitably the chief organ as well as the most significant reflex of evolutionary social movement. Only the writers who count in this great reckoning really count at all as distinguished from those who exercise the showman's ancient and honorable, but not essentially vital, function of a passing entertainer. The compass of the short story is not too brief to exclude it from the higher office, if the work is creative, as in George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* and Margaret Deland's *Old Chester Tales;* but it is not adequate to the delineation of social life on even so limited a scale as that of *Cranford.* A survey of the record of serial fiction in this Magazine will show an unbroken succession of novels from the great masters of the whole period dealing interpretatively with the successive stages of English and of American social development—creations, in most instances, severally designated each as the most eminent novel of the year in which it has thus appeared. Such a record—sustained down to Tarkington's late contribution, and with fair promise of continuance in the serial story begun in the current number—illustrates the working of a principle of selection upon which our readers have learned to depend, and is also the most convincing evidence of the holding value of this form of publication.

A Dumb-waiter Destiny

BY DANA BURNET

THIRD FLOOR FRONT was a woman-hater.

Mrs. Trimble's Brooklyn boarding-house (references required and refinement guaranteed) hummed like a beehive with the news. Tongues long starved for a bit of gossip wagged furiously through Mrs. Trimble's long, gray, perpetually twilit halls. Ears grown dull with the familiar chatter of the boarding-house were laid with renewed hope to the cracks of the dumb-waiter. Third Floor Front was a woman-hater!

This much had the house gleaned from Mrs. Trimble herself. Mrs. Trimble felt, she said, that any further discussion of her guest's queerness would scarcely be refined; and refined Mrs. Trimble was resolved to be, though she lost trade by it. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Trimble had found the new boarder remarkably barren of confidences. But she did not think it necessary to report this to the others.

The others, therefore, formed themselves by mutual impulse into a general committee for the exploration of Third Floor Front. Through partly opened doors they observed him descend the stairs each morning at eight o'clock precisely—a tall, grim, rugged man, slightly gray at the temples, and fundamentally shabby. What his business was no one knew. It seemed very tiring, to say the least of it. He usually returned to the boarding-house quite worn out, his eternal suit of rusty black exuding an added air of somberness picked up somehow, you would have said, from the perpetual dusk of Mrs. Trimble's front hall. This rusty black suit was accorded almost as much attention as its mysterious possessor. It was, by Mrs. Trimble's sworn deposition, the only suit that Third Floor Front had to his name.

One suit to one's name is scarcely an extensive wardrobe. It suggests vaudeville possibilities. It is, in fact, intrinsically precarious—likely to lead one into surprising situations. Third Floor Front's one suit might have lasted him to the grave—an undertaker would have been instinctively pleased with it—except for the fact of a nail in the top of Third Floor Front's battered hair trunk. It was this nail, or at least the unguarded point of it, that completely altered the destiny of Mrs. Trimble's mysterious boarder. I defy any man to sit down upon the point of a nail, clothed in the only suit he possesses, and come off without altering his destiny. Let us proceed to our story.

At precisely 4.30 P.M. of a certain May afternoon, Miss Elizabeth Worthington Re-



FROM THE ROOM OVERHEAD HAD SOUNDED A MUFFLED CRY, AS OF A PERSON IN PAIN

vell, family seamstress, dropped her sewing with a sudden startled, "Oh!" From the room overhead had sounded a muffled cry, as of a person in pain. Then followed an excited series of thumps—up the room and down the room, four thumps and turn. Miss Elizabeth was Second Floor Front. Those thumps, as she well knew, could mean only that something of importance had happened to the mysterious boarder.

The thumps ceased abruptly. Miss Elizabeth, caught in the grip of a consuming curiosity, cast longing eyes at the little closed door of the dumb-waiter. Would she come to that, after all? Would she fling her gentlewoman's scruples to the wind and join the awful sisterhood of Those Who Snooped?

Rising swiftly, she took an uncertain step toward the dumb-waiter.

She was still standing undecidedly in the middle of the room when something occurred that settled definitely the question of the debated Snoop. That something was a slight noise in the dumb-waiter, a sort of scrape and a sort of tap and a sort of rustle combining the two. Her heart in her throat, Miss Elizabeth hurried to the dumb-waiter and opened the sliding door.



STARED AS THOUGH FASCINATED AT THE STUMP OF LEAD-PENCIL DANGLING ON THE BROWN STRING

A sheet of white paper and a stump of lead-pencil, suspended by a brown string, swung idly before her astonished eyes. She was about to slam the sliding door in a panic, lest it be some despicable buffoonery, when the idly swaying bit of paper half whirled about and disclosed her name written upon it in large, firm characters.

Attention, Miss E. Revell, Second Floor Front!

"Can it be for me?" whispered Miss Elizabeth, already reaching a trembling hand for the lazily turning lure. Obviously it could be for no one else. She tweaked the paper from the string, spread it smooth, and read as follows:

DEAR MADAM,—Would you help a gentleman in extreme distress? Pencil attached. R.S.V.P.
WILLIAM STRAIGHT, Third Floor Front.

Miss Elizabeth dropped her hands to her sides and stared as though fascinated at the stump of lead-pencil dangling on the brown string. Over and above the unconventionality of the message, that blunt question rose up and dared Miss Elizabeth to answer it by anything but "Yes" or "No." Consequently Miss Elizabeth seized the bit of pencil and wrote, for the glory and justification of her sex:

That depends.

The paper fluttered up the dumb-waiter shaft like a white bird, like a spotless dove. And after a slight wait it fluttered down again. Miss Elizabeth read:

Depends on what?

He had thrown the gantlet at her feet! He had challenged her to say precisely what circumstances would prevent her from helping a gentleman in extreme distress. With a very stern, albeit very flushed countenance, Miss Elizabeth penciled her reply:

SIR,—No gentleman of my acquaintance would presume to ask a favor of me without first stating the favor.
P.S.—I am not a hard-hearted person. Are you in pain?

Back came the response by way of the fluttering messenger:

I have sat on a nail.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, in horror. . . . Resolutely she choked down any vulgar tendencies toward mirth, and with a purely humanitarian object wrote the following admirable instructions beneath the mysterious boarder's last statement:

Call a doctor at once.

The white paper once more performed its birdlike flight up the dumb-waiter shaft, and

in another moment was again dangling before Miss Elizabeth's eyes:

I don't need a doctor. I need a seamstress.

Vulgar tendencies toward mirth renewed their base attempts to win a smile from Miss Elizabeth's firmly set lips. Hurriedly she wrote:

I do not understand.

The mysterious boarder's reply was directly to the point:

Nails have no sense of proportion. It was my only suit. If I went out in it now I would be arrested. I cannot afford to be arrested, because I have only five dollars, and it costs more than that to be arrested. Ever since I came here a month ago I have been trying to get a job. Tonight a man said that if I would come to see him at eight o'clock he would give me a job. That is why I said gentleman in extreme distress.

P.S.—It is an embarrassing tear.

Now it so chanced that Miss Elizabeth's ancestors had been among those who first singled out the Plymouth Rock as an acceptable stepping-stone to fame. Far back in the Puritan past Miss Elizabeth's grandmothers had been called upon to mend the sartorial disasters of a very young and extremely masculine nation. Miss Elizabeth's next message to the mysterious boarder fell nothing short of the ancestral heroism:

Send down your trousers.

Let us draw a veil, gentle reader, over the ensuing journey of the mysterious boarder's damaged apparel down the dumb-waiter shaft.

The next scene discloses a crimson-cheeked Miss Elizabeth standing in the middle of her room, the awful black garments held at arm's-length before her. Miss Elizabeth wanted to laugh, but an almost similar desire for tears kept her lips in a straight Puritanical line. Hurrying to her chair by the window, she drew the impossible trousers across her knees, and with hands that shook began to repair the mischief done by an unfeeling nail, a careless man, and an inscrutable Providence.

With a few last rapid stabs of her needle she put the concluding stitches to her task and, rising, walked to the dumb-waiter, expecting to find the brown string dangling as she had left it.

But the brown string had entirely vanished. Instinctively Miss Elizabeth put her head into the dumb-waiter shaft—and promptly withdrew it. Below her she had discerned another head, that of Mrs. Trimble herself, with face turned roofward, and such an expression of joyous suspicion on her face as to drive Miss Elizabeth's heart into her frayed boots.

What had Mrs. Trimble seen?

The need of immediate action fell upon her. Gathering up her scattered wits, she began to study the problem in the cold light of reason. How could she reunite Third Floor Front and his strategically necessary trousers?

Then, out of the troubled spinning of her mind there came, as such matters always come, the clear thread of Miss Elizabeth's inspiration. . . .

A few moments later Mrs. Trimble, on guard at the dumb-waiter below, heard her name called in a clear, sweet soprano: "Mrs. Trim-ble!"

Immediately there occurred in the lower hall the usual bustle of the landlady getting under way, and then the broad figure of Mrs. Trimble appeared puffing up the stairs.

In the doorway of second floor front stood Miss Elizabeth Worthington Revell, gentlewoman, holding in her hands a package wrapped firmly in a newspaper.

"Dear Mrs. Trimble," said Miss Elizabeth, with a little smile, "I'm so sorry to bother you, but *would* you mind taking this package up to my friend Mr. Straight?"

"Your *what?*" gasped the panting landlady. One should never spring surprises upon stout persons at the top of a flight of stairs.

"Why, my friend," repeated Miss Elizabeth, gently.

"Do—do you know him?"

"I met him recently at—a tea." (It was common property throughout the boarding-house that Miss Elizabeth occasionally attended teas.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Trimble, faintly. "I thought he was a woman-hater."

"He *was*," said Miss Elizabeth, casting down her eyes. Then, in a low voice, as one confiding tremendous data to the sister at one's bosom, she added: "He's very interesting—and unique. I believe he considers it bad form to own more than one suit of clothes. This afternoon he ripped his coat-sleeve—and I've mended it for him. *Would* you mind taking it up?"

As one who acts under a hypnotic spell Mrs. Trimble extended her arms for the package. But she would not be cheated of her precious suspicions. "I saw a string in the dumb-waiter shaft!" she cried, breathing hard.

Miss Elizabeth smiled even more sweetly than before. "I told you he was unique. Do you know, Mrs. Trimble, the dear man actually lowered his coat down the dumb-waiter shaft. He did it for a—a sort of joke, you know."

"Do you know him *that* well?" demanded Mrs. Trimble, slowly. It would be very difficult getting past Mrs. Trimble with any



"I HAVE NEVER TAKEN MUCH STOCK IN WOMEN," SAID THIRD FLOOR FRONT

behavior that smacked of unrefinement. Refined Mrs. Trimble would be, though the heavens fell!

Miss Elizabeth smiled for the third time. "I know him so well," she said, "that I am going to dinner with him to-night."

Some time after six o'clock of that same evening Mrs. Trimble's boarding-house thrust its several and respective heads out of half-opened doors and observed a miracle. Down the stairs marched a very tall, slightly gray man in a rusty black suit that seemed, somehow, to have been brushed clean of its fundamental shabbiness. To his arm clung a dainty lady in a neat silk frock (which the boarding-house promptly recognized as her best and only), a lady whose cheeks bloomed as the rose.

They reached the lower hall, the boarding-house by this time being quite frankly draped across the upper-hall banisters. The somber man strode forward ceremoniously and laid his hand on the knob of the door. With a little inclination of her head my lady passed out into the summer dusk. The knight of the black suit stepped after her.

"Of course I shall pay for my own," said Miss Elizabeth, primly. Her cheeks, that had been so warm with color, were now quite pale. She was not the lady for any great adventure such as this. Her heart seemed smothered. There was a lump in her throat. Never in her life before had she eaten dinner in a public restaurant alone with a man. It was only a Brooklyn *table d'hote*, to be sure, but it had gilt on the ceiling and an accent on the waiters.

William Straight leaned across the small table and said, very calmly, "You will do nothing of the kind."

"Oh!" said Miss Elizabeth. Never before had a man told her what she would or would not do.

"There is something I want to tell you," said Third Floor Front.

His voice, she determined further, was unmistakably a decided voice, a strong man's voice—firm, a trifle harsh, and yet not unkind; a voice, in fact, that one could depend upon, that one could—

"There is something I want to tell you."

"Oh!" said Miss Elizabeth again.

Third Floor Front caught her wavering glance and held it with his. "I have never taken much stock in women," said Third Floor Front, "To tell the truth, I have always considered them rather—unimportant.

"To-day," continued William Straight, "I sat down on a nail and knew myself for a fool.

"I was forced to ask a woman to help me. I perceived that she was the other half of the circle. And after she had helped me—helped me bravely—I was forced further to rely upon her cleverness, her wit, to save us both from the ravages of boarding-house gossip."

He drew a folded piece of paper from his pocket. Then, after a little whimsical glance at Miss Elizabeth, he read as follows:

"I will tell Mrs. Trimble that we are friends, and to prove it I will tell her that you are taking me out to dinner to-night. It is the only way. I will be ready at six."

Miss Elizabeth's cheeks had quite recovered from their paleness.

"Oh," she cried, "suppose you hadn't put your hand in your pocket!"

William Straight leaned toward her, the light of a great discovery in his eyes. "A woman as clever as that," said William Straight, slowly, "is the woman for me."

Miss Elizabeth put one hand to her breast. "Your job," she cried, uncertainly. "It's almost eight!"

William Straight did not take his eyes from her face. "I will stop at your door to-night," he said, "and tell you more about my job—and myself."

Too Alarming

WINNIFRED had been disobedient, and her mother led her into the chicken-house near by. Amid apprehensive cries from the child and alarmed cackles from the hens the punishment began. But soon Winnifred looked up appealingly from over her mother's knee, and whimpered:

"Mother, don't you think this frightens the chickens too much?"

Impressionistic

BENJIE was showing his mother how well he could draw a cow.

"This is her nose I've just finished," he said, drawing a curved line. "And her body you just make this way —and here's her tail." He held up the drawing, but as he looked at it an embarrassed smile came over his face. "Perhaps we'd better call it a pump," he finally suggested.

Casual

THE family gardener had been a great friend of the Wayne children. When he died his widow invited them to come to view his remains. The youngsters accepted with glee, taking with them little three-and-a-half-year-old Catherine. On their return home Mrs. Wayne was much disturbed to learn that little Catherine had been in the presence of death. Thinking that if the child had been frightened she would try to make death seem less horrible, she began to question her.

"What was he in, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, in a long box."

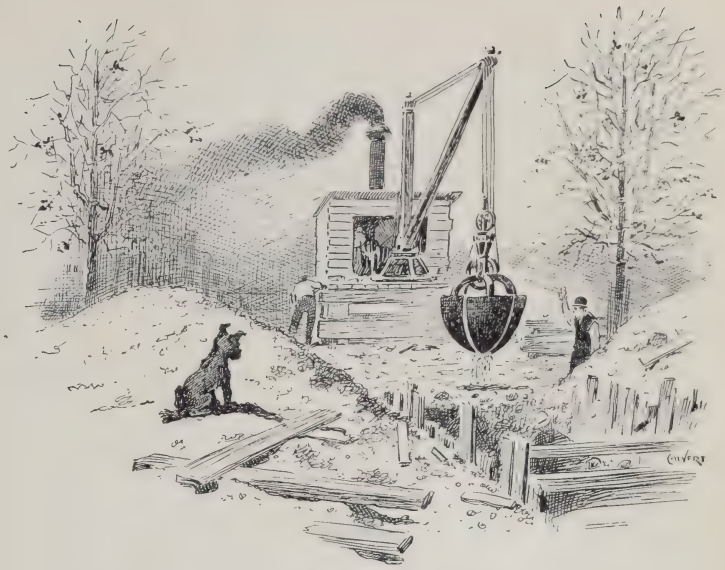
"Well, how did he look, Catherine?"

"Oh, he looked rather cute," was the nonchalant reply.

Her Father's Own Daughter

HAZEL was spending her fourth birthday in town, and as one attraction her auntie took her for a ride in her electric. After a long silence, the practical little country maid pointed to an especially well-kept but tiny lawn, and said, very earnestly:

"That's dood pasture."



THE PUP: *"Well, well! If they ain't going to dig right where I buried my bone last night!"*

A Century of Little Girls

ONE went basked in stiff brocade
And worked queer sums in "tare and trett,"
And Webster's Spelling Book was made,
Page after page, by heart to get;
And with her schoolmates on parade
Threw a rose at Lafayette.

One in pantalettes and shawl
Sedately walked, a proper lass!
She in the old Lyceum Hall
Heard Jenny Lind! and, class by class,
Her school went forth to view the pall,
The catafalque of Lincoln, pass.

One wore huge sleeves, and thought great cheer
To dance the two-step o'er and o'er.
She worked the Cuban flag and spear
Upon a sofa-pillow for
A youthful cousin volunteer
That summer of the Spanish War.

The last can ride and swim and wend
On camp-fire hikes; and yet would she
Tales of her forebears hear no end!
And oft she cries, "What fun 'twould be
If they could come alive, and spend
The afternoon, and stay to tea!"

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

The Sarcastic Caddie

THERE is a certain golfer in Boston who, like many others, loves the game better than he plays it. In his difficulties with course and ball and club he has often encountered the caddie's stinging scorn.

One afternoon, while struggling over the course, he made a particularly bad play and tore up a large piece of turf with his mashie. Lifting the sod in his hand, the player said to his caddie:

"What on earth am I to do with this?"

"If I was you," said the boy, "I'd take it home to practise on, sir."

Why He Is Remembered

"WHAT did George Washington do for his country?" asked the teacher.

"He gave it an extra holiday," promptly answered a boy at the foot of the class.



"You were worried yesterday about your husband's health. Have you had any further news?"

"Yes, thanks. I received a most reassuring check this morning."

Outdone

ELIZABETH and Sarah were two little girls who made acquaintance at school. One day they were playing together and began boasting of their possessions.

"We keep four servants," said Elizabeth, proudly, "and have got two automobiles, and a great big house. Now what have you got?"

Sarah hesitated for a moment, then, with equal pride, replied, "We've got a skunk under our barn."

Infra Dig

BILL had worked on the farm for ten years, and until his boss took to poultry-raising he was quite contented with his lot. But this poultry business finally got Bill peeved. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And, worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them. For Bill's boss was a scientific person. One day the routine proved a bit too much for Bill, so he marched up to the farmer and said, "I'm 'bout fed up, an' I'm goin' to leave."

The farmer gasped for breath; he could not associate Bill working for anybody else, he had been with him so long.

"Surely, Bill, you're not goin' to leave me after all these years," he blurted out.

"Yes, but I am," put in Bill. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens any longer."

What He Would Do

TWO tramps were sitting in the shade of a tree in Evanston, Illinois, and one was reading to the other from a tattered newspaper the charitable work planned by a certain Chicago Crœsus.

The listener sighed and remarked, with a break in his voice, "I wish that I had money enough to make every poor child in Chicago happy."

"What would you do?" asked the other knight of the road.

"Why," explained the first hobo, "I'd invest in real estate and live on my income."

Appearances are Deceitful

LITTLE Mary was only allowed to wear her low-neck and sleeveless dresses on very warm days. One morning she stood gazing at a photograph of a woman in a decidedly *décolleté* costume. "My!" she exclaimed, "It must 'a' been a *awful* hot day when that was took!"

Didn't Apply

A MAN was on trial before a Wisconsin judge for horse-stealing. When it came time for the lawyers on both sides to tell the judge what instructions they wanted him to give the jury in addition to the points covered in his own charge, the attorney for the defense said:

"I respectfully ask Your Honor to charge the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law in this country that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty."

"Yes, that is true," said the judge, reflectively, "and I so instruct the jury; but I will add that it is the opinion of the court that the ninety-nine guilty men have already escaped."

His Qualifications

A MUSICAL director in Pittsburg was organizing a philharmonic orchestra. An Italian acquaintance strongly recommended to him an old man who played upon a very antiquated and wheezy clarinet.

At the first rehearsal, however, it was evident to the director that the new candidate would not do. "He can't play the clarinet at all," he explained to the Italian who had recommended him.

"What!" gasped the sponsor. "That man no can playa da clarinet?"

"Certainly not."

The Italian rolled his eyes, and seemed beside himself. "That man no can playa da clarinet?" he repeated, beating his breast in indignation. "Why, that man he fighta with Garibaldi!"



"Madam, if ye'll buy one fer the baby, ye'll find it'll be greatly appreciated by Him or Her, as the case may be"

Domestic Amenities

IN Chicago they tell this story of a warring couple, the husband being suspected, rightly or wrongly, of having married for money.

One afternoon the husband drove home in a new motor-car of most expensive make. He drove gaily around to the side, and brought his wife out to view his new purchase. Now, wife had that morning had a fearful row with husband, and she had not yet recovered her temper. She gave one sneering look at the new car and then said:

"It's very nice, indeed; but if it hadn't been for my money it wouldn't be here."

"Well, Clara," said husband, "if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here yourself."

Sounded Like It

"GERTRUDE," asked the teacher, "what were the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

"It had something to do with automobiles, but I did not understand just what," replied Gertrude.

"Oh no!" said the teacher; "that was before the day of automobiles."

"Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxis," said Gertrude, firmly.



Seeing New York

The Imitator Imitated

BY HENRY DODD

THERE'S a fellow with a Skirt whom he designates as Myrt,
And for her he earns a living with his jolly, genial verse;
Then you mustn't think me silly if I, too, attempt it, Milly,
For there's virtue in my jingles, if I only make them terse.

To begin, my charming Girlie, though your tresses aren't curly,
Though your eyes are not cerulean (as a fact, they're greenish-gray),
Though your hands are none too small, though you're rather plump than tall,
None the less you are my Darling (as you may have heard me say)!

You're as rosy as the roses, and your nose is as the noses
Of the Muses, or a Goddess's, whose name I have forgot;
Though there may be other women, they are quite out of the swimmin';
You could give the field a handicap, and win from all the lot!

You could be a good deal bigger, Dear, and still retain a Figure, Dear,
To make the Milo Venus wring, in jealousy, her hands;
When in anger, you're more fright'ning than the thunder or the lightning;
When you're calm, your voice is sweeter than a dozen Sousa's Bands!

When I have you near me, Honey, all the world is bright and sunny,
And I never heed the aspect of the threat'ning clouds above;
Let me always be the fella to protect, with his umbrella,
You, from dew and rain and other forms of moisture, Milly Love.

You, my Dear, are the causation of my quickened respiration,
You're my little Peachy-Weachy, and my Tootsie-Wootsie, too;
And I view with adoration, reverence, and veneration,
No one else upon this planet but, except, and saving you.

This, then, is my first pot-boiler in laudation of my Broiler,
And I only hope the Public find the meter to their taste;
If they show appreciation of my efforts at laudation,
They shall have a dozen others furnished with unseemly haste.



Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "Steamboating Through Dixie"

TO THE LOCAL POPULATION THE ARRIVAL OF A STEAMBOAT IS ALWAYS AN EVENT

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The Lane that Has No Turning

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

IN the world as known to Baedeker there are only two streets that can compare with Fifth Avenue, and these are both on Manhattan Island. From its source in the asphalt bottoms of Washington Square to where it loses itself in the coal-middens of the Harlem River at 143d Street, the Avenue runs a course of almost exactly seven miles. It runs true to the North Star, without a turn, with only a single pause, grimly bent on its business, in a way calculated to make the dowager metropolises of Europe lift their eyebrows and say, "How American!" Its rivals are Eighth Avenue, a half-mile to the west, which may be some nine hundred feet longer; and, still farther west, Tenth, or Amsterdam, Avenue, the titan of all urban highways, nine miles up hill and down as determined in the primeval blue-print shaped by the city fathers some time about the year 1800. All three streets have character as well as length, but Fifth Avenue alone has significance.

I know that this will seem very crude to the esthetic snobs who are always deploring the checker-board pattern of Manhattan Island, with avenues that run up and down, and streets that sprint from river to river. They call the pattern monotonous because they see it only on the map. I have never found it depressing to stand at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and look south a mile, and north to the horizon, and east and west toward the two rivers, myself the center of a circle with a million people in it. Criticism of our gridiron city is only a way people have of echoing the English, who like to have their streets like their education bills and franchise laws — never going straight at anything, but full of kinks and knots and *cul de sacs*. I recall the hero of one recent English novel who walks out of a house in low spirits, and looks up and down "the dreary length of Gower Street," an interminable street perhaps ten blocks long by our measurements. I was struck by Gower Street because it was there I used to go some years ago in London just for the purpose of looking up and down, when my eyes were aching for as much as a fifth of a mile of clear roadway without running into a warehouse of the period of George II., or a pile of "mansions," or anything but a bit of the sky at the end of a street. When the English find themselves somehow or other tricked into tolerating a road more than a quarter of a mile long they refuse to acknowledge it, but give different names to every other block, calling it Oxford Street and High Holborn, or Edgeware Road and Maida Vale; and if they can put a church in the middle of the road, so much the better. When the English have a street twenty feet wide and five hundred feet long they call it Great Queen Street, and when they have a street that suggests Fifth Avenue they make the best

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of it by calling it Park Lane. When the English— But why stir up ancient wrongs?

What I meant to say was that the city fathers when they endowed us with our geometrical streets and avenues were wiser than their modern critics, because they built according to their material and their needs. They had on their hands an island constructed by the original architect something on the model of Abraham Lincoln. They accordingly fitted the island with a suit of democratic clothes, built for use and comfort, instead of cluttering it up with periwig circles and diagonal avenue sashes and frilled terraces. They recognized that the shortest way from the tip to the root of this tongue of land we call Manhattan was by straight lines. So they acted not only in conformity with the material at hand, but with the national spirit, which cuts straight across things. And because they were faithful to their material and their native spirit they were better artists than the men who would have us tack from Park Row to Harlem because that's the way it's done in London and Florence.

Destiny and democracy have thus combined to make Fifth Avenue the longest and straightest of the world's great boulevards. The same forces have made it the most representative of avenues. That is not the way we usually think of Fifth Avenue. Tradition still describes it as a show avenue, an avenue for driving distinguished visitors upon, an avenue to muck-rake in the sociological novels and to photograph on Easter Sunday, an avenue to which lead all the roads from Pittsburg and Cripple Creek and Butte, Montana. Fifth Avenue may be that, but as a simple geometrical fact it is a great deal more. That is why I have insisted upon its full seven miles. In its entire length Fifth Avenue is not one thing, but everything —a symbol, a compendium, a cross-section of the national life. It has wealth well seasoned, and wealth new and flamboyant. It has patrician houses, parvenu houses, boarding-houses, and tenements. It has all the races: early Knickerbocker and late Italian close together at its source; Jewish garment-workers along its lower course; cosmopolite in the hotels and shops farther north; the old stock again from Forty-second Street to Carnegie Hill; a newer Ghetto from Ninety-Sixth to 125th Street; a sprinkling of the old immigration for perhaps a quarter of a mile; once more a mixture of the newer crowds; ending all in the negro tenements near the Harlem.

So Fifth Avenue is a study in progressive sociology with mansions, factories, shops, hotels, shops again, mansions again, churches, libraries, museums, vacant lots, hospitals, parks, and slums. Its range of natural scenery is unrivaled. It has flatlands, lakes, and a very respectable tree-clad mountain. It has wild and domesticated animals; in cages, to be sure, but still they are there. Obviously a street like that cannot be called aristocratic. It is quite the other thing. If it falls short of the representative democratic ideal, it is only in the matter of moving-picture theaters. I expect not to be believed when I say that for the first five and a quarter miles of its course Fifth Avenue is without a photo-play theater. There is none between Washington Square and 106th Street. In the last mile and a half the deficiency is nearly made up, but not quite. Still, the forces of progress are at work and presumably will not be denied.

Washington Square is in itself the city reduced to the microscopic scale of an acre and a half. The old New York and the new face each other across less than a furlong of concrete and foliage. Years ago the south front of the square lost caste and went into the hands of the *table d'hôte* and the Italian dealer in old metal. Except for the obscured beauties of Victorian lintel and fanlight it was a slum. Of late there has been a counter immigration. Studios have evicted the unclean shops and eating-houses, and the accumulated grime of the years has made way for large north lights. To-day art on Washington Square South is prosperous. At one end the long row of studio dwellings is flanked by a gay church in yellow brick with a campanile, the juxtaposition of religion and art being quite accidental. At the other end Macdougal Street sets out to run south through the heart of the down-town negro quarter. The east side



A PATRICIAN ATMOSPHERE STILL LINGERS ABOUT WASHINGTON SQUARE

of the square is dominated by the dull gray mass of the New York University professional schools, and just around the corner there is a celluloid-factory; so much for learning and industry. Across the square, on the west, sheltered behind fronts of brownstone lodging-houses, is a little of everything—a little of literature and journalism, a bit of music and the theater, magazine illustration, social service, and something of the I. W. W. For Washington Square West is the frontier of the physical and spiritual region that goes by the name of Greenwich Village.

The people in the studios on the south side of the square have for business purposes the large north lights. For inspiration they have the mellow warmth of the red-brick homes of the patricians filtered through the tender green of the trees in April. These fronts of red brick facing south have been drinking in the sun for generations, taking it into the pores of the clay, gulping it in through the spacious windows which we have apparently forgotten how to build. How to be placid and radiant at the same time is a problem which the specialists of the beauty columns in the newspapers are continually pondering. Washington Square North has the secret. It has poise and it has the joy of life. Presumably the secret lies in the consciousness of an assured position. Onyx and marble carvings are for the upstart apartment-house of twelve stories. The low façades on Washington Square North have grace with simplicity, warmth with reserve. For sheer loveliness there is nothing in the city to compare with that row of red-brick burgher houses in spring unless it be the glimpse of Morningside Park and Cathedral Heights

from the south, which one gets on a morning of sunshine from the curve of the "L" at 110th Street.

The artists and radical folk of Washington Square and its environs are an ungrateful and an illogical tribe; either that or they are insincere. When they are not painting or writing or agitating, they know nothing better than to belittle the past whose beauty they are eager enough to inherit. They inhabit the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms which earlier generations have built, and say all manner of evil concerning the builders. Was it indeed a crabbed life that people lived in New York when these houses of red brick with fanlights, lintels, noble windows and balconies were being created? It is a puzzle. These houses bespeak in everything a robust simplicity, a love for plain outlines, and the primitive shades—red, white, black. Suburban civilization to-day builds outside for gables and dormer windows, and inside for ingle corners, heavy panelings in the dim religious light of stained glass, low ceilings from which depend massive rafters; the rafters hang and do not support, and threaten to give way and precipitate their medieval weight on the heads of people reading Walt Whitman. How, in fair consistency, can Walt Whitman be read by the fitful murk of an Oriental lantern? What sense is there in demanding light and air in our social relations while we banish them from our homes? And on the other hand, how is it conceivable that men once upon a time could have staggered about in dim moralities, crabbed beliefs, and atrophied sympathies, and yet build cheery houses of red brick with great windows? It is a puzzle.

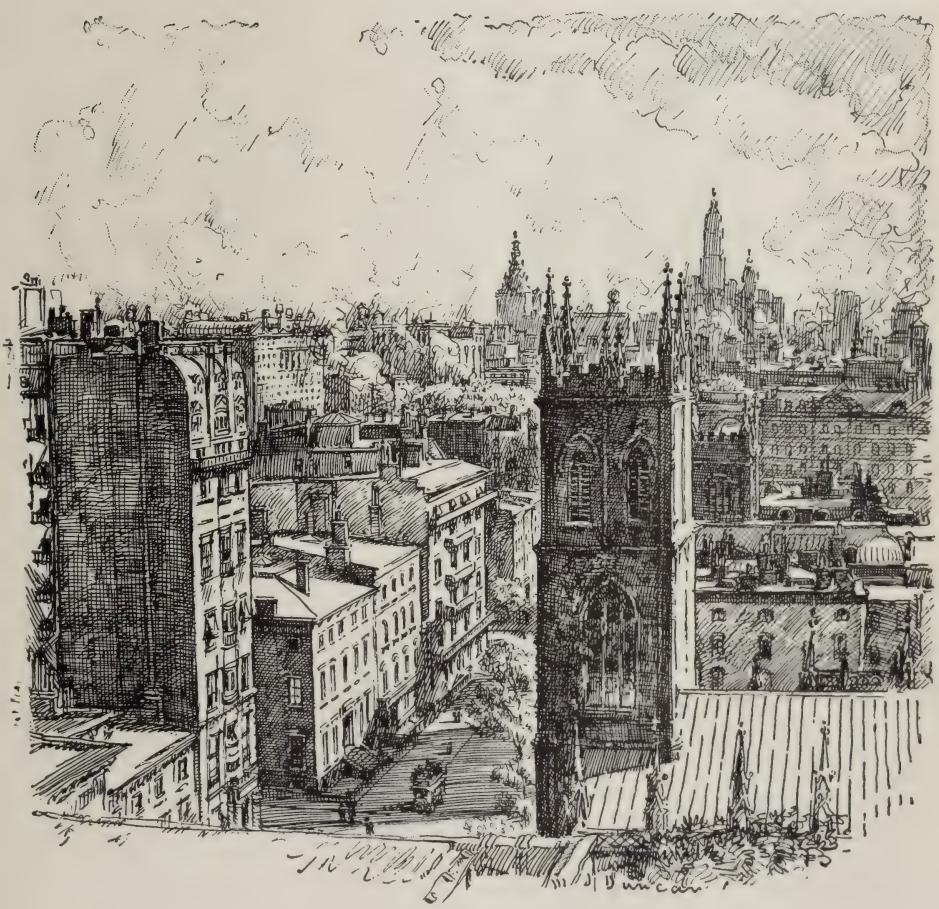
The impress of Washington Square is upon Fifth Avenue for nearly, but not quite, the first half-mile; say as far as Thirteenth Street, where the Georgian red brick gives way suddenly to granite and grime. Scarcely two minutes' walk north of the square is the loveliest house on the Avenue—red brick, of course, but the glow of the sun-warmed clay radiant through a veiling of naked vine as I recall it in early spring. The note of the Avenue is struck at the very beginning, a note of gaiety four miles long, maintained through miles of shops and hotels and tremendously expensive homes, except for a hideous interval of smudgy commerce that runs from Fourteenth Street to Madison Square. It is a stately gaiety sounding the decorous measure of the minuet. The patricians are nearly all gone from the red-brick dwellings on lower Fifth Avenue, but they have left their impress on the furnished-room houses. Down the side-streets, east and west, the note of placid ease is continued in red brick and wrought-iron balconies, boarding-houses nearly all, but it will be some years before their present occupation molds the outer face of the neighborhood. Before that note is quite gone we shall be compelled to tear down the miniature cathedral at Eleventh Street which goes by the name of First Presbyterian Church, and erect in its place a twelve-story "loft" in shiny stucco which will be a murky horror.

At Thirteenth Street old Fifth Avenue disappears so abruptly as to hurt. The sky-line on either side heaves up from three stories to ten or more. The prevailing colors are grime and gold, the dirty gray of limestone, granite, and stucco, and the gold of ready-made-clothing signs flaunted across fifty feet of front. This is the Fifth Avenue of the "loft" factories, brought here in spite of enormous rents, by the magic of the name upon department-store proprietors in Houston, Texas. The city has risen in protest against the menace to Fifth Avenue. In the name of desecrated beauty, do you imagine? In the name of imperiled ground rents. For it would seem that there is a law of nature which so operates that when a commercial building reaches a certain height the loss of rent income from the stores on the ground-floor exceeds the gain from all the "lofts" above the line where the law begins to apply, some eighty feet above the curb. The result is a strong stirring of civic conscience among the real-estate organizations, which proceed to organize banquets in behalf of the City Beautiful. Fifth Avenue is now by way of being saved for the shoppers from the noon-hour crowd of alien factory operatives. And yet the mere fact that such a crusade should be needed shows how absurd it is to think of Fifth Avenue as a preserve of the wealthy. Noon of

a warm day finds Fifth Avenue between Fourteenth Street and Twenty-third filled with larger, more vehement, more eloquent, gesticulating crowds than the Agora at Athens or the Forum ever saw except on special occasions.

At Madison Square the Avenue plunges into a final orgy of sky-scraping. The place reeks with white-marble palaces, battlements, pinnacles, and barracks. Diana of the Garden on her golden globe defends her ancient primacy against the enormous hulk of the Flatiron sweeping north like the prow of a superhyperdreadnought to which a considerate tobacco company has added the semblance of a battering-ram in the shape of an extension show-window; against the glistening shaft of the Metropolitan; against sixteen-story Babylonian temples devoted to cloaks and suits. Diana on her tower has vanished from the novels of New York life. Young men from the country, who come up for the conquest of New York and formulate their siege plan on the benches in Madison Square, no longer look up at Diana and say *À nous* as they used to do a few years ago. That is, they no longer do so in the novels, because the novelists assume that no modern hero would look at Diana when there is a tower near by higher by several hundred feet. In real life I imagine the watchers on the benches, especially if they watch through the night, still find in Diana a peace which neither the Flatiron nor the Metropolitan can give them.

From this monstrous spree of stone and brick the Avenue emerges like a



FIFTH AVENUE BELOW FOURTEENTH STREET

seasoned rounder from his morning's cold shower, brisk and gay enough, but with a temporary gratification in the simpler life. From Madison Square to the Waldorf is the region of the older shops, not department stores, presided over not by captains of industry, but by "tradesmen." The roof-line comes down to an easy height, and the sky follows. The windows are smart. There are apoplectic limousines in front of the book-shops, the neckwear-shops, the milliners', the boot-makers', and the silver-candlestick makers'. The limousines do not have it quite their own way. The past drives by in a victoria with plum-colored upholstery. Away from Fifth Avenue this form of vehicle is encountered only in the quaint advertising cuts of great factory buildings facing on streets traversed by bob-tailed cars with prancing horses, and victorias with two ladies, one of whom holds an open parasol. Ladies who drive up Fifth Avenue in open carriages to-day always wear black, as if in mourning for an extinct state of civilization.



AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THE TRAFFIC THICKENS

Two or three minutes north of Madison Square the pavement of the Avenue grows thick with traffic. From the top of a motor-'bus at this point the traveler looking north has before him a sight of which I do not know the like. An inky torrent one hundred feet wide pours down the slope of Murray Hill, to break at the foot of the Waldorf-Astoria. A flood of blackened lava fills the street from curb to curb so that the very surface of the Avenue seems to heave and swell. It is the sixfold stream of motor-cars and cabs, creeping in two directions, but from a distance melting into one vast undulatory movement. At the behest of an invisible policeman the flood slackens, stops, and surges forward again, carrying everything before it, one imagines. Tossing on the surface of the stream, swaying from side to side, the green motor-'buses breast the current, mount the hill, and drop over the crest of Fortieth Street out of sight.

From the top of the green omnibuses I have looked down, I suppose, on some of the very best people in town without their knowing it or my knowing it. The 'bus is no longer a novelty in New York, but it is still an experience. People, for example, do not read newspapers on the top of an omnibus, and men passengers have a habit of taking off their hats for the air which suggests self-improvement rather than rapid transit. The 'bus must be good for one's health, but it works for self-consciousness. People visibly begin to brace themselves for the descent of the spiral staircase several blocks before their destination, and that

can hardly be good for the nerves. But my chief objection to the motor-'bus is on moral grounds. I don't know how it is with others, but in my own case I find that the secure possession of a railing seat on top of the 'bus is conducive to a cold superciliousness. I look down on the crowds of waiting shoppers at the curb and I feel that the best they can hope for is an inside seat on a plane quite below my own. They wait patiently at the curb as the heavy cars lumber past. They signal hopefully, and make their way out into the torrent of traffic, only to be waved back by the conductor. The sense of security, the warm glow that arises from a vested interest, possesses me. Sometimes I am sorry for the disappointed shoppers that line the sidewalks in my wake, but there is always a touch of malice. At such moments I can understand Nero looking down from his imperial tribune in the amphitheater.

The black tide of the Avenue runs on between banks of white. The cheerful note struck at the outlet of Madison Square by shops in white paint and cream, interrupted for a moment by the red mass of the Waldorf, is resumed in the white and cream of the great stores, in the gleaming walls and terraces of the Public Library, and continues white, with occasional outcroppings of the Early Brownstone and the Later Red Brick, to the end. The color key anticipated by the whitewashed Brevoort at Eighth Street and definitely struck by the Metropolitan tower is thereupon maintained for a distance of four miles. But if the color-scheme is uniform, the forms are infinite. As a rule our public and commercial architecture runs to two types, the architecture that soars and the architecture that squats. Gothic and Greek, tower and temple, all or nothing, forty-five stories for sewing-machines and insurance, and three stories for banks and fine arts. Fifth Avenue has the two extremes in the Metropolitan tower and the spires of St. Patrick, and in the recumbent acres of the Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum. But it has also the intermediate types dictated by utility—the solid masses of great palatial stores of wide renown, the Genoese palace that goes by the name of University Club, and the complete merging of the two ideals—or rather, of all ideals—in the vast bulk of the Plaza, which is Gothic in height, Babylonian in depth, Greek in color, and therefore typically American.



APPROACHING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

The outcome of the struggle between trade and residence for the possession of Fifth Avenue below Central Park has not been in doubt for some years. Trade has won, but the last shots have not

been fired. The art dealers, the real-estate men, and the milliners have reached the Park. A few families that are old enough and rich enough to touch commerce without being defiled are barricaded for a last stand. But what chance have such snipers, even if it is for the defense of hearth and home? The artillery of heavy rents will be trained against their walls and the shopping crowds in solid formation will advance to the assault. The old residences will go, and after them the clubs. The hotels will probably hold out for years to come. Longest of all will stand the churches—for several generations, perhaps.

In the evolution of New York's thoroughfares it is the churches that remain as monuments of the continuous struggle for survival, whether it is a struggle between residential district and business district, or between the private mansion and the apartment-house, or between different populations. The physiognomy of neighborhoods changes, but the churches remain in good number, imbedded in different strata—in shops, clubs, apartment-houses, tenements—for the social geologist to use as material in reconstruction of the past. The history of Fifth Avenue as far north as Central Park must be largely written on the basis of such documents in brick and stone as the First Presbyterian at Eleventh Street, the Marble Collegiate at Twenty-ninth Street, the Brick Presbyterian with its absurd sugar-loaf steeple of pinkish stone all covered with carbuncles at Thirty-seventh Street. Old families go and leave their churches behind them as filaments with the past, as memorials, or as missions for the encroaching heathen. More than that, they build churches in neighborhoods that are manifestly doomed to trade or cheap residence. The faith of the medieval cathedral builders who wrought for eternity is reflected in the faith that has just erected Dr. Parkhurst's church in the heart of the garment trade, or St. Thomas's, that striking example of a church that set out to be a cathedral and lost heart before its spires were done, in a region of shops.

The churches on Fifth Avenue confirm its representative character as the show-window of the city, a window that exhibits the entire life of the city—factories, shops, offices, hotels, clubs, its luxuries and simplicities—yes, even the longing



CENTRAL PARK—WHERE THE FIFTH AVENUE OF TRADITION BEGINS

for the primitive finds expression on Fifth Avenue in the white-front tea-rooms with chintz curtains and home-made pastry, quite like the simple joys of rural life the court of Versailles used to delight in. In this national show-window, religion is strongly on exhibition, though the furnaces and warehouses of the faith, speaking in all reverence, may be situated far from Fifth Avenue. The great population mass of whose creed St. Patrick's is the most notable symbol in stone, for example, lies fairly remote, east of Third Avenue and west of Eighth Avenue. The great bulk of the Jewish population lies five miles to the south and two miles to the north from the green-and-gold dome of the Beth-el Temple. But St. Patrick's and Beth-el are testimony to the important place that the faiths which they symbolize have won in the sun. Even religion does not disdain the *cachet* of Fifth Avenue.

For a mile and a half north of Fifty-ninth Street stretches the Fifth Avenue of tradition. It is Millionaire's Row, looking out on the green of Central Park and its great simplicities—the lake where children ride in swan-boats, the menagerie, the asphalt paths covered with a heavy traffic of baby-carts and children on donkey-back, the pond where other children sail their miniature craft. The Park, I imagine, has sensibly affected the architecture of the homes across the way. Their prevalent white and cream blends with the green of the foliage. The street is gay, for the most part in a lordly way, with fine windows framed in rich lace carving, but now and then positively coquettish in pink and white and gold. Of the pain and pleasure that architects experience when they walk up Fifth Avenue I can say little. Except for a survival here and there of the Early Brownstone period, and one or two examples of the Late Grotesque, the street pleases me. Connoisseurs, I suppose, deplore its lack of uniformity. The roof-line is jagged compared with the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, and the façades do not melt into one another. But here is the difficulty in all our striving for higher things in art in this country. If the Pittsburg rich give their architects a free hand, we accuse them of buying their esthetic ideals wholesale. When they build according to their own ideas we call them barbarians. On the one hand we expect them to express their own personality, and on the other we expect them to express themselves beautifully. If here or there on Fifth Avenue one discerns under a single roof specimens of the Assyrian, the French Renaissance, and the California Mission, the thing has its significance. Why not give the architect of this amazing mess



THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S LIFT ABOVE A VAST AND MOVING THRONG

the credit for doing what Sargent does—reveal the soul of the inhabitant through its tenement of granite, marble, and green slate?

At any rate, the way to perfect beauty on the Avenue is not through flat, long, low Roman structures in marble. I don't know how Mr. Frick's new Roman basilica on the site of the old Lenox Library measures up as an example of absolute architecture. I do not find it beautiful in itself, and it is absurd as a human habitation. After all, Alcibiades did not have lodgings in the Parthenon, and there is no reason why any one man, no matter how wealthy, should make his home in a structure obviously intended for the United States Supreme Court. I understand, of course, that the dwellings of the very rich are virtually restricted nowadays to a picture-gallery, a museum, and a swimming-tank, but it must be somebody's fault if with that there cannot be incorporated some suggestion at least of a home. Otherwise I submit that there is danger of the megaphone men on the sight-seeing wagons pointing out the Frick mansion as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Art Museum as the Frick mansion. Not that it would make any appreciable difference to the sight-seers, but a dangerous architectural tradition might be perpetuated in Kansas. After all, the problem of combining the museum and the hearth has been solved in Europe by the simple method of building a residence and then transforming it through the accumulation of years into a museum, and not the other way around.



THE GREEN AND GOLD DOME OF BETH-EL TEMPLE

Just a mile separates Mr. Frick's Roman basilica at Seventieth Street from the fine ducal palace erected some years ago by his former partner, Mr. Carnegie, at Ninetieth Street. Not content with the splendid front yard of eight hundred acres supplied free of cost by the city, both men have built themselves gardens of their own. Mr. Frick's lawn with its low marble balustrade is intended as a foreground. Mr. Carnegie's finished garden with its high iron fence aims at privacy. Lawn seed and flower-beds must come high on the Avenue, but I presume it was the desire to fix permanently the residential character of the vicinage that prompted what would be elsewhere on the Avenue regarded as waste of space. Gardens on Fifth Avenue create a real-estate proposition before which the most ambitious milliner or jewelry-shop will hesitate for many years to come.

Business may be some time in forcing an entrance into Millionaires' Row, but one form of change is already at work to show that time will have its way with the proudest of residential neighborhoods. Exactly half-way between Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie stands the only apartment-house on Fifth Avenue, at

Eighty-first Street. It faces the central pavilion of the Metropolitan Museum, thus presenting our favorite architectural combination of several hundred feet of masonry shooting up in the air right next door to several hundred feet of granite trailing close to the soil. If you laid this apartment-house on its side and stood the Metropolitan Museum on one end, the harmony would be precisely the same. Blank and ugly from the outside, I understand that within this structure, which the building laws of New York City describe as a tenement-house, there are ceilings from Venice, and oak paneling from the English counties, and suites of enormous numbers of rooms exactly described in the Sunday supplements. It is the entering wedge, the first point of infection. Other apartment-houses are in planning for Fifth Avenue. Five years from now will see cream and marble residences scrapped for twelve stories in blank terra-cotta, and Fifth Avenue's history will have to be written anew.



IN THE HEART OF THE HARLEM GHETTO

At Carnegie Hill is the climax. Three or four blocks beyond the hill the scattered pioneers of the northward migration of the rich rear their lonely roofs over vacant lots. Then comes an area of dreary board fences. On its own side of the Avenue the Park keeps bravely on. It can wait. But glancing east down the side-streets of the Avenue itself there is nothing. The view is of a hinterland of tenements, and instead of clean stretches of asphalt to Park Avenue, the pavement is alive with children. At 100th Street the Mount Sinai Hospital would seem to mark the ultimate limit of millionaire expansion. Beyond are more advertising fences. We must be content with the greenhouses in Central Park, the lovely rise of land to the Reservoir, and the waters of Harlem Mere, until we reach, once more on the east side of the Avenue, the first definite sign of a new civilization, the moving-picture theater of which I spoke at the beginning.

Four blocks more and Central Park says farewell to Fifth Avenue and turns west. So do the green motor-'buses. But the Avenue itself, five and a quarter miles from its source, has still some life in it. Without turning a hair, it runs on, looking to neither right nor left, through the heart of the great Harlem Ghetto, until at Mount Morris Park it runs its head slap into a castellated hillock that would be a very respectable height on the Rhine, the loftiest point in central Manhattan. At 124th Street the little park stops and the Avenue has recovered itself. For a quarter-mile or so it passes through the brownstone of the half-way-up middle classes, now giving way before the boarding-houses. Then comes half a mile of dingy tenements, with little of the lights and crowd and babel of the Ghetto below Mount Morris Park. And then, as Mr. Kipling might say, the Harlem River takes it.

Lost and Found

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

THE Hon. Mrs. David McAlpin watched her on that raw spring morning—a trim, competent figure in the blue cotton gown and all-enveloping white apron, moving about the bed of a bronchial-pneumonia patient brought in a few days before. Mrs. McAlpin glanced with less satisfaction at the small helmet-like linen cap above the glimpse of banded brown hair. Yet the costume had been of Mrs. McAlpin's own choosing. "No reason that I can see," she had said, with the liberality of the woman who has herself some claim to good looks—"no reason why foundlings should be turned into frights." But that was thirty years ago. There were wild forces abroad in the world to-day that made any hint of even an archaic, Minervan militancy in one of the "Mary Eleanor" girls repugnant to their patron. Under the little white helmet this particular face—though the first thing you noticed about it was the babyish "dent" in the chin—could wear a look undeniably disquieting. Not to-day. The laughing eyes, very grave. The mouth, distractingly "nicked out" at the corners (a mouth that fell too easily from firmness to mutiny) was gentle enough this morning, though slightly wrested from its purity of outline by an outward thrust of the under lip—a mark with Ruth of absorption in some business to her mind.

Ruth was always a better girl at times like this. According to the matron, when nobody was seriously ill, when there was only routine work to do, Ruth was now and then a problem. Absent-minded, restive under reproof, of late downright disobedient. She was—yes, no use blinking the fact—Ruth was growing up a rather moody young woman, except, as Matron Gillies said, when there was a case in the infirmary serious enough to bring into the girl's face that look it wore to-day, not gravely happy, merely, but lit with a kind of protecting valiancy. Never at such times would the thought occur to any one that Ruth herself was a friendless, nameless foundling, dependent on chance kindness. Rather, you saw in her one called to succor others, a soldier spirit looking out of steady eyes; if you please, a sort of Jeanne d'Arc of the sick-room—in shining armor of all-enveloping white apron and helmet cap.

Oh yes, undeniably a fine specimen—worth taking some trouble about. And to take trouble about Ruth was precisely what had brought Mrs. McAlpin to the Home that day. Fully a fortnight ago she had been asked by the matron to speak to Ruth. Now, personal remonstrance from Mrs. McAlpin was accounted a drastic measure, and seldom called for. What form should it take, that lady asked herself as she moved about, saying a word to another patient while keeping a speculative eye on Ruth. A moment like this was often the turning-point in a girl's life. Yet Mrs. McAlpin found her concern about the girl merging in the wish that the lumping nieces who had to be asked to her husband's shooting-parties, and the kinswomen she from time to time felt called on to present at court—would that those well-born damsels bore themselves like Ruth Aberdeen!

Another nurse, followed hurriedly by the matron, came in to relieve Ruth. Matron Gillies, a comfortable, sonsy spinster with a square figure and winter-apple cheeks, was a little breathless this morning. She cut short her greeting to inquire deferentially whether Mrs. McAlpin had said anything to Ruth.

"Only about the pneumonia case."

"Oh, the pneumonia case is going on all right!"

"I guessed that much—from Ruth's face."

"Ruth's face. Yes, there's another reason for *that!*" With an air of cheerful mystery Miss Gillies led the way into her private room. A place of bald utility, with horsehair chairs ranged against the wall, a baize-covered table in the middle with an ink-pot, pens, and blotter, a telephone near the window, and on the hearth a gas fire.

Miss Gillies drew up a chair to the table, and Mrs. McAlpin sat down in it. Invariably in these interviews Miss Gillies stood. She began by saying it was curious that after bearing with Ruth's moods for over a year, and at last bringing herself to recommend that the girl should be spoken to, she had come to feel it wasn't necessary just now.

"Excellent!" Mrs. McAlpin made a motion to rise.

But Miss Gillies put out an arresting hand. "At least not about *that*," she said. "Just after you were here last she was rather worse, if anything. Went about in one of her hard, dumb moods. Eyes that didn't see you, but always looking for something. And when she was forced to speak, bitter-tongued. The servants complained. I sent for her one night and spoke to her alone. Oh! she was hard enough. Defiant. I told her I had been obliged to tell you. Quite suddenly she put her two hands up over her face like this. And when she took them away her face was wet."

"Ruth? I haven't seen Ruth cry since she was six."

"Not the weepy sort, anyway. It astonished me to see her cry. But it astonished me more when she came out with: 'Oh, if I had anybody to help me!' I told her I was ashamed of her saying that. Weren't we all—hadn't we been helping her for years? Not about what she cares most for, she said."

"Well, what is it she cares most for?" demanded Mrs. McAlpin, with scant show of sympathy. "To marry one of the young tradesmen—or—?"

"No, no; it isn't anything like that—"

In the pause memories rose up of Mary Eleanor orphans who would make good kitchen maids yearning to learn millinery, to go on the stage, to go to America. . . .

"She wants us," said Miss Gillies, "'to help her to find her people.'"

"*Her people?* Surely she's intelligent enough to know that's the last thing—"

"First or last, she thinks of nothing else."

Mrs. McAlpin's hands went up under her sables. She drew the long gray coat together at the throat—the action of one who has finished her business for that day. But the matron still stood there with an expression her employer had never seen in the ruddy face before.

"I've wondered," she began, "if, after all, you wouldn't see Ruth."

"But you say there's no need now—she's behaving well."

"I think that's because I told her I—I'd ask you—if you could suggest anything."

"Certainly I can't suggest anything." And still Miss Gillies stood there. "Oh, very well—if she needs to be convinced—send her here."

Mrs. McAlpin sat down and unbuttoned her coat. She turned her watch on her wrist—the half-instinctive action of the sort of optimist who feels that somewhere in the world there is enough of everything except time, and grudges ten minutes wasted in pursuit of anybody's chimera. The door opened and shut softly. Ruth Aberdeen stood there.

Deliberately Mrs. McAlpin stretched the girl on the rack of several moments' silence. Then: "You have been asking the matron, I hear, to help you in a quite useless quest." The cleft chin dropped on the shining collar. The girl looked down at her locked fingers. The knuckles showed white. "You know the story of the woman who brought you here. That you were left with her, a baby of six months—"

"That isn't true."

"Since you can't be sure what happened afterward, how can you know what happened when you were six months old?"

There seemed to be no answer to that.

"Your mother had walked with you in her arms from Aberdeen. She was taken in penniless, apparently dying, nursed till she was better, and then disappeared."

"I don't believe that story!" said the girl, defiantly.

"Oh, I dare say—" but Mrs. McAlpin had never heard just that accent before,

accustomed as she was to the imaginary stories with which the nameless will sometimes fill out the unendurable blank of the past. She knew the enervating effect of these baseless hopes that clog the feet of action. "My child, you are young. You probably have some romantic notion about your mother—and your father." She shook her head. "If you knew—when they *can* be unraveled—how ugly and sordid these mysteries are!"

The cleft chin lifted and the foundling looked in the great lady's eyes: "I dare say when I know the truth I sha'n't like it. All the same, *whatever* it is"—the firm Scots accent fell to trembling—"I want to know."

"You might as well say you want—" Through the ceiling and the mask of daylight Mrs. McAlpin's eyes seemed to seek the unattainable moon.

"I shall never rest till I know who my people—"

"You must know already that if 'your people' . . ." Under Mrs. McAlpin's accent the girl winced. It was like a reference to stolen goods. Ruth of Aberdeen had laid claim to "people." And she hadn't any. She stood there in the slight pause, flushed, silent, shamed. "I am sorry to hear you mind so much. That will pass, you'll find. But the essence of your situation is that if they—'your people,' as you say—wanted you, you wouldn't be here."

Ruth's eyes shone steady through tears of humiliation: "You don't suppose I want to trouble them. I don't want any mortal thing from them—*except to know!*"

Much of Mrs. McAlpin's success in life lay not only in her disinclination to run her head against a stone wall, but in her power to recognize a stone wall when she came to one.

Ruth's demand was hopeless, but was it unreasonable? Didn't Mrs. McAlpin herself feel the prick of wonder as to what manner of man and woman were responsible for this young life—this young misery? The look in the face before her stirred the woman's old unregenerate rage against those who were responsible—the shirkers. Those cowards who clapped their burdens on the backs of little children and then fled.

It was foolish, pitiable, anything you like, but this otherwise reasonable young creature was actually saying to herself that before she could feel sure to what end her life should be shaped she must, *must* know where it took its beginnings, "—or else, don't you see," she found at last a way to put it, "I sha'n't ever know I'm steering straight—going the way I was born to go."

"There are other ways of finding that out, as you will discover. But meanwhile Miss Gillies tells me you have one or two vague recollections—nothing of any use, she says, but all the same—" Mrs. McAlpin made that out-and-over movement of the wrist that brought up the face of her watch. "I think I'll wait and go through the kitchens this time." She clicked open her bag, took out a letter, and tore off the blank half-sheet. "There"—she threw it on the table—"write out those two or three faint impressions. Write everything you can remember—" She stopped short at the astonishing change in the girl's face. "No, no. Understand, child, that all I expect to be able to do is to convince you as a reasonable being that what you want to know isn't to be found out." She knew she spoke to deaf ears, and turned with a pang from the sight of the face bent over the half-sheet that was all too large for those foundling's "memories," faint and few.

The look pursued Mrs. McAlpin flight after flight to the basement floor. If she had such a daughter! To think that somewhere was perhaps a woman who had the right to call that shining spirit "mine."

Twenty minutes later once again Ruth stood before her, this time in the reception-room down-stairs, holding out the half-sheet. Mrs. McAlpin lifted the eyeglass on the chain and read in Ruth's small, neat hand:

The woman did not speak the truth when she said she had had me since I was a baby. I am sure I lived in a little house with a man and his wife. I played in the street with their children—a boy and a girl. The place was called Birdsigh, or some such name. What I am sure is the people's name was Minnyfah, though that doesn't sound like anybody's name. A tall man came and took me away to a great house with many win-

dows and where bells kept ringing. It was opposite a railway station. I cried. The tall man didn't like it. The next morning we met a woman at the station. She took me away in a train. It wasn't the woman I had been living with who brought me here.

RUTH ABERDEEN.

"Yes, I'm afraid"—the girl replied to the look on her patron's face as though it had been an observation—"I'm afraid it's not a great deal."

"It is practically nothing."

She did not contest this, but her confident eyes troubled Mrs. McAlpin.

"I have told you it's all too vague. Yet to look at you, one might suppose I'd already been able to do something."

"Oh, you have. The difference! To know that some one—you, of all people! —are trying to find my—" she colored suddenly and looked down—"*them*. You'll see, I sha'n't ever forget." She raised her eyes. "Miss Gillies won't be coming with complaints about me any more."

Mrs. McAlpin left the girl at the door with that lifted look.

The scant information was placed in expert hands, and the weeks went by. A final report came from the agency within a few days of the McAlpins' annual visit to Marienbad, "Clues insufficient."

The lady found herself regretting the necessity that took her, on the day before she left Scotland, to that one of the Mary Eleanor Homes which was Ruth's. Only the girl's eyes asked, "News?" And when she was told, "Nothing," the eyes that had questioned turned gently, faithfully back to her task. Plain to see the poor child still hoped all things.

She was doing well, the matron reported. An outbreak of low fever among the children in the head nurse's absence left Ruth practically in charge of the infirmary. "Oh, indefatigable!"

While the McAlpins were at Bagnolles came the staggering calamity of the German declaration of war and invasion of Belgium. Like millions of others, the McAlpins went to sleep one night at peace with all mankind and woke next day to a world in arms. They returned to England to find London swarming with nephews and cousins—their own and other people's—about to leave England, so their relations whispered. An astonishing majority of the civil population fell simultaneously under the spell of a passion for service to the nation—the other side, perhaps, of that shield, voluntary military service. Such an unsolicited outpouring of money and of active private aid the world had not yet seen. To give became the one common need, the unifying passion.

Level-headed people like Mrs. David McAlpin, while performing prodigies of organization in Red Cross and relief work, kept well before them the danger of forgetting sufferers at home, in all this enthusiasm for soldiers in the field and for those piteous refugees out of the desolation that was Belgium.

Hospitals were closing their wards to the civilian sick, and many an antebellum charity fell on evil days.

The Hon. David McAlpin, accompanied by his wife, was on his way back to parliamentary duties in London just after the fall of Antwerp. The huge preoccupation of those days did not minimize Mrs. McAlpin's concern over the plight of a little hospital for destitute women and children at Castleborough. Those unfortunates must not be forgotten because others needed help of the sort that touches the imagination and fires the heart. Mrs. McAlpin arranged to stop over for a night at Castleborough Junction and see what could be done.

Between the porter and her maid the lady picked her way across the tramlines toward the great Station Hotel that took the broadside of the afternoon sun on its flaming panes of glass.

"Many windows."

She smiled at the inconsequence in the trick of memory which brought the phrase to mind. But the thought which had slipped so lightly into her head was not so easily evicted.

"Do you know," she asked the porter, "of any suburb of this place, or any village hereabouts, called Birdsigh?"

"No, m' lady," said the porter.

It was a silly question, she decided, and by way of redressing the balance and planning something practical in the direction of keeping faith with Ruth Aberdeen, Mrs. McAlpin promised her-

self that, however preoccupied in London with other things, she would go to Scotland Yard and make some inquiries in person.

Birdsigh! Birdsigh! The word dinned at her ears. It seemed more this newly conceived errand to the elusive village of Birdsigh than the opening of Parliament that was taking her to town tomorrow.

"Yes, a taxi"; and as she waited for it she put again the question, "Do you know anything of a suburb or a village called Birdsigh?"

No, the commissionaire had never heard of such a place.

The hospital was a long way out. Her business ended, she drove back a different way and yet the same, through those miles of mean streets that made up the manufacturing quarter. She was tired, as her attitude betrayed, leaning forward over folded arms, staring out at the bleak spectacle of the poor tenements in a Northern city. She looked into gray, hopeless faces till she felt her own courage lowered. At last, to shut out the unendurable plight of the children, she closed her eyes, trying to comfort herself with the thought of Mary Eleanor girls, of Ruth—the child who had played in the streets of Birdsigh.

The taxi put on speed. He was driving recklessly, this man. Mrs. McAlpin opened her eyes, put her head out of the window, and hung there for several seconds, looking back. Then, instead of admonishing the man to drive more carefully, "Stop!" she cried, sharply. "Stop! I want to go back to Birdseye Street." The driver slowed. He didn't know any Birdseye Street—there was a Birdseye Lane back there. He said it in a tone that implied "and no place for a fare like mine."

"That's where I'm going," said the lady. "Birdseye Lane!"—a plan at which the very taxi revolted. An explosion of anger sounded from a punctured tire and the drive came to an end. No other taxi in sight. The man promised to send one after the lady to the lane of doubtful renown.

A very long lane and no turning. The woman of sixty who had already put in a strenuous day was wearily conscious of the fact before she reached the *cul de sac* at the end of a double row of little smoke-stained houses.

More and more wearily she went on, looking back now and then for the rescuing taxi. No policeman. No shop where inquiry might be made. Mrs. McAlpin was not, she told herself with the impatience born of weariness, so besotted about Ruth Aberdeen (nor even about justice in general to babies and deserted women—those clients of hers more than ever disregarded in war times) as to go from house to house making the futile inquiry, "Are you by chance the foster-mother of a little girl of five or six taken twelve years ago to the Mary Eleanor Home at . . .?"

She paused out of sheer exhaustion. The children playing here struck her as better cared for, the houses cleaner. Actually a white curtain at the window of one. She opened her purse and called to a boy of ten or twelve. Did he know where to go and telephone for a cab? While she talked the door in the white-curtained house opened, and a short, stout woman with a good-humored face looked out. "Jim!" she called. Jim explained the lady's demand. His mother nodded, "All right. Look sharp—tea's ready." And she stood there.

Tea! It was what Mrs. McAlpin wanted at that moment more even than a taxi. Was there a cook-shop anywhere near by, she asked.

Not near, the woman said. But if the lady liked she could come in here and wait. There was tea, too, just that minute made.

A little room, clean and tidy, and many a worse cup of tea had the seasoned traveler tasted.

They talked about Jim. It was "a good step" to the post-office, and the taxi would come off the rank in the market-place.

"You would be amused," said the lady, looking into the capable, pleasant face, "if you knew what brought me to Birdseye Lane."

"I was just wondering," said the woman, with candor.

"Well, I am looking for traces of a family of some name like Minnyfah who used to live in a place called Birdseye—"

"Minifer? There's Minifers lives

here, too," said the woman, as though jealous for the renown of Birdseye Lane. "The Minifers and my husband's mother has been here longer than anybody in the Lane. Yes'm. The Minifers has two children. The girl works in the factory, and the boy he's gone for a soldier." She got up, saying that grandmother might know if Minifers had ever had a little girl that wasn't theirs. "Granny!"—she opened a door. From where she sat Mrs. McAlpin could see the kitchen beyond, and the kerchiefed head of an old woman knitting by the window. "Did the Minifers ever have a little girl to live with 'em, granny?"

No answer for several moments. The old woman slowly turned her head, and the light glanced across horn spectacles. "Yes, there used to be a little girl—and well paid for keeping her, too!" said the old voice, very deep and hoarse. "Oh, they made a good bit out of it." No, she couldn't remember the child's name. "They made a pretty penny." She didn't grudge it. "They did well by the bairn."

As Mrs. McAlpin crossed the street she was conscious of an air of animation in Birdseye Lane. By that wireless telegraphy which serves the close-knit poor word had gone forth of an unusual Presence. What was the tall lady in gray silk "after"? The Lane-ites stood speculating in their doorways, leaning out of windows. Only at Minifers' no sign of life. Mrs. McAlpin knocked. A sound of sobbing came out as a middle-aged man opened the door—a sturdy workman in corduroys, his red face framed in an aggressive fringe of gray whisker—the veritable Newcastle frill.

"Minifer? Yes. That 'll be my name. No, my missus ain't able to see nobody." Mrs. McAlpin explained the urgent nature of her errand, through the deep, choking sobs from a woman in the front room.

"Only two words with Mrs. Minifer," she begged.

The man broke in. "The missus couldn't tell ye nobbut what I could mysel'. He was a doctor up at the hospital. One o' the nurses told him about us. He brought the little gal here hisself and he came hisself and took her away. A rare foos she made, too, and not a sign since of either of 'em. I never thought well o' the mon for that."

"What was his name?"

"Oh, it was young Dr. Orkney from ooer hospital. But he 'ain't been there this long while."

"There's a well-known doctor in London of that name."

"Oh, belike."

"If only you would tell Mrs. Minifer, maybe she—"

"Na, na, I'll tell her nowt. She's had enough for one while." He looked round uneasily as the crying rose again. "We joost seen our lad go for a soldier. I says to her, 'We mun all do summat.' 'Yes,' says she, 'so I'll be cryin' a spell.'"

The long-awaited taxi, with Jim triumphant on the footboard, came tearing down the street while Minifer gave approximate dates and a not very adequate description. "Oh, aye, a long body he was, an' awfu' solemn. Never liked him mooch mysel'. But the little gal"—his eyes grew kind—"nothin' wrong wi' the little gal. Yes, blue eyes, and a line down her chin. An' after all my missus done—never a worrd from that day to this."

From her London house the next day Mrs. McAlpin telephoned the great Dr. Orkney for an appointment. No easy matter to arrange in the short time before her return to Scotland. But Mrs. McAlpin was quietly emphatic with the secretary at the doctor's end of the line: "A case of unusual urgency, though it need not keep Dr. Orkney long."

Mrs. McAlpin was a personage in London as well as in Scotland. Some readjustments were made, and a little after four on the following day the wife of the well-known Scots magnate was admitted to the waiting-room of the famous Harley Street consultant. He seldom saw patients as late as this, but two young women and a man in khaki uniform with a row of reduced medals across his breast sat near the round table covered with the usual literature. Mrs. McAlpin took up one of the extra war editions of an afternoon paper and glanced at news already no news to one who had scanned the bulletins as she drove through the khaki-dappled streets. Unconsciously her mind wandered to the

women next her—one a girl, the other thirty-odd, talking in half-whispers the commonplace of the day, about somebody "leaving to-morrow for the front."

"I should say a man like your cousin can do the country more good at home." The older woman did not oppose that view. She glowed as she spoke of "him."

"You said he was married?" the young girl pursued.

"Oh, very much!" A laugh, and then: "After all, *she's* a kind of heroine, too, to let him go. Some say she'll never live to see him come back. . . ." Their voices sank.

A white-capped maid opened the door. The talkative lady rose briskly. With an air of being a good deal at home there, she pounced on the maid, "I'm so anxious my friend shouldn't miss seeing the doctor."

The maid shook her head. "As I said, Miss Edith—without an appointment—"

"Yes, yes—but when this is our only chance. And we've waited two hours—"

"I'm sorry, miss." The maid was showing out a soldier.

The conference at the round table went on in whispers. "My cousin—" Mrs. McAlpin looked at the clock and turned her newspaper with an impatient rustle. Fragments of the talk still reached her from time to time as the minutes dragged.

"—none of us dreamed she'd let him go." "Yes, like signing her own death-warrant—" "Why, she's alive to-day only because he wouldn't *let* her die. But when she got it into her head that he must give to the country what he'd been giving to her, a kind of queer rivalry sprang up between them. He determined in that iron way of his to stay and take care of her—oh yes, and of all the rest, too!"—she laughed—"and the whole time *hating* to be stuck here at home. Haven't I seen his face when other men were talking about going to the front—"

"Mrs. McAlpin!"—the white-capped maid was holding open the door.

He stood there in the room across the hall, back to the light, holding out his hand—a man of forty-odd, tall, not thin, but with a look of physical fitness about his compact frame and long, clean-cut face; a brown mustache clipped close to lips that seemed themselves to have been razored into their firm outlines; hair of a darker brown, graying at the temples; eyes that quietly took you in and dropped you out as though your case interested him less than the one preceding and that to follow.

Mrs. McAlpin made no motion to take the outstretched hand. He glanced at her a second time with a quick wink of the small blue-gray eyes, and turned his proffered handshake into an indication of "the patient's chair." Mrs. McAlpin seated herself and opened her bag. He waited.

"How much time do you usually devote to a new patient?"

He stared, settled his fine shoulders back, and with a trace of hauteur, "As long as the diagnosis requires," he said.

"Seldom less, I imagine, than fifteen minutes for a first consultation."

His fixed look seemed to speculate: "Is this a case for my neighbor the alienist?"

"I think," she said, "ten minutes will do for what may be called 'my case.' It is really yours."

She had all his attention now, as she recognized in the wary look bent upon her the crystallizing of that doubt as to her mental condition.

"What is your trouble?" he said, quietly.

"I will tell you what the trouble is, but while I shall not exceed the time"—a downward glance of eye and a turn of the watch on her wrist—"I will tell you in my own way." She spoke briefly of her work for women and girls.

"It is well known." He would have dismissed it. She held him, as she never had held any one before to that particular theme, while she touched with the caustic of her tongue upon the wrong done these foundlings; upon that debt never to be paid in full, heaped up by the merely ignorant, added to by the craven women and criminal men responsible for—she hesitated a second—"for the nameless children we help to bear the irreparable loss of even the poorest home."

Dr. Orkney leaned his elbows on the

arms of his chair, fitted finger-tip to finger-tip, and over the acute angle watched the eccentric great lady.

"An instance—a girl we call Ruth Aberdeen." A few swift sentences placed the girl before him. An echo of that cry of hers vibrated on the quiet professional air, "Help me to find my people!" And then silence.

"Yes?"

"I promised I would try. I have succeeded. At least"—she fixed him—"my impression is I have found the father."

Dr. Orkney bent his head. Was it faint encouragement or perfunctory congratulation?

Out of the gaping bag on her lap Mrs. McAlpin took Ruth's half-sheet of paper and laid it on the writing-table.

His finger-tips still in delicate contact maintained their angle. Only the body leaned closer to the table, bringing under the unemotional eyes Ruth's clear, small writing.

Not a sound. Not a tremor. He might have been reading a prescription. When he came to the end he sat back and laid those fine surgeon's hands of his along the arms of the chair. Were his withers as all unwrung as he gave out? Or was he merely the most astute of men? A feeling to which she was little accustomed seized Mrs. McAlpin. A sense of helpless depression, of defeat. She had leaned on the belief that Orkney was an uncommon name. Now she was sure there were as many families of Orkney as islands: typical Scots families of ten or a dozen children—half of them doctors in the middle-class Scots fashion—one-third, maybe, dead. If responsibility for Ruth lay morally at the door of the Orkney before her, so much the worse for Ruth. This was a man to fight to the last ditch against a repudiated claim.

A mad errand, this. She held out her hand for the half-sheet. "I found Minifer," she said by way of self-justification. "He gave me your name."

"My name?" The voice was level and unjarred.

"Not in full, I admit. They didn't know your Christian name. But they knew—"

"What are you going to do?"

The interruption was neither angry nor alarmed. But it was delivered with a curious flatness of tone that made the woman's pulses beat. No, that wasn't it. The reason her pulses hammered was that the light, falling on the long visage tilted at a different angle, now showed faintly a cleft, the same that was carved more wilfully in the chin of the little foundling far away.

"What am I going to do? *See justice done.*"

"Are you sure?"

"To the best of my power."

"Whatever is just—that you will do?"

Instead of answering she looked at him, and then instinctively turned away from what she saw. Few people are easy under the responsibility of bringing a look like that into human eyes.

"I have a wife up-stairs."

It struck her queerly that he presented the fact to her as a part of *her*, Teresa McAlpin's, problem. Justice, mind you. He rose and went to the window, presenting his profile. He nodded to some one out there. Mrs. McAlpin, looking through the companion window on her side of the writing-table, saw a chauffeur touch his cap. Orkney drew out his watch and wheeled about. He crossed the room at double-quick and opened a door. "One moment."

A young woman entered, wearing glasses—a trim, refined creature. She held a note-book in one hand and pencil ready for note-taking. He made a gesture. "Not that. Go up, will you, and just say I shall be too late. No use to wait any longer."

The young woman hesitated. In a half-whisper she began, apologetically, "You don't think that Mrs. Orkney—your very last day!"

"It can't be helped. She will understand."

"Oh, I'll tell her! But"—the low voice sank under a weight of reproachful wonder—"you won't blame me when I fail. She'll never go without you. Not *to-day*."

He followed her to the door. "Tell her—" He broke off. "Do what you can." He cleared his throat as the young woman went out, and called after her, "If my cousin is still in there—"

"Miss Edith?"

He nodded. "Tell her not to wait. No use." He shut the door. As he passed Mrs. McAlpin, "I am going over to France to-morrow," he said.

"Then I'm only just in time."

"Oh, you're in time," he agreed, bitterly.

She looked away from him with a sense of uneasiness—a dread lest she might be caught sympathizing with this callous shirker.

He sat down and leaned forward: the watch still in his hands dropped between his knees. "My wife," he began, and stopped. "*Is* she my wife?" The eyes, appalled—no doubt about that now—looked up at his visitor. But he went on speaking like one in a passion of haste to have done: "Seventeen years ago I was a student in Edinburgh. I lodged over a tobacco-shop. I ate oatmeal, chiefly, and when I was tired of that and still hungry, I smoked. I worked as only a Scots student will work—*can* work and live. Under my attic was the tobacconist, his two boys, and his stepdaughter." Orkney hesitated. The next words dropped out with a cold bitterness that told the listener more than a storm of obloquy. "The woman was nine years older than I. She used to come. . . . But it was, of course, my own doing. The year before I graduated I married her. The year I got my first hospital appointment at Castleborough she went off with a traveling-salesman. I have never seen her since. I don't know—" He made an upward motion of returning energy like the spent swimmer suddenly discovering strength to catch at a spar. "Perhaps *you* know whether she is dead?"

Mrs. McAlpin tightened her lips.

"It doesn't matter." He settled down again, and his shoulder-line sagged. "She left me with a baby. The old man failed in business, failed in health. The sons took him away to Perth. I don't know what became of them, either. I found a woman near Castleborough Junction to take care of the child." His eyes went back to the paper. "Yes, Birdseye Lane. I didn't use to see the child. I didn't use to see anybody outside the treadmill. Two years later—offer of a hospital in London. Freedom. The great opportunity! What to do about the child. I had been too poor to buy books, instruments. The little I made—it all went in supporting myself and paying for the child. A friend lent me two hundred pounds. I heard of a woman, a decent woman, who was willing to take the child away and bring it up as her own. I took her from the Minifers to the Railway Hotel. Yes"—his look fell on the paper—"of 'many windows'—and stayed the night. I shall never forget—" The gesture of impotence of a man alone, helpless, with a crying child. "The next morning I took her to meet the train from the north. It brought the woman as arranged. I gave her the child and I gave her one hundred and ninety pounds." He stopped for breath.

"And that, you thought, would be the end."

"The end—*of all that?* God!—yes."

"Well, it wasn't the end. It was the beginning, for your daughter. What are you willing to do for her?"

He leaned back and looked straight before him—at nothing. "Anything I may do will be on one condition. You can guess what that is."

"She—your wife—is not to know."

Instead of replying to that he said, in a perfectly commonplace tone, that he was expecting his lawyer that evening. He was ready to deposit a sum—he named it.

His visitor opened her eyes—a sum far in excess of what was needed or desirable for a girl brought up to work.

"—in trust to you," he went on, "for your orphanages. Apply it as you like—on a condition not to be stated in the instrument, but fully understood here and now." The condition was that neither he nor any one belonging to him was ever to be approached on the subject again.

"If only you could see her!"

The man was on his feet. He stood gripping the corner of the table. He would never see her! Never!

"But Ruth—your daughter will want to know whom her money comes from."

"Give her as little or as much as you like. It comes from you." Mrs. McAlpin shook her head. "Or it comes however you like, so she never hears my

name. Either what I offer on the terms I state—or nothing."

When Mrs. McAlpin came in to luncheon the next day she brought the letters off a table in the hall. Over her solitary meal she opened the envelope of legal length and read that Ruth Aberdeen was independent for life. Through invitations and appeals Mrs. McAlpin made her way absent-mindedly till she glanced at the signature of a note in a hand vaguely familiar. How that girl haunted one.

THE HON. MRS. DAVID MCALPIN:

DEAR MADAM,—Matron says I may write to you about the wonderful thing that has happened. I specially wanted to tell you on account of what you promised me. There is no need to trouble about that any more. I haven't a bit of doubt now what I must be doing, and I am very, very happy. One of the old Mary Eleanor girls, Julia Cautley—she says you will remember—well, she is here, ill. She was nursing at a military hospital and a piece of shrapnel blinded her. She has helped matron to arrange for me to go to France. Isn't that very wonderful, dear madam? On Thursday afternoon I shall go over to Paris with one of the lady doctors. Thanking you for everything,

I am your obedient and grateful
RUTH ABERDEEN.

Mrs. McAlpin was the last to leave the train at Folkestone. While others gathered coats and bags and bustled out, she moved quietly to the window, keeping shrewd watch on the faces that went by, and on those few coming up from the carriages in front. Travel in this direction was light. No rush, no crowding. Ruth went by radiant, between two women; never a glance to right or left; forward-looking to that service which had put doubts and questioning to sleep.

"All out!" called out a porter. "Luggage, lady?"

Every one else had moved on toward the landing-stage. Mrs. McAlpin stepped from her compartment with a feeling of intense relief. Either Dr. Orkney had changed his plans or missed his train. As she went toward the booking-office to get her return ticket a fleeting glimpse of a man behind an immense truck-load held the woman fast. The truck moved toward the dock and unmasked two figures—Orkney and another, who might be a young doctor, but was certainly a friend. They followed the luggage, Orkney talking earnestly, his hand on his companion's arm.

Mrs. McAlpin came up with them on the fringe of the group about the gangway. "Just a word—"

Orkney turned with an aggressive sharpness. The younger man stared.

"I tried to telephone," she began, "to catch you before—" James Orkney's look would have intimidated many women. "It is because I *haven't* broken my word," said Mrs. McAlpin, drawing herself up, "that I am here."

He hesitated the fraction of a minute, then thrust a hand in his breast pocket. "Just get this off, will you?" He held out a folded telegraph form. The young man vanished. Orkney stood planted, his inimical eyes on Mrs. McAlpin.

"You have only to wait over for the next boat. Then you won't run a risk" —she nodded toward the ship—"even of brushing shoulders in the crowd with —with—you know whom I mean."

The tight lips parted to demand, "Am I to understand—" Again the look of loathing he had worn the day before when he said: "The end *of all that?* God!—Yes."

Mrs. McAlpin met him squarely: "She is going over to nurse. I heard of the plan half an hour before your train (and hers) left Charing Cross."

His eyes abandoned their angry scrutiny of Mrs. McAlpin. They swept the gangway. They ran along the scantily peopled deck. With a faint jerk of the head, the eyes, the whole figure of the man, settled to a rigid stillness. Mrs. McAlpin knew before she glanced up what vision had fixed such a look on James Orkney's face. No miracle of recognition, either. In days like these many thousands of young women from the Continent sought refuge in England. Few were traveling to France. Ruth Aberdeen was the only girl in sight. Between her two companions she leaned over the rail of the upper deck with more color in her face than any one had ever seen there, frankly excited, very guileless-looking, smiling down upon the world, and making little signs that

seemed to say, "Oh, do look up and see how happy I am!"

What James Orkney saw was a face looking down at him with eyes he knew —the eyes of his young sister who was dead.

Ruth's face smiled and sobered, and still to the pitch of poignancy it wore for him "the family look." No eloquence of tongue, nothing that stands written in any book, may sway the heart as does that elusive quality—the Race Mark in a face. And this is true less of the obvious physical aspect than of its thousand secret connotations. All the world knows the Hapsburg lip, the jaw-line of the Bonapartes; the subtler marks of clanship keep their eloquence for their own. Consciously or not, each family group stands before these symbols as the small company of the learned might before some inscription on a desert ruin. Mere strokes and scratches to you and me. To the few who understand here is the key that unlocks the past.

So, the family look. In the arch of an eye-orbit, the curve of chin, we read the signature of race. Chance imprint, maybe; maybe seal of some struggle so profound as to have set our lips at this particular angle, or through dimming attenuations to perpetuate a gesture born a thousand years ago in joy or in some stark agony of body or of soul.

The family look. The first we remember, the last we shall forget.

She was all Orkney.

All? Quickly as recognition had come, came remembrance. This girl looking down with his dead sister's eyes was the tobacconist's grandchild and daughter of the woman who had poisoned James Orkney's youth.

She was asking something. She turned from one woman to the other, pleading. The elder put a question to a passing official in blue and brass. He looked at Ruth and smiled. She took his permission, flying down the gangway. Orkney's tall figure half turned to beat retreat before her advance, halted as though he had forgotten what he meant to do.

"Oh, please." Ruth was holding out her hands in front of Mrs. McAlpin. "Are you coming, too?"

"No, I am not coming. I am seeing some one off."

"I did so hope you might— No, I don't," she interrupted herself. "I'm glad you'll be safe over here." She dropped her voice. "I never told you in my letter how happy I was."

"Yes, you did."

"Not really. I didn't know then—" the words tumbled over one another, her excitement burning through the old barrier of shyness between her and her benefactress. "They are so kind"—she made a motion toward the women on the deck. "Dr. Janet McBride knew our 'Mary Eleanor' nurse in Paris." She gave the commonplace-sounding information with bated breath. Again that action of reference to the women on deck. "*They've* been telling me, too, about things over there." She stopped short, abashed, as she caught the sharp intensity of the examination bent on her by the gentleman Mrs. McAlpin had been seeing off.

"Don't they tell you," Orkney demanded, sternly, "there are more nurses now in Paris than there's work for?"

Ruth stared from the strange man to her friend. But the girl was forced to come to her own rescue with, "Some think there will soon be more work than nurses."

"It's a craze," he burst out. "Every young woman in the United Kingdom wanting to nurse a wounded hero! Kitchener's had to put down his foot. He says it's far more trouble to keep the women back than to bring on the men."

"Can you wonder?" the girl asked, gravely, "when we hear how our soldiers—" Her voice wavered a little. "Perhaps you haven't heard—" She stopped again, and a wave of pitiful color swept her face. "*We* know. One of our women is over there. The things she's seen—" Ruth bit her lip. But the upward-welling compassion reached her eyes and swam there.

Orkney turned on his heel. That's the last of him, thought Mrs. McAlpin, with relief. But he let the few remaining passengers go by him, and stood looking blindly at the ship.

"There isn't time to tell you," Ruth whispered to her protectress. "But

don't believe him. You see, *he* doesn't know!"

"She says you don't know."

Orkney turned a set face over his shoulder and a look passed between him and Mrs. McAlpin. Something in it roused Ruth like a challenge. "There are more cities than Paris," she said. "And even if they all have more nurses than they need, one thing is sure—there aren't too many of us near the fighting."

"Only people of experience are allowed at the base hospitals," he said.

A quick fear fluttered into the eyes that were the eyes of the girl who was dead. "*I* am experienced." A little motion of her hand prayed Mrs. McAlpin to support the assertion.

"You don't look it," said the stranger, brutally. "They'll send you back."

"Send me back!" she gasped. Why was this man her enemy? "If they won't let me nurse just at first, I can prepare bandages. I can—"

"Anybody can prepare bandages. Plenty of French girls—"

"Then I shall be a stretcher-bearer!"

"Stretcher-bearers must be strong. Men for that."

Was this ruthless stranger trying to get her recalled at the eleventh hour?

He addressed himself again to Mrs. McAlpin. "You shouldn't allow your protégée—" Ruth turned in agitation to the gangway. Her enemy stood there, barring the entrance. She turned to her friend, fighting a terror of apprehension. "I shouldn't like going against your will," she said, pointedly, to the great lady.

"But," Mrs. McAlpin finished the sentence for her, "you'd go!"

The girl's eyes prayed forgiveness. "If you'd heard how they need us." She stopped with a catch in her throat. The man still stood there between Ruth Aberdeen and her goal, as if he—a person she had never seen in her life before—had power to shape her destiny.

"The doctors over there know what the need is," she said to him, trying to keep her voice steady. "Ask any R.A.M.C. man. They'll tell you," she insisted, proudly, "there was never a war before where soldiers were taken such care of; where nurses—doctors, too—ran such risks."

"Doctors, too, eh?"

Oh, terribly hard to move, this man at the gangway. She bit her lip to still its trembling. "Maybe you didn't read in the paper about wanting to prevent our doctors and nurses from running such risks?" Because—she was good enough to explain—at this rate there soon won't be enough. "I don't expect the doctors will pay any attention to that—any more," she added, with her chin in the air, "than the nurses will. When they're—done for, you can see . . . oh, *can't you see* others must be ready!"

There was an odd expression on his face as he took his hands off the gangway rail. Why was he looking at her like that—so—yes, quite gently, as if he were glad to let her pass?

"The steward's been hunting for you, doctor," the young man said over Orkney's shoulder. "Any answer?" He held out a telegram. As Orkney tore open the envelope a voice shouted, "All aboard!" A bell clanged.

Mrs. McAlpin did what she had never done before. She kissed Ruth. "Good-by, child. Let me hear . . ."

The girl clung to her an instant. "A doctor!" she said. "Maybe he'd say a word for me if you—"

Mrs. McAlpin shook her head.

Ruth dropped her hand. "Very well. As soon as we have started I shall ask him myself."

Mrs. McAlpin seemed strangely shocked at the suggestion, "You could do *that?*"

"When I think about our soldiers. . . . Yes!"

Through the clangor of the bell: "Come," said the great surgeon. "We mustn't be left behind—you and I." For a single instant Ruth hung there, choking down her tears. Why didn't they go on and get out of her way?—this surgeon and the lucky young man, so safe and proud with "you and I." She lifted her eyes and met the surgeon's. He was waiting for her. You and I! It echoed still above the clanging bell. He never could have meant—

"Come, child!"

As she passed between the two men, James Orkney's grave gesture introduced the girl while he motioned her on. "One of our nurses," he said.

Steamboating Through Dixie

BY WILLIAM J. AYLWARD

SHE was due to leave on Wednesday, but it was noon on Thursday before the packet *Reese Lee* got under way for Dixie from below the bridge at St. Louis.

A considerable portion of the colored population had gathered to watch her departure, hoping for a possible chance to ship as "rousters," to be taken "down ribber" by a planter to pick cotton, to bid some one good-by, or "jess to pass the time away." They formed a dark cloud on the wharf-boat through which the last few pieces of freight and hurrying passengers made their way, and the group of gipsies on the bank, then breaking camp, came in a straggling picturesque procession of wagons, women and children and horses and dogs and men. Like their brethren of the air, these migratory ones were going south. The whistle sounded a last warning when the swart chief sought the mate. His people were not all there!

The mate was busy, and said he did not give a something whether they were or not. Go see the captain. The captain was also unmoved. They knew when the steamer left, didn't they? Very well, then; they must be on hand or expect to be left behind. He would wait five minutes only!

The precious five minutes went soaring. The chief wrung his hands in agony, and mopped his greasy brow with a soiled bandana.

The big bell tolled, a little bell jingled somewhere below, and the rumbling steam-winch under the deck was bringing the landing-stage home when the despairing man saw a bit of red calico in one of the narrow streets leading to the levee. In a flash he was out on the swinging stage, bowled over a few darkies in a wild leap for the barge, and went up the paved incline, followed by two of his band who seized each a heavily laden female and dragged her, screaming, down the hill through the uproariously amused darkies, and aboard.

In the mean time the steamer was beginning to back out into the river, and by the time she had turned and was headed down-stream beyond reach of the parting yells of the blacks ashore, the tumult on the crowded forecastle had subsided. The men lit their long pipes contentedly, the women soothed the crying children with tomatoes, and the dogs crawled in amid the heaped-up harness under the wagons for a nap, soon to be disturbed by the mate, who was already making preparations to hoist the outfit to the hurricane-deck, there to pitch their messy camp anew.

A heavy, stuffy atmosphere enshrouded the smoky city, in which the beautiful span of Eads Bridge soon disappeared, and, as a coming storm was ready to break, the glad summons of the dinner-bell was doubly welcome, for it gave me an opportunity to meet my fellow-passengers.

There were a surprising number of them, almost filling the two extension-tables which occupied the long saloon. The old river tradition of reserving the after part of the cabin for the women still obtained, and in that portion you still find the better furniture—"tidies," even, and a table with an album of views, and in this instance above the piano the somewhat disquieting motto: "In God We Trust," writ large in gold across the white bulkhead.

It was a motley gathering, and in a slightly embarrassed atmosphere the meal, badly served but of fair quality, was disposed of. We ventured forth, in a toothpick brigade, to watch the breaking storm. We soon saw quite as much as we cared for, for what we went through during the next two hours we afterward learned was the tail of a Kansas cyclone.



THE GIPSY CAMP ON DECK

Thrice the lightning struck the vessel, but without damage save to a bit of gingerbread ornamentation and the gilded acorn at the end of the derrick-boom, but glass suffered considerably.

Then it settled down to breeze up hard and cold from the north, which stopped the rain and drove the heavy clouds wildly against the crags, to tumble over them in ragged shreds. It was our last view of the cliffs, dark and glistening against the wind-torn sky, for by the morrow, when once below the walled city of Cairo, we would enter quite another Mississippi—the vast length called the Lower River, much of which the packet still claims as her own, for no railroad would be so foolhardy as to lay a parallel track within miles of its treacherous, ever-changing banks.

It is here the packet proves her remarkable adaptability to conditions primitive in the extreme; and at landings often no better equipped for the handling of freight than they were in the time of Marquette and La Salle, the boat will put her stem in the mud, run a single line ashore, and have the cargo going out or coming aboard almost before she takes up the slack on her mooring. We were soon at it.

In foul weather the procedure was more laborious. Planks had to be laid in the slimy ooze, cinders shoveled out by the ton, and sometimes a rude flight of steps cut in the bank with mattock and spade before a piece of freight could be moved. And even after these preparations eleven men were sometimes needed to get a barrel of salt up to the rude shanty called the "wayhouse."

And so the freight came and went till it seemed that in the four-hundred-mile trip to Memphis the steamer must have been loaded and discharged several times, stowing away meanwhile huge cotton bales by the thousand consigned to the great center of the South's snowy product. And such cargoes! With the cotton came seed in sacks, canned goods in boxes, and cabbages in crates—kegs,



THE ROUSTABOUTS HAVE THEIR HOURS OF IDLENESS

barrels, and hogsheads of everything from nails to molasses.

There was live stock, too; and in the corral called the "bull-pen" the gipsy ponies were in time joined by a "contraptious mewel," who, stubbornly refusing to come aboard, was carried aloft in chain-bars on the shoulders of four men.

It was, however, mainly a cotton trip, for the season was on in Memphis. Every hamlet had its hundreds of bales waiting on top of the bank; every backwoods plantation its dozens to send to the South's great mart; and "rollin' cotton" came to have a new meaning. Now and then a huge rain-soaked bale weighing almost half a ton broke free and with the speed of a projectile in its mad race down-hill bowled over a couple of roustabouts, who barely escaped being crushed against other bales by prompt and energetic footwork. Such performances were hailed with glee by the local population on the bank, and if the awkward burden finally plunged with a prodigious splash into the river there was a hilarious burst of applause indeed.

At his day's work—which may last twenty-four hours—we had a chance to study that interesting specimen, the negro "roustabout." Singularly adapted to the traffic, he is apparently as inseparable from the Mississippi River packet as her filigree chimneys, and no foreign competitor has ever been able to oust him from his monopoly. For the work, though hard, is intermittent, and for every spell of work there is also a spell of complete idleness, since the roustabout does nothing but handle cargo. It is perhaps for this reason that no foreign competition has been able to supplant him. It has been tried, but the most powerful European laborer breaks down under the strain of irregular hours, heavy toil, exposure, and heat.

Among the fifty roustabouts there

were some odd types. Some were of simple nature, others sullen and always brooding seemingly on fancied wrongs; there were jolly ones who danced a shuffle coming down the springy stage, and quarrelsome others continually uttering dark threats. There were big darkies with little heads, little darkies with big heads; giants to whom the heavy work seemed child's play, and puny specimens surprisingly strong. Two had only one arm each, while the gang-boss had a wooden leg.

"Come on hyah you boll-weavil!" he sings out. "Git along wi' that go-lightly stuff!"

"All right, boss; I'm a skippin' hurry!"

"You bettah skin hurry!" he roars back. "Whar you think you is—on the dancin' flo'?"

When one grumbles about his "favoritin'" somebody, the boss bawls:

"What you mean, niggah? I don' favorite ma own bruddah! Go 'long outen heah wi' that bundle o' rakes what a pickaninny would laugh at."

But most of the vocabulary of the rousters is largely unintelligible to an outsider. They say every captain and mate on the river has his lower-deck title, and among themselves there were such choice nicknames as "Red-Eye," "Long-Bone," "Rum-Dick," "Sugar-Lips," "Tar-Heels," "Go-Lightly," and "Preacher."

I was puzzled for a time about "Preacher," who did not remotely suggest his title, for he was a small, wiry man clad only in ragged overalls. Around his neck was a soiled bandana, and on his great feet prodigious shoes. A shapeless cap completed his outfit. But "Preacher" was a jewel, and, once discovered, I kept my eye on him and my ears open, for he was an old-time shanty-man of the rare breed who improvise as they go along, and from whom it is said the deep-water sailor, while loading cotton at New Orleans, has borrowed much of the material which he has since worked up into ditties of the sea.

Much of "Preacher's" theme was lost in the hold, or in a wavering chant vanished over the top of the bank into the "wayhouse," but it usually went something like this:

O Lawd hab mercy on sinful Sam
Who hab transgressed dy law,



GETTING THE FREIGHT ABOARD

followed with a more or less detailed account of the backslider's slips, while the unregenerate in question would bellow in return, in the same formless camp-meeting air, and with apparent indifference. To this musical tirade they would all keep time with shuffling feet while the cargo came and went with occasional vigorous encouragement from the mate.

Nor did "Preacher" confine his shafts to his companions in toil but in a generous way lampooned the people on the bank, the passengers hanging over the railing, and, more guardedly, the steamer, the captain, and even the mate. This was done in such a way that nothing offensive was overheard, but the roars of African laughter in the hold sometimes told us that a particularly sharp barb of "Preacher's" had gone home.

The next most interesting personage on board the packet was the mate. In prose and poetry the Mississippi mate has been a twin brother to the Bucko of the sea, and I rather hoped to see one in the flesh somewhere on the river, but was disappointed. Our chief mate, a burly Swiss named Smith, handled the "work-dodging varmints" under him with great skill, without brutality and with only an occasional resort to river vernacular—the strong kind which the roustabouts understand. But then Mr. Smith saw the humor in the darky and was not above lending a hand himself in a pinch, and he did not carry a club while on watch, as the second mate did.

A typical instance of his methods occurred at one of the many night landings when he took occasion to count his gang and found it one short. A quiet search failed to reveal the malingerer, and the next day we overheard this harangue:

"You niggahs think yo' smart when you put one over on me, but my turn comes, too, en' if I didn't *say* anything last night at Hickman, I put a certain niggah's name down in mah little book. En' one o' these days when I'm shippin' a crew he'll be standin' theah on the wharf-boat, wet en' cold en' hungry, a-reachin' out for a ticket, but I won't *see* him."

Of course we knew that this was "bunk," and that if the mate found that rapscallion, or knew who he was, he would have dragged him by the neck from his warm, cozy retreat on top of the cargo near the chimneys, and would have chased him up the hill for the heaviest piece of freight he could find. But his scheme seemed to work well, for there was no more trouble of that kind during the rest of the trip.

At last we came to ancient New Madrid. It was the afternoon of market-day, and in the breezy sunshine, following a night and morning of heavy rain, the flying clouds soared high overhead above the saddled horses, which still stood in a long, patient row tethered to the awning-poles along the edge of the sidewalk in Main Street.

At the end of the wide street the cotton bolls bob excitedly in the wind, for all the world like a myriad of rabbits scurrying in mad fright across a green field; and close at hand, under a tree in the yard adjoining his shop, a blacksmith is hammering away at the heavily boxed wheels of a huge lumber-cart. Farther on, rocking comfortably on rickety porches, colored mammies in bandana headgear remove their corn-cob pipes to say, "Mawnin', Mistah Johnsing," to that elderly gentleman who hobbles along leaning on an umbrella-handle, and politely doffs his tall and battered tile, mops his shiny ebon head with a red handkerchief taken from the little fruit-basket on his arm, as he pauses to barter the gossip of the day. All is peace and seeming content, although a distant war has laid a heavy hand on the fortunes of the people and their crop is a drug in the market.

Farther on, a rather pretty young woman who has overlooked a bit of darning is being handed into the body of a springless farm wagon, where she sits in a splint-bottom kitchen chair to receive two babies handed up to her by her youthful husband in store clothes. She is joined by an older woman who "sets" in another "cheer," also to receive a child in her lap. The young father clambers up beside father-in-law, who, in a hickory shirt, sits on the board serving as a driver's seat. The mules are awakened with a whack, and the caravan moves on toward the open country to trek afar over the soft roads



A FLOATING-THEATER PERFORMANCE

and to arrive by nightfall, perhaps, at some tiny plantation in the distant hills.

Through beautiful leafy back lanes, where cows stray and old mansions sag in grassy yards, past others in yet more evil days which harbor paying guests who apparently do not pay, I made my way to the steamer, and I shall always carry a pleasant picture of New Madrid, of lineage so ancient and of sites so many that she scarce remembers on which bank of the river she originally stood.

By this time we were well into the South, and our ship's company fairly well acquainted. The jolly brewer from Chicago traveling with his son was intensely interested in icing-plants; the mining-engineer from Montana never overlooked anything in hoisting-gears or conveyers; the man from Jersey kept up his search for a cotton-gin in action; while the most pleasantly interesting chap aboard showed an uncanny interest in graveyards.

One day our graveyard enthusiast was inspired to ask the mining-engineer opposite if they were bothered much with the Mormons out in Montana. His charming wife blushed a bit and laughed as she announced that they themselves were Mormons. I felt it an opportune moment to facetiously remark to my neighbor that he should have attended the convention of cemetery superintendents held in St. Louis during my stay there. He said he had. Just then the *Reese Lee* gave the two long blasts and three sharp toots which announced to adjacent counties that a Lee Line steamer bound down-river was about to make a landing; and when the tumult subsided the lady from Memphis remarked sadly that it was a shame "the steam they wasted on them little landin's." It was not wasted that time.

The planters were a disappointing lot. Not one wore a goatee and frock-coat, slouch-hat and Congressional tie, although most of them displayed some portion of this costume. Some wore no tie at all and no collar to speak of, and they were for ever talking about their "niggahs" and of how many had



THE FLOATING LAUNDRY

escaped during the night. This topic was varied with discussions of the advantage of overflow *versus* hillside land for cotton.

Each morning their prospective dusky cotton-pickers sprawled over the cargo in gradually diminishing numbers. Wild and foolish were the excuses given for getting ashore past the watchman, and indicative of their simple natures. One would have the "misery powerful bad, and had to see a doctah"; another "had a friend heah who would be hurted" did he fail to make a call while passing; another would have a message to deliver; but the clever ones, watching their chance when a back was turned, would grab a small piece of freight and, joining the procession of roustabouts, clamber up the hill and disappear, as novelists say, into the night.

The poor beggars had small comfort, packed in with the freight or in that horrible den called the monkey-deck, a sort of raised open platform of boiler-iron just abaft the engine-room with its hissing steam, noisy machinery, and jangling bells on the one side, and on the other the thundering cascade of tons of water being violently hurled against the resounding iron by the paddle-wheel a few feet away. Altogether it was a place about as reposeful as a boiler-shop in action, but sleeping men, women, and children sprawled about the unclean iron deck amid the remains of fruit and vegetables and empty gin-bottles, and the single lamp—a mere globule of light in the steamy vapor—revealed the utter cheerlessness of it.

As a distinction due their lighter complexions, the poor whites traveling on the deck were allowed the scant privilege of the engine-room, and here, stowed in odd out-of-the-way corners, they looked unhappy enough.

Making my way forward through the narrow, noiseless alley formed by the cotton-bales just flush with the ponies' ears, I paused and watched through the open side the river, somber in the stillness of the night; and the dark-wooded little islets that now and then cut across the slender trail of moonlight that wavered tenderly over the water.

As I was enjoying the peace and quiet of the river wrapped in the mystery of a setting moon, a negro appeared at the other end of the alleyway from the general direction of the colored man's bar. Taking one look out at the moonlight, he came down the smooth, soft path of cotton in a noiseless shuffle, and, with swaying body and swinging arms all timed perfectly in rhythm with the engine's throbbing beat and the swish of the water, sang, in a wavering falsetto, his suddenly inspired impromptu:

"Oh—awa'—ay yondah is an i-i-land!
Oh, yah—de moon is on de ribber,
An we gwine—a-glidin' by!
Ole cotton's gwine a—glidin' by!"

It was "Preacher," and his primitive brain, touched by a dash of gin, had pictured it all better than I, who futilely sought the significance of it all.

I wish I could remember the rest of his song about the cotton "an' de coon, de ribber an' de moon, an' islands a-glidin' by!" But it was genuinely felt, and a bit of the real Mississippi by one of the old river's own untaught bards.

We awoke one gray dawn to find the steamer secured beside acres and acres of cotton-bales stuck here and there with colored burgees limp in the dewy air; and behind them, in silhouetted mass, the gray towers and sky-scrapers of a city. We were in Memphis.

With its well-kept streets and splendid buildings, Memphis has not only a modern, but a metropolitan air. Also it is the only place on the river that has a public building on the bank, and while the post-office and library are not pretentious pieces of architecture, still the sight of them there was a relief after the usual heterogeneous row of gin-mills and boat-stores always to be found near the water's edge.

But like every town and city in the valley, all water-front improvements end at the top of the roughly paved stone area called the levee on which the steamers dump their freight. Here the usual disorder and confusion of cargoes obtains, with the same row of shabby wharf-boats for a background, and apparently the same swearing mates and toiling stevedores, the same darky and balky mule having the same unending argument about "gittin' up dat dar hill."

What such conditions have cost in extra cartage and knee-sprung stock it is impossible to guess. Millions, easily, during the course of years. Perhaps the end is in sight, and gasolene will eventually solve the problem of reaching an ever-changing level. Certainly the military-looking truck that followed the mule "toting" a dozen or so bales seemed efficient enough.

This was bound, I was told, for the Memphis Terminal, where I found a vast acreage covered with a myriad of low, concrete sheds, inclosed in a walled



THE LEVEE WORKERS CAMP

space and containing perhaps more cotton than any other single spot in the world. In every direction, through every door of every shed, every vista was of cotton-bales! There were negroes opening bales and storing bales; white men examining bales, and huge machines compressing them, while on a singular overhead trolley-like contrivance a long procession of them came dangling along, merrily hauled by a single mule, who will draw, they say, one hundred in a single tow to any part of the vast depot. Here was efficiency indeed—efficiency typified by the ease with which the huge compress and its crew of singing negroes reduced a big bale for foreign shipment into a compact bundle not much larger than a barrel, and so quickly that it was back in its place of storage, rebound and relabeled, within a scant two minutes.

I wandered in amid the cotton where it was being loaded into cars, or where a keen young Southerner singled out a bale containing a guilty "wet-pack," and sat chewing tobacco while it was opened and its shame disclosed—"rank as a rotting potato in a damp cellah, suh!"

"Easy enough to find 'em with a little practice," he said—"by sticking this hook in and giving it a twist. But the best rule is 'follow yo' nose,' suh! Penitentiary offense it is, too; but yo' can't prove it intentional, as a drop o' water from a gin may start one, though it's generally due to carelessness an' ginnin' in wet weathah. It's a cinch we get 'em, though, and theyahs a charge for opening and rebailing besides regrading."

I wandered back through the mile or so of bales standing solemnly in neat groups and clustered about the cement columns whose numbers registered their positions in the ledger—a great solitude of quiet, and only here and there a soft-spoken Southerner or an ancient negro or two sorting over cotton, and maybe a bespectacled mammy mending jute.

Below Memphis the river meanders through a flat land with but three elevations, and a city on each—Natchez, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge; and here the river performs the deeds for which it is famous.

From the pilot-house of the *Percy Swain* I watched it as in making our way south we steered north and stemmed the current (in a great eddy) going down-stream. The states of Louisiana and Mississippi changed places, and were respectively to port and starboard rather than to right and left as they should be. But nothing was strange in a land where the sun was to all appearances in the northeast at four in the afternoon.

It was a region big in scale and feeling, and seemingly devoid of human habitation or buildings of any sort. At a landing there would often be nothing in sight save a colored boy, with a mule attached by a frayed harness of rope to a grass sled, who would receive a thin bag of mail and perhaps a keg of nails. Then more wilderness of dark timber in patches, and sand-bars grown into islands that measured their golden lengths by miles under a limitless sky that covered a hopeless solitude—a solitude seemingly emphasized at long intervals by the sight of a stray skiff, tiny in the great waters, a power-boat "timber cruising," or, silhouetted against the sky, a long string of oxen dragging a log.

And through it all the *Percy Swain* goes plowing along the banks where sometimes a road ends abruptly in the air; and then, skidding across a glassy reach, with a friendly crane showing the way, Pilot Billy Read yarned about logging and rafting timber, piloting and ante-bellum days.

Then came evening and the night to awaken in charming old Natchez with its traditions of an ancient régime of wealth in the dimmed splendor of stately mansions and vast estates; of pleasant brick-paved streets, colonial spires, and round-topped belfries tucked in amid great masses of dark, sheltering foliage; of shady walks and balconies overclung with flowering vines where gentle-voiced women attend the caroling birds in the bright morning sunshine.

And then Vicksburg, with its eighteen thousand graves of Northern men, eloquent of strife as the black cannon that still peer here and there darkly from the wooded heights. It is well-nigh impossible to realize the former importance of



Painting by W. J. Aylward

A VAST TIDE OF COTTON IN COUNTLESS BALES MOVES SOUTH

the place now so far back from the river it once guarded so stubbornly.

Here the "New Era Floating Theater Company" was rehearsing and fitting out for a winter season among the riverside towns and big plantations that border on the bayous of Louisiana. It seemed a prosperous enough establishment, with a tiny show-house superimposed upon a scow having as consort a trim little packet of a towboat which, besides moving it from place to place, furnished quarters for the troupe, who lived aboard it as a large family.

This arrangement has many advantages over the shore way of doing things, I was told, for an actor can make-up and dress for the part in his state-room, and just in time for his first cue step aboard the theater and on the stage as a hero or villain fully arrayed.

From all accounts it is a picturesque life not without incident, and offering opportunity galore for him who would hunt and fish as well as strut the boards. And it is said that among those who have in this way begun a career that carried them into the higher levels of their art—"on the circuit"—there always remains a love of the old life and a longing for its careless freedom in roving over quiet backwaters where audiences are easily amused and existence is a simple thing.

It is an interesting phase of Mississippi life—the really vast scattered population that makes its home upon either the river or its tributaries, referred to contemptuously in many terms more or less profane by shore folk and steamboat men, but among themselves always as "River People." By this is not meant the men who follow the river as a sailor follows the sea, or the people along its banks who fish, run a ferry, dig clams, or rent boats, although one may do all these things and still lay claim to the title. One must make his home permanently, winter and summer, in season and out, afloat on the waters.

Such a home may be a well-built tidy cabin on a water-tight scow with children playing about, and flowering plants trailing from neat railings. It may be moored off its own garden-patch and pile of driftwood as big as the main outfit, or it may be no more than a leaky skiff drifting slowly on a sluggish current with nothing between its lonely occupant and starvation but some rotting old gear with which to fish the muddy waters.

It depends on whether he be merchant, medicine-man, dentist, or actor, carpenter, tinker, or gunsmith, listlessly pursuing his chosen vocation afloat. He may spend his summers on the Upper River, and drift a thousand miles or so to a milder clime while the leaves are changing color; he may work ashore occasionally to provide his medicine-chest with quinine and his locker with tobacco and coffee; he may be of any color, of any nationality, of any creed or none; honest man or thief, mill-hand with children in school, a hopeless tramp seeking quiet pastoral nooks, or an arrant rogue pilfering as he goes, and preferring the more fruitful neighborhood of large towns. It is the last-named class that has given the whole a perhaps undeserved reputation, that has caused states to attempt to legislate them out of existence and towns to bar them from their water-fronts.

But in spite of this open hostility, at times almost approaching persecution, they persist; and instead of diminishing in number, they are increasing till their total number, it is claimed, runs well into the tens of thousands. For the call of the river always has its answering recruits, and once under its subtle spell they never leave it.

One cannot but admit the undeniable charm of a life of perfect freedom, drifting as fancy dictates from place to place; but the price is high and each must pay. The sallow complexions, an air of lassitude, the misshapen figures of men prematurely old racked with rheumatism, malaria, and all the chills and fevers that in the river vernacular come under the general head of "the shakes"—these are a part of the price of their lethal existence. And as one sees few really aged folks among them, an early grave is probably part of the reckoning.

Living, as they do, a sort of outlaw life beyond the jurisdiction of bordering states, they have for their protection a code of their own, and this, if somewhat crude in its method, is well-nigh perfect in its effect. So much so that among themselves there is a no-

ticeable reticence, while the casual stranger is apt to be viewed with open suspicion. One of them, after listening to a few comments by me on the weather and some commonplaces concerning the efficacy of anti-fouling paint, shot forth, "Say, mister, be you one of them uplifters?" Careful assurances that such was not the case failed to allay his fears of the uplift, and further conversation languished.

Finally we enter another Mississippi—a river broad and deep, with docked banks and steam-ferries, where great, smoking steamers swing suddenly aloft from steel derrick-booms cotton-bales chained in bundles to lower them swiftly into capacious holds; or, rusty and sea-stained, huge ocean tramps loom high above the shining waters at anchor in midstream. And foreign house-flags flapping from tall masts, and the noisy lads chipping iron-rust from resounding sides, all announce that we have left the gentler river ports behind and have come under the dominion of the still distant sea, and this is New Orleans.

Looking back over the winding course of a stream which cross-cuts the country from north to south and flows past ten states I was reminded strangely of a shoe seen on exhibition somewhere years ago, and which, being glued to a last, had been sawed cleanly in half, disclosing in frank intimacy the inner secrets of its making. Heel and sole, vamp, upper, lining, nails, even stitches and eyelets, were there plainly open to view in half-section, proving beyond doubt that, if it were not made for the purpose, "the goods were exactly as represented," and the maker an honest Jew indeed.

It is something of this view one gets of the interior in a month's trip on the Mississippi. Though you are told here and there impressively that this spot is called the "Venice of America" and another "Heidelberg," while still another is the very prototype of Paris, you are never for a moment deluded into thinking you are anywhere but in your own land.

You may doubt it for a moment or two on a balmy evening in the plaza at New Orleans with the intoxicating fragrance of tropic flowers about you, and on the soft breeze an alluring hint of distant lagoon and bayou, when the moonlight falls just right on the cathedral towers and, wrapped in shadow, the old balconied buildings dream of bygone days when centuries ago picturesque figures—Spanish, English, and French—strutted and fought and died on this spot. Then when the tinkly bells tell the whispering palms below that it is nine o'clock, and a soft-spoken steamer somewhere out in the river remarks to another that, "By your leave I'll pass to port"—and the polite craft answers with its drawling "All-ri-ght"—at such a time I say you are ready to believe yourself anywhere. But just then an open trolley dashes across a side-street, flaring into glaring relief on the purple night a crowd of sight-seers as blatantly native as its own raucous bell, and you know exactly where you are.

There are many places in the valley with a strong foreign flavor. But it is only a flavor, with real America apparent enough beneath; and from the snow-headed heir of a lumberman Swede practising on a pair of home-made skis in Minnesota, to the tar-baby of a plantation hand in St. Catherine's Parish, Louisiana, playing steamboat in a puddle back of the levee, it is all patently the same land, the same people. And should the St. Boniface Verein of La Crosse, Wisconsin, fall in to the tap of the drum to march in grand regalia to the railroad station, it is but to entrain there with their admiring women folk and babies for a pleasant day in the country. And though Jean François fights each day (in a New Orleans café) the glorious victory of the Marne, he is on the best of terms with his neighbor, Scharmberg, and may drop in with him on his way home at Mike's place, where, draped around a huge golden harp back of the bar, are the modest emblems of the Allies. And of such is the ancient empire of New France claimed for his king by the great La Salle so many years ago with many salvos of musketry and "by virtue of a feeble human voice inaudible at half a mile."

Somebody's Mother

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE figure of a woman sat crouched forward on one of the lowermost steps of the brownstone dwelling which was keeping a domestic tradition in a street mostly gone to shops and small restaurants and local express-offices. The house was black behind its closed shutters, and the woman remained sitting there because no one could have come out of its door for a year past to hunt her away. The neighborhood policeman faltered in going by, and then he kept on. The three people who came out of the large, old-fashioned hotel, half a block off, on their way for dinner to a French *table d'hôte* which they had heard of, stopped and looked at the woman. They were a father and his son and daughter, and it was something like a family instinct that controlled them, in their pause before the woman crouching on the steps.

It was the early dusk of a December day, and the day was very cold. "She seems to be sick or something," the father vaguely surmised. "Or asleep."

The three looked at the woman, but they did nothing for a moment. They would rather have gone on, but they waited to see if anything would happen to release them from the spell that they seemed to have laid upon themselves. They were conditional New-Yorkers of long sojourn, and it was from no apparent motive that the son wore evening dress, which his unbuttoned overcoat discovered, and an opera-hat. He would not have dressed so for that problematical French *table d'hôte;* probably he was going on later to some society affair. He now put in effect the father's impulse to go closer and look at the woman.

"She seems to be asleep," he reported.

"Shouldn't you think she would take cold? She will get her death there. Oughtn't we to do something?" the daughter asked, but she left it to the father, and he said:

"Probably somebody will come by."

"That we could leave her to?" the daughter pursued.

"We could do that without waiting," the son commented.

"Well, yes," the father assented; but they did not go on. They waited, helplessly, and then somebody came by. It was a young girl, not very definite in the dusk, except that she was unmistakably of the working class; she was simply dressed, though with the New York instinct for clothes. Their having stopped there seemed to stay her involuntarily, and after a glance in the direction of their gaze, she asked the daughter.

"Is she sick, do you think?"

"We don't know what's the matter. But she oughtn't to stay there."

Something velvety in the girl's voice had made its racial quality sensible to the ear; as she went up to the crouching woman and bent forward over her and then turned to them, a street lamp threw its light on her face, and they saw that she was a light shade of colored girl.

"She seems to be sleeping."

"Perhaps," the son began, "she's not quite—" But he did not go on.

The girl looked round at the others and said, "She must be somebody's mother!"

The others all felt abashed in their several sorts and degrees, but in their several sorts and degrees they all decided that there was something romantic, sentimental, theatrical in the girl's words, like something out of some cheap story-paper story.

The father wondered if that kind of thing was current among that kind of people. He had a sort of æsthetic pleasure in the character and condition expressed by the words.

"Well, yes," he said, "if she has children, or has had." The girl looked at

him uncertainly, and then he added, "But, of course—"

The son went up to the woman again, and asked: "Aren't you well? Can we do anything for you? It won't do to stay here, you know." The woman made only a low murmur, and he said to his sister, "Suppose we get her up."

His sister did not come forward promptly, and the colored girl said, "I'll help you."

She took one arm of the woman and the son took the other, and they lifted her, without her connivance, to her feet and kept her on them. Then they walked her down the steps. On the level below she showed taller than either of them; she was bundled up in different incoherent wraps; her head was muffled, and she wore a battered bonnet at an involuntary slant.

"I don't know exactly what we shall do with her," the son said.

"We ought to get her home somehow," the daughter said.

The father proposed nothing, but the colored girl said, "If we keep walking her along, we'll come to a policeman and we can—"

A hoarse rumble of protest came from the muffled head of the woman, and the girl put her ear closer. "Want to go home? Well, the policeman will take you. We don't know where you live, and we haven't the time."

The woman seemed to have nothing to say further, and they began walking her westward; the colored girl supported her on one hand and the son, in his evening dress and opera-hat, on the other.

The daughter followed in a vague anxiety, but the father went along, enjoying the anomaly, and happy in his relish of that phrase, "She must be somebody's mother." It now sounded to him like a catch from one of those New York songs, popular in the order of life where the mother represents what is best and holiest. He recalled a vaudeville ballad with the refrain of "A Boy's best Friend is his Mother," which, when he heard it in a vaudeville theater, threatened the gallery floor under the applauding feet of the frenzied audience. Probably this colored girl belonged to that order of life; he wished he could know her social circumstance and what her outlook on the greater world might be. She seemed a kind creature, poor thing, and he respected her. "Somebody's mother"—he liked that.

They all walked westward, aimlessly, except that the *table d'hôte* where they had meant to dine was in that direction; they had heard of it as an amusingly harmless French place, and they were fond of such mild adventures.

The old woman contributed nothing to the definition of their progress. She stumbled and mumbled along, but between Seventh Avenue and Eighth she stubbornly arrested her guardians. "She says"—the colored girl translated some obscure avowal across her back—"she says she wants to go home, and she lives up in Harlem."

"Oh well, that's good," the father said, with an optimistic amiability. "We'd better help walk her across to Ninth Avenue and put her on a car, and tell the conductor where to let her off."

He was not helping walk her himself, but he enjoyed his son's doing it in evening dress and opera-hat, with that kind colored girl on the other side of the mother; the composition was agreeably droll. The daughter did not like it, and she cherished the ideal of a passing policeman to take the old woman in charge.

No policeman passed, though great numbers of other people met them without apparently finding anything noticeable in the spectacle which their group presented. Among the crowds going and coming on the avenues which they crossed scarcely any turned to look at them, or was moved by the sense of anything odd in them.

The old woman herself did nothing to attract public notice till they were midway between Seventh and Eighth avenues. She mumbled something from time to time which the colored girl interpreted to the rest as her continued wish to go home. She was now clearer about her street and number. The girl, as if after question of her own generous spirit, said she did not see how *she* could go with her; she was expected at home herself.

"Oh, you won't have to go with her; we'll just put her aboard the Ninth Avenue car," the father encouraged her. He would have encouraged any one; he was enjoying the whole affair.

At a certain moment, for no apparent reason, the mother decided to sit down on a door-step. It proved to be the door-step of a house where from time to time colored people—sometimes of one sex, sometimes of another—went in or came out. The door seemed to open directly into a large room where dancing and dining were going on concurrently. At a long table colored people sat eating, and behind their chairs on both sides of the room and at the ends of the table colored couples were waltzing.

The effect was the more curious because, except for some almost inaudible music, the scene passed in silence. Those who were eating were not visibly incommoded by those revolving at their backs; the waltzers turned softly round and round, untempted by the table now before them, now behind them. When some of the diners or dancers came out, they stumbled over the old woman on the door-step without minding or stopping to inquire. Those outside, when they went in, fell over her with like equanimity and joined the strange company within.

The father murmured to himself the lines:

> "Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody—"

with a remote trouble of mind because the words were at once so fitting and yet so imperfectly applicable. The son and daughter exchanged a silent wonder as long as they could bear it; then the daughter asked the colored girl:

"What is it?"

"It's a boarding-house," the girl answered, simply.

"Oh," the daughter said.

Sounds of more decided character than before now came from the figure on the door-step.

"She seems to be saying something," the daughter suggested in general terms. "What is she saying?" she asked the colored girl.

The girl stooped over and listened. Then she answered, "She's swearing."

"Swearing? What about? Whom is she swearing at?"

"At me, I reckon. She says, why don't I take her home."

"Well, why doesn't she get up, then?"

"She says she won't."

"We can't carry her to the car," the daughter noted.

"Oh, why not?" the father merrily demanded.

The daughter turned to her brother. They were both very respectful to their father, but the son agreed with his sister when she said: "Papa would joke about anything. But this has passed a joke. We must get this old thing up and start her off."

Upon experiment they could not get the old thing up, even with the help of the kind colored girl. They had to let her be, and the colored girl reported, after stooping over her again, "She says she can't walk."

"She walked here well enough," the daughter said.

"Not very well," the father amended.

His daughter did not notice him. She said to her brother: "Well, now you must go and find a policeman. It's strange none has gone by."

It was also strange that still their group remained without attracting the notice of the passers. Nobody stopped to speak or even stare; perhaps the phenomena of that boarding-house had ceased to have surprises for the public of the neighborhood, and they in their momentary relation to it would naturally be without interest.

The brother went away, leaving his sister with their father and that kind colored creature in charge of the old woman, now more and more quiescent on the door-step; she had ceased to swear, or even to speak. The brother came back after a time that seemed long, and said that he could not find a policeman anywhere, and at the same moment, as if the officer had been following at his heels, a policeman crossed the street from just behind him.

The daughter ran after him, and asked if he would not come and look at the old woman who had so steadfastly remained in their charge, and she rapidly explained.

"Sure, lady," the policeman said, and

he turned from crossing the street and went up to the old woman. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and his touch seemed magical. "What's the matter? Can't you stand up?" She stood up as if at something familiar in the voice of authority. "Where do you live?" She gave an address altogether different from that she had given before—a place on the next avenue, within a block or two. "You'd better go home. You can walk, can't you?"

"I can walk well enough," she answered in a tone of vexation, and she made her word good by walking quite actively away in the direction she had given.

The kind colored girl became a part of the prevalent dark after refusing the thanks of the others. The daughter then fervently offered them to the policeman.

"That's all right, lady," he said, and the incident had closed except for her emotion at seeing him enter a police-station precisely across the street, where they could have got a dozen policemen in a moment.

"Well," the father said, "we might as well go to our French *table d'hôte* now."

"Oh," the son said, as if that reminded him, "the place seems to be shut."

"Well, then, we might as well go back to the hotel," the father decided. "I dare say we shall do quite as well there."

On the way the young people laughed over the affair and their escape from it, especially at the strange appearance and disappearance of the kind colored girl, with her tag of sentiment, and at the instant compliance of the old woman with the suggestion of the policeman.

The father followed, turning the matter over in his mind. Did mere motherhood hallow that old thing to the colored girl and her sort and condition? Was there a superstition of motherhood among such people which would endear this disreputable old thing to their affection and reverence? Did such people hold mothers in tenderer regard than people of larger means? Would a mother in distress or merely embarrassment instantly appeal to their better nature as a case of want or sickness in the neighborhood always appealed to their compassion? Would her family now welcome the old thing home from her aberration more fondly than the friends of one who had arrived in a carriage among them in a good street? But, after all, how little one knew of other people! How little one knew of one's self, for that matter! How next to nothing one knew of Somebody's Mother! It did not necessarily follow from anything they knew of her that she was a mother at all. Her motherhood might be the mere figment of that kind colored girl's emotional fancy. She might be Nobody's Mother.

When it came to this the father laughed, too. Why, anyhow, were mothers more sacred than fathers? If they had found an old man in that old woman's condition on those steps, would that kind colored girl have appealed to them in his behalf as Somebody's Father?

The Red Men of the Guianan Forests

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

"TAKE zees for zee fever, and zees for zee serpent bite. You *will* need zee first; you *may* need zee second." And Armand, merchant, but erstwhile gold-hunter and Indian trader, put two small bottles in my hand —remedies learned from the Indians far back in the land of the Roucouyennes. "All who go in zee bush have zee fever, but perhaps you have eet lightlee. *Au revoir, monsieur!*" But his handshake bespoke *adieu*. So I left this kindly, passing acquaintance at the doorway of his small store in the little out-of-the-world convict settlement of St. Laurent on the edge of French Guiana.

The opaque Marowyne River lushed and gurgled by its waterfront, which soon lay behind me. As I crossed its silt-laden current toward Albina, a little military and trading outpost of the Dutch Guiana frontier, the palms of the forest-fringed shores were stenciled in purple against the last flaming flush of a tropic day; then flushed again in reflected incandescence from the wind-ruffled water, as though heliographing billions of orange-golden messages into the fast-coming tropical night.

How different the Marowyne appeared at midday as my canoe crawled around bend after bend of forest headlands, with the torrid glare on its dull, soup-like surface. From a Carib village near Albina I secured a dugout canoe and four Indian canoemen for a side-expedition up the Marowyne before working westward through Dutch Guiana. Wizened old Yaynee paddled astern and steered. He enjoyed the distinction of being a *pü-yai*, or Carib medicine-man. To this crafty, lynx-eyed old magician the rest paid the homage due to sorcerers.

In the Guianas land and water meet on the most intimate terms—water spreading from rivers and sea over marsh and swamp, land being spread by the rivers over the flooded regions and spewed far out into the ocean, constantly forming new bars and shoals, and changing depths.

The Marowyne, swollen by the first May rains, and its boiling surface-current evidencing the nether-roil of its muddy deeps, released this pent-up energy in a final mad rush out to sea.

The prevailing northeast winds swept along shower after shower. So fierce were some of these downpours that even my cooking outfit was requisitioned for bailing. When it cleared, things steamed in the torrid heat. The strain of the mirrored sun-glare on the eyes and the relentless, throbbing heat-waves of these latitudes, less than six degrees north of the equator, made welcome the vapid shade of the forest-lined banks where the canoemen sought advantage of the eddies.

The dugout with its long overhang took rough water well, flipping glittering spray over me as I lay in the bottom. The strenuous forward lurch and quick following stroke brought every muscle of these Amerindian paddlers into play.

In the heavy haze of heat I could picture their primitive prototypes as centuries ago in great war-canoes they swept in their migrations over the great flowing roads of South America, which, like the mountain systems, favor migrations of longitude. In the *Caraios*, the early inhabitants of the Parana delta, some ethnologists see the progenitors of the Caribs, certain of whose leaders—*Cara-ïbes*—were reverenced as priest-doctors. Fighting, enslaving, and, it is said, eating their captives, they swept north up the Rio Negro through the Cassiquiare into the Orinoco; from the source of the Rio Branco they portaged to the tributaries of the Essiquibo, until their war-canoes shot from the opaque, silt-laden rivers into the clear azure of the Atlantic.

All these conquerors then became known as Cara-ïbes, or Great *Carai*—to the Spaniards, Caribs—fierce or cannibal savages. So the Caribs and Arawaks of Guanahani (San Salvador) were the first Amerindians to be seen by Europeans when the loom of the land of the New World first fell across the horizon of Europe. Little wonder they christened these emerald, coral-wreathed isles "the Caribees," and the sapphire sea they studded "the Caribbean." From these isles the Caribs have now practically disappeared, and even on the mainland there is but a small residue of this once powerful race; beside them dwell the remnant of their strongest Amerindian adversary—the Arawaks.

They have been swept away by the incursions of the unscrupulous, "civilized" white race, the worst foe primitives have to contend against. From the time when the ruthless iron heel of the *conquistador* crunched these shores, through the plantation days of the sugar era, the white invader has strewed jungle and savannah land with slavery, blood, and shame. Colonists of Surinam (Dutch Guiana) told me that formerly all male Indians were spoken of as *bok* (buck deer), and returning white hunters, in reply to what game they had bagged, would answer, nonchalantly, "I shot a bok."

Instead of relieving the ills of this simple and friendly folk, the white man has brought more fatal ones. So these people have diminished, and the Amerindian can only look with regret on the coming of the white. I looked out from under the brim of my sun-helmet on men of this Carib race—strong-chested men who bent to their paddles in front of me—the Kaliñas, purest stock of all, a tribe inhabiting the Marowyne and Cottica rivers, whose villages rarely comprise more than fifty inhabitants.

Even now the rivers were seeping over the lower land into the forests. At a gap in a high bank we scrambled up through a screen of low growth and entered a Carib village of brown, leaf-thatched *aoutos* (houses) in a small clearing where banana-trees gave decorative accents. The gabled, open Carib dwelling is particularly adapted to this climate. In a conspicuous place was a large cone-shaped public house—the town-hall of the Carib community. Near by was a wattle-walled house called *tokai*—the mysterious sanctum of the *pü-yai*. Three men, holding at rest long bows and arrows, awaited us. But I knew many keen, dark eyes scrutinized our every movement from the shade of the dwellings.

"*Upa rurubo?*" ("How do you do?")

"*Auh! Auh!*" ("I am well") replied the chief. It was explained that I had come from across the Great Sea to visit my brothers and to learn of the many things they did so well.

Tong-tong-tong-tong! A deep-toned sound reverberated from the forest as my arrival was announced by beating the great, fluted projections of the grignon-tree with a heavy canoe-paddle. Rules of hospitality are strictly observed; it might fare ill with a stranger who presumed to enter a Carib dwelling uninvited. Three months before my arrival two *déportés* (escaped convicts from French Guiana) stole upon a sleeping Carib family, killed them in their hammocks, and looted their dwelling. Only a Carib boy escaped with the news. Usually the Caribs brought in captured *déportés* to the Dutch post at Albina, but since that bloody episode *déportés* had been hunted like wild beasts. So it behooved the stranger on approaching to call out, "Older (or, Younger) Brother, I am come!"

The chief's women at once prepared food for us. Meantime an interested group formed about Yaynee; others lay conversing in that principal article of Guianan household furniture—the hammock—the Carib's cradle, bed, armchair, and coffin; in fact, they spend two-thirds of their lives in their hammocks. Little wonder that through Raleigh and other explorers the Guianan *hamaca* found its way to Europe along with tobacco and potatoes.

The Kaliña Caribs, though well formed, strong, and muscular, were short-statured. Delicately featured, with small and shapely hands and feet, black eyes and hair, they have that slightly Mongolese cast of features characteristic of practically all Amerinds. With the exception of a loin-cloth, their cinnamon-flushed, velvety-skinned bod-



A TYPICAL CARIB VILLAGE ON THE MAROWYNE

ies were bare to the Guianan air and sunshine. That primitive love of adornment was expressed in part by body-painting, principally with the red juice of the *roucou* plant (*Bixa orellana*). Necklaces of shell and teeth, and gorgeous feathered head-dresses also gratify their love for the ornate. But this adornment is not without its symbolism —as vertical lines on a woman's chin indicate that she is married.

Polygamy is practised in the Guianan tribes. The ethics of marriage are strict, and virtue among the red people of this hemisphere is on a par with that of the white. The laws of consanguinity are rigidly enforced; marrying of cousins is not only frowned upon, but prohibited.

Through a hole just under the Carib woman's lower lip may be found a small plant barb, for beauty, perhaps for utility. But, lo, the trader!—so now the women of the Kaliña tribe substitute a good-sized common pin which they can quickly withdraw with a twist of the tongue and tuck away in the mouth, or as deftly use it as a spiculum to remove edible snails from their shells. But they can as readily reinstate it, which led me to suggest to a Carib belle that girls used the pin to defend themselves against amorous admirers, to which a most non-committal grin was her only reply.

It is the women's work to cultivate little plots containing potatoes, yams, melons, cassava, and sometimes a little maize and cotton; to bring from the woods honey, eggs, and wild fruits, and to delve for ground nuts.

I have often watched women prepare the long roots of the cassava, the staple food of tropical South America. These they first grate, then ram this mush into the open end of a closely woven, basket-work *matapi*, or cassava-press, which resembles a golf-bag. This is hung on a beam end by its upper loop, and a log or other weight attached to a loop at its lower end. The diagonally woven *matapi* now attenuates, squeezing through its mesh the yellowish, bitter juice, called *cassareep*. This drops into a large calabash beneath, being carefully guarded from children and dogs, as it contains a large percentage of prussic acid, but, being volatile, boiling eliminates the deadly poison. The meal is dried, baked into cassava cakes, and becomes a healthful and nutritious food.

There was a weird fascination in the glint of eyes and the gleam of white teeth as our circle ate from food-filled calabash bowls, set steaming in our

midst. The meal finished, the chief now gave a congratulatory address. These addresses may include a genealogy, or some recent incident, or the narration of a dream.

"*Piwaree!* (drink!)" So I drained the calabash of this sour-tasting Carib beer.

Happening later upon a camp, I noticed some women pouring gallons of *cassareep* and throwing burnt cassava cakes into a fragment of an old canoe boarded at each end and supported on four rough-hewn legs. More women gathered about it, jerking their necks ludicrously like a lot of geese, and hissing sounds were wafted down on the hot wind. They were chewing cassava bread, which, when well masticated, they spat into the improvised trough. Later this was covered with plantain-leaves and allowed to ferment; then strained, it becomes their famous *piwaree*, a slightly intoxicating stimulant used in their festivities. The Coast Indians eliminate the eructing phases of brewing despite its pytaline advantages, and depend upon sour cassava cakes to produce fermentation. During these feasts more than one Carib woman, aspiring to another's husband, has pounded up and roasted wasp eggs, which love-potion, surreptitiously mixed in his drink, undoubtedly often gains her desired ends.



CARIB GIRL

Showing pin worn in lower lip.

The rivers of tropical South America are the highways; the byways, the forest trails. During the rainy season, winter, the floods leave only the highest land knolls available as village sites. Thus Carib folk-lore abounds with reference to water and its phases, and the canoe (*canaouia*) is inherently associated with Carib life. So these flowing routes became my most important ethnic laboratory. As we poled along, late one afternoon, a shrill, plaintive cry reverberated from the forest.

"*Ouajana!*" ("Rain bird") muttered a Carib, meaning that its unseasonable cry predicted rain, which soon fell in a deluge, nearly swamping us as we struggled from an island to the Dutch shore. If swamped, as one sweeps down, one must endeavor to pick a landing, but not where the thick-stemmed *moco-moco* (*Montrichardia*) grows. This bars the swimmer from shore, and he can only cling to the outer stems until exhausted or a prey to the bloodthirsty alligators or the dreaded *perai* (*pygocentrus* sp.).

Once Yaynee yanked a blackish-lead-colored *perai* into the canoe. There it flapped for a half-hour, grunting like a hog, its semi-lunar mouth gaspingly showing its vicious, triangular teeth. This little piscine devil is of the same family as the ferocious *piranha* of the Rio Paraguay. Rapacious for beast, fish, or fowl, they attack singly or in myriads. A fish ten times their size they first disable by eating off its caudal fin; and they cannibalistically prey upon their own kind. Their blood-scent is uncanny, the slightest abrasion of the skin being their red signal of attack; a water-bird wounded by one of my Caribs was devoured by *perai* before we could reach it. Frequently ducks and geese have their feet eaten off before they can escape, and they present a queer sight walking about on the stumps. A half-caste, slipping from the low-lying deck of the steamer which conveyed me up the Orinoco, was suddenly floundering in a turmoil of bloody foam. Innumerable *perai* had dived through his open shirt

and were stripping the flesh from his body. A bleeding mass when pulled aboard, he succumbed to these wounds inflicted within the space of two minutes. Any wounds in these tropics become easily infected, but wounds by the *perai* are particularly irritating. On leaving a forest stream after a swim, a single bite relieved me of a clear, round piece of flesh from the ball of my left foot from which I did not recover for two months.

There is an ever-present fascination in skirting the edges of the forest depths, where the arrow-leaved *moco-moco* mingles with the great roots of the *mangle* and *ceiba* (bombax) trees; above these monarchs the radiating palm fronds list ever softly in the steady-blowing "trades." Somewhere among the yellow, thread-suspended fruit of the *pantah* the locust-like *zibiay* sissed its note; about the parasitical festoons and forest garlands of hanging mosses, orchids and exotic fungi, red dragon-flies and green lizards went their ways. The howl of the monkey, the sonorous note of the laughing baboon, or the jaguar's cry occasionally echoed through the forest silences.

As I stopped the canoe to watch two gorgeous macaw parrots, one of my Caribs, as though proudly conscious of his splendid shock of black hair, said, naïvely, "Do not gaze too long on the red macaw unless you wish to become bald." Old Yaynee wore his hair cropped, and I asked him why. His reply was as succinct as his hair: "Because I do not like it long." Then he rested his paddle and listened intently to a bird-note which, becoming fainter, softly died away.

"*Karau-Karau!*" he murmured. It was the ill-omened cry of the liver-colored *karéo* bird. Its crescendo call means some sick individual is becoming stronger, but its diminuendo precurses ill. We soon entered the camp over which the *karéo* had brooded.

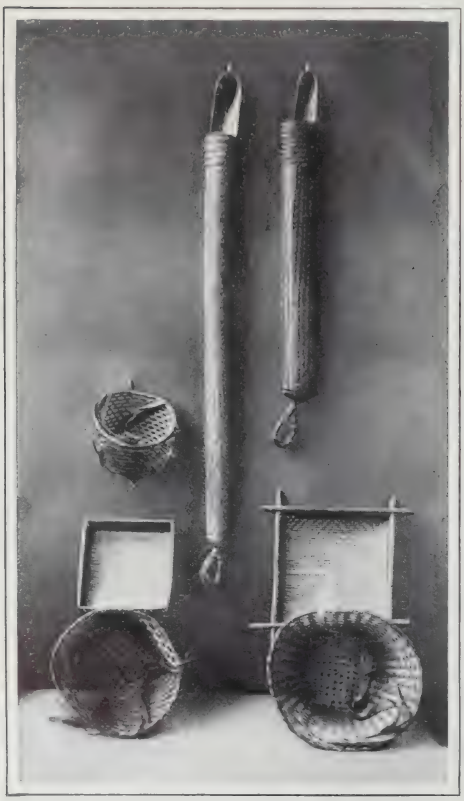
Fever and death had cut a wide swath in this village. Many were lying ill in their hammocks. From an *aouto* drifted a weird chant, the funeral song of the dead. Entering, I saw in a hammock the body wrapped in red cambric, with his feathered helmet and belt. Near by an old woman held the dead man's bow and arrows in her right hand; two young women, his wives, joined her in the wailing and chanting.



A CARIB FAMILY AND DWELLING

The old woman trod a funeral dance before a reverent company while one of the widows, her head covered with a large scarf held out beyond her face, sobbing and looking out from under it, delicately uncovered the face of the dead. From the opposite side the other widow assisted; then softly smoothed his eyebrows, meantime dusting a little branch of leaves to and fro to shoo away the flies. The women then tenderly covered the face again. For four days the body had lain, natural-looking and odorless, which would indicate that these Caribs understood embalming.

And so death comes; the body stays—something goes. To that something they give a name equivalent to spirit, and recognize in man a dual nature—body and spirit. To the Carib almost everything around him is endowed with spirit existence, through which he endeavors to explain the various phenomena of animal and plant life. The Carib conceives and identifies all things of the physical world with the one thing best known to himself—man. So in every *aouto*, a *pü-yai* will tell you, there is an "I," an "Individuality"; "*aute*" means "I" or "Me"—the body or dwelling-place of "I."



CARIB UTENSILS

Toting baskets and sieves for sifting cassava shown below; above, two *matapis*, or cassava presses.

To the Carib mind there is no limit to the extent, variability, or difference of bodily forms—consequently, no classification. His differentiation lies only in the *degree of cunning*—worthy and difficult to obtain—latent in our fixed order of life. To him it is an important, protective quality in his struggle for existence, as diplomacy and competition are to his civilized brother, in whose modern wars we find the same cunning put to more ruthless ends.

The Carib imagination endows even diseases with bodily forms. These beings he dreads most, as of superior cunning and having the ability to enter into him unobserved, perhaps as a fly or worm, or even as a spirit arrow, the Arawak's poetical figure for pain in general. Thus they become his murderers. To outwit them he turns to the *pü-yais*, educated in cunning, to exert their sorceries. With loud singing and mad gavotting around a patient, the *pü-yai* shakes a rattle, disliked by the bad spirit, Yurokon. As the helpful spirit likes tobacco, it is burned as incense. Sometimes the *pü-yai* emits smoke over an assembly, saying, "That you may overcome your enemies, receive you all the Spirit of Force." Often smoking an immense cigar of miraculous potency—rank enough to asphyxiate the worst spirit—he blows smoke over the sufferer. From a desperate massaging he changes to a steady stroking from middle to extremities, thus concentrating the disease in the patient's fingers and toes. Wrench! and out he pulls the malady before it can escape, shoves it into his own mouth, swallows it with fearful grimaces, and declares the sick man cured.

Art as the Caribs express it is exhibited in their paint-decorated bodies, clay pottery, and the thread-woven ornamentation of bows and arrows, hammocks, and breech-clouts. The Carib woman traces with her finger their scroll



HUNTERS READY TO SET OUT ON THE FOREST TRAILS FOR GAME

designs on her cassava cakes; the Carib man has here and there rudely chiseled the rocks of river and forest, indelibly recording on these crude mile-posts of his history that he had passed that way. So, with no little anticipation, one dawn I set out by canoe with Yaynee to prove the rumored existence of some of these rock carvings. The early morning mists hung tropically over the Marowyne as we paddled against the swift current which had slushed its long way from back in the Tumac-Humac divide from Brazil. There, Yaynee said, were many tribes who speak a different language, and who shoot things like a bee that stings and poisons (blow-gun darts).

"But are there people there," I queried, recalling the fabled reports of early explorers, "who have no necks, whose heads are on their breasts, and whose hair hangs from their shoulders?"

"No," he replied, "but there are people with ears so big they hang down nearly to their waists, and there is one man—Pataca Yuana, who sleeps in the water at night," and his dark eyes gleamed as they swept the gurgling current. "Perhaps if we could find him we could shoot him and see if he is good to eat." So Carib mythology and beliefs, replete with references to man-eating monsters and deities, indicate that cannibalism once was practised—possibly a war custom—and that through ingestion the consumer believed that he would acquire the enemy's desirable qualities. It was these reports, fabled and otherwise, which led that great Elizabethan dramatist to write of

> The cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Only by desperate efforts could we make headway where the river narrowed between Corantyn Island and the Guianan shore. A massive boulder, sloping gradually, then abruptly, into the water, was our goal.

"*Timehri!*" ("Stone with marks on it") grunted Yaynee, and I knew we were approaching the sculptured rock which the explorer Creveau and later Coudreau had recorded. The river had risen rapidly, and the swollen torrent sluiced and guggled by in a gurgling seethe. Time and again my men tried to shoot the canoe across a stretch of treacherous maelstrom and effect a land-

ing; time and again it was swept broadside back. A final spurt, a daring spring by the bowman, and our frail dugout was snugly to leeward of the ledge. There were the carvings in the hard granite, unmistakable, though faint and flood-worn.



THE STAPLE FOOD OF TROPICAL SOUTH AMERICA

The woman in the center is holding an immense cassava cake, upon which before baking have been inscribed Carib designs.

"When were these made, and who made them?"

"They were here before my grandmother's grandfather was," Yaynee replied, squatting by the largest figure, highest above water, and he finger-traced the indistinct markings.

"That is a man—that is his eye. This is a man with two heads and four eyes." A long time ago, he had heard, this person, whose name was Ononi, ate with two mouths, and ate people. Pointing to some slight holes in the rock, he said, "These are where Ononi sat down. This person lived in the Orinoco, but he traveled, and each place he stopped he made these marks—and the holes are where he sat down." Yaynee traced as far as he could toward the racing current and whispered, "There is another figure like this below."

No time was lost in getting to work. The Kaliñas held down the large sheets of brown wrapping-paper, secured before leaving St. Laurent, then with a precious piece of black heelball which a paroled convict cobbler there had generously spared me I was soon securing rock-rubbed impressions. Little by little I worked farther down the slippery, steeper rock-slope. Only the quick grasp of Yaynee, who, held in turn by another Indian, jerked me back, drenched, from the mad-scudding current. With the Indians now seizing my ankles and holding me down as well as the paper, I completed the tracings. While thus wearing the heelball away to a finish and my finger-nails down to the quick, the rain fell. Yaynee, not altogether approving my scrubbing over these ancient spirit beings, remarked, "Perhaps Ononi is vexed and makes the rain fall."

"Well," I remarked, "he must be a very disagreeable spirit, for it rains here nearly all the time."

For months I sought the meaning of the rock carvings of Timehri until I ran across a Kaliña legend.[1] "*Penalo ame weipiompo* [once upon a time it happened] — before my grandmother's grandfather was born"—thus the *pü-yai* spoke—"the Indians were many and happier, and the *pü-yais* stronger than the Evil Spirit. *Piwaree* was never wanting; children obeyed their parents;

[1] Obtained through the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas E. Penard, from *De Menschetende Aanbidders der Zonneslang*, by F. A. and A. P. Penard. Paramaribo, 1907.

the food fires never went out for want of game or fish.

"Then ships of white warriors appeared and all this changed. Their chief was Paira-Oende [Pahee-rah-oon-day], or Ononi, known everywhere by his mouth being on his chest. He murdered and robbed along our coasts, burned alive and ate those who fell into his hands. Then we held councils; the *pü-yais* announced the Spirit of Two Bodies had commanded all to gather on a certain island. When Paira-Oende angrily approached, the *pü-yais'* charms caused the island to disappear for eight days. Then Paira-Oende made a terrible *caiman* [alligator] for a vessel, to overcome them with a single blow.

"The Indians camped near a rock named *Kaiwiri-Oendepo* [Timehri], where the *pü-yais* charmed the Double Spirit until the Snake Spirit promised all his red children wished. Proudly Paira-Oende approached. Suddenly the Spirit of Charms arose from the Marowyne and swallowed Paira-Oende. With joyous cries, thousands of feather-decorated Caribs danced the victory dance and *perpetuated the event on the Timehri Rock which still stands in the Marowyne.*"

The legend probably refers to the cruel Poncet de Bretigny, 1643. Practically the same legend is found on the Coppename, Para, and Surinam rivers. Though making no distinction in the name, each undoubtedly referred to different leaders of white expeditions whose cruel methods were much the same as Paira-Oende, or Ononi.

Not far from the rock we entered Timehri village. The gaunt specter, Fever, had stalked through it. Those who had not succumbed had fled; a few emaciated victims lay in their hammocks. The *pü-yai's* charms had failed; even his *tokai* was abandoned, and we now passed through a deserted village, and fever everywhere ramped up and down the land.

The Caribs believe in the talismanic powers of certain objects. Much of this fetish-worship applies to hunting, where man—the hunter—must bring to bear all his cunning. Hanging from a house beam I have often noticed a plaited cord, the size of a cod-line, but increasing in diameter toward one end, at which the fiber is left projecting. The Carib hunter, to insure himself good luck, pokes the small end up his nostril, seizes it by reaching into his throat, and gradually draws the widening, bristling



TWO-THIRDS OF THE CARIB'S LIFE IS SPENT IN HAMMOCKS

end through his nose and out of his mouth. Hunting luck is also sought by rubbing the irritating juice of caladium-bulbs into body cuts, or by rubbing their chests and thighs with hairy caterpillars, whose hairs, like those of the brown-tail moth, break off and produce an aggravating rash.

These extraordinary procedures have some physiological basis of value. The successful hunter must be keen, responsive to the slightest external stimulant. The introduction of physical pain, within certain limits, will thus irritate the nervous system to these ends. The passing of the nose cord, too, by cleansing the nasal membrane, renders that olfactory member keener.

But it is at night about the camp-fire, when the sputtering flames lick up the dripping fat of the agouti meat, when the red glare paints redder the red bodies of these forest children, when the blood-sucking vampires wing their velvety flight in and out of the shaded depths, from which come the night-life sounds of the tropics—it is then that one feels the full power and mystery of this equatorial world of rain and sunshine, beauty, decay, and death.

Often I have sat thus in the reeking moisture, watched scorpions, black and snapping, scurry among the dead leaves at our feet, yet never a sign of a mosquito. But there are times and places where the stegomyia and anopheles, laden with germs of "yellow-jack" and malaria, will hunt you out. The uninitiated may journey for hours with never a sign of animal life; though food abounds, the unschooled may starve, as the rotting, moss-covered bones of many an escaped *déporté* from French Guiana bear witness.

It was difficult, slushing waist-deep through poisonous swamp-water, to avoid bruising and infecting one's shins; one must circumvent, too, hidden arrow and gun traps set for jaguar and peccari, those agile and ferocious forest animals. One can scarcely appreciate the instinct, knowledge, and intelligence requisite for man to sustain life in this wild tropical jungle.

In the saturation of its dank humus, in the vapid breath of its exotic creation, all life takes on a superabundant luxuriance unequaled perhaps in any other part of the world. But here, too, perhaps, there exists an unequaled contest with Nature—Nature warring against herself, reeking in wetness and damp, pungent odors — beauty even in the decay, where insidious disease and death broods and breeds; parasites seen and unseen gnawing out the heart of things —parasitical vines and fungi sapping and throttling the life of trees—trees fighting other trees — insidious insects and reptiles, the blood-sucking vampire, the fierce jaguar, infolding boa, and vicious peccari, preying upon and being preyed upon—and here the Carib dwells, and not only holds his own, but thrives —thrives in spite of everything except contact with civilization.

So I drifted along these Guianan rivers in the hushing heat of noondays, or in the blue coolness of diamond-studded nights until my canoe crept into the broader reaches of the Cottica. Here, as elsewhere, an hospitable welcome was extended to me at the Carib camps. At one of the last at which we drew up our canoes, the best *aouto* in the village was given over to me and my men. Under its protecting roof our hammocks were soon hanging, fire provided, and fresh cassava bread and a large bowl of stewed, purple fruit were set before me.

No children are prettier or more attractive than the Caribs. Two of the boys affectionately tucked their velvety little arms about mine. Soon the boys and girls were munching my chocolate and crackers. Then I thought of my unused case of soda-water bottles. Phiz! Pop! Eyes and mouths open in surprise; and soon bottles were popping all about the camp. By poking a finger in my mouth, I surreptitiously indulged in imitation "pops," so puzzling them that they searched me from sun-helmet to hunting-boots for hidden bottles. Their merriment effervesced more than the soda-water on discovering the trick, whereupon the whole camp, trying to imitate the sound, echoed with shouts and laughter.

We soon turned into our hammocks and the camp slept. Then the wail of a sick baby, mingling with the soft night sounds of river and forest, aroused

me. I soon found the *aouto* where a little Carib mother sobbed, the child crying at her breast. No one need doubt that these simple people have great affection and love added to their many other admirable qualities. Never was I more gratified with results from my meager medicine-kit.



RUBBINGS MADE BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE FAMOUS TIMEHRI ROCK SCULPTURES

Back in my hammock, deep in sleep, I seemed to dream a moaning chant, swelling ever louder until it broke into weird cries, and I awoke to the realization that it was the *pü-yai's* chantings to cure a fever-stricken man. Again I turned out, this time to see the ceremony.

The magicians were secreted in their inclosed *tokai*. With deep-toned voice one of them followed the chant with a long monologue to the evil influences, appealing to the helpful spirits. Meantime, accompanied by seed or pebble filled rattles, producing a rustling form of music which would gradually diminish, they drove or inveigled the evil away; then they stopped—all but one of them, who kept going to prevent it from coming back. As the fever-stricken man wished my help, I requisitioned my ever-useful Epsom salts, and, when the fever had subsided, was able, with the aid of quinine, to materially help him, but the magicians kept on grinding.

In tne morning twilight we were again drifting down the soft-flowing current of the dawn-flushed Cottica toward the sea. As I lay in my accustomed place in the bottom of the dugout, I looked through the crystal of time into the great ethnic kaleidoscope of Amerindia—that great world segment of North and South America. In the distribution of the particles of its ever-changing design I saw the Red units giving way to an ever-increasing field of White. How many more turns in the rolling march of civilization, I wondered, before this field will be completely blanched, with only a tinge of Pink, perhaps, to remind us that "*penalo ame weipiompo* [once upon a time]—before my grandmother's grandfather was"—the Red ran riot in the design. More often will be heard the weird diminuendo of the *karéo* bird, as the little remnant, like my canoe on the Cottica, drifts rapidly out toward the Great Water for ever.

The Sardonic Adventure of Simeon Small

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I GAVE the matter my closest consideration, and came to the conclusion that it would be eminently fitting for me to marry Katherine Wight. Having reached a decision, I did not shilly-shally about the affair, but resolved at once to enter upon the courtship. The sooner I began courting, the sooner it would be over, I thought, and immediately put on my hat to go to call on Katherine. I may have my faults, but, thank Heaven, irresolution is not one of them.

I walked briskly, breathing deeply and expelling the breath every fourth step, thus refreshing the lower lung, and came in a few minutes to the entrance to the Wight grounds. As I passed through the gate I observed Katherine's brother Stephen—or Steve, as he seems, peculiarly enough, to prefer to be designated—playing at the game of lawn-tennis with another young man whom I did not recognize. I paused briefly to observe the game—not that I understand its complexities or am interested in it to the smallest degree. It was a mere surrender to common curiosity.

I watched the young men striking eagerly at a tiny ball, and was not a little surprised to note that they were equally discourteous. Instead of trying to hit the little ball near his opponent, thus saving him useless exertion in running about, each endeavored to put it wholly out of reach of the other's hitter—racket, do they call it? The strange young man showed more ability at the game than Stephen; in fact, he played so well that he reminded me of the rebuke bestowed by Mr. Herbert Spencer on the young man who was extremely proficient at the game of billiards; it was something to the effect that reasonable skill at the game was a credit to a gentleman, but that such expertness betokened a misspent life. Mr. Spencer was a close observer. I am certain the strange young man must have spent a great many hours at the game of tennis which would have been more profitably devoted to something of a serious nature.

I proceeded up the walk, and, fortunately, discovered Katherine sitting under a sort of pergola—a modified form—reading a little book. This book, I subsequently discovered, was Maeterlinck's essay on Death. What more charming picture could one ask to see? I admit that my pulse beat above the normal. I could not discover the number of beats to the minute, though I did place my fingers on my left wrist in an endeavor to count. It would have been interesting data.

Though I am twenty-nine years old, this was my first courtship, and I was rather in doubt how to proceed. I resolved to maintain a perfect calm and study the matter out as I proceeded. I therefore advanced resolutely.

"Good afternoon, Katherine," I said, steadily.

She glanced up from her book and smiled. "Why, Simeon!" she exclaimed. "This is a surprise."

"I trust," said I, advancing boldly with my project, "that it is a *pleasant* surprise." I accentuated the word pleasant significantly, and watched to see if she would blush. That, I am told, is a signal that a courtship is proceeding satisfactorily. She did not blush, however, and I was a trifle nonplussed.

"What are you reading, if I may ask?"

"Maeterlinck's essay on Death. . . . Don't you think it is perfectly lovely?"

"I must confess I had not applied that precise adjective to it, Katherine. Indeed, while it is interesting in a lighter

way, abstract speculation does not appeal to me deeply. The writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, dealing as they do mainly with *facts*, impress me as much more valuable. Still, I am prepared to admit, you ladies are fairly entitled to the relaxation of lighter reading."

I was surprised to note how free from embarrassment I was. I wonder if Katherine noticed it. However, at that time, she could not have been aware of my purpose in calling, though the fact that I came early in the afternoon should have apprised her that something unusual had caused me to turn aside from my regular habit, which is to remain in my library until fifteen minutes past four.

"I am delighted," I told her, "to observe that you do not read those ridiculous novels which are so vulgarly popular."

She appeared to appreciate this compliment. "One's life," said she, "is such a serious matter that one should not waste one's time frivolously. I used to read novels," she confessed, "but—but Maeterlinck is so much lovelier, and I just revel in Ibsen. Do you read Ibsen?"

I nodded appreciatively.

"And I have just finished Sudermann's *Joy of Living*. Isn't that the *sweetest* thing!"

"The German playwrights have seemed to me somewhat morbid, though one must admit their powers of analysis."

The longer I conversed with Katherine the more firmly convinced I became that she was fitted to be my wife. Her calm, serious outlook on life, her manifest interest in the better literature and in philosophy, seemed to promise a delightful companionship. I pictured to myself how I should enjoy introducing her to such writers as Spinoza, and the uplifting discussion that would follow. I am afraid I speculated on these things overlong, for suddenly I became aware that neither of us had spoken for some time. I begged her pardon, but did not disclose the subject-matter of my thoughts.

While I was mentally formulating a



KATHERINE WAS SITTING UNDER A SORT OF PERGOLA, READING A LITTLE BOOK

remark that would expedite, so to speak, my courtship. Stephen and his friend came hurrying up from the tennis-court. They were scarcely presentable, and seemed overheated and uncomfortable.

"Howdy, Simeon?" said Stephen. He stopped and presented his skilful tennis companion. "Small," said he, poking his finger brusquely at me. "Quaintance," poking his finger at his friend. Stephen was notably careless of social forms. "Scoot for the showers!" he then cried, without giving me an opportunity to acknowledge the introduction or to ask Mr. Quaintance two questions that occurred to me. The first had to do with the trajectory of the tennis-ball in its relation to the elasticity of the strings of the racket; the other was, if his nose was a family characteristic or individual to himself. However, they hurried away, and I was obliged to forego my inquiries.

"Don't you think," asked Katherine, looking after the young men, "that he has a—distinguished appearance?"

I found her question vaguely displeasing to me, but almost instantly I believed I could recognize my sensation as jealousy. This gave me a certain satisfaction, as I understood jealousy to be an important incident to courtship. Though I am not deeply versed in the character and probabilities of women, nevertheless I was not without acumen to perceive in Quaintance a possible rival.

"He is a house guest?" I asked, dissembling my true feeling.

"Yes. He came home with Stephen after graduation, and we hope to keep him a month or more."

"Indeed," said I. I determined to watch Katherine and this young man carefully, and if I should detect evidences of his becoming a rival—something I had carelessly omitted from my calculations—to formulate a plan that would demonstrate my superior fitness to become Katherine's husband.

I remained but a short while longer, because it seemed wise to make brief such a significant call as mine, and to give Katherine an opportunity to consider it and to ponder over the reason for my coming. I desired, however, to go leaving a pleasant impression, and, as I could not think of an expression that would produce that effect on her mind, I was obliged to stay several minutes longer than I desired. However, inspiration was kind.

"I must go," said I, rising. "Good-by. It has been delightful to me to find you stirred by the psychic rather than by the physical." That, of course, was approaching the warmly sentimental, but she did not seem to be offended at my ardor.



I COULD NOT DISCOVER THE NUMBER OF BEATS TO THE MINUTE

Next afternoon, breaking my fixed habit, I used the telephone to inquire if I might take her driving. I used the telephone because I learn that that instrument is much affected by the participants in a courtship. Katherine expressed regret that she had previously engaged herself to golf with Mr. Quaintance. I was agitated by this information, but determined that the young man should not again forestall me. I would be more vigorous and vigilant in my attentions.

Next morning I had my chauffeur drive me to Katherine's as early as propriety would allow, but imagine my discomfiture to learn from Stephen—who seemed disgruntled himself—that his sis-



THE LONGER I CONVERSED, THE MORE FIRMLY CONVINCED
I BECAME THAT SHE WAS FITTED TO BE MY WIFE

ter and Mr. Quaintance had already gone for a tramp along the river.

"What good's he to me," demanded Stephen, inelegantly, "if he's goin' rampagin' off after a skirt all the time?"

When I returned home, however, I was rejoiced, for my mail brought me notice of an event which would be a rare treat for Katherine. I immediately seated myself and wrote her a note begging her to reserve the following Monday evening for me. She replied by my messenger that she would be delighted. I apprehended she would be, for, playing on the long-recognized feminine quality of curiosity, I had omitted to tell her the character of the event to which I was to escort her.

When I arrived at her home on the stated evening I found her clothed in a dress rather more suitable for a social engagement or dance than for the occasion I had in mind. Her neck and shoulders were not concealed, at which, I must confess, I was not chagrined, for she was exceedingly beautiful, or so it seemed to me.

I helped her into my car with a delicate and solicitous gallantry which I hoped she would perceive and not mistake. Then we were on our way. Our destination was the rooms of the Orthographic Society. As we stepped out, I noted a look of astonishment on Katherine's face, and was gratified.

"What—" she began, but I interrupted.

"Not a word—not a word," said I, playfully. "It is to be a surprise."

We entered the lecture-room and found excellent seats. Katherine was quiet, and it seemed to me her lip was trembling—probably she was striving—and with difficulty—to conceal the pleasure she felt at being admitted to that room where so few women have ever been. I whispered in her ear, exultingly:

"The address this evening is to be by Herr Schellenbarger, of the University of Leipzig, on 'The Wide Differentiation Between Early Cufic Inscriptions and the Undeciphered Sculpture Writings of the Mayan Ruins in Central America."

She gasped. I looked at her closely and could scarcely credit my vision when I perceived that her eyes were actually wet. I had not even hoped to give her pleasure in such a degree. During the reading of Professor Schellenbarger's paper, so engrossed was I that I quite forgot Katherine's presence, but at its completion I glanced at her triumphantly. She did not meet my eyes.

"Is it not remarkable," I asked, "that one man should have collected so much valuable data from the ruined remnants of vanished civilizations?"

"I believe he *eats* them," she said, in a peculiar tone. I understood this to be a colloquial phrase expressing admiration.

She was thoughtful during our drive home, and though I encouraged her to discuss the paper with me, she seemed disinclined. Doubtless she wished to digest the matter before voicing her opinion. I bade her good night gently and with what I endeavored to make ostentatious reluctance. Her good night was brief; indeed, I may say it was a trifle brusque.

Tuesday afternoon I hastened to call in order to review the pleasure of the evening before. On the piazza were Stephen and Mr. Quaintance. As I came upon them they were laughing uproariously and pummeling each other in the ribs—conduct that was inexplicable to me.

"Good afternoon," I said, interrupting their pastime.

"Whoop!" shouted Stephen. "It's him!" Again they abandoned themselves to paroxysms of mirth.

"I should be glad," said I, severely, "to know what you find so humorous."

Stephen became sober in an instant, no doubt remembering his manners.

"We were laughing at sis," he said.

"At Katherine?" I demanded.

"At Katherine," said Stephen, in a tone that I may be mistaken in believing resembled my own.

"May I inquire why?"

The young men looked at each other again and found difficulty in remaining calm.

"Mistake she made," said Stephen.

"It is not proper to laugh at others' mistakes," I told them. "The effect of ridicule on the erring has been discussed in a paper by Professor Rintoul, who occupies the chair of applied psychology at Oxford University—"

"But this wasn't that sort of a mistake," defended Stephen.

"What kind of mistake is it that can be—"

"Why"—he pressed his hands to his sides as though they were the seat of pain—"why, she thought you were taking her to the theatricals at the Colonial Club last night—and—and—" Again both young men shouted with laughter. "*What* was it you took her to, Simeon—eh? Do repeat the title of the lecture."

I saw nothing humorous in Katherine's error—indeed, though I have thought of the incident frequently, I have never been able to understand why it should have provoked the young men to laughter.

"Is Katherine at home?" I asked, stiffly.

"She's holed up in her room and refuses to be coaxed out. Claims it's headache—but it isn't. It's mad!"

"Because you laughed at her?"

Stephen nodded and chuckled.

"It was very inconsiderate of you," I told him, and then asked him to convey to Katherine my regrets that she was ill.

Mr. Quaintance rose and strolled toward the tennis-court, leaving Stephen and myself together. This seemed to me an excellent opportunity to talk to my prospective brother-in-law about the relationship which was soon to exist between us.

"Have you noticed," I asked, "that I have been here frequently of late?"

"Now that you mention it, I do remember something of the sort."

"Has it occurred to you to wonder why?"

He looked at me and grinned—yes, *grinned* is the word. "It's such hot weather for wondering," he said.

"I have had a purpose."

"That's your specialty, isn't it, Simeon—having purposes?"

"I am courting your sister," I said, firmly.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Is *that* what you're doing? I imagined you were here studying the conformation of our skulls."

"How," I asked him, "do you regard me as a possible brother-in-law?"

"Simeon," said he, and I was surprised to note that his voice trembled with emotion, "nothing in the world could give me more pleasure than to see you courting Katherine."

I shook his hand and went home—with a new estimate of Stephen. I had judged him shallow and flippant, but my error was clear.

The next two weeks were vexatious. Day after day Katherine was occupied or absent from home. No less than nine times did I see her in company with Mr. Quaintance. Each time they were enjoying themselves, which caused me a twinge of what I have come to recognize as jealousy. In those two weeks I was not alone with Katherine once. However, I was not idle. Repeatedly I sent her books, even poems. I sent her Mountfort's delightful brochure on *Synonyms and Antonyms of the Polynesians*, also Gerald's two-volume *History of the Rise and General Adoption of the Letter "J" in Civilized Alphabets*. These were not all, but they were the choice of the collection. She thanked me in brief but appreciative notes.

When I heard Katherine's name coupled with Mr. Quaintance's by the gossips on the Country Club veranda it became apparent to me that I must resort to more strenuous methods. I therefore strolled into the woods to seek silence and solitude, the better to formulate a plan that could not fail of success. I found an ideal spot for ratiocination in a glacial ravine, whose floor was densely covered by a luxurious podyphyllin peltatum, and there I seated myself, and was soon oblivious to my surroundings as I worked on my problem.

The problem, as I stated it to myself, was as follows: How can I, by single action or by series of acts, demonstrate to Katherine the singular qualities which make me an ideal husband for her, and at the same time make clear to her my superiority, of which I am conscious, over Mr. Quaintance?



I WAS SOON OBLIVIOUS TO MY SURROUNDINGS AS I WORKED ON MY PROBLEM

The two, I judged, must be coincidental. It was necessary, too, that there should be present something of that element referred to as romance by writers of a certain class of books. Add to this that I must appear in a light at once learned, competent, and heroic, and you will admit the problem of trisecting the angle to be scarcely more abstruse.

I concentrated. The result proved to me that my mind is not of the imaginative type. An hour's study yielded no result. I sat at ease, relaxed, allowed my mind to seek its own channels of thought for a time, determined presently to renew the attack. I considered challenging Mr. Quaintance to a game of chess, that pastime bordering somewhat on his favorite athletics, but on second thought it seemed lacking in the neces-

sary element of romance. You will agree with me that the ordinary game of chess does not abound in romance. I wished in a moment of weakness that I had taken time to read some so-called novels, they dealing, as I understand it, mainly with cryptogrammatical love-affairs, and offering plausible, if not scientific, solutions. But that phase passed rapidly, and I became my true self again. Presently I found myself gazing intently at an outcropping of limestone. I eyed it curiously, rather fancying I could identify it as belonging to the Subcarboniferous period. This naturally carried me to a consideration of caverns, inasmuch as an area of limestone is almost invariably honeycombed with caves large or small. I then recalled hearing of an extensive cavern some fifteen miles away, which I had made a mental note of, with the idea of visiting to make an exhaustive investigation and perhaps write a monograph on the subject. I do not know why or how, but suddenly there appeared to my mental vision an illustration from a story I read when a boy. It pictured a boy bearing a girl in his arms and struggling along through a cave rich in stalactites and stalagmites. I gasped. There was my plan. I would invite Katherine and her brother and Mr. Quaintance and some unimportant young woman to motor to the cave with me. I would allow them to wander within until they became bewildered, lost. Then, calmly and coolly, I would sit down, with paper and pencil and compass, and figure out for them what direction to take and how to effect our exit. I was certain that no instruments would be necessary other than a compass and a pedometer. Of course I would not bring about the rescue until some degree of hardship was imminent, and until the other male members of the party had demonstrated their futility.

I made up my little party, consisting of Katherine, Stephen, Mr. Quaintance, a young woman named Brown, who possessed a temperament that might be described as highly vivacious—and, of course, myself. Saturday morning, not unprovided with luncheon, we drove to the cavern, which, by the way, was known as Hoofer's Hole—a title possessing nothing of poetic descriptiveness.

We lighted candles, and I allowed Mr. Quaintance and Katherine, as well as Stephen and the lively Miss Brown, to precede me. This was a truly Machiavellian manœuver, placing, as it did, the responsibility of guidance on those who took the lead—on Mr. Quaintance, in short. As for me, I kept well to the rear, compass in hand, counting places and jotting down notes on a small pad which I could readily conceal in the palm of my hand.

The cavern was as large and as interesting as I had been led to expect. There were numerous passages and chambers which followed no regular scheme, but on the contrary proceeded in a haphazard manner in all directions, with curves and angles innumerable. I judged it to be an ideal cavern for my purpose, and was accordingly elated.

At the end of half an hour we rested in an oval room—a room particularly interesting because of the curious formations of its stalactites. We seated ourselves to converse briefly.

"Aren't we getting quite a ways from the opening?" Katherine asked. "It would be perfectly terrible to get lost."

I was about to rejoin, but Mr. Quaintance replied before I had formulated my own response—and gave himself over into my hands.

"Not the least danger, Katherine. Just follow your uncle Dudley—your old, dependable uncle Dudley. He'll lead you to the sunlight and the little birdies and the nodding blossoms."

I had not conceived the young man to be possessed of a power of poetic expression such as this, and it rendered him more formidable in my eyes. It is strange how oddly nature sometimes bestows her gifts.

Presently we arose and went on until we came to the brink of a subterranean brook which barred our farther progress.

"I've gone far enough, anyhow," Katherine said.

"Yes," declared Miss Brown, "I think I've absorbed about all the cave my soul requires." She had an odd manner of expression.

"Let's start back, then," said Katherine; "I'm hungry. Come on, Mr. Quaintance; lead the way."

I smiled to myself. Well I knew that



WE LIGHTED CANDLES, AND I ALLOWED THEM TO PRECEDE ME

we were lost. Well I knew that the devious passages, the abrupt turnings, the numerous, highly similar openings, were such as to make our return impossible without the aid of a guide who knew well the windings of the cave, or of a person such as myself who had prepared for this emergency. So I spoke calmly.

"He cannot lead the way, Katherine. We are lost. Each and every one of us is lost."

"Oh, Mr. Quaintance!" said Katherine, suddenly frightened. "We're not lost! You know the way. Don't you?"

"Hopeful Simeon says I don't. It must be so. I'll bet he never made a mistake in his life."

I ignored this flippancy. "We are lost—utterly lost," I said.

Katherine began to cry a little, and her brother put his arm around her. He also tried to put his other arm around Miss Brown, but she eluded him and said she hadn't got to that point yet—he'd have to wait till she was more frightened. Quaintance chuckled, but I could see no ground for merriment, especially to him who had, as the others must think, gotten us into our predicament.

"What shall we do?" Katherine said, in a small, trembling voice. Her question was directed to Mr. Quaintance, but I replied:

"I shall take charge, Katherine. We have been led astray carelessly, but you may depend on me. Have patience while I con over a few figures and determine, from data in my hands, certain angles and distances. Then I shall lead you to safety."

"And to dinner," said Miss Brown. "You'll lead us to that too, won't you?"

"And to dinner," I assured her.

While the young men and women sat watching me, with what eagerness I could well imagine—as their safety hung on my calculations—I took my figures and data and soon had them in excellent order. Soon, I say, but that word is used in a comparative sense. To work out the intricate problem before me required time, but not so much time as

another—say Mr. Quaintance—would have required. It was, perhaps, an hour. Meantime the others carried on conversation in a futile effort to keep up their courage.

"Now," said I, "I am ready. Follow me."

I may say that they had not waited altogether patiently. Miss Brown had been particularly insistent upon making some sort of a start toward food, but I settled that matter at once and peremptorily. I informed that young lady that the expedition had been sufficiently mishandled, and that hereafter the direction of affairs would remain in the hands of one able to deal with the emergency.

I thought I overheard Mr. Quaintance ask a ridiculous question, one quite without coherence, of Katherine: "What relative will Simeon be to his grandchildren — a grandfather or grandmother?" She giggled in a manner that showed she thought lightly of his intellect.

"Come," I said, getting to my feet. "I shall now lead you to the opening of this cave." You will observe that I made no qualification of my statement. Perhaps this was error.

Consulting my figures and diagrams from time to time, I conducted the party slowly but steadily toward the outer world. I was not frightened, I was not even ruffled, but not so the others, particularly Katherine. As she became fatigued her courage deserted her, and for a time it seemed she would give way to a regrettable attack of nerves. However, she mastered herself admirably, and once again we proceeded.

"Katherine," said I, "you are weary. No doubt you suffer from lack of nourishment. I feel it my duty to carry you; indeed, it will be a pleasure to me."

"What about *me?*" demanded Miss Brown before Katherine could answer. "You got *me* into this, too. Are you going to carry both of us?"

I considered her forward, yet courtesy demanded of me that I forbear. "Perhaps," I said, tolerantly, "one of the other gentlemen will carry you."

"Both. Both, by all means," she said.

I turned to Katherine, but, to my astonishment, she declined to be carried, preferring to trudge onward on tired feet. I admired her persistence—doggedness, one might say—but fancied she would welcome my offer later.

After one hour and ten minutes I turned to the young ladies and gentlemen and said—also without qualification: "It is precisely seventy-three paces to the orifice. Thirty-one paces south by east, then forty-two paces in a westerly direction. I am delighted that this mischance has come to so harmless a conclusion." I looked at Mr. Quaintance with significance, desiring to impress the others with the thought that the fault rested on his shoulders.

"Good!" said Miss Brown; "and how many paces to the lunch-basket?"

I did not reply. Carefully I paced thirty-one steps, then turned, expecting to see the light streaming into the opening, but no light was visible. I fancied it hidden by some intervening obstruction. The absence of light gave me no pause whatever. Forty-two more paces I proceeded — and with unexpected abruptness brought up against an impassable wall of stone. Neither to right, left, nor elsewhere was an avenue for farther progress. For an instant I did not realize the depth of our misfortune; then the utter horror of it fell upon me and I reeled. I repeat, I reeled. We were lost; our predicament was beyond repair. Somewhere I had erred. All was lost. I did my utmost to maintain a bold front.

"My friends," I said, "I am deeply sorry to report to you that—in short, that my calculations have gone awry. Somewhere error has crept in unaccountably, for I am unaccustomed to make mathematical errors. Nevertheless, it is true, and we are lost utterly—I may almost say, hopelessly lost." I considered that I had broken the tidings to them with consummate tact and gentleness.

This time even Miss Brown was frightened; Katherine was terrified; Stephen was perturbed, seriously perturbed. As for Mr. Quaintance, I made no effort to fathom his sensations. They must have been of a disagreeable nature.

"But, Simeon, you old goat—" began Stephen.

"At such a moment," I said, "goat is no term to apply to a fellow—victim, shall I say?—even in friendliness."

"I'm hanged if it's friendliness," he replied. "What business had you to carry off the way out and lose it somewhere?"

I fancied his mind had been set slightly askew by our hardships, so I only said, soothingly: "I assure you, Stephen, I did not remove the way out. It would be impossible to do so. It is, I may safely say, immovable and permanent."

"That's something gained," he said, and Mr. Quaintance nodded. "If he hasn't pulled up the way back it must be there still. The thing to do is to find it—eh, Quaintance?"

"Don't joke, Stephen," Katherine cried. "See, our candles are almost burned out. I—I shall die if we're left in the dark."

At this moment Mr. Quaintance asserted himself again, though I had thought him disposed of permanently.

"Katherine," said he, in tones I considered theatrical, "do you still trust me? Have you confidence in me?"

"Why—" she hesitated, not caring to wound him, I suppose. "Why—I'm sure I don't know. I—we'll never, never, never find our way out. Never, never, never!" She went on repeating never over and over and over, and then she burst into unrestrained weeping.

"There, there," said I; "come to me. Let me carry you now. All may yet be well."

"Where—would you—carry me?" she whimpered.

"In search," said I, "of the opening."

"Stay," said Mr. Quaintance, again theatrically. "I have an extraordinary sense of direction. I seldom speak of it. One quite remarkable, I believe. It was gained on the football-field. There one must learn to emerge from any side of a scrimmage and know without looking in which direction to run."

"What's he talking about?" Miss Brown asked, snappishly.

"I believe," he said, "if you would reproduce the sensations of the football game, I should awaken that faculty, and would know at once how to proceed."

"As how?" asked Stephen.

"Everybody take hold of me and bump me and jostle me. It would help



"WE ARE LOST, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US IS LOST"

the illusion if one of you, Miss Brown perhaps, would put her arms around my neck tightly—for an interval. I will struggle to break away from you. You must let me succeed. Then we shall see!"

It sounded absurd to me; nevertheless it was not without its scientific interest. It was in the nature of an experiment which, if it succeeded, would make the subject of an interesting paper to be read before one of the societies of which I was a member.

"Very good," said I. "Let us proceed with the experiment."

We did so, but I would not care again to participate in a thing of that sort. I recall the receipt of a knee in my stomach. It was applied vigorously and caused a most unpleasant sensation, as of death itself. Then I was propelled to the floor with violence, where I sat and gasped and groaned in an effort to overcome the effects of the blow in the stomach. Gradually my condition improved. The others gathered around Mr. Quaintance, who cried, exultantly: "I knew it wouldn't fail me. We are saved. . . . Saved!"

Katherine gripped his arm and looked into his face. "Do you mean it? Are you— Can you save us? Can you get us out of this horrid place?"

"Follow me!" he said, bumptiously.

He walked off without hesitation. We followed, Katherine still clinging to his arm in a manner I regretted to see, but, poor girl! her nerves were in a deplorable state and she was unaccountable.

"Ah!" he cried, suddenly, "I've lost it. Quick, Katherine, your arms around my neck! Tight! . . . There, that was just in time. I almost lost it."

"Perhaps," said I, "Miss Brown would prefer to walk beside Mr. Quaintance, leaving Miss Katherine to follow more slowly with me."

"Thank you," said Miss Brown, "but Katherine seems to be efficient—and he may need help again at any moment."

It was a fear of my own that I had hesitated to express. Indeed, it was one I was to realize only too frequently, for no less than six times was Mr. Quaintance on the point of losing his peculiar sense of direction, only to retain it by a simulation of the football game.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, we became aware of a dim light, an alleviation of the blackness that surrounded us. After a few minutes more we actually saw sunlight penetrating the cavern, and in another moment we stood outside, under the dome of heaven—saved!

Katherine sighed once, and toppled into Mr. Quaintance's arms. He did not hesitate to kiss her — shamelessly, as no less than three spectators watched him. It seemed to rouse her, though not to put her in possession of all her faculties, for she sobbed and threw her arms about his neck again, and clung to him and cried. He bent his head and whispered in her ear. What he said I did not overhear.

"You saved us! . . . You saved *me!*" Katherine said, brokenly, "My hero!"

Mr. Quaintance drew himself up proudly, but over Katherine's shoulder he did a most peculiar—indeed, reprehensible—thing. He winked at Stephen Wight.

Two days later I sought Mr. Quaintance to get further details of his remarkable sense of direction.

"Mr. Quaintance," I said, "I want to speak with you about your abnormal and scientifically interesting sense of direction."

He grinned. His grin has a way of irritating me. I do not know why.

"I'll explain it to you, Simeon. It lies in this. You can acquire it yourself. . . . When you get lost in a cave, see to it that the cave is—one you played in when you were a kid. Hoofer's Hole is entered from my grandfather's farm. I could walk through it blindfolded."

I was nonplussed. "But the sense of direction? The necessity for the football proceedings?"

"Those," said he, "were largely for your benefit, Simeon. At first they were. Later I developed the idea, as you may have seen. But, Simeon, you'd got on my nerves, old top, and I just had to take a punch at you. You needed it."

I turned away in disgust.

"By the way," said he, "Mr. Wight informs me that he thinks I will make a most acceptable son-in-law. Congratulate me."

I did not do so. Instead I left him abruptly.

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER VII

BETWEEN the greenhouses, of which the glass gleamed dimly in the moonlight, Rosie followed a path that straggled down the slope of her father's land to the new boulevard round the pond. The boulevard here swept inland about the base of Duck Rock, in order to leave that wooded bluff an inviolate feature of the landscape. So inviolate had it been that during the months since Rosie had picked wild raspberries in its boskage the park commissioners had seized on it as a spot to be subdued by winding paths and restful benches. To make it the more civilized and inviting they had placed one of the arc-lamps that now garlanded the circuit of the pond just where it would guide the feet of lovers into the alluring shade. Rosie was glad of this friendly light before engaging on the rough path up the bluff under the skeleton-like trees. She was not afraid; she was only nervous, and the light gave her confidence.

But to-night, as she emerged on the broad boulevard from the weedy outskirts of her father's garden, the clatter of horse-hoofs startled her into drawing back. She would have got herself altogether out of sight had there been anything at hand in the nature of a shrub high enough to conceal her. As it was she could only shrink to the extreme edge of the roadside, hoping that the rider, whoever he was, would pass without seeing her. This he might have done had not the bay mare Delia, unaccustomed to the sight of young ladies roaming alone at night, thought it the part of propriety to shy.

"Whoa, Delia! whoa! What's the matter? Steady, old girl! steady!" There was a flash of the quick, penetrating eyes around the circle made by the arc-light. "Why, hello, Rosie 'Pon my soul! Look scared as a stray kitten. Where you going?"

Rosie could only reply that she wasn't going anywhere. She was just—out.

"Well, it's a fine night. Everybody seems to be out. Just met Claude."

The girl was unable to repress a startled "Oh!" though she bit her tongue at the self-betrayal.

Uncle Sim laughed merrily. "Don't wonder you're frightened—pretty girl like you. Devil of a fellow, Claude thinks he is. Suppose you don't know him. Ah, well that wouldn't make any difference to him, if he was to run across you. I'll tell you what! You come along with me." Chuckling to himself, he slipped from Delia's back, preparing to lead the mare and accompany the girl on foot. "We'll go round by the Old Village and up School-house Lane. The walk 'll do you good. You'll sleep better after it. Come along now, and tell me about your mother as we go. Did my nephew, Thor, come to see her? What did he give her? Did she take it? Did it make her sleep?"

But Rosie shrank away from him with the eyes of a terrified animal. "Oh no, Dr. Masterman! Please! I don't want to take that long walk. I'll go back up the path—the way I came. I just ran out to—to—"

He looked at her with suspicious kindliness. "Will you promise me you'll go back the way you came?"

"Yes, yes; I will."

"Then that's all right. It's an awful dangerous road, Rosie. Tramps—and everything. But if you'll go straight

back up the path I'll be easy in my mind about you." He watched her while she retreated. "Good night!" he called.

"Good night," came her voice from half-way up the garden.

She was obliged to wait in the shadow of an outlying hothouse till the sound of Delia's hoofs, clattering off toward the Old Village, died away on the night. She crept back again, cautiously. Cautiously, too, she stole across the boulevard and into the wood. Once there, she flew up the path with the frantic eagerness of a hare. She was afraid Claude might have come and gone. She was afraid of the incident with old Sim. What did he mean? Did he mean anything? If he betrayed Claude at home would it keep the latter from meeting her? She had no great confidence in Claude's ability to withstand authority. She had no great confidence in anything, not even in his love, or in her own. The love was true enough; it was ardently, desperately true; but would it bear the strain that could so easily be put upon it? She felt herself swept by an immense longing to be sure.

She had so many subjects to think of and to dread that she forgot to be frightened as she sped up the bluff. It was only on reaching the summit and discovering that Claude wasn't there that she was seized by fear. There was a bench beside her—a round bench circling the trunk of an oak-tree—and she sank upon it.

The crunching of footsteps told her some one was coming up the slope. In all probability it was Claude; but it might be a stranger, or even an animal. The crunching continued, measured, slow. She would have fled if there had been any way of fleeing without encountering the object of her alarm. The regular beat of the footsteps growing heavier and nearer through the darkness rendered her almost hysterical. When at last Claude's figure emerged into the moonlight, his erect slenderness defined against the sky, she threw herself, sobbing, into his arms.

It was not the least of Claude's attractions that he was so tender with women swept by crises of emotion. Where Thor would have stood helpless, or prescribed a mild sedative, Claude pressed the agitated creature to his breast and let her weep.

When her sobs had subsided to a convulsive clinging to him without tears, he explained his delay in arriving by his meeting with Uncle Sim. They were seated on the bench by this time, his arms about her, her face close to his.

"Awful nuisance, he is. Regular Paul Pry. Can't keep anything from him. Scours the country night and day like the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. Never know when you'll meet him."

"I met him, too," Rosie said, getting some control of her voice.

"The deuce you did! Did he speak to you? Did he say anything about me?"

"He said he'd seen you."

"Is that all?"

She weighed the possible disadvantages of saying too much, coming to the conclusion that she had better tell him more. "No, it isn't quite all. He seemed to—warn me against you."

"Oh, the devil!" In his start he loosened his embrace, but grasped her to him again. "What's he up to now?"

"Do you think he's up to anything?"

"What else did he say? Tell me all you can think of."

She narrated the brief incident.

"Will it make any difference to us?" she ventured to ask.

"It 'll make a difference to us if he blabs to father. Of course!"

"What sort of difference, Claude?"

"The sort of difference it makes when there's the devil to pay."

She clasped him to her the more closely. "Does that mean that we shouldn't be able to see each other any more?"

The question being beyond him, Claude smothered it under a selection of those fond epithets in which his vocabulary was large. In the very process of enjoying them Rosie was rallying her strength. She was still clasping him as she withdrew her head slightly, looking up at him through the moonlight.

"Claude, I want to ask you something."

With his hand on the knot of her hair

he pressed her face once more against his. "Yes, yes, darling. Ask me anything. Yes, yes, yes, yes."

She broke in on his purring with the words, "Are we engaged?"

The purring ceased. Without relaxing his embrace he remained passive, like a man listening. "What makes you ask me that?"

"It's what people generally are when they're—when they're like us, isn't it?"

Brushing his lips over the velvet of her cheeks, he began to purr again. "No one was ever like us, darling. No one ever will be. Don't worry your little head with what doesn't matter."

"But it does matter to me, Claude. I want to know where I am."

"Where you are, dearie. You're here with me. Isn't that enough?"

"It's enough for now, Claude, but—"

"And isn't what's enough for now all we've got to think of?"

"No, Claude dearest. A girl isn't like a man—"

"Oh yes, she is, when she loves. And you love me, don't you, dearie? You love me just a little. Say you love me—just a little—a very little—"

"Oh, Claude, my darling, my darling, you know I love you. You're all I've got in the world—"

"And you're all I've got, my little Rosie. Nothing else counts when I'm with you—"

"But when you're not with me, Claude? What then? What am I to think when you're away from me? What am I to be?"

"Be just as you are. Be just as you've always been since the day I first saw you—"

"Yes, yes, Claude; but you don't understand. If any one were to find out that I came here to meet you like this—"

"No one must find out, dear. We must keep that mum."

"But if they did, Claude, it wouldn't matter to you at all—"

"Oh, wouldn't it, though? Father'd make it matter, I can tell you."

"Yes, but you wouldn't be disgraced. I should be. Don't you see? No one would ever believe—"

"Oh, what does it matter what any one believes. Let them all go hang."

"We can't let them all go hang. You can't let your father go hang, and I can't let mine. Do you know what my father would do to me if he knew where I am now? He'd kill me."

"Oh, rot, Rosie!"

"No, no, Claude; I'm telling you the truth. He's that sort. You wouldn't think it, but he is. He's one of those mild, dreamy men who, when they're enraged—which isn't often—don't know where to stop. If he thought I'd done wrong he'd put a knife into me, just like that." She struck her clenched hand against his heart. "When Matt was arrested—"

He tore himself from her suddenly. The sensitive part of him had been touched. "Oh, Lord, Rosie, don't let's go into that. I hate that business. I try to forget it."

"No one can forget it who remembers me."

"Oh yes, they can. *I* can—when you don't drag it up. What's the use, Rosie? Why not be happy for the few hours every now and then that we can get together? What's got into you?" He changed his tone. "You hurt me, Rosie, you hurt me. You talk as if you didn't trust me. You seem to have suspicions, to be making schemes—"

"Oh, Claude! For God's sake!" Rosie, too, was touched on the quick, perhaps by some truth in the accusation.

He kissed her ardently. "I know, dear; I know. I know it's all right—that you don't mean anything. Kiss me. Tell me you won't do it any more—that you won't hurt the man who adores you. What does anything else matter? You and I are everything there is in the world. Don't let us talk. When we've got each other—"

Rosie gave it up, for the present at any rate. She began to perceive dimly that they had different conceptions of love. For her, love was engagement and marriage, with the material concomitants the two states implied. But for Claude love was something else. It was something she didn't understand, except that it was indifferent to the orderly procession by which her own ambitions climbed. He loved her; of that she was sure. But he loved her for her face,

her mouth, her eyes, her hair, the color of her skin, her roughened little hands, her lithe little body. Of nothing else in her was he able to take cognizance. Her hard life and her heart-breaking struggles were conditions he hadn't the eyes to see. He was aware of them, of course, but he could detach her from them. He could detach her from them for the minutes she spent with him, but he could see her go back to them and make no attempt to follow her in sympathy.

But he loved her beauty. There was that palliating fact. After all, Rosie was a woman, and here was the supreme tribute to her womanhood. It was not everything, and yet it was the thing enchanting. It was the kind of tribute any woman in the world would have put before social rescue or moral elevation, and Rosie was like the rest. She could be lulled by Claude's endearments as a child is lulled by a cradle-song. With this music in her ears doubts were stilled and misgivings quieted and ambitions overruled. Return to the world of care and calculation followed only on Claude's words uttered just as they were parting.

"And you'd better be on your guard against Thor. So long as he's going to your house you mustn't give anything away."

CHAPTER VIII

DRESSED for going out, Mrs. Willoughby was buttoning her gloves as she stood in the square hall hung with tapestries of a late Gobelins period and adorned with a cabinet in the style of Buhl flanked by two decorative Regency chairs. Her gaze followed the action of her fingers or wandered now and then inquiringly up the stairway.

Her broad, low figure, wide about the hips, tapered toward the feet in lines suggestive of a spinning-top. She was proud of her feet, which were small and shapely, and approved of a fashion in skirts that permitted them to be displayed. Being less proud of her eyes, she also approved of a style of hat which allowed the low, sloping brim, worn slantwise across the brows, to conceal one of them.

"You're surely not going in that rag!"

The protest was called forth by Lois's appearance in a walking-costume on the stairs.

"But, mamma, I'm not going at all. I told you so."

"Told me so! What's the good of telling me so? There'll be loads of men there—simply loads. Goodness me! Lois, if you're ever going to know any men at all—"

"I know all the men I want to know."

"You don't know all the men you want to know, and if you do I should be ashamed to say it. A girl who's had all your advantages and doesn't make more show! What on earth are you doing that you don't want to come?"

Lois hesitated, but she was too frank for concealments. "I'm going to see a girl Thor Masterman wants me to look after. He thinks I may be able to help her."

The mother subsided. "Oh, well—if it's that!" She added, so as not to seem to hint too much: "I always like you to do what you can toward uplift. I'll take you as far as the Old Village, if you're going that way."

There had been a time when such concessions at the mention of Thor Masterman would have irritated Lois more than any violence of opposition; but that time was passing. She could hardly complain if others saw what was daily becoming more patent to herself. She could complain of it the less since she found it difficult to conceal her happiness. It was a happiness that softened the pangs of care and removed to a distance the conditions incidental to her father's habits and impending financial ruin.

Nevertheless, the conditions were there, and had to be confronted. She made, in fact, a timid effort to confront them as she sat beside her mother in the admirably fitted limousine.

"Mother, what are we going to do about papa?"

Mrs. Willoughby's indignant rising to the occasion could be felt like an electric wave. "Do about him? Do about what?"

"About the way he is."

"The way he is? What on earth are you talking about?"

"I mean the way he comes home."

"He comes home very tired, if that's what you're trying to say. Any man who works as they work him at that office—"

"Do you think it's work?"

"No, I don't think it's work. I call it slavery. It's enough to put a man in his grave. I've seen him come home so that he could hardly speak; and if you've done the same you may know that he's simply tired enough to die."

Lois tried to come indirectly to her point by saying, "Thor Masterman has been bringing him home lately."

"Oh, well; I suppose Thor knows he doesn't lose anything by that move."

Lois ignored the remark to say, "Thor seems worried."

The mother's alertness was that of a ruffled, bellicose bird defending its mate. "If Thor's worried about your father, he can spare himself the trouble. He can leave that to me. I'll take care of him. What he needs is rest. When everything is settled I mean to take him away. Of course we can't go *this* winter. If we could we should go to Egypt—he and I. But we can't. We know that. We make the sacrifice."

These discreet allusions, too, Lois thought it best to let pass in silence. "It wasn't altogether about papa that Thor was worried. He seems anxious about money."

Bessie tossed her head. "That may easily be. If your father takes our money out of the firm, as he threatens to do, the Mastermans will be—well, I don't know where."

The girl felt it right to go a step further. "He seemed to hint—he didn't say it in so many words—that perhaps papa wouldn't have so very much to take out."

This was dismissed lightly. "Then he doesn't know what he's talking about. Archie's frightfully close in those things, I must say. He's never let either of the boys know anything about the business. He won't even let me. But your father knows. If Thor thinks for a minute the money isn't nearly all ours he may come in for a rude awakening."

Reassured by this firmness of tone, Lois began to take heart. Getting out at the Old Village, she continued her way on foot, and found Rosie among the azaleas and poinsettias.

Thor Masterman met her an hour later, as she returned homeward. He knew where she had been as soon as he saw her turn the corner at which the road descends the hill, recognizing with a curious pang her promptness in carrying out his errand. The pang was a surprise to him—the beginning of a series of revelations on the subject of himself.

Her desire to please him had never before this instant caused him anything but satisfaction. It had been but the response to his desire to please her. He had not been blind to the goal to which this mutual good-will would lead them, but he had quite made up his mind that she would make him as good a wife as any one. As a preliminary to marriage he had weighed the possibility of falling ardently in love, coming at last to the conclusion that he was not susceptible to that passion.

His long-standing intention to marry Lois Willoughby was based on the fact that besides being sympathetic to him she was plain and lonely. If the motive hadn't taken full possession of his heart it was because the state of being plain and lonely had never seemed to him the worst of calamities, by any means. The worst of calamities, that for which no patience was sufficient, that for which there was no excuse, that which kings, presidents, emperors, parliaments, congresses, embassies, and armies should combine their energies to prevent, was to be poor. He was entirely of Mrs. Fay's opinion, that with money ill-health and unhappiness were details. You could bear them both. You could bear being lonely; you could bear being plain. Consequently, the menace that now threatened Lois Willoughby's fortunes strengthened her claim on him; but all at once he felt, as he saw her descend the hill, that the claim might make complications.

Was it because she was plain? Curious that he had never attached importance to that fact before! But it blinded him now to her graceful carriage as well as to the way she had of holding her head

with a noble, independent poise that made her a woman of distinction.

She was smiling with an air at once intimate and triumphant. "I think I've won in the first encounter, at any rate."

In his wincing there was the surprise of a man who in a moment of expansion has made a sacred confidence only to find it crop up lightly in subsequent conversation. He was obliged to employ some self-control in order to say, with a manner sufficiently offhand, "What happened?"

She told of making her approaches under the plea of buying potted plants. A cold reception had given way before her persistent friendliness, while there had been complete capitulation on the tender of an invitation to County Street to tea. The visit had been difficult to manage, but amusing, and a little pitiful.

To the details that were difficult or pitiful he could listen with calm, but he was inwardly indignant that Lois should find anything in her meeting with Rosie that lent itself to humor. He knew that humor. The superior were fond of indulging in it at the expense of the less fortunate. Even Lois Willoughby had not escaped that taint of class. Fearing to wound her by some impatient word, he made zeal in his round of duties the excuse for an abrupt good-by.

But zeal in his round of duties changed to zeal of another kind as with set face and long, swinging stride he hurried up the hill. The plans he had been maturing for the psychological treatment of Mrs. Fay melted into eagerness to know how the poor little thing had taken Lois's advances. He was disappointed, therefore, that Rosie should receive him coldly.

Within twenty-four hours his imagination had created between them something with the flavor of a friendship. He had been thinking of her so incessantly that it was disconcerting to perceive that apparently she had not been thinking of him at all. He was the doctor to her, and no more. She continued to direct Antonio, the Italian, who was opening a crate of closely packed azalea-plants, while she discussed the effect of his sedative on her mother. Her manner was dry and business-like; her replies to his questions brief and to the point.

But professional duty being done, he endeavored to raise the personal issue. "What did you mean yesterday when you said that you couldn't play fair, but that you'd play as fair as you could?"

She turned from her contemplation of the stooping Antonio's back. "Did I say that?"

He hardly heeded the question in the pleasure he got from this glimpse of her green eyes. "You said that—or something very much like it."

His uncertainty gave her the chance to correct that which, in the light of Claude's warning, might prove to have been an indiscretion. "I'm sure I can't imagine. You must have—misunderstood me."

He pursued the topic not because he cared, but in order to make her look at him again. "Oh no, I didn't. Don't you remember? It was after you said that there was one thing that might happen—"

She was sure of her indiscretion now. He might even be setting a snare for her. Dr. Sim Masterman might have withdrawn from her mother's case in order to put the one brother on the other's tracks. If Claude was right in his suspicions, there was reasonable ground for alarm. She said, with assumed indifference: "Oh, that! That was nothing. Just a fancy."

He still talked for the sake of talking, attaching no importance to her replies. "Was it a fancy when you said that I would be one of the people opposed to it—if it happened?"

"Well, yes. But you'd only be one among a lot." She shifted to firmer ground. "I wasn't thinking of you in particular—or of any one in particular."

"Were you thinking of any *thing* in particular?"

The question threw her back on straight denial. "N-no; not exactly; just a fancy."

"But I shouldn't be opposed to it, whatever it is—if it was to your advantage."

His persistence deepened her distrust. A man whom she had seen only once before would hardly display such an interest in her and her affairs unless he



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE WAS SMILING WITH AN AIR AT ONCE INTIMATE AND TRIUMPHANT

had a motive, especially when that man was a Masterman. She took refuge in her task with the azaleas. "No, not there, Antonio. Put them there—like this—I'll show you."

The necessity for giving Antonio practical demonstration taking her to the other side of the hothouse, Thor felt himself obliged to go. He went with the greater regret since he had been unable to sound her on the subject of Lois Willoughby's advances, though her skill in eluding him heightened his respect. His disdain for the small arts of coquetry being as sincere as his scorn of snobbery, he counted it to her credit that she eluded him at all. There would be plenty of opportunities for speech with her. During them he hoped to win her confidence by degrees.

In the bedroom up-stairs, where the mother was again seated in her upholstered arm-chair with the quilt across her knees, he endeavored to put into practice his idea of mental therapeutics. He began by speaking of Matt, using the terms that would most effectively challenge her attention. "When he comes back, you know, we must make him forget that he's ever worn stripes."

She eyed him sternly. "What 'd be the good of his forgetting it? He'll have done it, just the same."

"Some of us have done worse than that, and yet—"

"And yet we didn't get into Colcord for them. But that's what counts. You can do what you like as long as you ain't put in jail. Look at your father—"

"So when he comes home—" he interrupted, craftily.

She leaned forward, throwing the quilt from her knees. "See here," she asked, confidentially, "how would you feel if you saw your son coming up out of hell?"

"How should I feel? I should be glad he was coming up instead of going down. You would, too, wouldn't you? And now that he's coming up we must keep him up. That's the point. So many poor chaps that have been in his position feel that because they've once been down they've got to stay down. We must make him see that he's come back among friends—and you must tell us what to do. You must give your mind to it and think it out. He's your boy—so it's your duty to take the lead."

Her cold eye rested on him as if she were giving his words consideration. "Why don't you ask your father to take the lead? He sent him to Colcord."

Thor got no further than this during the hour he spent with her, seeing that Uncle Sim had been right in describing the case as one for ingenuity—and something more. Questioning himself as to what this something more could be, he brought up the subject tentatively with Jasper Fay, whom he met on leaving the house. Thor himself stood on the door-step, while Fay, who wore gardening overalls, confronted him from the withered grass-plot that ended in a leafless hedge of bridal-veil.

"She's never been a religious woman at all, has she?"

Fay answered with a distant smile. "She did go in for religion at one time, sir; but I guess she found it slim diet. It got to seem to her like Thomas Carlyle's hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed. After that she quit."

"I had an idea that you belonged to the First Church and were Dr. Hilary's parishioners."

Fay explained. "Dr. Hilary married us, but we haven't troubled the church much since. I never took any interest in the Christian religion to begin with; and when I looked into it I found it even more fallacious than I supposed." To account for this advanced position on the part of a simple market-gardener he added, "I've been a good deal of a reader."

Thor spoke slowly and after meditation. "It isn't so much a question of its being fallacious as of its capacity for producing results."

Fay turned partially round toward the south where a haze hung above the city. His tone was infused with a mild bitterness. "Don't we see the results it can produce—over there?"

"That's right, too." Thor was so much in sympathy with this point of view that he hardly knew how to go on. "And yet some of us doctors are beginning to suspect that there may be a

power in Christianity—a purely psychological power, you understand—that hasn't been used for what it's worth."

Fay nodded. He had been following this current of contemporary thought. "Yes, Dr. Thor. So I hear. Just as, I dare say, you haven't found out all the uses of opium."

"Well, opium is good in its place, you know."

"I suppose so." He lifted his starry eyes with their mystic, visionary rapture fully on the young physician. "And yet I remember how George Eliot prayed that when her troubles came she might get along without being drugged by that stuff—meaning the Christian religion, sir—and I guess I'd kind o' like that me and mine should do the same."

Thor dropped the subject and went his way. As far as he had opinions of his own, they would have been similar to Fay's had he not within a year or two heard of sufficiently authenticated cases in which sick spirits or disordered nerves had yielded to spiritual counsels after the doctor had had no success. He had been so little impressed with these instances that he might not have allowed his speculations with regard to Mrs. Fay to go beyond the fleeting thought, only for the fact that on passing through the Square he met Reuben Hilary. In general he was content to touch his hat to the old gentleman and go on; but today, urged by an impulse too vague to take accurate account of, he stopped with respectful greetings.

"I've just been to see an old parishioner of yours, sir," he said, when the preliminaries of neighborly conversation had received their due.

"Have you, now?" was the non-committal response, delivered with a North-of-Ireland intonation.

"Mrs. Fay — wife of Fay, the gardener. I can't say she's ill," Thor went on, feeling his way, "but she's mentally upset." He decided to plunge into the subject boldly, smiling with that mingling of frankness and perplexity which people found appealing because of its conscientiousness. "And I've been wondering, Dr. Hilary, if you couldn't help her."

"Have you, now? And what would you be wanting me to do?"

Thor reflected as to the exact line to take, while the kindly eyes covered him with their shrewd, humorous twinkle. "You see," Thor tried to explain, "that if she could get the idea that there's any other stand to take toward trouble than that of kicking against it, she might be in a fair way to get better. At present she's like a prisoner who dashes his head against a stone wall, not seeing that there's a window by which he might make his escape."

There was renewed twinkling in the merry eyes. "But if there's a window, why don't you point it out to her?"

Thor grinned. "Because, sir, I don't see it myself."

"T't, t't! Don't you, then? And how do you know it's there?"

Thor continued to grin. "To be frank with you, sir, I don't believe it *is* there. But if you can make her believe it is—"

"That is, you want me to deceive the poor creature."

"Oh no, sir," Thor protested. "You wouldn't be deceiving her because you do believe it."

"So that I'd only be deceiving her to the extent that I'm deceived myself."

"You're too many for me," Thor laughed again, preparing to move on. "I didn't know but that if you gave her what are called the consolations of religion—that's the right phrase, isn't it—"

"There is such a phrase. But you can't *give* people the consolations of religion; they've got to find them for themselves. If they won't do that, there's no power in heaven or earth that can force consolation upon them."

"But religion undertakes to do something, doesn't it?"

The old man shook his head. "Nothing whatever—no more than air undertakes that you shall breathe it, or water that you shall drink it, or fire that you shall warm yourself at its blaze."

Thor mused. When he spoke it was as if summing up the preceding remarks. "So that you can't do anything, sir, for my friend, Mrs. Fay?"

"Nothing whatever, me dear Thor—

but help her to do something for herself."

"Very well, sir. Will you try that?"

"Sure I'll try it. I'm too proud of the Word of God to thrust it where it isn't wanted—*margaritas ante porcos*, if you've Latin enough for that—but when any one asks for it as earnestly as you, me dear Thor—"

Having won what he asked, Thor shook the old man's hand and thanked him, after which he hurried off to the garage to take out his runabout and bring Lois's father home from town.

CHAPTER IX

AS November and December passed and the new year came in, small happenings began to remind Thorley Masterman that he was soon to inherit money. It was a fact which he himself could scarcely credit. Perhaps because he was not imaginative the condition of being thirty years of age continued to seem remote even when he was within six weeks of that goal.

He was first impressed with the rapidity of his approach to it on a morning when he came late to breakfast, finding at his plate a long envelope, bearing in its upper left-hand corner the request that in the event of non-delivery it should be returned to the office of Darling & Darling, at 27, Commonwealth Row. A glance, which he couldn't help reading, passed round the table as he took it up. It was not new to him that among the other members of the household, closely as they were united, there was a sense of vague injustice because he was coming into money and they were not.

The communication was brief, stating no more than the fact that in view of the transfer of the estate which would take place a few weeks later, Mr. William Darling, the sole trustee, would be glad to see the heir on a day in the near future, to submit to him the list of investments and other properties that were to make up his inheritance. Thor saw his grandfather's money, so long a fairy prospect, as likely to become a matter of solid cash. The change in his position would be considerable.

As yet, however, his position remained that of a son in his father's family, and, in obedience to what he knew was expected of him, he read the note aloud. Though there was an absence of comment, his stepmother, in passing him his coffee, murmured, caressingly, "Dear old Thor."

"Dear old Thor," Claude mimicked, "will soon be able to do everything he pleases."

Mrs. Masterman smiled. It was her mission to conciliate. "And what will that be?"

"I know what it won't be," Claude said, scornfully. "It won't be anything that has to do with a pretty girl."

Thor flushed. It was one of the minutes at which Claude's taunts gave him all he could do to contain himself. As far as his younger brother was concerned, he meant well by him. It had always been his intention that his first use of Grandpa Thorley's money should be in supplementing Claude's meager personal resources and helping him to keep on his feet. He could be patient with him, too—patient under all sorts of stinging gibes and double-edged compliments—patient for weeks, for months—patient right up to the minute when something touched him too keenly on the quick, and his wrath broke out with a fury he knew to be dangerous. It was so dangerous as to make him afraid—afraid for Claude, and more afraid for himself. There had been youthful quarrels between them from which he had come away pale with terror, not at what he had done, but at what he might have done had he not maintained some measure of self-control.

The memory of such occasions kept him quiet now, though the irony of Claude's speech cut so much deeper than any one could suspect. "Won't be anything that has to do with a pretty girl!" Good God! When he was beginning to feel his soul rent in the struggle between love and honor! It was like something sprung on him—that had caught him unawares. There were days when the suffering was so keen that he wondered if there was no way of lawfully giving in. After all, he had never asked Lois Willoughby to marry him. There

had never been more between them than an unspoken intention in his mind which had somehow communicated itself to hers. But that was not a pledge. If he were to marry some one else, she couldn't reproach him by so much as a syllable.

It was not often that he was tempted to reason thus, but Claude's sarcasm brought up the question more squarely than it had ever raised itself before. It was exactly the sort of subject on which, had it concerned any one else, Thor would have turned for light to Lois herself. In being debarred from her counsels he felt strangely at a loss. While he said to himself that after all these years there was but one thing for him to do, he was curious as to the view other people might take of such a situation. It was because of this need, and with Claude's sneer ringing in his heart, that later in the day he sprang the question on Dearlove. Dearlove was the derelict English butler whom Thor had picked out of the gutter and put in charge of his office so that he might have another chance. He had been summoned into his master's presence to explain the subsidence in the contents of a bottle of cognac Thor kept at the office for emergency cases and had neglected to put under lock and key.

"That was a full bottle a month ago," Thor declared, holding the accusing object up to the light.

"Was it, sir?" Dearlove asked, dismally. He stood in his habitual attitude, his arms crossed on his stomach, his hands thrust, monklike, into his sleeves.

"And I've only taken one glass out of it—the day that young fellow fell off his bicycle."

Dearlove eyed the bottle piteously. "'Aven't you, sir? Perhaps you took more out that day than you thought."

But Thor broke in with what was really on his mind. "Look here, Dearlove! What would you say to a man who was in love with one woman if he married another?"

Dearlove was so astonished as to be for a minute at a loss for speech. "What 'd I say to him, sir? I'd say, what did he do it for? If it was—"

"Yes, Dearlove?" Thor encouraged. "If it was for—what?"

"Well, sir, if he'd got money with her, like—well, that 'd be one thing."

"But if he didn't? If it was a case in which money didn't matter?"

Dearlove shook his head. "I never 'eard of no such case as that, sir."

Thor grew interested in the sheerly human aspects of the subject. Romance was so novel to him that he wondered if every one came under its spell at some time—if there was no exception, not even Dearlove. He leaned across the desk, his hands clasped upon it.

"Now, Dearlove, suppose it was your own case, and—"

"Oh, me, sir! I'm no example to no one—not with Brightstone 'anging on to me the way she does. I can't look friendly at so much as a kitten without Brightstone—"

"Now here's the situation, Dearlove," Thor interrupted, while the ex-butler listened, his head judicially inclined to one side. "Suppose a man—a patient of mine, let us say—meant to marry one young lady, and let her see it. And suppose, later, he fell very much in love with another young lady—"

"He'd 'ave to ease the first one off a bit, wouldn't he, sir?"

"You think he ought to."

"I think he'd 'ave to, sir, unless he wanted to be sued for breach."

"It's the question of duty I'm thinking of, Dearlove."

"Ain't it his dooty to marry the one he's in love with, sir? Doesn't the Good Book say as 'ow fallin' in love"—Dearlove blushed becomingly—"as 'ow fallin' in love is the way God A'mighty means to fertilize the earth with people? Doesn't the Good Book say that, sir?"

"Perhaps it does. I believe it's the kind of primitive subject it's likely to take up."

"So that there's that to be thought of, sir. They say the children not born o' love matches ain't always strong." He added, as he shuffled toward the door: "We never had no little ones, Brightstone and me—only a very small one that died a few hours after it was born."

Thor was not convinced by this reasoning, but he was happier than before.

Such expressions of opinion, which would probably be indorsed by nine people out of ten, assured him that he might follow the urging of his heart and yet not be a dastard.

He felt on stronger ground, therefore, when he talked with Fay one afternoon in the week following. "Suppose my father doesn't renew the lease—what would happen to you?"

Fay raised himself from the act of doing something to a head of lettuce which was unfolding its petals like a great green rose. His eyes had the visionary look that marked his inability to come down to the practical. "Well, sir; I don't rightly know."

"But you've thought of it, haven't you?"

"Not exactly thought of it. He's said he wouldn't two or three times already, and then changed his mind."

"Would it do you any good if he did? Aren't you fighting a losing battle, anyhow?"

"That's not wholly the way I judge, Dr. Thor. Neither the losing battle nor the winning one can be told from the balance-sheet. The success or failure of a man's work is chiefly in himself."

Thor studied this, gazing down the level of soft verdure to the end of the greenhouse in which they stood. "I can see how that might be in one way, but—"

"It's the way I mostly think of, sir. Every man has his own habit of mind, hasn't he? I agree with the great prophet Thomas Carlyle when he says"—he brought out the words with a mild pomposity—"when he says that a certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells in us which only our works can render articulate. He speaks of the folly of the precept 'Know thyself' till we've made it 'Know what thou canst work at.' I can work at this, Dr. Thor; I couldn't work at anything else. I know that making both ends meet is an important part of it, of course—"

"But to you it isn't the *most* important part of it."

Fay's eyes wandered to the other greenhouse in which lettuce grew, to the hothouse full of flowers, and out over the forcing-beds of violets. "No, Dr. Thor; not the most important part of it—to me. I've created all this. I love it. It's my life. It's myself. And if—"

"And if my father doesn't renew the lease—?"

"Then I shall be done for. It won't be just going bankrupt in the money sense; it 'll be everything else—blasted." He subjoined, dreamily: "I don't know what would happen to me after that. I'd be—I'd be equal to committing crimes."

Thor couldn't remember ever having seen tears on an elderly man's cheeks before. He took a turn down half the length of the greenhouse and back again. "Look here, Fay," he said, in the tone of one making a resolution, "supposing my father would give *me* a lease of the place?"

"You, Dr. Thor?"

"Yes, me. Would you work it for me?"

Fay reflected long, while Thor watched the play of light and shadow over the mild, mobile face. "It wouldn't be my own place any more, would it, sir?"

"No, I suppose it wouldn't—not strictly. But it would be the next best thing. It would be better than—"

"It would be better than being turned out." He reflected further. "Was you thinking of taking it over as an investment, sir?"

Not having considered this side of his idea, Thor sought for a natural, spontaneous answer, and was not long in finding one. "I want to be identified with the village industries, because I'm going into politics."

"Oh, are you, sir? I didn't know you was that way inclined."

"I'm not," Thor explained, when they had moved from the greenhouse into the yard. "I only feel that we people of the old stock hang out of politics too much and that I ought to pitch in and make one more. So you get my idea, Fay. It 'll give me standing to hold a bit of property like this, even if it's only on lease."

There was no need for further explanations. Fay consented, not cheerfully, but with a certain saddened and yet grateful resignation, of which the ex-

pression was cut short by a cheery, ringing voice from the gateway:

"Hello, Mr. Fay! Hello, Dr. Thor! Whoa, Maud! whoa! Stand, will you? What you thinking of?"

The response to this greeting came from both men simultaneously, each making it according to his capacity for heartiness. "Hello, Jim!" They emphasized the welcome by unconsciously advancing to meet the tall, stalwart young Irishman of the third generation on American soil who came toward them with the long, loose limbs and swinging stride inherited from an ancestry bred to tramping the hills of Connemara. A pair of twinkling eyes and a mouth that was always on the point of breaking into a smile when it was not actually smiling tempered the peasant shrewdness of a face that got further softening, and a touch of superiority, from a carefully tended young mustache.

Thor and Jim Breen had been on friendly terms ever since they were boys; but the case was not exceptional, since the latter was on similar terms with every one in the village. From childhood upward he had been a local character, chiefly because of a breezy self-respect that was as free from self-consciousness as from self-importance. There was no one to whom he wasn't polite, but there had never been any one of whom he was afraid. "Hello, Mr. Masterman!" "Hello, Dr. Hilary!" "Hello, Father Ryan!" "Hello, Dr. Sim!" had been his form of greeting ever since he had begun swaggering around the village, with head up and face alert, at the age of five. No one had ever been found to resent this cheerful familiarity, not even Archie Masterman.

As a man in whom friendliness was a primary instinct, Jim Breen never entered a trolley-car nor turned a street corner without speaking or nodding to every one he knew. Never did he visit a neighboring town without calling on, or calling up, every one he could claim as an acquaintance. He was always on hand for fires, for fights, for fallen horses, for first-aid in accidents, for ball-games, for the outings of Boy Scouts, and for village theatricals and dances. There were rumors that he was sometimes "wild," but the wildness being confined to his incursions into the city—which generally took place after dark—it was not sufficiently in evidence to shock the home community. It was a matter of common knowledge that he used, in village phrase, "to go with" Rosie Fay —the breaking of the friendship being attributed by some of the well-informed to his reported wildness, and by others to differences in religion. As Thor had been absent in Europe during this episode, and was without the native suspicion that would have connected the two names, he took Jim's arrival pleasantly.

Having finished his bit of business, which concerned an order for azaleas too large for his father to meet, and in which Mr. Fay might find it to his advantage to combine, Jim turned blithely toward Thor. "Hear about the town meeting, Dr. Thor?—what old Billy Taylor said about the new bridge? What do you think of that for nerve? Tell you what, there's some things in this town needs clearing up."

The statement bringing out Thor's own intention to run as a candidate for office at the next election, Jim expressed his interest in the vernacular of the hour, "What do you know about that?" Further discussion of politics ending in Jim's pledging his support to his boyhood's friend, Thor shook hands with an encouraging sense of being embarked on a public career, and went forward to visit his patient in the house.

His steps were arrested, however, by hearing Jim say, with casual lightheartedness, "Rosie anywheres about, Mr. Fay?"

The old man having nodded in the direction of the hothouse, Jim advanced almost to the door, where Thor, on looking over his shoulder, saw him pause.

It was a curious pause for one so self-confident as the young Irishman—a pause like that of a man grown suddenly doubtful, timid, distrustful. His hand was actually on the latch when, to Thor's surprise, he wheeled away, returning to his "team" with head bent and stride slackened thoughtfully. By the time he had mounted the wagon, however, and begun to tug at Maud he was whistling the popular air of the

moment with no more than a subdued note in his gaiety.

CHAPTER X

BUT Thor was pleased with the idea that his father could scarcely refuse him the lease. He would in fact make it worth his while not to do so. Rosie Fay and those who belonged to her might, therefore, feel solid ground beneath their feet, and go on working and, if need were, suffering, without the intolerable dread of eviction. It would be a satisfaction to him to accomplish this much, whatever the dictates of honor might oblige him to forego.

He felt, too, that he was getting his reward when, after Jim's departure, Rosie nodded through the glass of the hothouse, giving him what might almost be taken for a smile. He forbore to go to her at once, keeping that pleasure for the end of his visit. After seeing his patient, there were generally small directions to give the daughter which afforded pretexts for lingering in her company. His patient was getting better, not through ministrations of his own, but through some mysterious influence exerted by Reuben Hilary. As a man of science and a skeptic, Thor was slightly impatient of this aid, even though he himself had evoked it.

He was half-way up the stairs on his way to the bedroom in the mansard roof when, on hearing a man's voice, he paused. The voice was saying, with that inflection in which there was no more than a hint of the brogue:

"Now there's what we were talking of the last time I was here: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God; believe also in me.' There's the two great plagues of human existence—fear and trouble—staggered for you at a blow. And you do believe in God, now, don't you?"

Thor had turned to tiptoe down again when he heard the words, spoken in the rebellious tones with which he was familiar, modulated now to an odd submissiveness: "I don't know whether I do or not. Isn't there something in the Bible about, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief'?"

"There is, and it's a good way to begin."

Thor was out in the yard before he could hear more. Standing for a minute in the windy sunshine, he wondered at the curious phenomenon presented by men in evident possession of their faculties who relied for the dispersion of human care on means invisible and mystic. The fact that in this case he himself had appealed to the illusion rendered the working of it none the less astonishing. His own method for the dispersion of human care—and the project was dear to him—was by dollars and cents. It was, moreover, a method as to which there was no trouble in proving the efficiency.

He took up the subject of her mother with Rosie, who, with the help of Antonio, was rearranging the masses of azaleas, carnations, and poinsettias after the depletion of the Christmas sales. "She's really better, isn't she?"

Rosie pushed a white azalea to the place on the stand that would best display its domelike regularity. "She seems to be."

"What do you think has helped her?"

She gave him a queer little sidelong smile. "You're the doctor. I should think you'd know."

He adored those smiles—constrained, unwilling, distrustful smiles that varied the occasional earnest looks that he got from her green eyes. "But I don't know. It isn't anything I do for her."

She banked two or three azaleas together, so that their shades of pink and pomegranate-red might blend. "I suppose it's Dr. Hilary."

"I know it's Dr. Hilary. But he isn't working by magic. If she's getting back her nerve it isn't because he wishes it on her, as the boys say."

Suspecting all his approaches, she confined herself to saying, "I'm sure I don't know," speaking like a guilty witness under cross-examination. The assiduity of his visits, the persistency with which he tried to make her talk, kept her the more carefully on her guard against betraying anything unwarily.

But to him the reserve was an added charm. He called it shyness or coyness or maidenly timidity, according to the circumstance that called it forth; but whatever it was, this apathy to his passionate dumb-show piqued him to a

frenzy infused with an element of homage. Any other girl in her situation would have come half-way at least toward a man in his. His training having rendered him analytical of the physical side of things, he endeavored, more or less unsuccessfully, to account for the extraordinary transformation in himself, whereby every nerve in his body yearned and strained toward this hard, proud little creature who, too evidently—as yet, at any rate—refused to take him into account. She made him feel like a man signaling in the dark or speaking across a vacuum through which his voice couldn't carry, while he was conscious at the same time of searchings of heart at making the attempt to do either.

He was beset by these scruples when, after taking his runabout from the garage, in order to go to town, he met Lois Willoughby in the Square. On the instant he remembered Dearlove's counsel of a few days earlier—"He'd 'ave to ease the first one off a bit." Whatever was to be his ultimate decision, the wisdom of this course was incontestable. As she paused, smiling, expecting him to stop, he lifted his hat and drove onward. Perhaps it was only his imagination that caught in her great, velvety brown eyes an expression of surprise and pain; but whether his sight was accurate or not, the memory of the moment smote him. The process of "easing the first one off" would probably prove difficult. "I shall have to explain to her that I was in a hurry," he said, to comfort himself, as he flew onward to the town.

The explanation would have been not untrue, since he was already overdue at his appointment with Mr. William Darling, his grandfather's executor.

It was the second of the meetings arranged for giving him a general idea of the estate he was coming into. At the first he had gone over the lists of stocks, mortgages, and bonds. To-day, with a map of the city and the surrounding country spread out, partially on the desk and partially over Mr. Darling's knees as he tilted back in a revolving-chair, Thor learned the location of certain bits of landed property which his grandfather, twenty or thirty years before, had considered good investments. The astuteness of this ancestral foresight was illustrated by the fact that Thor was a richer man than he had supposed. While he would possess no enormous wealth, according to the newer standards of the day, he would have something between thirty and forty thousand dollars of yearly income.

"And that," Mr. Darling explained with pride, "at a very conservative rate of investment. You could easily have more; but if you take my advice you'll not be in a hurry to look for more till you need it. I don't want to hurt any one's feelings. You surely understand that."

Thor was not sure that he did understand it. He was not sure; and yet he hesitated to ask for the elucidation of what was intended perhaps to remain cryptic. In a small chair drawn up beside Mr. Darling's revolving seat of authority, his elbow on his knee, his chin supported by his fist, he studied the map.

"I don't want to hurt any one's feelings," the lawyer declared again, "either before or after the fact."

This time an intention of some sort was so evident that Thor felt obliged to say, "Do you mean any one in particular, sir?"

The trustee threw the map from off his knees, and, rising, walked to the window. He was a small, neat, sharp-eyed man of fresh, frosty complexion, his exquisite clothes making him something of a dandy, while his manner of turning his head, with quick little jerks and perks, reminded one of a bird. At the window he stood with his hands behind his back, looking over the jumble of nineteenth-century roofs—out of which an occasional "sky-scraper" shot like a tower—to where a fringe of masts and funnels edged the bay. He spoke without turning round.

"I don't mean any one in particular unless there should be any one in particular to mean."

With this oracular explanation Thor was forced to be content, and, as the purpose of the meeting seemed to have been accomplished, he rose to take his leave.

Mr. Darling was quick in showing himself not only faithful as a trustee, but cordial as a man of the world. "My wife would like you to come and see

her," he said, in shaking hands. "She asked me to say, too, that she hopes you and your brother will come to the dance she's going to give for Elsie in the course of a month or two. You'll get your cards in time."

Warmly expressing the pleasure this entertainment would give him, while knowing in his heart that he wouldn't attend it, the young man took his departure.

But no later than that evening he began to perceive why the oracle had spoken. Claude having excused himself from dressing for dinner on the ground of another mysterious engagement with Billy Cheever, and Mrs. Masterman having retired up-stairs, Thor was alone in the library with his father.

It was a mellow room, in which the bindings of long rows of books, mostly purchased by Grandpa Thorley in "sets," an admirable white-marble chimney-piece in a Georgian style, and a few English eighteenth-century prints added by Archie Masterman himself, disguised the heavy architectural taste of the sixties. Grandpa Thorley had built the house at the close of the Civil War, the end of that struggle having found him—for reasons he was never eager to explain—a far richer man than its beginning. He had built the house, not on his own old farm, which was already being absorbed into the suburban portion of the city, but on a ten-acre plot in County Street, which, with its rich bordering fields, its overarching elms, and its lofty sites, was revealing itself even then as the predestined quarter of the wealthy. So long as there had been no wealthy, County Street had been only a village highway; but the social developments following on the Civil War had required a Faubourg St.-Germain.

In this house Miss Louisa Thorley had grown up and been wooed by Archie Masterman. It had been the wooing of a very plain girl by a good-looking lad, and had received a shock when Grandpa Thorley suspected other motives than love to account for the young man's ardor. Her suitor being forbidden the house, Miss Thorley had no resource but to meet him in the city on the 7th of March, 1880, and go with him to a convenient parsonage. Thor was born on the tenth of February of the year following. Two days later the young mother died.

Grandpa Thorley himself held out for another ten years, when his will revealed the fact that he had taken every precaution to keep Archie Masterman from profiting by a penny of the Thorley money. So strict were the provisions of this document that on the father was thrown the entire cost of bringing up and educating Louisa Thorley's son.

But Archie Masterman was patient. He took a lease of the Thorley house when Darling & Darling as executors put it in the market, and paid all the rent it was worth. Moreover, there had never been a moment in Thor's life when he had been made to feel that his maintenance was a burden unjustly thrown on one who could ill afford to bear it. For this consideration the son had been grateful ever since he knew its character, and was now eager to make due return.

For the minute he was moving restlessly about the room, not knowing what to say. From the way in which his father, who was comfortably stretched in an arm-chair before the fire, dropped the evening paper to the floor, while he puffed silently at his cigar, Thor knew that he was expected to give some account of the interview between himself and the trustee that afternoon. Any father might reasonably look for such a confidence, while the conditions of affectionate intimacy in which the Masterman family lived made it a matter of course.

The son was still marching up and down the room, smoking cigarettes rapidly and throwing the butts into the fire, when he had completed his summary of the information received in his two meetings with the executor.

The father had neither interrupted nor asked questions, but he spoke at last. "What did you say was the approximate value of the whole estate?"

Thor told him.

"And of the income?"

Thor repeated that also.

"Criminal."

Thor stopped dead for an instant, but resumed his march. He had stopped in

surprise, but he went on again so as to give the impression of not having heard the last observation.

"It's criminal," the father explained, with repressed indignation, "that money should bring in so trifling a return."

"He said it was very conservatively invested."

"It's damned idiotically invested. Such incompetence deserves an even stronger term. If my own money didn't earn more for me than that—well, I'm afraid you wouldn't have seen Vienna and Berlin."

The remark gave Thor an opening he was glad to seize. "I know that, father. I know how much you've spent for me, and how generous you've always been, with Claude to provide for, too; and now that I'm to have enough of my own I want to repay you every—"

"Don't hurt me, my boy. You surely don't think I'd take compensation for bringing up my own son. It's not in the least what I'm driving at. I simply mean that now that the whole thing is coming into your own hands you'll probably want to do better with it than has been done heretofore."

Thor said nothing. There was a long silence before his father went on:

"Even if you didn't want *me* to have anything to do with it, I could put you in touch with people who'd give you excellent advice."

Thor paced softly, as if afraid to make his footfalls heard. Something within him seemed frozen, paralyzed. He was incapable of a response.

"Of course," the father continued, gently, with his engaging lisp, "I can quite understand that you shouldn't want me to have anything to do with it. The new generation is often distrustful of the old."

Thor beat his brains for something to say that would meet the courtesies of the occasion without committing him; but his whole being had grown dumb. He would have been less humiliated if his father had pleaded with him outright.

"And yet I haven't done so badly," Masterman continued, with pathos in his voice. "I had very little to begin with. When I first went into old Toogood's office I had nothing at all. I made my way by thrift, foresight, and integrity. I think I can say as much as that. Your grandfather Thorley was unjust to me; but I've never resented it, not by a syllable."

It was a relief to Thor to be able to say with some heartiness, "I know that, father."

"Not that I didn't have some difficult situations to face on account of it. When the Toogood executors withdrew the old man's money it would have gone hard with me if I hadn't been able to—to"—Thor paused in his walk, waiting for what was coming—"if I hadn't been able to command confidence in other directions," the father finished, quietly.

Thor hastened to divert the conversation from his own affairs. "Mr. Willoughby put his money in then, didn't he?"

"That was one thing," Masterman admitted, coldly.

Thor could speak the more daringly because his march up and down kept him behind his father's back. "And now, I understand, you think of dropping him."

"I shouldn't be dropping him. That's not the way to put it. He drops himself—automatically." The clock on the mantelpiece ticked a few times before he added, "I can't go on supporting him."

"Do you mean that he's used up all the capital he put in?"

"That's what it comes to. He's spent enormous sums. At times it's been near to crippling me. But I can't keep it up. He's got to go. Besides, the big, drunken oaf is a disgrace to me. I can't afford to be associated with him any longer."

Thor came round to the fireplace, where he stood on the hearth-rug, his arm on the mantelpiece. "But, father, what 'll he do?"

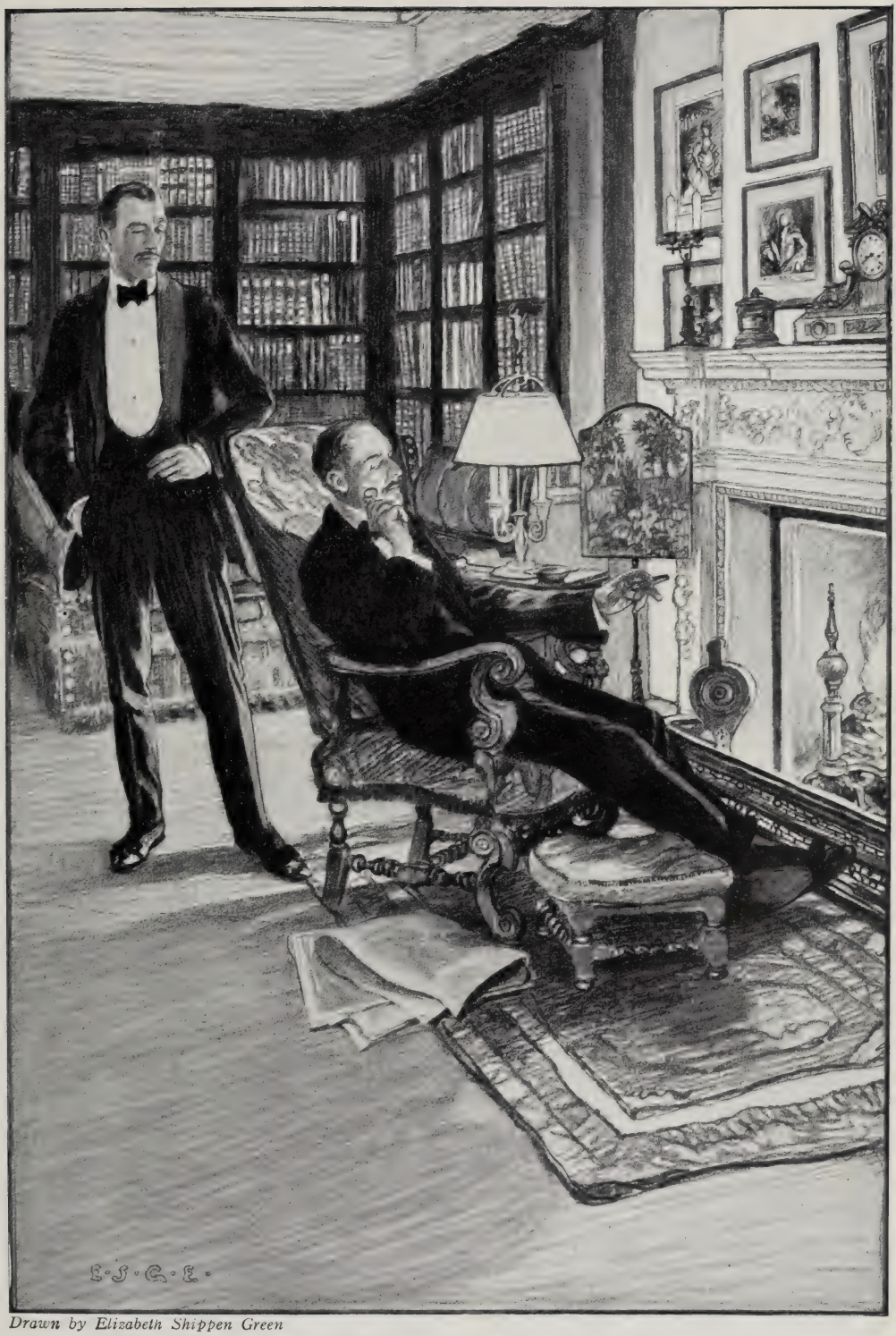
"Surely that's his own lookout. Bessie's got money still. I didn't get all of it, by any means."

"No; but if you've got most of it—"

Masterman shot out of his seat. "Take care, Thor. I object to your way of expressing yourself. It's offensive."

"I only mean, father, that if Mr. Willoughby saved the business—"

"He didn't do anything of the kind," Masterman said, sharply. "No one



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"AND NOW, I UNDERSTAND, YOU THINK OF DROPPING HIM"

knows better than he that I never wanted him at all."

But Thor ventured to speak up. "Didn't you tell mother one night in Paris, when we were there in 1892, that his money might as well come to you as go to the deuce? Mother said she hated business and didn't want to have anything to do with it. She hoped you'd let the Willoughbys and their money alone. Didn't that happen, father?"

If Thor was expecting his father to blanch and betray a guilty mind he was both disappointed and relieved. "Possibly. I've no recollection. I was looking for some one to enter the business. He wasn't my ideal, the Lord knows; and yet I might have said something about it — carelessly. Why do you ask?"

The son tried to infuse his words with a special intensity as, looking straight into his father's eyes, he said, "Because I—I remember the way things happened at the time."

"Indeed? And may I ask what your memories lead you to infer? They've clearly led you to infer something."

During the seconds in which father and son scrutinized each other Thor felt himself backing down with a sort of spiritual cowardice. He didn't want to accuse his father. He shrank from the knowledge that would have justified him in doing so. To express himself with as little stress as possible, he said, "They lead me to infer that we've some moral responsibility toward Mr. Willoughby."

"Really? That's very interesting. Now, I should have said that if I'd ever had any I'd richly worked it off." It was perhaps to glide away from the points already raised that he asked: "Aren't you a little hasty in looking for moral responsibility? Let me see! Who was it the last time? Old Fay, wasn't it?"

Thor flushed, but he accepted the diversion. He even welcomed it. Such glimpses as he got of his father's mind appalled him. For the present, at any rate, he would force no issue that would verify his suspicions and compel him to act upon them. Better the doubt. Better to believe that Willoughby had been a spendthrift. He would have no difficulty as to that, had it not been for those dogging memories of the little hotel in the rue de Rivoli.

Besides, as he said to himself, he had his own ax to grind. He endeavored, therefore, to take the reference to Fay jocosely. "That reminds me," he smiled, though the smile might have been a trifle nervous, "that if you don't want to renew Fay's lease when it falls in, I wish you'd make it over to me." Disconcerted by the look of amazement his words called up, he hastened to add: "I'd take it on any terms you please. You've only got to name them."

Masterman backed away to the large oblong library table strewn with papers and magazines. He seemed to need it for support. His tones were those of a man amazed to the point of awe. "What in the name of Heaven do you want that for?"

Thor steadied his nerve by lighting a cigarette. "To give me a footing in the village. I'm going into politics."

"O Lord!"

Thor hurried on. "Yes, I know how you feel. But to me it seems a duty."

"Seems a—*what?*"

The son felt obliged to be apologetic. "You see, father, so few men of the old American stock are going into politics nowadays—"

"Well, why should they?"

"The country has to be governed."

"Lot of fools to do that who are no good for anything else. Why should *you* dirty your hands with it?"

"That isn't the way I look at it."

"It's the way you *will* look at it when you know a little more about it than you evidently do now. Of course, with your money you'll have a right to fritter away your time in anything you please; but as your father I feel that I ought to give you a word of warning. You wouldn't be a Masterman if you didn't need it—on that score?"

"What score?"

"The score of being caught by every humbugging socialistic scheme—"

"I'm not a socialist, father."

"Well, what are you? I thought you were."

"I'm not now. I've passed that phase."

"That's something to the good, at any rate."

"With politics in this country as they are—and so many alien peoples to be licked into shape—it's no use looking for the state to undertake anything progressive for another two hundred years."

"Ah! Want something more rapid-firing."

"Want something immediate."

"And you've found it?"

"Only in the conviction that whatever's to be done must be done by the individual. I've no theories any longer. I've finished with them all. I'm driven back on the conclusion that if anything is to be accomplished in the way of social betterment it must be the man-to-man process in one's own small sphere. If we could get that put into practice on a considerable scale we should do more than the state will be able to carry out for centuries to come."

"Put what into practice?"

"The principle that no man shall let a friend or a neighbor suffer without relief when he can relieve him."

"Thor, you should have been God."

"I don't know anything about God, father. But if I were to create a God, I should make that his first commandment."

Masterman squared himself in front of his son. "So that's behind this scheme of yours for taking over Fay's lease. You're trying to trick me into doing what you know I won't do of my own accord. What could *you* do with the lease but make a present of it to old Fay? Politics be hanged! Come, now. Be frank with me."

Thor threw back his head. "I can't be wholly frank with you, father; but I'll be as frank as I can. I do want to help the poor old chap; you'd be sorry for him if you'd been seeing him as I have; but that was only one of my motives. Leaving politics out of the question, I have others. But I don't want to speak of them—yet. Probably I shall never need to speak of them at all."

Thor was willing that his father should say, "It's the girl!" but he contented himself with the curt statement: "I'm sorry, Thor; but you can't have the lease. I'm going to sell the place."

"But, father," the young man cried, "what's to become of Fay?"

"Isn't that what you asked me just now about Len Willoughby? Who do you think I am, Thor? Am I in this world to carry every lame dog on my back?"

"It isn't a question of every lame dog, but of an old tenant and an old friend."

"Toward whom I have what you're pleased to call a moral responsibility. Is that it?"

"That's it, father—put mildly."

"Well, I don't admit your moral responsibility; and, what's more, I'm not going to bear it. Do you understand?"

Thor felt himself growing white, with the whiteness that attended one of his surging waves of wrath. He clenched his fists. He drew away. But he couldn't keep himself from saying, quietly, with a voice that shook because of his very effort to keep it firm: "All right, father. If you don't bear it, I will."

He was moving toward the door when Archie called after him, "Thor, for God's sake, don't be a *fool!*"

He answered from the threshold, over his shoulder. "It's no use asking me not to do as I've said, father, because I can't help it." He was in the hall when he added, "And if I could, I shouldn't try."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sad-glad Lady

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

BECAUSE he wanted to get away and try and be completely sane once more, Father closed the little house in Pelham Road, and took Brother and Sister camping on a Maine lake. They were such excellent company, Brother and Sister, for they hadn't realized how empty the world is when the big dream is ended. During the long, desolate months since it happened Father had several times caught them crying on each other's shoulder, but, happily, they were too young to feel the full meaning of their sorrow. *They* could have stayed on in the little house through the imminent first anniversary of their mother's going, because, having been born there, they took it all for granted.

For Father, however, the little house was far too crowded with intimacies, sacrifices, and achievements to have room in it for him in this difficult spring-time. Even the enterprising young crocuses just poking up through the soil under the dining-room windows had been too much for him. Up here in Maine no crocus had thought of budging, and the weather was bracing and stinging cold. The bare board walls of the cottage-camp were comforting. The big lake outside the window laughed and danced in the sun, and a comfortable flat-bottomed boat invited fishing. Brother and Sister secured lines and hooks, and made their first catches. When it was too windy to fish, they played tag with Father, and hide-and-seek among the stumps of the clearing. At night, the three campers slept snug and warm under the roof, drunk with fresh air and exercise.

For the first two days the burly farmer's wife, loquacious and cheery, who brought them their three meals a day from her house behind the big rock, was the only person they saw. She was interesting because she concocted rich custard-pies baked in milk-pans, and doughnuts, too, which played a large healing part in one's existence.

Late in the afternoon of the third day at the lake, when Father was staring out of the cottage window at a horizontal streak of red-gold sunset which silhouetted the hills, he noticed the slender figure of a young girl seated on a rock. She, too, was staring out across the water at the sunset, and even from the distance, although the smartness of her clothes proclaimed the town, the hopeless droop of her shoulders suggested poignant loneliness and despair. She was sitting there, looking exactly the way that Father had so many times felt. As long as it was at all light she gazed fixedly into the flaming beauty of the fading sky, and then at last, when it was too dark to see whether she was still there or not, Father guessed that she had stolen away.

On being questioned, the farmer's wife knew nothing about her at all, but admitted that since automobiles had been invented, and they had put a state road along the shore of the lake, you couldn't keep track of folks. They were here one minute and gone the next; and it didn't seem quite right or natural.

The next night at sunset the girl again appeared, and sat down on the selfsame rock to watch the sky. Although Father had come here to be alone with Brother and Sister, and to get away from every one else in the world, the girl on the shore nevertheless piqued his curiosity. Following Father's interested glance, Brother caught sight of her the second night, and called to Sister to see. Both children instantaneously noted the pathetic droop of her shoulders.

"Some one has died, I guess," said Brother.

"She's a sad lady," remarked Sister, conclusively.

Hesitatingly, Father watched the sad lady—for that was what they called her thenceforth.

"We could ask her to supper, maybe—if we wanted to *very* much," ventured Brother, looking sideways at Father.

"Go ahead and invite her!" commanded Father, surprisingly.

Before there was time to retract, Brother took to his heels, and soon stood unabashed before the sad lady.

"Hello! We've got lots to eat at our house," he cheerfully remarked. "Don't you want to come and have supper with us?"

The sad lady stared at him with big, frightened eyes, and swallowed hard, and after finding her voice—which was very soft—she said that she would greatly enjoy coming to supper. But she was so bashful, and wistful, and lacking in courage that Brother was obliged to take her hand and lead her into the cottage, where Father and Sister had already made a place for her at the table.

"We thought we'd like to have 'company' to supper," said Father, struck by the sadness in the little face before him.

Although the strange, sad little lady was indescribably girlish, she was thirty-eight at least, and she was shaken and pitifully indecisive.

"Will you sit here?" asked Sister, with an adorably unconscious imitation of her mother's manner when there had been guests. "Don't you just love ham and eggs and baked potatoes?"

They heaped up her plate, and poured her a brimming glass of milk, and set the doughnuts in front of her. The sad lady took occasional birdlike sips of the milk, and when she remembered it she pecked away resolutely at her food, as if some one had ordered her to eat and she had sworn to obey. Ever and always she stole interested, covetous glances at Father as he finished his supper, shoved back his chair, poked up the fire, and lighted his pipe. She didn't miss a detail of him, from his crisp brown hair and slight tendency to baldness to the old brown shoes which he toasted luxuriously before the fire. Occasionally she threw a suspicious, self-conscious glance at the children, but for the most part her eyes were riveted on Father.

Afterward he thought how strange it was that they hadn't talked. It was almost as if Brother had brought in a stray dog as they all sat before the fire and watched the blaze with silent sociability. Nobody asked who anybody was. They simply accepted the sad lady and she accepted them, and that was all there was to it. The little sad lady's eyes grew delightfully bright as she sat there, as though her soul as well as her body was being warmed. After a while, Brother and Sister, impelled by good-natured paternal admonishments, kissed Father good night, and at length turned to wish the sad lady a polite good night.

"Good night, dears," she said, with a surprising air of possession. "Open the window wide and cover up warm."

The words sounded so natural that Brother and Sister displayed no astonishment, but scampered up the stairs in the usual interesting helter-skelter race that led to bed.

After this intimate command the sad lady reseated herself silently by the fire, looking more contented than ever. Indeed, she seemed so engrossed with her own thoughts that Father picked up an old paper-covered novel and began to read, quite as if she weren't there. He had unearthed an ancient trunk in the cottage which proved to contain a wealth of old-time favorites long since condemned as trash. They were bound in imitation alligator-skin paper covers, with imitation-leather straps round them, and they bore alluring titles such as *His Dear Revenge*. Each book was "by" some one who seemed to have written hundreds of other books, twenty or thirty of which were mentioned on the imitation-leather cover, and they all had scary, shivery names like *The Evil Boudoir* and *The Staircase of Sin*. In these innocuous volumes Father had found temporary forgetfulness. He read them half-interested, half-amused, and wholly diverted. And to-night, when with a gratified sigh he reached "The End," and looked up to find the room quiet and empty, he forgot all about the sad lady's existence as he fixed the fire for the night and fastened the doors and win-



A FARMER'S WIFE BROUGHT THEM THEIR THREE MEALS A DAY

dows. It was only after he got into bed that he remembered the sad lady at all, and drowsily and comfortably wondered what had become of her.

The next night at sunset and supper-time she was nowhere to be seen, but just as they were sitting down she came hurrying along the shore and rushed into the room with an inexplicable, repentant manner.

"I was so afraid that I would be late!" she apologized. She moved up a chair and seated herself opposite Father in the place that Sister had assigned to her the night before. "I had so much to do to-day."

All of them, Brother and Sister and Father, looked at her askance. Had she misunderstood and thought that they had also asked her to supper to-night? Either she didn't notice their surprise or else she pretended to ignore it. One thing, however, was manifest, that the sad lady was pathetically glad to be there.

After supper Brother proposed Five Hundred, and on the sad lady's miserably admitting that she didn't know how to play, Sister and Brother volunteered to show her. Bedtime came all too quickly, and it took more moral suasion than usual before Brother and Sister succumbed and gave Father the customary rough embraces and unlimited kisses. And the little sad lady said, quite boldly and seriously:

"Why, children, you've forgotten to kiss *me!*"

They only hesitated and hung back a second before they came round and kissed the sad lady's thin lips—somewhat timidly, however.

"I'll be up in ten minutes and put out your light," she said, as they raced up-

stairs. And she actually did so, tucking them in and opening the windows, besides. When she came down-stairs she walked across the floor in a business-like manner, and, sitting down at the table, took from her pocket some new linen and shining scissors in a case. After having cleared a large place on the table, she began to cut out big squares of the cloth.

"I've decided to make your handkerchiefs myself, after this," she announced to Father. "I can hemstitch like lightning. Do you want your monogram in the corner, or just your initials?"

"I think I'd like F this time—for Father," he replied, delicately humoring her.

She couldn't quite meet his eyes, so she pretended to be in a great hurry with her cutting. When it was finished she took out the tiniest gold thimble in the world and began to baste the handkerchiefs at breakneck speed. Father watched her closely out of the corner of his eyes, because he had no intention of letting her slip out again unperceived. But, after all, she did get away, because Brother suddenly shouted from up-stairs an imperative "Father!" Everett left the sad lady and leaped up-stairs two steps at a time, to find that Brother and Sister had been meditating, and desired an immediate explanation of the sad lady's conduct. Father found himself whispering that the sad lady must have had some great trouble, and that since spending the evening with them seemed to comfort her, it was best not to bother her with questions. When he came down again she had, of course, vanished; but she had left her sewing neatly folded on the mantel, with the baby of a thimble on top.

She came the next night, and the next, and the next; and the more she came the gladder they were to see her. Somehow or other, though, she cunningly managed to slip out and evade Father every night. She would go unexpectedly early, or else she would pretend that she was just running out on the piazza to see if the moon was up, and then she wouldn't come back. She managed some new evasion every night.

It was with a comic, ponderous sigh of relief that she finished Father's handkerchiefs one evening, and after saying, shortly, "There, thank goodness, *those* are done!" she ran up-stairs softly, so as not to wake the children, and fumbled her way in the dark into his bedroom, and put the handkerchiefs in the left-hand corner of his top drawer.

With the passage of every evening the sad lady less and less deserved her name.



THE HOPELESS DROOP OF HER SHOULDERS SUGGESTED POIGNANT LONELINESS AND DESPAIR

Her cheeks took on a little becoming roundness, her hands were far less fairy-like, and she complained that her thimble was getting too small.

Although Everett had intended to spend only two weeks at the lake, he found himself curiously reluctant to leave. Up here in the woods the wound was healed as much as it ever could be. He felt cleansed and purified and made bigger and better by his sorrow. Away from all the associations, the thought of Mother became bearable; indeed, it was like a pure, celestial fire. At night the very stars were strangely companionable and near, not only because Her smile was just back of them, but because the smiles of the others he had lost—his own mother and father—were there, too.

Inevitably came the night when the sad lady failed to appear. At first irritated, Father fumed as he sometimes had done at home when the newsboy omitted to leave the evening paper. The sad lady's absence made him feel even more defrauded. One could send out for a paper, but one couldn't send for the sad lady without knowing who she was or where she lived. Brother and Sister hardly ate anything at all for supper, because they were so busy running to the door to see if their sad lady wasn't coming at last. The evening was the most endless, tiresome affair they had known at the lake, and Brother and Sister could only be cajoled to bed with the promise of an early hunt for the missing sad lady. Father, now for the first time in days sitting alone before the fire, considered. And the more he considered the more aggrieved he felt. She hadn't played quite fair—this sad lady of theirs. They had accepted her unquestioningly; they had taken everything about her for granted; and such acceptance has its attendant obligations.

Exploration the next day did no good, although they did make an interesting discovery that half a mile down the lake, and up a narrow inlet screened by trees, there was a rather pretentious boat-landing which they had never noticed before. Behind the landing was a boat-house containing two canoes, a motor-boat, and a sail-boat. Back of this boat-house an arbored walk with flagstones turned and wound until it opened into what in summer would be a formal garden covering nearly an acre. This was surrounded by a tall evergreen hedge, and its only other entrance was a vine-hung pergola which ended with two of the trees that Brother always called giant exclamation-points — Lombardy poplars. When they had passed between these sentinels they found themselves on the edge of an immense sweep of lawn with a broad driveway. The fact that they were on a legitimate hunt for the sad lady led them boldly up the drive until suddenly, from behind a clump of evergreen trees, a mansion confronted them, castle-like in its proportions, and so stately and awe-inspiring withal that they felt suddenly small and unimportant. The sense of having been badly used by the sad lady led them on, though with a little less assurance, to a side-entrance where, after continuous knocking with a wrought-iron knocker and accompanying ringing of the electric bell, a hoary caretaker homely enough to be a witch in a child's fairy-book peered at them through a crack. She gruffly stated that the family were all in California, and she slammed the door in their faces.

Rather relieved that the sad lady was not to be found in this too impressive establishment, the amateur detectives, the minute they were out of sight of the house, began to run back to informality and freedom. They raced joyously between the exclamation-points, they tore through the pergola, they skipped indecorously across the formal garden, they clattered down the arborway to the landing, where they jumped quickly into the flat-bottomed boat and rowed away. As they steered out of the inlet they laughed at their fears and suspicions. The sad lady would materialize as usual that night—of course she would! She must want them even more than they wanted her. She would first give them a satisfactory explanation, and then let them have the intense pleasure of forgiving her.

Although they waited supper for over an hour, the sad lady remained mysteriously absent for the second night. Then, to ease their minds, they gave her up point-blank, once for all, and remained proudly reticent where she was con-

cerned, and endeavored to forget that she had ever been.

The third night, when they didn't expect her at all, and only glanced casually out of the window just as they had done before they knew of her existence, they saw her coming. Instead of carefully picking her way, as usual, she was running, and taking hazardous jumps from rock to rock, and when she saw the three faces in the window she laughed and waved her hand and tried to run faster so that she should reach them sooner. In spite of the fact that they had been so cross and hurt with her, they rushed out on the piazza to greet her. She ran up, breathless, and seized Father's two hands and danced up and down, and then hugged the children with what breath she had left. During the three days since they had last seen her she had miraculously been shorn of all her sadness.

"Why—you aren't sad at all—any more!" cried Brother.

"To-night you're our *glad* lady!" added Sister, exuberantly.

When the sad lady finally got her breath she put her great question.

"Did you miss me at all?" she asked.

Did they miss her? They all three talked at once, tumultuously. When the excitement had subsided a little, the sad lady was so tired that Father made her lie down on the couch and they all three brought her her supper. She ate and ate and ate—almost as much as Brother when he was hungriest.

"Oh, I'm so happy, so happy!" she exclaimed, as they sat in a row in front of her, waiting for explanations. "I'm going to get *well!* I went to New York to my doctor's. I had to go. And for the first time in months he has given me hope. The best part of it, he said, the most hopeful part, is that I seem for the first time to *want* to get well."

After a while they wheeled the card-table up in front of the couch, and they had a wild game of Five Hundred at which they all bid extravagantly and laughed uproariously when beaten. Finally, when bedtime came for Brother and Sister, the sad lady slipped off the couch and went up-stairs and tucked them in. When she came down again she announced that hereafter she intended to knit all Father's ties, and that she was going to crochet an Irish lace coat for Sister and knit a thick sweater for Brother.

"I've laid out enough work to last me a lifetime," she said, thankfully.

After this remark Father and the sad-glad lady sat very still, watching the fire, but not watching it as usual, because Father kept stealing inquisitive glances at her. She somehow looked very guilty, too, and she entirely avoided meeting his eyes. The more he looked the lower she bent over her crocheting. At length Father rose and, bringing a long strap from the hall, fastened it tight round the sad lady's arm—not so that it would interfere with her work, but so that she couldn't again slip away unobserved. This done, he sat down in his corner of the fireplace, being careful to hold fast to his end of the strap.

"I won't try to steal away again," she promised.

He took a still firmer hold of the strap.

"Oh, I'll tell you about myself," she said, simply. "I'm not mysterious at all. I'm living over at the Granvilles!"

"Not the big estate—not the castle in the woods?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Father's face fell.

"Don't look like that!" she begged. "I'm not the millionaire you think me. I'm just a poverty-stricken librarian from a New York public library. By a streak of luck I met Miss Granville at a business-woman's club to which I belong. She gave the money to buy the club-house. And, somehow, she got interested in *me*. When she found out that I was threatened with a decline she sent me up here for a year's rest. I'd only been here two weeks when you people came. Although the doctor prescribed the Maine woods, I didn't feel a bit better, because I had nothing to live for. The dusty old library didn't count! And yet I couldn't quite give it all up and die without ever having lived at all. That's the way it was—I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I was getting so negative that I fancy I would soon have obliterated myself without realizing it if you people hadn't asked me to supper that night. Then you were all so kind that I thought I'd steal



A MANSION CONFRONTED THEM, CASTLE-LIKE IN ITS PROPORTIONS

a little happiness, since none had come my way. And so all these days I have been pretending the most beautiful, shocking things. I dare say you would think me quite indecent if I told you."

"You have already told me," he said.

"You realized?"

"A blind man could have seen!"

There was a long silence, embarrassing for the sad lady, and entertaining for Father.

"Did you very much—mind—my pretending?" asked a small voice at last.

"We needed to be mothered! And you did it so unobtrusively."

"Then perhaps you won't mind if I keep it up after I go back to work. A little long-distance mothering couldn't hurt you very much. Just let me send you the things I make! I won't require anything at all from any of you, if you'll only let me go on—pretending."

Father considered. "I suppose you'd keep at it, anyway," he said. "But I don't mind admitting that we were miserable without you. Perhaps we can manage better when *we* get back home again if we all three secretly know that we have you."

Her fingers moved aimlessly at her crocheting because she couldn't see through her scalding tears.

"It is such a relief to find people who will let you care for them," she said. "Until now there was really no one on earth who seemed to need me at all." She rose and put her crocheting on the mantel until the next night. "It helps with the pretending—to keep my work here," she said, as she walked to the door. "No, you mustn't come a step with me. It will make everything conventional and spoil all the fun."

As she spoke the sad lady slipped out the door and waved her hand at Father as she ran through the moonlight.

The next night, after Brother and Sister had been tucked in, Father filled his pipe, and after much scratching of matches and great concentration got it to draw satisfactorily. Then he leaned back and said, with a happy sort of gloom, "We are going home to-morrow."

"It's business, I suppose."

"Yes. Servants and provision bills will not pay themselves indefinitely."

"You—you will give me your address, so that I may send the things when I finish them?"

He wrote it all out on a card which he handed her, and which she slipped in the front of her waist. After that he stared at her irresolutely, hardly knowing how to begin.

"I wish that you would tell me about —Her," said the sad lady, at last.

And then he unburdened the pent-up anguish of the story of Her beauty, and that heart of Hers that had been big enough to take in all the world. He told how intimately personal she had made everything with which she came in contact—how no detail had been too small or unimportant to be interesting, and no problem too big to face with confidence. Physically, he said, she had been quite tall, and in her cheeks was a pink that seemed, as you looked at it, to be growing constantly deeper, although of course it didn't. People often turned to look after her because she was so splendidly normal and wholesome and sweet. "And she believed"—he rose and walked to the door and looked out at the friendly stars—"she believed so in the other side of things that I shall never be afraid myself," he said. "She made me *sure*."

A little hand stole into his, pressed it just for a second, and then, on tiptoe, the sad-glad lady stole out into the darkness. For a long time she stood looking hard at the cottage, and then she darted into the woods where the caretaker was waiting.

The next morning, before they took the train for home, the three of them went confidently up to the Granville mansion to bid their sad lady good-by. But the hoary caretaker insisted, just as before, that the family were all in California, and that there was no one in the house but herself. And she said that she had never heard of a librarian from New York who had come there to get well.

So, although they had to go home without seeing their sad-glad lady again, they all felt certain of her in their hearts. If for some reason she chose to be mysterious, they couldn't quarrel with her when she seemed to be living just to love them. When they reached home again Father found that he once more saw things in the right perspective, that those weeks in the woods had heartened him. Almost at once, too, lovely hand-made things began to come for them from the little librarian. As these packages from the first were postmarked New York, they inferred that the sad lady was well enough to go back to the library.

The first time that Father had occasion to go to New York on business, he made a thorough search for the sad-glad lady, but he couldn't unearth her anywhere. Not knowing the person's name for whom you are looking is rather a serious handicap; and although he ransacked every library, he had to leave New York as much in the dark about the sad lady as ever. It seemed unfair to accept so many gifts without being able to say thank you for them.

On that hardest day of all, Christmas, there were telegrams, special-delivery letters, mysterious telephone calls, flow-



THEY SAT IN A ROW IN FRONT OF HER, WAITING FOR EXPLANATIONS

ers, candy, presents, and surprises of all kinds which kept interrupting the thoughts of other Christmases. Father's correct, cold-blooded sister Margaret, who had come, as usual, to help them get through the day, was utterly bewildered by the sad-glad lady's demonstrations, and said that their librarian friend must be slightly demented.

"What's — slightly demented?" inquired Brother, slowly.

"Crazy," explained Aunt Margaret, briefly.

"She's not crazy," said Sister. "She's the perfectest person we know—except relatives." The last two words were remarkable for their politeness and lack of enthusiasm.

In spite of their aching curiosity, they didn't find out anything definite about their sad lady until the following May, a little over a year from the night when they had last seen her—after the second anniversary, in fact. Then there came an exceedingly interesting letter from Maine.

I'm up here in the woods again—this time just for a holiday from the musty books [wrote the sad-glad lady]. And Miss Granville says that I may have some guests, so I want Brother and Sister and their Father to come up and spend the week-end at the castle in the woods. We'll try and manage some doughnuts, and pies, and cookies, and brown bread, and milk, so be good and hungry when you arrive. I'll meet you at the station next Friday at five o'clock.

They determined to go. Once on the

train, Father suffered almost as many misgivings as if he were answering an anonymous newspaper advertisement. Suppose, when they arrived, all anticipation, there was no one to meet them? And suppose, on going to the castle, they found the caretaker as formidable and unsatisfactory as before? Well, they would have to try and hire their old cottage, hunt up the farmer's wife, go fishing, and make the best of it.

At the station, however, he was ashamed of his doubts, for there on the platform stood the sad lady, radiant in smiles, smaller and gladder than ever, and trembling all over with the joyful excitement of seeing them. She tried to shake hands with Father and hug and kiss Brother and Sister all at once, after which she led the way to a station wagon which she said belonged to the Granvilles.

As the driver whipped up his horses, and the carriage lurched rapidly over the rough road, Father looked at the sad-glad lady with new and altered misgivings. The horrible suspicion had formed itself in his mind that the sad-glad lady was not a poverty-stricken librarian at all, but rather Miss Granville herself. The suspicion was confirmed by the fact that the whole house was thrown open, and that a respectful middle-aged "companion" greeted them cordially, and yet kept her distance. The sad-glad lady herself looked smaller than ever in front of the huge fireplace in the hall where they found a table all laid for supper. She had on a white gown under her long coat, and the firelight danced on it and lit up her eyes, which, instead of being anxious, timid, and mournful, were full of little sparks of light. After supper they played Five Hundred until bedtime, when the sad-glad lady tucked away Brother and Sister in adjoining rooms, each of which was as big as the whole ground floor of their house at home.

When she ran down-stairs again she bade Father take out his pipe, and she fetched a half-finished necktie and sat down beside him to crochet. The "companion" said a discreet good night.

While the sad lady had been busy upstairs, Everett had discovered in the dimly lighted drawing-room the life-size portrait of a young girl who was none other than the sad lady—painted a few years ago.

"You are an impostor!" he therefore accused her, when they were comfortably fixed for the evening. "You're no librarian! I'm not impressed with your wealth and possessions at all! And the whole affair is spoiled because you weren't sincere and we were. You haven't played fair, Sad Lady!"

The sad lady put down her crocheting.

"You aren't half as angry as I was afraid you would be," she said. "I knew you'd hate my being Miss Granville, which is precisely the reason I wouldn't let you know." She stared hard at the fire, and then went on, apologetically: "You might think that all my inherited money would have made my happiness and usefulness a simple affair," she said. "But it's hindered me, I think. You and Brother and Sister are the only people I've ever felt really at home with. The money hasn't entered in before. Why should it now? And won't you please forgive me for pretending to be poor?"

"But you pretended to be sick and lonesome, too."

"So I was! I didn't want to live—until over there, in that little cottage of yours, I found my real self. Make the best of my money," she begged, half-smiling.

"I shall never in all this world forgive you," he stoutly declared. "But some day—in a year or two—I shall marry you, Sad Lady!"

The room swam before her eyes. "I can't take—Her place."

"Of course you can't. The only thing that would make our marriage possible is the fact that Her place is always Her place. But in spite of your being so bad and deceitful, you have made a little place all your own. Don't you want to come and live in it?"

After the briefest, shyest, sweetest hanging-back, she ran into his arms like a lonely child.

John Hay's Years with Roosevelt

From the UNPUBLISHED LETTERS and DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

JOHN HAY had the unique fortune of serving President Lincoln as private secretary, and President Roosevelt as Secretary of State. He was a youth when he lived in the White House with Lincoln; he had passed threescore when he accepted Roosevelt's urgent invitation, after McKinley's death, to continue at the head of the State Department. Having assembled elsewhere the extracts from his diaries and letters in which he portrays the intimate life of Lincoln carrying the burden of the Civil War, I propose to present here the pieces, bit by bit, which make up his mosaic portrait of Roosevelt.

John Hay had known Theodore Roosevelt's father, his senior by only seven years, at the time of the war, and afterward when Hay was on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* and made New York his home. No doubt he watched intently the early career of Theodore, who, within two years of his graduation from Harvard, in 1880, came to be known throughout the country by his work as a reformer in the New York Assembly.

Thenceforward Mr. Roosevelt enjoyed a national reputation. In 1889, on being appointed by President Harrison a member of the National Civil Service Commission, he removed to Washington, where he quickly made a place apart for himself, mixing cheerily with all sorts of men, equally at home with Cabinet officers and cowboys; surprising some, puzzling others, amusing nearly all. I have heard Mr. Rudyard Kipling tell how he used to drop in at the Cosmos Club at half-past ten or so in the evening, and then young Roosevelt would come and pour out projects, discussions of men and politics, criticisms of books, in a swift and full-volumed stream, tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. "I sat in the chair opposite," said Kipling, "and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning round and Theodore was the spinner."

One of the groups in which Mr. Roosevelt found an immediate welcome was that of which Mr. Henry Adams was the center. Mr. Adams drew around him the Washingtonians of culture and many men distinguished in letters or art from every part of the world. Saint Gaudens, John S. Sargent, La Farge, Clarence King, Henry James, H. H. Richardson were among the frequenters of his beautiful library; but none was so intimate as John Hay, Mr. Adams's next-door neighbor; and before long the Hays and the Roosevelts stood on the friendliest footing.

Of this period no letters remain, and naturally, because persons who live in the same town and see each other often have little need to write. In 1895 Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York City, where he was Police Commissioner for two years. Then President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a post which he resigned in the spring of 1898 to organize the regiment of Rough Riders and take part in the Spanish War.

Just as Mr. Roosevelt was coming to Washington to enter the Navy Department, John Hay was leaving for London to be American ambassador. From the steamer *St. Paul* Hay writes, on April 20, 1897:

> We are nearing land after a voyage of such extraordinary mansuetude that my wife and daughter have joined us at lunch every day. Herodotus [Henry] Adams has been as fit as

a fiddle; Bigelow has kept us keyed up to a proper degree of Brahminical optimism; Chandler Hale has had only one headache a day, which he bears with a cheerful meekness which makes the rest of us ashamed to swear; and Colwell is always on hand with quaint seafaring wisdom.

We all send over our loves and best wishes to you and Mrs. Roosevelt in your old-new home. Decidedly, Washington cannot do without you. We have given the thing a fair trial, and it does not go.

It seems a long day since we left Lafayette Square. Take good care of all our beloveds. Hurry up Mrs. C.'s convalescence and send her over here to finish her conquest of the peerage. And as to them there Lodges, June won't be June unshared with them.

From London, after he had been several months in the Embassy, Hay wrote:

I have your letter of the 21st and agree with every word of it. I assure you I shall bear no hand in such business, unless I am ordered, which I do not think possible—and in that case I will consider. I have not heard of it and it sounds faky.

I try to hold the scales as level as I can over here, not kissing them nor kicking them. I have received a great deal of kindness from all sorts of people and have read a lot of abuse of my country from all sorts of papers. I used rather to think we had a monopoly of abusive newspapers, but I really believe these people are our equals in vituperation.

It is a curious fact that while no Englishman, not a madman, wants to fight us, and no American, not an idiot, wants to fight England, there is never a civil word printed about England in America, and rarely a civil word about us printed in England. Whether this ill-will is all historical, or partly prophetical, I cannot say.

I implore my friends at Washington not to be too nasty in their talk about John Bull; for every idle word of theirs *I* get banged about the lot, till I am all colors of the rainbow.

There are many things of which I would fain discourse to you, but most of them are unfinished and not decent subjects of conversation. Sometime in the future, for which I already begin to long, we may have our will of them over a pipe and a bottle. I neither drink nor smoke nor talk, but it sounds jovial.

X, the outcast wretch, was in town this week, but only gave me five minutes; he was flying to Paris to see Mrs. C. Germany certainly queers a man's taste; fancy any one preferring to see Mrs. C. rather than me. But [Senator] Wolcott is coming to-night. C. F. Adams is here. He goes roaring about that neither McKinley nor Wolcott nor I want the Commission [on Bimetallism] to succeed. [September 29, 1897.]

Particularly characteristic are the whimsical passages in this letter.

Nearly a year later, when the Spanish War was at an end, Mr. Hay sent these greetings to the colonel of the Rough Riders:

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the Navy, where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I knew it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own dæmon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote:

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that Fortune which loves the brave. It is now to be concluded, I hope, with that fine good nature which is, after all, the distinguishing trait of the American character. [July 27, 1898.]

A few months wrought great changes in the position of both correspondents. Colonel Roosevelt came back from the war and was elected Governor of New York; Ambassador Hay took up in October the work of Secretary of State. The following letter is from Governor Roosevelt.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY.
Feb. 7th, '99.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Just a few lines to congratulate you on bringing to so successful an end so great a work. Ambassador and Secretary of State during the most important year this Republic has seen since Lincoln died—those are positions worth filling, fraught with memories your children's children will recall with eager pride. You have indeed led a life eminently worth living, O writer of books and doer of deeds!—and, in passing, builder of beautiful houses and father of strong sons and fair daughters.

Compared with the great game of which Washington is the center, my own work here

is parochial. But it is interesting, too; and so far I seem to have been fairly successful in overcoming the centrifugal forces always so strong in the Republican party. I am getting on well with Senator Platt, and I am apparently satisfying the wishes of the best element in our own party; of course I have only begun, but so far I think the state is the better, and the party the stronger, for my administration.

With love to Mrs. Hay, I am
Ever faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The draft of the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty drew forth from Governor Roosevelt the following friendly, but keen and emphatic, criticism, in a private letter to Secretary Hay:

ALBANY, *Feb. 18th, 1900.*

I hesitated long before I said anything about the treaty through sheer dread of two moments—that in which I should receive your note, and that in which I should receive Cabot's. [Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.] But I made up my mind that at least I wished to be on record; for to my mind this step is one backward, and it may be fraught with very great mischief. You have been the greatest Secretary of State I have seen in my time—Olney comes second—but at this moment I cannot, try as I may, see that you are right. Understand me. When the treaty is adopted, as I suppose it will be, I shall put the best face possible on it, and shall back the Administration as heartily as ever; but, oh, how I wish you and the President would drop the treaty and push through a bill to build *and fortify* our own canal.

My objections are twofold. First, as to naval policy. If the proposed canal had been in existence in '98, the *Oregon* could have come more quickly through to the Atlantic; but this fact would have been far outweighed by the fact that Cervera's fleet would have had open to it the chance of itself going through the canal, and thence sailing to attack Dewey or to menace our stripped Pacific coast. If that canal is open to the war-ships of an enemy, it is a menace to us in time of war; it is an added burden, an additional strategic point to be guarded by our fleet. If fortified by us, it becomes one of the most potent sources of our possible sea strength. Unless so fortified it strengthens against us every nation whose fleet is larger than ours. One prime reason for fortifying our great seaports is to unfetter our fleet, to release it for offensive purposes; and the proposed canal would fetter it again, for our fleet would have to watch it, and therefore do the work which a fort should do, and what it could do much better.

Secondly, as to the Monroe Doctrine. If we invite foreign powers to a joint ownership, a joint guarantee, of what so vitally concerns us but a little way from our borders, how can we possibly object to similar joint action say in Southern Brazil or Argentina, where our interests are so much less evident? If Germany has the same right that we have in the canal across Central America, why not in the partition of any part of Southern America? To my mind, we should consistently refuse to all European powers the right to control, in any shape, any territory in the Western Hemisphere which they do not already hold.

As for existing treaties—I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past. A treaty can always be honorably abrogated—though it must never be abrogated in dishonest fashion.

Yours ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To understand the sarcasm of the next paragraph we must remember that Governor Roosevelt proved too independent to be acceptable to Senator Platt, the Republican boss of New York State. While his popularity with the people was undiminished, the machine found him so inconvenient that it plotted to get him out of the way by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had no desire to be put into the Vice-Presidential chair, whose occupant, like that of the dodo's nest, becomes painlessly obsolete. He insisted that he would be a candidate for renomination, and Senator Platt had to consent. Mr. Hay, on June 15, 1900, wrote as follows in confidence to his friend Mr. Henry White, at the American Embassy in London:

Teddy has been here: have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a somber resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found to his stupefaction that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the Major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket—that he would be far more valuable in New York—and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, "Of course not—you're not fit for it." And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has always

had a way of surprising his friends, and his opponents, too, by doing what seemed to him the most natural thing; and when he found in the convention that the delegates from outside of New York State stampeded to him and would not nominate any one else, he accepted the second place on the Republican ticket.

Thereupon Secretary Hay sent him the friendliest greeting on June 21st:

My dear Governor,—As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are—nor from getting lots of fun out of it.

We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

During the few months when Mr. Roosevelt served as Vice-President his relations with the Secretary seem to have been purely social, with no interchange of letters. Then, suddenly, the assassination of President McKinley brought the "young fellow of infinite dash and originality"—as Hay described him to Lady Jeune—into the White House. On September 15, 1901, the Secretary wrote to the new President:

My dear Roosevelt,—If the Presidency had come to you in any other way, no one would have congratulated you with better heart than I. My sincere affection and esteem for you, my old-time love for your father—would he could have lived to see you where you are!—would have been deeply gratified.

And even from the depths of the sorrow where I sit, with my grief for the President mingled and confused with that for my boy, so that I scarcely know, from hour to hour, the true source of my tears—I do still congratulate you, not only on the opening of an official career which I know will be glorious, but upon the vast opportunity for useful work which lies before you. With your youth, your ability, your health and strength, the courage God has given you to do right, there are no bounds to the good you can accomplish for your country and the name you will leave in its annals.

My official life is at an end—my natural life will not be long extended; and so, in the dawn of what I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past.

God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay.

On reaching Washington, Mr. Hay met the President at the railway station; and Mr. Roosevelt, instead of listening to the Secretary's desire to resign, made him promise to stay on and carry out the work he was doing.

I saw it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, for ever of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once.

Until Mr. Hay's death, nearly four years later, he and President Roosevelt lived on intimate terms, official and personal. The President enjoyed Hay's sparkling conversation and irony; Hay enjoyed the President's vigor and downrightness, his humor and dash and talents, and his enlivening surprises; he felt, too, the President's masterful grip on the international relations of the government. Mr. Roosevelt, a voracious reader, found in Mr. Hay not only a lover of literature, but a maker of it, and a critic of fine taste. A day rarely went by when the Secretary and his chief did not meet to confer on public matters, and on the frequent notes passed between them there were often jotted informal comments or witty asides. On Sundays, after church, the President stopped regularly at the Secretary's for a chat.

The following letter, for example, shows how Hay's sense of humor enabled him to refer playfully to a matter which, in Berlin, seemed monstrously important. The Kaiser had had struck off medals to commemorate the glories of the German army in China, and apparently the official of the German embassy, who was ordered to present one of these tokens to President Roosevelt, was almost overpowered at the honor which the President was about to receive.

Count Quadt has been hovering around the State Department in ever-narrowing circles for three days, and at last swooped upon me this afternoon, saying that the Foreign Office, and even the Palace, Unter den Linden, was in a state of intense anxiety to know how you received his Majesty's Chinese medal, conferred only upon the greatest sovereigns. As I had not been authorized by you to express your emotions, I had to sail by dead reckoning, and, considering the vast intrinsic value of the souvenir—I should say at least thirty-five cents—and its wonderful artistic merit, representing the German Eagle eviscerating the Black Dragon, and its historical accuracy, which gives the world to understand that Germany was IT and the rest of the universe nowhere, I took the responsibility of saying to Count Quadt that the President could not have received the medal with anything but emotions of pleasure commensurate with the high appreciation he entertains for the Emperor's majesty, and that a formal acknowledgment would be made in due course. He asked me if he was at liberty to say something like this to his government, and I said he was at liberty to say whatever the spirit moved him to utter.

I give thanks to "whatever powers there be" that I was able to allow him to leave the room without quoting "*quantula sapientia!*" [November 12, 1901.]

On Christmas Day, 1901, the President sent this little note to the Secretary, to whom death had brought in the space of a few months the loss of his son Adelbert, of President McKinley, of John G. Nicolay, and now of Clarence King:

Dear John,—I am very, very sorry; I know it is useless for me to say so—but I do feel deeply for you. You have been well within range of the rifle-pits this year—so near that I do not venture to wish you a merry Christmas. But may all good henceforth go with you and yours.

Your attached friend,
Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1902 President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay attended the Harvard Commencement exercises, where both received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At the dinner President Roosevelt made a stirring speech in which, after declaring that it was "indeed a liberal education in high-minded statesmanship to sit at the same council-table with John Hay," he eulogized the great work of Wood, Taft, and Root.

The next day Mr. Hay wrote him from the Hotel Touraine, Boston:

Dear Theodore,—I must congratulate you with all my heart on yesterday's triumph—it was nothing less. That great company was a *corps d'élite*, and you had them with you from start to finish. President Eliot, when you sat down, said: "What a man! Genius, force, and courage, and such evident honesty!"

And another thought was in everybody's mind also. "He is so young and he will be with us for many a day to come." We are all glad of that—even the old fellows who are passing.

I can never tell you how much I thank you for your kind reference to me. But your splendid defense of Root, Wood, and Taft touched me still more deeply. It was the speech of a great man, and a great gentleman—and will not be forgotten.

Yours affectionately,
John Hay.

The little note, undated, which follows seems to refer to a literary point which had come up in conversation:

Dear Theodore,—

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of Folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!"
—*Il Penseroso.*

"With thee conversing I forget all" authorities.

J. H.

In the spring of 1903 the President made a tour to the Pacific, during which he addressed many gatherings. On April 5th Hay writes:

Your speeches have been admirable—strong, lucid, and eloquent; they will make a splendid platform for next year.

They are having an extraordinary reception all over the country. I send you a leader from to-day's *Sun*. It carries out what I said the other day—they are going to give you a hearty support. Root made a very fine speech in Boston. . . . Do not let them work you too hard. Wisconsin has been terribly exacting. You owe something to the rest of the country—not to speak of Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

The next note refers to messages addressed to Edward VII. and William II. at the time of the cruise of the American fleet abroad.

I thank you a thousand times for your kind and generous letter of the 11th. It is a comfort to work for a President who, besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman. . . .

Perhaps you may think your telegram to King Edward rather deficient in warmth. But you did not want to make it warmer than the one to your great and good friend William. I am always in favor of the *ne quid nimium*. The whole cruise has been a great success. Germany and England have both bid high, and our attitude of platonic friendship to both has been well maintained. [July 13, 1903.]

From January 1, 1904, until a few days before his death on July 1, 1905, John Hay kept a diary, from which I extract the most interesting passages about Mr. Roosevelt.

1904. January 17.—The President came in for an hour and talked very amusingly on many matters. Among others he spoke of a letter he had received from an old lady in Canada denouncing him for having drunk a toast to Helen [Hay] at her wedding two years ago. The good soul had waited two years, hoping that the pulpit or the press would take up this enormity. "Think," she said, "of the effect on your friends, on your children, on your immortal soul, of such a thoughtless act."

March 14.—We lunched with the President; Cardinal Gibbons, the Hengelmüllers, Thayers, and others were there. . . . The Cardinal told the President he hoped earnestly for his election. He is deeply disgusted with the campaign of Gorman against the negroes. He told the President that he had seen a memorial drawn up by an eminent lawyer in favor of paying a large sum to Colombia for her rights in Panama. He would not tell the name of the eminent lawyer, but a light of recognition came into his cold blue eye when the President told him that X favored paying the money to Reyes, as that would strengthen the Liberals as against the Clericals!

March 18.—At the Cabinet meeting to-day the President said some one had written asking if he wanted to annex any more islands. He answered "about as much as a gorged anaconda wants to swallow a porcupine wrong end to." . . . He was *éreintering* some one, when it was observed that the man was doubtless conscientious. "Well," he burst out, "if a man has a conscience which leads him to do things like that, he should take it out and look at it—for it is unhealthy."

March 20.—The President talked of the situation, which seems to him very rosy: he thinks that Congress will adjourn by the first of May, and that everything will go smoothly during the summer; that Parker will probably be nominated by the Democrats, but that he will not be formidable. The things that annoy him most are trifles; such as the cost of the White House improvements, the upholstering of the *Mayflower*, etc. He has heard that some people in New York have said he was a grotesque figure in the White House, and wonders what they mean.

March 27.—The President is much preoccupied about the Chairmanship of the National Committee. His mind is now turned to Root. I should be glad if he would take it; it would still further extend his reputation and his national standing to carry on a campaign which is sure to be interesting and wholesome and crowned by a great success. It would be an advantage also to the party to keep its best men like Root and Taft, etc., as much to the front as possible, for the sake of contrast, etc.

April 10.—The President came in and talked mostly about the situation in New York, which annoys him greatly and somewhat alarms him. He sees a good many lions in the path—but I told him of the far greater beasts that appeared to some people, as in Lincoln's way, which turned out to be only bob-cats after all.

April 26.—At the Cabinet this morning the President talked of his Japanese wrestler who is giving him lessons in jiu-jitsu. He says the muscles of his throat are so powerfully developed by training that it is impossible for any ordinary man to strangle him. If the President succeeds, once in a while, in getting the better of him, he says, "Good! lovely!"

May 8.—The President was reading Emerson's "Days" and came to the wonderful closing line: "I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn." I said, "I fancy you do not know what that means."—"Oh, do I not? Perhaps the greatest men do not, but I in my soul know I am but the average man, and that only marvelous good fortune has brought me where I am."

May 12.—Bade the President good-by. He said with jeering good nature he hoped I would enjoy my well-earned rest. [Mr. Hay was going to make an address at the World's Fair in St. Louis.]

June 5.—[The President] spoke of his own speeches, saying he knew there was not much in them except a certain sincerity and kind of commonplace morality which put him *en rapport* with the people he talked with. He told me with singular humor and recklessness of the way X and the late lamented Holls tried to put him on his guard against me.

June 21.—The President returned from Valley Forge yesterday, and we all congratulated him at the Cabinet meeting to-day on

his sermon on Sunday. It seems it was entirely impromptu, Knox having asked him to speak only just before church-time. K. says the question what is to become of Roosevelt after 1908 is easily answered, he should be made a bishop.

August 11.—I dined with the President last night. . . . After dinner we adjourned to the library, and the President read his letter of acceptance. I was struck with the readiness with which he accepted every suggestion which was made.

August 13.—I went to the White House this morning and found the President screaming with delight over a proposition in the *New York Evening Post* that Wayne MacVeagh should be Secretary of State in Parker's Cabinet. So the dear Wayne has wearied of waiting for my envied shoes at the hands of Roosevelt.

October 17.—I lunched at the White House —nobody else but Yves Guyot and Theodore Stanton. The President talked with great energy and perfect ease the most curious French I ever listened to. It was absolutely lawless as to grammar and occasionally bankrupt in substantives; but he had not the least difficulty in making himself understood, and one subject did not worry him more than another.

October 23.—The President came in this morning badly bunged about the head and face. His horse fell with him yesterday and gave him a bad fall. It did not occur to me till after he had gone that I had come so near a fatal elevation to a short term of the Presidency.[1] *Dei avertite omen!*

He was in high spirits, though he always speaks of the election as uncertain. I showed him Lincoln's Pledge of August, 1864, written when he thought McClellan might be elected. He was much impressed, and went on, as he often does, to compare Lincoln's great trials with what he calls his little ones. He asked me to read Stannard Baker's article about him in *McClure's*, which he likes.

October 30.—The President came in for an hour. We talked awhile about the campaign, and at last he said: "It seems a cheap sort of thing to say, and I would not say it to other people, but laying aside my own great personal interests and hopes—for of course I desire intensely to succeed—I have the greatest pride that in this fight we are not only making it on clearly avowed principles, but we have the principles and the record to avow. How can I help being a little proud when I contrast the men and the considerations by which I am attacked, and those by which I am defended?"

[1] There being no Vice-President, Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, stood next in line of succession to the Presidency.

November 3.—The President's fall from his horse ten days ago might have been very serious. He landed fairly on his head, and his neck and shoulders were severely wrenched. For a few days there seemed a possibility of meningitis. But he is strong and well-knit, and the spine escaped injury. I am thankful to have escaped a four months' troubled term of the Presidency. Strange that twice I have come so hideously near it—once at Lenox and now with a hole-in-a-bridge. The President will of course outlive me, but he will not live to be old.

November 5.—This morning the President published his answer to Parker's stupid slanders.[2] I was sorry for the necessity of it, but of course he could not let these blatant falsehoods go uncorrected, and nobody but him could give a satisfactory answer. I wrote a letter about it myself, but did not print it, as I felt sure that Parker would continue to say Roosevelt admitted his guilt by silence. So the only way was to give him the lie direct—and I think the President did it very effectively. . . .

I went to see the President. He said: "I did not show you my statement because I thought you might not approve, and I did not want to be persuaded out of it." He said further that he had to do it now or never—as, whatever might be the result of the election, he could not refer to it afterward.

November 6.—The President came in this morning radiant over the effect of his statement and Parker's speech, which seemed to him, as it did to me, a complete collapse of his accusations. He has evidently thought for a week past that the President would not answer him, and he was exulting in his immunity, when all at once he was struck silly by this unexpected bolt from the blue. He has "softly and silently vanished away in the midst of his boisterous glee." The Snark was a Boojum.

The President said he felt a repose of mind to-day he had never felt before. He supposed, from what his friends said, that he should probably be elected; but, whether successful or not, he should feel that he had gone through the campaign on his character, and that this, the only attack on his honor, had been met and refuted. He was particularly gratified at the way in which he had been supported: the other side had nothing to compare with the speeches of Root and Taft and Knox, and he was good enough to include me—"though I had trouble enough to get you on the platform."

November 8.—I went over to the White

[2] At the close of the campaign Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate, accused President Roosevelt of employing a large corruption fund.

House at a quarter after nine, thinking that the returns must have begun to come by that time. I found the Red Parlor full of people, the President in the midst of them with his hands full of telegrams. I asked him if he had anything decisive as yet. He said: "Yes. Judge Parker has sent his congratulations." . . . Everywhere the majorities are overwhelming. . . . "I am glad," said Roosevelt, "to be President in my own right."

November 12.—The papers this morning announce on the authority of the President that I am to remain Secretary of State for the next four years. He did it in a moment of emotion—I cannot exactly see why—for he has never discussed the matter seriously with me, and I have never said I would stay. I have always deprecated the idea, saying there was not four years' work in me: now I shall have to go along awhile longer, as it would be a scandal to contradict him.

J. B. Bishop told me to-day of the tumultuous dinner last night at the White House, and the speechless amazement of John Morley at the *faconde* of the President. He said afterward to Bishop, "The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

November 20.—I read the President's message in the afternoon. . . . Made several suggestions as to changes and omissions. The President came in just as I had finished and we went over the matter together. He accepted my ideas with that singular amiability and open-mindedness which form so striking a contrast with the general idea of his brusque and arbitrary character.

December 4.—The President talked about revision. He has omitted the passage about the tariff from his message, and rather doubts whether he can find enough support in Congress for attempting any revision at present. . . .

He told me to say to [Henry] White that he would expect the resignations of all the ambassadors in the spring, as well as those of the Cabinet. . . . He is trying to harden his heart, in several directions, but I doubt very much if he succeeds.

December 25.—The President came in out of the snow-storm looking as breezy as the weather. He had just got Choate's resignation [as ambassador to Great Britain] and was charmed by the tone of his letter. He will leave to him the time and manner of his recall. He was a little annoyed at being told by —— that McKinley had promised [Whitelaw] Reid the place. I assured him there was nothing in it. People like instinctively to diminish their apparent obligations by assigning part of the load to the dead. . . .

I sent him a MS. Norse Saga of William Morris. He replied in a charming letter.

1905. January 1.—The President came in at 12.15, saying it seemed more like Easter than New-Year's. We talked of the Bureau of American Republics without coming to any conclusion. . . . He is quite firm in the view that we cannot permit Japan to be robbed a second time of the fruits of her victory—if victory should finally be hers.

January 3.—Little of importance at Cabinet meeting. The President was talking of an erring chaplain, which reminded Morton of a Methodist who, in giving an account of himself on the witness-stand, said he had been an exhorter for twenty years, but for only six a regular licentious preacher.

Secretary Hay's records during the months of January and February are largely taken up with memoranda on the arbitration treaties which the Senate ruined, as he and the President thought, by amendments; on negotiations for protecting China, and on the closing stages of the Russo-Japanese War. Here is a vivid description of Mr. Roosevelt dictating:

February 27.—The President asked me to dine at the White House, as Root was to be there, and he wanted to talk over Santo Domingo. After dinner we went to the study up-stairs and for two hours went over the whole business. The President sent for his stenographer and dictated a brief message he proposes to send to the Senate next week. It was a curious sight. I have often seen it, and it never ceases to surprise me. He storms up and down the room, dictating in a loud and oratorical tone, often stopping, recasting a sentence, striking out and filling in, hospitable to every suggestion, not in the least disturbed by interruption, holding on stoutly to his purpose, and producing finally out of these most unpromising conditions a clear and logical statement, which he could not improve with solitude and leisure at his command.

Meanwhile Secretary Hay's health, which had been visibly declining for several months, showed such alarming symptoms that his physicians prescribed for him a complete rest from official duties and treatment at Nauheim. On March 3d he sent the President a ring, with this note:

WASHINGTON, *March 3, 1905.*

DEAR THEODORE,—The hair in this ring is cut from the head of Abraham Lincoln. Dr.

Taft cut it off the night of the assassination, and I got it from his son—a brief pedigree.

Please wear it to-morrow; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longas O utinam, dux bone, ferias
Praestes Hesperiae.

March 4.—The President wrote me last night a charming letter of thanks for the Lincoln ring I gave him. He wore it to-day at his inauguration, and seemed greatly pleased to have it. . . . The President took the oath in a clear, resonant voice, and then delivered his Inaugural. The high wind made speaking difficult, but his voice lasted well—the address was short and in excellent temper and manner.

March 5.—The President sent me a note this morning saying he wished to see me, but that he would prefer I should come to him this morning, instead of expecting him here as usual. I went over to the White House and saw the reason of his action. Every approach was filled with a curious crowd. They swarmed over the porch and stood staring in the windows. As I came into his study the President started up with a jar of lilies in his hand and came to the door to greet me—recalling Bunthorne "Walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his medieval hand." He said: "You will see why I asked you to come over. If I had come, I should have arrived at your door with a tail like a Highland chief."

March 12.—The President came this morning, wearing an overcoat, a garment which his hardy habit generally rejects. . . .

I tried to walk this afternoon, but it was tough work. By going very slowly and stopping often I was able to cover about a mile—but the pain does not pass away as it used. It continued all the way home.

That last item indicates the seriousness of Mr. Hay's condition. The following Saturday he embarked, in an almost desperate condition, on the *Cretic* for Genoa. After resting in Italy, he went to take the cure at Nauheim. His improvement was very slow. On May 20th he wrote the President:

I hate to be in this condition of Mahomet's coffin. If I were fit for work, I would gladly go back to my desk. If I were ready for the knacker, I would at once get out of the way. But when all the doctors tell me I am going to get well, but that it will be a matter of some months yet, I feel that I ought not to be a dead weight in the boat for an indefinite time. . . . I need not say that when you think a change would be, for any reason, advisable, I shall go. I don't say willingly, but, as Browning says,

Go dispiritedly, glad to finish.

My association with you has been altogether delightful, and if there is to be any space left me for memory, I shall always remember it with pleasure and gratitude.

Having lived to reach home, Hay imprudently visited Washington for a few days, to confer with the President and "clear his desk." The last memorandum in his diary reads:

June 18.—Spent the evening at the White House. The President gave me an interesting account of the Peace Negotiations—which he undertook at the suggestion of Japan. He was struck with the vacillation and weakness of purpose shown by Russia; and was not well pleased that Japan refused to go to The Hague.

Taft came in and we talked of the Bowen-Loomis matter and the Chinese Exclusion. The President is determined to put a stop to the barbarous methods of the Immigration Bureau.

On June 24th Secretary Hay, thoroughly exhausted, reached his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire. There he died on July 1, 1905. The quotations I have given serve to outline John Hay's portrait of Theodore Roosevelt and to record a memorable friendship.

The Way of the Reformer

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE boyhood of Lakeville trooped through the changing seasons in close formation; it had no use for advance-guards, no sympathy for stragglers. When society decreed that it was time to bounce hard-rubber balls upon sidewalks, all the world went a-bouncing—until potato-shooters came in and made bouncing ridiculous. A nameless paper device that produced a valuable noise, a button buzzing on strings, a willow whistle, each strutted and fretted its hour upon the stage, then jackstones became the rage, subject to change without notice. At early frost-time when the air was blue and pungent with burning leaves all the best people wore walnut stains upon their fingers. A dry place upon the bare ground, a knuckle-warming sun and a shop-window display, mixed in the crucible of spring, and suddenly it could be seen that daylight was made for marbles. Now it was a matter of social solidarity to be lumpy in contour and to rattle when you walked.

Ranny was three days overdue as a marble fiend, and was beginning to feel like a fossil, when on an April Saturday morning of mellow breezes he came into money. This ten cents was a weekly tribute levied upon mother for alleged services in drying dishes. Ordinarily Ranny did not spend his income at once, but by dribbling it into his interior sometimes made it last until well toward noon. To-day, however, as he advanced along the sidewalk by an elaborate system of hops and skips—a method of locomotion of his own discovery—he had bolder and nobler plans.

Presently he met his friend Tom Rucker, who was indulging in the solitary pleasure of kicking a tin can along the walk. Tom was, of all persons, the one whom Ranny most desired to see, but the coincidence need not appear striking, as they were on the way to each other's homes.

"'Lo, Tom!" said Ranny, giving the can a sociable kick.

"Did ya git it?" asked Tom.

Ranny displayed two nickels. "Come on to Mis' Leonard's," he said.

"Aw, Mis' Leonard's is no good f'r marbles. Le's go down-town. Ya git more."

It was a tragic fact, frequently mentioned to customers by the perennially tearful Mrs. Leonard, that she could not compete with the larger stores down-town. Her little shop in the residence district was an economic error living precariously upon the bad memories of adults and the temptations of youth. As Ranny had no prejudice in her favor, the tin can was now belabored toward the busier marts of trade and was soon abandoned in favor of a hitch on the back of Alleston's delivery-wagon. The two boys rode almost a block before they were discovered and chased off.

Tom Rucker, connoisseur and collector of marbles, led his friend to the completest stock in Lakeville and gave out free advice in the purchase, producing from his own pocket examples of what heights of excellence marbles can reach. They examined hypocritically a number of cornelians, although both knew that Ranny was in no position to buy such luxuries. Finally they settled upon a glassy as a shooter, and a line of aggies, commies, and white alleys. The commies were the cheapest of all, due in part to the fact that these dabs of brown clay were not entirely round. They were useful, Tom explained, for playing keeps, because it was almost a pleasure to lose a few of them.

"One time," said Tom, as they proceeded toward a favorite gaming-place, "I saw two big fellas playin' keeps f'r canelias."

"'It's gamblin' to play keeps for canelias."

This phase of the subject did not excite Tom. "They c'd stand up like this and plunk 'em." Tom made gestures as of one plunking.

"One time I saw a great big man playin' marbles. He had a mustache an' everything"—reminiscences by Ranny.

"Ladies always steps on the ring and their dress spoils everything," was Tom's indictment.

By a perfect understanding the two marble fiends turned their faces toward the brick church. They both attended Sunday-school there, but it was not dogmatism that now led them thither; the brick church provided the best gaming facilities of all institutions in town—religious or secular. There was a vacant lot back of the church, which for topographical reasons was the first place to get dry in the spring. There was no fence around it, yet it was safe from feminine skirts, the bane of sidewalk playing. The brick church had no regular janitor like the Center School; the man who came on Saturday to sweep and dust had a deep prejudice against persons who attended church and tracked in dirt, but no feeling at all toward those who merely used the back yard. He did not have to sweep the back yard. As a consequence the brick church was unconsciously carrying on a flourishing institutional work with boys.



THE TIN CAN WAS NOW BELABORED TOWARD THE MARTS OF TRADE

When Ranny and Tom reached this place of unbigoted entertainment they found a wide choice of activities and racket of a high character. Pairs of young citizens were competing for commies in small oval rings scratched in the ground. Two squares, each about the size of an elementary geography, were providing profit and loss to groups of four. Also there was a game of purgatory, a series of holes in the ground like a microscopic golf-course.

"Le's play by our own self," said Ranny. Not yet an expert, he preferred the shallow waters of Tom Rucker to the depths of general society. Tom readily consented and they provided themselves with one of the oval rings.

The two-handed game was a continuous performance; when one contestant knocked a marble from the ring the other had to supply the loss from his pocket. Theoretically the game had no end; practically it ran until one player had lost all his capital or until the affair broke up in a dispute over whether the shooter committed the crime of hunching. Ranny did not know the rules well enough to violate them, so he went on doggedly digging up fresh capital until his resources were severely strained. He made no complaint, showed no sign of distress, but played carefully with the aid of his tongue, the corners of his

mouth, and his nose. At last the hand that emerged from his pocket brought up nothing but a piece of chalk.

"I 'ain't got nothin' left but my shooter," he said. "I gotta quit."

Tom Rucker's friendship was the most agreeable fact of Ranny's ninth year. It had survived repeated tests and yet it had never reached the heights of which it was capable. What Tom did now was a revelation in boy's humanity to boy.

"We wasn't playin' keeps," he said. "I kep' 'em all in a differ'nt pocket."

"Aw right," said the amazed Ranny, stowing away the recovered marbles. "I thought we was playin' keeps." It is, of course, not good form to express thanks in any way.

Bud Hicks now entered the palace of pleasure, rattling his assets ostentatiously. "Come on; le's have a square game," he said.

Tom agreed eagerly, Ranny scarcely less so, and Ted Blake, who had the boastful talk and the cracked knuckles of the experienced marble-player, made a fourth.

This was keeps for some people, but it was not keeps for Randolph Harrington Dukes. When the dinner whistle blew in father's wagon-factory Ranny left for home with nothing but his glassy. (The only way to lose a shooter is to have a hole in your pocket.) Otherwise he was no better off at this hour than if he had as usual poured his ten cents into the alimentary canal.

Tom accompanied his friend as far as the store corner. In order that the time devoted to travel might not be wasted, they played the walking game, shooting alternately at each other's marbles. It was owing to this glacial system of transportation that so many people were late to meals in those days.

"When ya learn to play a little better," said Tom, "you an' me c'n be pardners."

"Aw right," said Ranny.

"Come on over 'safternoon. We c'n play in the back yard—jes' fun ya know."

"I'd jes' as leave."

To be a marble partner of Tom's was an alluring prospect. Marble partnerships were a common phenomenon in Lakeville, two players pooling their resources and dividing their profits. That there were no advantages whatever in the arrangement did not prevent its continuing—as an institution. Such alliances never survived a period of adversity because of the well-known law that failure is inevitably due to the lack of ability of one's partner.

The afternoon passed in patient effort, also with various matters connected with the barn. Once the scene shifted to Ranny's house, where a start was made in putting the Dukes-Rucker Drug Company on its feet for the summer, the cold weather having wrought devastation among the liquids.

The next day they met again, but this time in the restraining garments of Sunday-school. Tom was humorous, Andrew wore a red bow-tie, and the teacher was late; everything was as usual and there was no sign of impending trouble. But at class-time Miss Binford twisted the lesson story about in such a way as to get a moral precept out of it.

"We must be good boys and always do what is right," she said. "We must not drink or smoke or gamble."

"It's gambling to play marbles for keeps," said Andrew, who was always currying favor with the teacher.

"Yes, Andrew, that is true. It is not wrong to play marbles, but we must never play for keeps; that is gambling, and leads to other bad habits. Many a man who leads a life of crime began by playing marbles for keeps."

Miss Binford did not support this charge with actual examples, but the bare statement fell upon Ranny like a blanket of dismay. He had played marbles for keeps only the day before just outside that colored window; he intended, if all went well, to make something of an industry of it. He had heard that it was gambling to play keeps, but had never given the report credence except in the case of cornelians and possibly moss-agates. Now here was an authority on wickedness affirming that he, Tom, Bud Hicks, Ted Blake, and everybody of consequence were headed for a career of crime. The thought of Ted Blake made the monstrous thing seem probable.

After Sunday-school Ranny slipped



RANNY PLAYED CAREFULLY WITH THE AID OF HIS TONGUE, THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH, AND HIS NOSE

away without Tom, a thing which he had not done for months, and took up the matter with father. "The teacher says it's gamblin' to play keeps."

A moment of silence gave birth to a hope that father might take issue with Miss Binford. Certainly father had never mentioned the matter before.

"Yes, Ranny," he said, "I suppose it is. Why? Have you been winning anybody's marbles?"

"No," Ranny replied, truthfully.

"Has anybody been winning yours?"

"Yes—a little."

"Well, I guess it isn't gambling to lose marbles," father said, with a smile. "But if I were you I wouldn't play for keeps. It's just as much fun the other way, especially for people who can't shoot very straight."

A load was lifted from Ranny's conscience when he learned that he had not as yet started upon a career of crime. He would go to Tom to-morrow and explain that the partnership was dissolved in favor of some stainless pursuit like running a drug-store; Tom would understand, because he was of the brick-church faith.

But at the noon-hour the next day Tom was cold in demeanor. "Why did ya run off home yeste'day?" he asked. "Are ya mad at me?"

"It ain't right to play keeps," replied Ranny, with characteristic directness. "It's gamblin'. Le's don't be pardners in marbles—only drug-stores and things."

"Aw, wha's the matter with ya? It ain't gamblin' to play f'r commies an' aggies an' white alleys. Everybody plays keeps. Ya played keeps y'r *own* self Satu'day."

"I didn't win any marbles," said Ranny, with retroactive virtue.

"No; good reason."

"Miss Binford said it's gamblin' to play keeps, didn't she? Are ya deef, or what?"

"What's *she* know about marbles? I bet she'd think a aggie was a canelia."

"She would not!"

"She would, too!"

"Would not!"

There was fist-clenching that came to nothing, but the merits of the case were completely lost in personalities. Ranny predicted for his recent friend a life behind prison bars; Tom put forth the



WHEN HE APPROACHED THE BRICK-CHURCH MONTE CARLO HE WAS MET WITH RIDICULE

unwarranted view that Ranny was a sissy and a poor marble-player, and—the universal lot of the uplifter—that he thought he was smart.

Thus they parted. It is a curious fact that a friendship which had weathered many real storms finally came to grief over the question of whether or not Miss Binford would think an agate was a cornelian.

It was a weak issue with which to go before the public. Persons who were total strangers to the Sunday-school teacher in question promptly conceded her dense ignorance. Consequently Ranny went home without the aid of his patent hop and skip. He was angry and distressed, but not remorseful. Rather he felt that he had escaped from the society of criminals just in time.

His fame as an enemy of personal liberty spread, and when he approached the brick-church Monte Carlo after school he was met with ridicule. "Fatty" Hartman addressed him in the falsetto used to imitate girls, teachers, and Clarence Raleigh. Bud Hicks was less subtle in his methods.

"Go home," he said, "and tell y'r mother she wants ya."

Tom Rucker took no part in these hostilities, but there was a triumphant grin among his freckles. Ranny backed slowly away; this, obviously, was not a profitable way to dispose of one's time.

"Come on, Ranny; let's go to my house. It is wrong to play keeps. My mother says so."

It was a sign of the depths to which his prestige had fallen that the only voice that was raised in his defense was that of Clarence Raleigh.

"All right," said Ranny, without enthusiasm. "They can go to prison f'r all I care."

"My father," said Clarence, when the uproar had been left behind, "would buy me all the marbles in town if I wanted them, but it isn't right to gamble—or swear."

"Or chew tobacco," added Ranny, helpfully.

"My father buys me everything. I got an auto-wagon, and iron stuff to build bridges and things, and an electric train. And I've got more track than anybody in town."

Ranny began to see possibilities in this hitherto neglected youth who could wallow in marbles if he but said the

word. He began to feel that virtue was about to receive a prompt reward. He had seen the auto-wagon in front of the store which had it for sale, and had spoken highly of it to father. Also he longed to get his fingers into that structural iron.

When they reached the ambitious Raleigh home they exercised the motor-car briefly upon the front sidewalk—that is, Clarence exercised it, and when it came Ranny's turn he suggested that they play something else. The guest knew his rights, but waived them because he was anxious to see the erector.

"We'd have to play it in the house," said Clarence; "we'd get it all dirty on the porch and probably lose things."

Ranny prepared himself for the ordeal of meeting adults.

"Ranny Dukes has come to play with me, mother," Clarence said, by way of introduction. "We want to play with the building thing."

Mrs. Raleigh, a stately lady of considerable girth, gave Ranny a critical examination and somehow conveyed the impression that he was passed by a narrow margin.

"Very well," she said. "See that you wipe your feet—both of you."

The mechanical erector proved a bewildering delight of steel pieces and screws. For ten minutes or more, barring a tendency on Clarence's part to grab, the two highly moral youths got on very well. But just as Ranny had his plans laid for an ambitious jail that would, by a charming little conceit, contain all of his former acquaintances, Clarence lost interest in architecture and transportation and life in general. For the first time in history Ranny became obsessed with the idea that perhaps he had better go home. Mrs. Raleigh made no objection, only stipulating that nobody was to bang the door.

At the supper-table Ranny gave his parents a hint as to the social changes of the day.

"I played with Clarence Raleigh 'safternoon," he said.

"Is he a good boy?" mother asked.

This was solid ground. "Yes; he don't swear or gamble or anything."

"Do you mean he doesn't do anything at all?" Father's remark was too near the truth to be a successful jest. Ranny searched his mind for virtues that might be tacked upon his new playmate—not cleanliness or politeness, because mother had an exaggerated idea of these things already. Clarence was taking violin lessons, but this secret also was safe in Ranny's hands. In the end he had to fall back upon worldly goods.

"He's got lotsa nice things—a auto-wagon, an' a 'lectric train (only I didn't see it yet), an' one of them building things of iron. If he wanted 'em he could have all the marbles in Lakeville. His father gets him ever'thing he wants."

"Now, look here, son," said father. "A boy doesn't have any more fun because he has expensive toys. I'll bet Tom Rucker can do more things with a couple of boards and nails than Clarence can with all his high-class blocks."

"They ain't blocks." Ranny was driven to technical quibbles. "They're made of iron, and you put 'em together with screws."

"Well—whatever they are—can Clar-

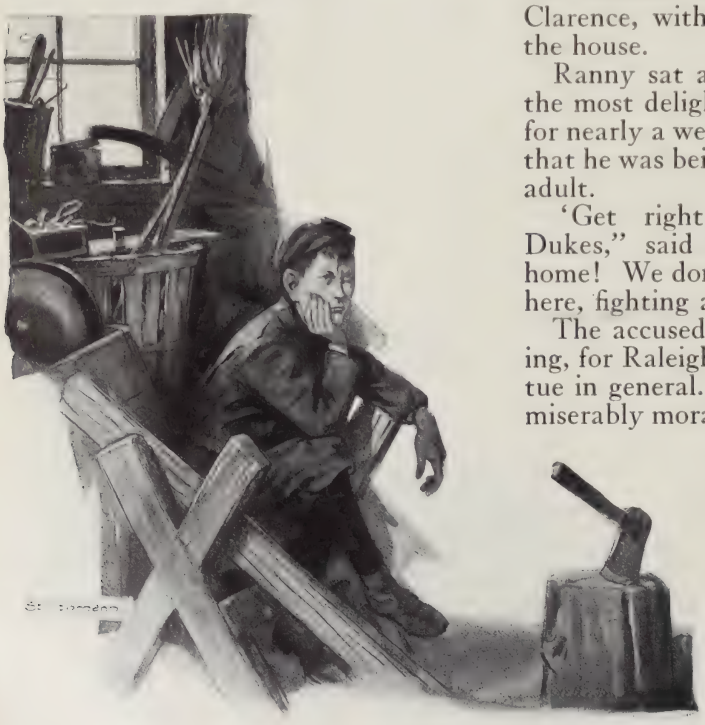


"I'LL TELL *YOU* WHAT LE'S DO. LE'S GIVE ME A RIDE"

ence make anything with them? Is he any good?"

"He's a good *boy*," said Ranny, desperately.

Herein lay the weakness of the new alliance, the reason why the week dragged out in a weary succession of unsatisfactory afternoons. Being good was a fine thing, but it did not solve the problem of what to do with one's time. Day after day he saw vice rampant and joyous back of the brick church, and virtue hideous at the Raleigh homestead. He began to suspect that when everybody was in prison except himself and Clarence, life was going to be a rather drab affair. Clarence was a good boy, but as a companion he was a total failure, coveting everything, enjoying nothing. He could not throw straight like Bud Hicks, or wiggle his ears like Tom, or bunch up his muscle like Ted Blake. His marble-playing was worse than a girl's; if his father *had* bought him all the marbles in Lakeville, what would he have done with them? He knew no more about aggies than Miss—than Tom said Miss Binford did.



HE WOULD TAKE HIS GLASSY AND HIS TEN CENTS AND PLUNGE INTO INIQUITY

In despair Ranny made an effort to get Clarence off his own ground; in fact, offered to organize the Dukes-Raleigh Drug and Guinea-pig Company. But Clarence's mother forbade him to go beyond the front sidewalk; apparently his virtue was of the fragile kind that could not be trusted in public.

The end came on Friday afternoon. Clarence had got out the auto-wagon, and, in accordance with the best Raleigh traditions, was taking the first ride and prolonging it unduly. Ranny thought of the school-free Saturday impending, and was very low in his mind.

"I tell you what le's do—" said Clarence, at last.

"I tell *you* what le's do. Le's give me a ride." With these words Ranny pushed his host out of the wagon and took his place.

Clarence made a weak effort to recover the vehicle. "I guess it's my wagon," he said. "I'll tell my mother."

There was a soft-looking place just above Clarence's uselessly white collar that Ranny had for days felt a growing desire to pinch. He realized this ambition without ceasing to be a chauffeur. Clarence, with bitter cries, started for the house.

Ranny sat as one enthralled; it was the most delightful sound he had heard for nearly a week. Presently he realized that he was being addressed by an angry adult.

'Get right out of that, Ranny Dukes," said Mrs. Raleigh, "and go home! We don't want bad boys around here, fighting and abusing Clarence."

The accused lost his taste for motoring, for Raleighs of all sizes, and for virtue in general. He had spent the most miserably moral week of his life, with the result that he was being chased home as a bad boy. When he reached the "secret den" in his own woodshed he resolved that in the morning bright and early he would take his glassy and his ten cents and plunge into iniquity. He would make his peace with the wicked and unselfish Tom, and

they would take the joyful downward road together.

The exclusive hop and skip was put into service again as Ranny set forth the next morning upon his criminal career. Being in a hurry to fall from grace, he spent his dime to poor advantage at the uneconomic Mrs. Leonard's—nine cents for marbles and one for two caramels. With a cheek stretched in a pleasantly lumpy way, with one piece of candy in his pocket, and noisy with commies, he approached the place of religious instruction and unconfined joy. A shout of derision greeted his appearance.

"Where's Clarence?" asked "Fatty," in the classic falsetto. "Wouldn't mamma let him come?"

There was only one person who did not join in these atrocities. Tom Rucker looked at the approaching reformer, and to Ranny's amazement pushed his shooter into his pocket. Then Tom's voice rang out in a cry that had not been heard in Lakeville for many dreary months:

"Round ball—inns!"

"Inns!" echoed Ted Blake.

"Catcher! — pitcher! — first base!" These cries from different boys followed in such quick succession that before Ranny realized what was happening he had to take an ignominious place in left field.

"It's purty dry back of the pickle-works," shouted Tom. "I saw it this morning. Come on, Ranny."

Ranny shyly pushed his peace-offering into Tom's hand.

A career of crime was blasted in its infancy. A greater reformer than Ranny, the springtime sun, had dried out the ball-field and abolished gambling. Uproar and outrage and the joy of living would henceforth be found back of the pickle-works.

Revelation

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

IF I could come again to that dear place
  Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,
  That soul alive by which the world has loved,

If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,
  She would appear again as once before
While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
  And brimming waters trembled up the shore,

If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,
  In that old time, before I learned to speak,
Would lean to me and revelation come
  Words to the lips and color to the cheek,

Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise;
  I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.

In the Fifties

BY E. S. MARTIN

BEING not so young as you were is not all loss. If maturity of years is an ailment, then youth is another. To be fifty years old is to have made a fairly complete recovery from the ailment of youth, and that is no small achievement. It is not everybody that does it. The person who remembers statistics will tell you what proportion of us struggling people succumb to youth and its mischances and hardships. It is a large proportion. The rapids of the river of life, the rockiest places, the swiftest descents, are apt to be up-stream. To have passed them all and got down into the calmer levels of the fifties is a feat that justifies a good many comfortable thoughts.

Yes, it is; especially if one is not too much stove in by arduous preliminaries and has been able perhaps to bring down some cargo with him. It is, or used to be, a fashion to sigh for lost youth, and there are people who do sincerely mourn for it. Women, especially, who have had full measure of youthful beauty, part with it, usually, with sighs and reluctance. Gray hair seldom pleases them; they don't like wigs; the "ravages of time" are real and sad to them, and they repair them with diligence and what skill they may command. Beauty in a woman is a power. To be noticed and admired and courted for it is, no doubt, a very considerable stimulation and entertainment, not to be indifferently parted with, and not in all cases offset by gains in authority, or the tribute of deference that is paid to character, or the tribute of love that comes to unselfishness and gentleness and power of sympathy. What a woman loses by the years in freshness of physical beauty she ought more than to make up in wisdom that comes from living, in the fuller understanding of people and of life, in all the kinds of knowledge, in self-possession and increased skill in the arrangement and discharge of the parts of speech. So it does happen with able women who have had a chance to develop and who have lived good lives. They are vastly more interesting at fifty than at twenty-two, and many of them are lovelier to look at. But beauty comes ready-made, and these maturer attractions have to be earned, and not all women earn them.

As for men, to lose the beauty of youth seldom troubles them. Their part in the visible embellishment of life is of minor importance. A moderate degree of self-discipline is apt to bring them to fifty years better-looking than they were at twenty. Gray hairs or shining pates are no more to them than scars to a soldier. What comeliness they have is hardier than women's beauty. The habits of thirty years tell, and good habits leave their mark as well as bad ones. A man at twenty-two is still clay to be shaped. The general design is in it, but the finish is still to come. It comes to him from the thoughts he thinks, the burdens he carries; from effort, from fidelity, from service; or else from self-indulgence and self-seeking. By the time he is fifty he will look what he is, and time will have improved or marred him accordingly.

But he will not care very much how he looks. Beauty never won him anything of value so far as he knows. That he has come so far and brought along what he has brought, he will attribute, if he is modest, to good fortune; and if he is self-appreciative, to merit and diligence. He will credit nothing to beauty, will mourn never a day over lost looks, if he has lost any, but be thankful he is not more disfigured. And if he has formed the habit of keeping clean and presentable he will maintain that habit to the end because he is more comfortable so.

To be fifty is to have come fairly to

maturity. The fifties may be a man's best years, but we do well not to be too exact about best years. They vary in different people and according to circumstances. The twenties may be best years for some people because in them came their great opportunity and they shot their bolt once for all. Or for a like reason, the thirties or forties may be best years. And though the fifties may fairly be called years of maturity, it is not safe to impute decay to the years that follow them. There are people who go on ripening and sweetening to the very end of long life, whose best years are the sixties and seventies and the years later still; whom fourscore finds not only serene in wisdom, but valiant and bold in spirit, penetrated more than ever with ideals that have shaped their lives, and clearer than ever, out of experience and reflection, as to the means to be employed to realize them. There is no declared age of ripeness. Ripeness comes when it comes and lasts as long as it lasts. It is mostly spiritual, and whatever is spiritual defies time. Even energy is not all physical. That, too, may be spiritual, and ordinarily it is largely mental, and in either case it often drives and disciplines the body it is geared to, making it more capable and enduring as the years go on. Just as we see robust young people come by unwise management to early infirmities, so we see others, fragile in youth, come by discipline and development to hardiness and high endurance. To be sure, we all in time pass the top point of physical strength, but most useful people, by the time that their physical decline begins, have become specialists in their department of life, and in their own line can outdo younger and stronger persons. When strength has been duly spent in learning it does not take so much to apply what one has learned.

That is one reason why the mature people who have learned something and are still good earn the most money and have the most power. They have reached a time of life when success is thought to be safer than it is in earlier years; when they are supposed to have increased in wisdom enough to be trusted, and when money and power in their hands is less enviously regarded because their hold on them cannot be for very long. They are valued not only for what they do, but for what they know enough not to do; for judgment, dexterity, avoidance of the hazardous and inexpedient. Another reason is that they have succeeded to the command of affairs; that their hands are on the throttle of the engine and cannot conveniently be dislodged until they finally relax. They come to that place by effort or succession, or both; and while they last and the machine contrives to go, it is usually theirs.

The authority that comes with years is hardly appreciated in these times. Liberty and independence are much esteemed for all ages; it is claimed that the commandment has been amended and now reads, "Parents, obey your children," and it is supposed that authority has pretty well gone by the board. But in spite of all carping there is still a great deal of authority left in age, where age has earned it. Deference to one's elders is based on the actualities of life and dies hard. The younger generation still looks to the older generation to define its duties and settle its disputes. Twenty-five will not necessarily obey sixty because sixty is sixty, but twenty-five is often perplexed, and feels that it can more safely assist its conscience by heeding the counsels of sixty than those of its own generation. In France, says Chesterton, the young woman is protected like a nun while she is unmarried; but when she is a mother she is really a holy woman, and when she is a grandmother she is a holy terror. Deference to age does not often go to that extreme in this bumptious country, but it does persist, and it is a power, and it is stronger at thirty than it is at twenty. Boy or girl at twenty is possessed by the crude individuality which is the core of life and must develop. Parental interposition that collides with that development is jarred. But by thirty, or sooner, the necessary self-assertion has so far accomplished its end that the filial mind begins to see the value of the experienced point of view. Then the parental counsel, no longer feared as a distraction from an individual course, may be valued as an aid to holding the course selected.

Moreover, the advice of persons on their way out of this life is apt to seem more disinterested to persons still on their way into this life than the advice of their coevals. To thirty, sixty looks like a player for whom the whistle is just about to blow, and whose interest in the game must have come to be chiefly benevolent. So thirty will take details of coaching from sixty that he would by no means take from thirty-one, and that, especially, if sixty in his day has been rated a good player. In spite of all that is said of the decay of the family and the loss by the young of all sense of obligation to their elders, the young continue to rely with an impressive confidence on their elders' benevolence. Sometimes this confidence is a little too positive, and goes the length of a failure to imagine even a chastened and suitable degree of self-interest in the elders, or a disposition in them still to retain for their own uses some share of life and its blessings while they still have them. In such cases it is sometimes necessary for this confidence of youth to be checked, but usually it realizes that something for nothing is not the rule in this world, and that from whom much is received and much hoped for, to them is due something fairly substantial in return. It is true that the main debt of life has to be paid to our successors rather than to our progenitors, and that it is a sign that we are fairly faithful to our obligations to our progenitors if our successors feel that they can approve and commend us. Nevertheless progenitors, too, require some direct consideration, and deserve it if their descendants are any worth.

Maturity in its dealings with youth has it in its favor that it has arrived and means to keep its place. Youth in its dealings with maturity has the advantage that it is maturity's most intense concern; that it stands for life itself; that, if it comes to a pinch, maturity would rather die for it than survive it. Lear and Père Goriot were not sensible people, but they were fairly natural parents, and are not at all out of date, either of them. They are warnings to us all, but only against excess. The power to give to youth, is very valuable to maturity. It ought to last until the mourners get back from the funeral, and elders who exhaust it prematurely by reckless generosity ought to expect what they usually get. Kind people who have come to the time of life when it agrees best with them to take life easy are too much disposed to think that what is good for them is good also for the young. They want to make life easy for every one they love, and, if possible, for the rest of mankind; no one to be pinched, no one to have to struggle; steeplechases all to be run on level ground without obstacles, and no one to hurry or violate the spirit of "after you." They can't fix over the world that way, because there are not enough of them, and they haven't the means; but for those nearest them they are apt to try to do it, with the result sometimes that the young get too little of the discipline of life in the stages when it is salutary, and the mature get rather too much in the period when ease would do them more good.

In maturity we get to be part of the going world, merged enough in it to be no longer intolerably self-concentrated. That is a gain and makes for comfort, and even for popularity. To lose all interest in oneself does not do. It implies that one is not interesting, and to be alive and not interesting is a condition imputable, gently, to some one else, but incredible of oneself. But it is more tolerable to be interested in oneself as a factor in life than as life's great centerpiece, and to that we come easily as our years increase. No doubt this gentle decline in self-interest, or change in its quality, is one of the steps mercifully contrived to get us out of this world without too great a jolt. There is a time of life when to want to be the hero of the piece is necessary to due development. The more there is in you, the stronger is this impulse to be important. It shows in little boys in the resolve to be a pirate, or at least a really *great* detective, with guns in his clothing; it carries them a little later through the arduous exercises of baseball and even football; it fills police-forces and fire-departments, mans battle-ships and crowds recruiting-offices when there is a prospect of war. The girls have it too, in different manifestations, though not so different as they used to be. It is the back-bone of romance and helps young people to get

married. They never would, unless they were vitally interested in themselves. When a young person is "just crazy" about some one, that is the temper that adventures matrimony, but it must include a due tinge of craziness about oneself. In that timely insanity there is the will to be; the life principle defined in the current vernacular as "pep." All that makes us look with a kind of reverence on the self-interest of the young. It is necessary to inspire and sustain them in the difficult and hazardous stage of life that they are passing through.

But gradually to emerge from that stage into the condition when one sees himself more as he sees other people, is no small relief. We think of other people as cogs in a great machine, and when we have found our place in the world and turned in it long enough we come increasingly to think of ourselves more as we think of others. We, too, are cogs, and we know that it is important that we should keep turning so that we may not rust, and our young may be fed, and our obligations discharged. If we turn effectively, so that our usefulness is noticed and our opportunities increased, so much the better. It seems more agreeable to be noticed, and the sentiment in favor of enlarged opportunities —which usually means more money—is doubtless well founded. But still it is as factors in life rather than as objects of supreme interest that most elders think of themselves, and find satisfaction in that attitude. To twenty-five, aspiring to be a bank-president, a bank-president is a magnificent figure of a man, sitting in the bank's back parlor, letting humble borrowers have money, and deriving a large salary from dignified labors. But to sixty, who *is* a bank-president, or something equally impressive, a bank-president is just a cog in the financial machine, who tries to feed out other people's money so that it will earn more and come back; and charges what interest the market warrants, and takes such thought as he can, and often anxiously, not to be caught in bad loans.

It is not true that all jobs look alike to sixty, but it is true enough that as we grow older we see more distinction in men and less in employments. Observation has had time to persuade us, if we can learn at all, that high places do not necessarily make tall men. Accordingly we get to look more at people and not so much at their pedestals, and to consider more closely whom it is profitable to love or to admire, and come perhaps to bestow affection more on servants and people of the less-coveted vocations, and not so much on dinner company. Not that by mere increase of years we win release from servitude to mammon, and cease to admire merely because we are old enough to know better. A release of that sort is more an achievement of grace than of mere time; but time may help, especially by modifying our aspirations for prosperity and glory, and making us content with what we can get for ourselves. To reach the point in our dealings with our fellows where we need no longer consider what material benefits they may confer, is to get to a place worth reaching; and if timely thrift helps to bring us there, even thrift may seem worth while.

In this extravagantly progressive and fast-changing world some observers think they notice that life belongs more and more to youth, and that maturity is losing the place it used to hold in human esteem. The average term of life continues to be extended, but one remarks this growing uncertainty whether the extension is worth while. Men over fifty when thrown out of work find it hard to get new jobs! Churches looking for ministers are apt to prefer young men. When any business collapses, the older men who have had the best positions find it harder to place themselves on any terms.

To be sure; but all that comes to is that in beginners' places it is handier to have beginners. They are more manageable and cheaper. If a congregation is obliged to undertake the task of training a new minister it would rather have one not too fixed in habits. Unless an employer needs an experienced person upon whom he can put responsibilities that he would be rid of, he prefers one who does not yet know as much about his business as he does himself. This is the age of machines, and in that particular it is a very young age that has hardly found itself. The older human values have been disarranged, likely

enough, by the immense inrush of machinery. Just as theology has changed enormously in a generation, and a young minister whose training is modern may justly be more acceptable than an older one whose training is out of date, so in mechanical and clerical employments the young to whom telephones, type-writers, and motor-cars are second nature have a special and artificial advantage over persons whose mastery of all these new means came late in life. The young are handier with the new tools and also with the new thoughts than their elders; but that is not because youth is necessarily handier than maturity, but because the new tools and the new thoughts had not yet been distributed when contemporary maturity was in its pupilage. A craftsman's skill should be surer at fifty than at thirty, but when a machine furnishes the skill and the office of the human factor is merely to feed it, the readier energies of thirty may be more valuable to an employer than what fifty may have learned.

Though progress is not steady but alternates with reaction, and an old man may have imbibed in his youth and retain ideas much more progressive than his grandson's, it usually happens that twenty-five is somewhat ahead of fifty because of being born into a more fully developed world. More happens usually out of the ideas you begin with than out of those you end with. The mind works on the facts that are presented to it, and sometimes the assortment of presentable facts changes enormously in twenty-five years. We assure ourselves that in all the world's history it never changed more than in the twenty-five-year period that began in 1890 and has not yet quite ended. The distance from twenty-five to fifty in this contemporary time is enormous. Our visible world has come to be a lightning-change artist. All its fixtures have been moving about, most of its conclusions have been challenged, and just now, especially, we are standing by, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to see where it will bring up. In a world so deranged, and tumbling so rapidly out of one fit into another, little is predictable and no one knows quite where he will arrive. Old age is fairly confident that existence approximating to life as it has known it will last out its time; but fifty, with twenty years or more, possibly, ahead of him, is mighty uncertain where he will come out. The world that is about to be may be so new that some young person may think it necessary to take charge of it altogether—a thing that has sometimes happened. But at present it is still being managed or mismanaged by the mature, and the chances are that even if it changes mightily they will be able to keep their hands on it and to preserve something, if not all, of its tradition. But it does seem true that maturity is up harder against youth than usual, and it may continue to be true after this special season of demolition and readjustment passes.

And perhaps that will be a good thing. This world being not our permanent home, but only a field for exercises, it may be better for middle-age to feel itself in a livelier competition with youth than it likes, and obliged to keep young if it would succeed in it. Fifty is more abstemious than it used to be; more abstemious often than twenty-five. Twenty-five has strength to spare, but fifty, if it would continue in the ring, must keep in training and husband its energies. In a recent play of Shaw's there is a youth full of intolerant and intolerable impetuosities, whose father says of him that the problem is to endure him and keep him along in the expectation that he will be good for something at fifty. One sees such youths, in whose heads the problems and paradoxes of our new-born life are all whirling unassimilated and unadjusted and who are groping their way, impatient and perplexed, to some definite resultant of opinions and conduct. Be patient with such young people, whether they are girls or boys. In any kind of a world that we can imagine, to be valuable at fifty is more important than to be valuable at twenty-five. There are those who are valuable at both ages, and the rule is, no doubt, that usefulness at twenty-five is an earnest of still greater usefulness at fifty. But that rule does not always hold, and there are characters whose scope includes so many warring thoughts and impulses that they are fractious and difficult in their earlier years, and need

an extra long apprenticeship to fetch their contradictions into line. Authority strengthens the will, which gains in power by the exercise of power, but it does not necessarily improve the intelligence. Intelligence develops out of what is inside, and there should be time to store before heavy demands are made on our accumulations.

What are they, these accumulations which ought to make fifty fitter to exercise authority than twenty-five? Book-knowledge partly; but for the most part, thoughts. By the time he is fifty a man who is to amount to anything should have come to a few large, seasoned convictions that are part of the fiber of his mind. Convictions of that sort are not blithely obtained out of books. Books may have to do with them, but they are acquisitions of the spirit, and though the rudiments of them may be come by in youth, they need to be tempered, tried out and adjusted to practice by years of thought, talk, observation, effort, and experiment with life! Washington at twenty-five had in him the rudiments of the Washington that was to be, but he had nearly twenty years of training before he took command of the continental armies, and he was first President at fifty-seven. Lincoln in early manhood groped his way through grievous distresses and perplexities, but by the time he married, when he was thirty-three, he had come, it would seem, to a clear sense of the fundamental convictions that made him. Eighteen years more he thought and read and talked in courts and taverns, and pleaded on the stump the faith that was in him, and travailed variously, and then, at fifty-one he was elected President. Pitt, prime minister at twenty-four because England was short-handed and couldn't wait for him to get his growth, broke down in the middle of his job and died at forty-seven. Napoleon was first consul at thirty, had completed his activities at forty-six, and died at fifty-two. Alexander at thirty-three had done everything that seemed to him desirable to do in the world at that time, and departed out of it. Youth makes a greater figure in war than in anything else, but war is a comparatively simple business and can be learned young. In most matters men are lucky if they can take their time to learn and escape the prices and the heavy responsibilities of leadership until their thoughts are matured, their skill is fully practised, and their characters have been shaped and hardened in the forge of life.

The Guest

BY MARY SAMUEL DANIEL

THE lengthening shadows lay along the floor,
The low gold sun flamed in the purple west:
There came a sudden knocking at my door,
I welcomed in—a guest:

And hastened to prepare the stranger's bed:
No riches and no luxuries were mine:
So on the board I laid my heart for bread,
And poured its blood for wine.

I stand within my door; beneath the thatch
My robin pipes his sweet, heart-piercing lay:
Now God forgive the one who raised the latch
And supped—my guest—that day.

The Obstacle

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

ANNE DOUGLAS stood hesitating in the center of the little room where the servant had left her, looking for some trace of her husband, some little material evidence of his presence.

Now that she was safely inside her mother-in-law's house, she paused, breathless, as if she had run up a long flight of stairs and found, to her dismay, that she had exhausted her last strength in reaching the landing. She knew that she had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the ensuing interview; that if it failed of an advantageous issue, her life must from this time forward at least be released from confinement. She could begin to use it again tentatively, as a man uses an arm that has been overlong in bandages.

For an interminable year she had considered meeting her mother-in-law as one of life's improbabilities, and, now that the improbability was a possibility, she wondered at all those months of pliant hesitancy. It had been quite simple. As a stranger she had entered the house, and as a stranger she was looking around her with eyes that vainly strove to gather an inner clue of personality from material objects.

The room was more suggestive of gentleness than she had believed possible from the knowledge that she had of her husband's mother. It indicated a woman of another generation who had sought with almost pathetic ardor to keep abreast of the times. Old-fashioned Shakespearian prints were flanked on the wall by pretty things done in the Impressionistic manner, yet on the backs of the modern chairs knitted antimacassars had been pinned by the economical hand of age. On the long library table, pushed back against the wall, was a homely basket from which a ball of drab-colored knitting protruded, and the failing summer sun crept in under a window awning so chastely lowered that one saw only a fugitive glimpse of blue sky and a window-box of carefully tended crocuses and mignonette. The room was very still and all the furniture ample, so that one got an effect of rest and seclusion and, in some strange and indefinable way, of purity, too, and of sheltered goodness. One could scarcely imagine vice as intruding here.

Anne turned her yearning face to the window. It was close to evening, and the light creeping under the striped awning was not full of color, but gray and merciless. She had stepped from the train into a street-car, and the long, hot trip had left little shadows under her eyes. She was near thirty, or perhaps beyond it, and because of a certain childlike outline to the oval of her face one would instinctively address her as "Miss" even while feeling, as the appellation was extended, that it might in a short time be susceptible of change. She was very slim, and yet in some way she gave the impression of immense vitality and exquisite good health. The blood raced very near the surface of her skin, and, now that the heat had brought it in full force to her cheeks, she was beautiful in spite of the fact that the dark hair lying on her forehead was slightly disarranged and lay in little damp tendrils on her forehead. She was dressed with a careful exploitation of good points and an equally careful neutralization of weak ones. You would have had to put a girl of high birth and breeding beside her and study long to detect the difference between the original and the counterfeit, for an imitative sensibility had enabled her to surround her person with an aura of a higher social position than she had the privilege of claiming. Without the color of animation she could scarcely call beauty her own, for her body was a tent that required a lamp lighted inside to render it



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"BUT I'M NOT BEGGING. I'M ASKING FOR MY RIGHTS!"

in any way luminous. This fact had doubtless manipulated an otherwise ascending destiny.

She moved over the rug-covered floor now on tiptoe, as if she momentarily feared being accused of a criminal act, pulling off her gloves as she walked, to leave her slender white hands bare.

Behind the sofa she found a small taboret pushed back out of view, and on it a well-colored meerschaum pipe. She bent down swiftly and lifted it in her fingers; but the love instinct in her was not strong enough to allow her to proclaim it as his. She looked inquisitively around the room again. No sign! No sign! And yet he must be living in this house—must come to this room at least once every day.

The sound of a woman's voice speaking in the hall outside caused her to start almost guiltily, and then stand poised—listening.

"When my son comes," the voice was saying, "tell him I have placed those papers he was asking for on the table in his den."

There was a quick click as of the turning of a door-knob, and then, before Anne had time to alter her anomalous position, the door was pushed open, and in a breathing-space of horror she felt the pipe slipping from her hand to the floor.

A drab-colored figure stood in the aperture yawning before her—a little figure, so utterly unlike the preconceived image of his mother that had lived in her resentful consciousness that she stood staring stupidly. Then, even while bewilderment was partially stultifying her senses, she gathered from the expression in the precise face before her that she had at once created an erroneous impression by the trivial circumstance of having in her hand an object belonging to the furnishings of the room. Her face flamed, and she bent and raised the fallen pipe in her hand, and, laying it on the table beside her, stammered some inaudible words of apology. Her mother-in-law's eyes followed her hand with a politely resentful glance. They were standing but a few feet apart—the elder woman in the doorway, Anne with her face averted. Her cheeks were hot and abashed, and she could feel the flush that she knew showed on her forehead—even over her neck and bosom. She let her eyes fall again to the inconsiderable object she had laid down, as if seeking from it some appeasing explanation of her action. None was forthcoming.

"I—I—beg your pardon," she began, and her words tangled ignominiously in her throat before she could get them out of her mouth. "I was just looking—I was just—" Her voice broke and fell away.

Her husband's mother advanced a few steps into the room with the vigorous protest of the house-owner whose privacy has been rudely violated. The shade of politeness was quite gone from her voice.

"I think," she remarked, coldly, "that you have made some mistake. My maid told me that a lady wished to speak to me on—in regard to—business of importance, but—" Her eyes flashed over Anne's face and figure. "I believe—I am quite sure—that I do not know you."

To Anne's surprise she found a small, frightened voice somewhere in her being. "I—I think you *do* know me, in—a way!"

The elder woman's brows drew together disputingly. Her eyes lingered over the face before her with an identifying stare. She shook her head. "No," she reasserted. Then, after a moment's hesitation, and with a little repelling inflection in her voice, "Do you want—are you seeking—work?"

Anne smiled. She recognized so well the mental reception accorded the mendicant in the other's whole attitude. Well, she was more or less of a beggar, though she was not begging for gold. She drew up her head and turned her tastefully clothed figure full on the other woman's vision. "Do I"—she put the question with a hint of certainty of the answer already in her voice—"Do I *look* like a person who is seeking—work?"

For an instant the elder woman did not reply. Then, with well-bred reluctance in her voice to enter further into the subject, she said, "I could not imagine any other reason for your—your—"

She paused, and Anne knew as consciously as if she had spoken that she

had courteously withheld the word "intrusion." She was thrown back on herself for the moment by the poise of a class that had learned through centuries to separate itself from close contact with anything distasteful. Something in the utter misery of her silence, perhaps, penetrated through the crust of convention that covered the other woman's heart. Mrs. Douglas moved forward.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked, her voice chilly with a do-not-impose-on-me sympathy, her face sharpened with that curiosity over sorrow which is one of woman's strongest characteristics.

"Yes," rejoined Anne, slowly—"yes, I *am* in trouble."

"You are in need of—pecuniary assistance?" The voice was already regretful of the previous compliance.

Anne shook her head. "No." She looked Mrs. Douglas straight in the face. There was something electrical and mysterious in her glance. Her husband's mother looked hastily around the room, hesitated, went over and closed the door behind her, and then indicated a chair with a little cool gesture.

"Won't you sit down?" she invited.

Anne stood for a moment stock-still. It seemed to her that she was facing the supreme moment of her life. They were to sit opposite, they two! She was to be allowed to speak at last, just to speak, to present her long-repudiated cause.

Her hands trembled and her face went pallid. She was hardly conscious that she had physically complied with the invitation until she felt the support of the chair under her body and saw Mrs. Douglas, with an uneasy indecision in her manner, cross to the table and, pushing aside the basket that held the ball of knitting with a frankly disturbed hand, seat herself on the very edge of the little sewing-chair, as if she already desired to recall the impulsive invitation.

"My time is limited," she began, speaking with soft haste and glancing admonishingly at the little clock on the mantel-shelf. "I am expecting my son home any moment."

Anne tried to keep the excitement out of her voice. "I won't take long," she stammered hurriedly. "Perhaps— I think you can *help* me!"

"I am sure I would be only too happy." Her mother-in-law's face composed itself into civil lines, her voice was as narrowly conventional as her shoulders, and her shoulders were very narrow. She picked up the ball of knitting and laid it down again in an indecisive manner.

Anne suddenly felt a sense of supreme apathy and dissatisfaction with strife of any sort. This woman oppressed her with the uselessness of anything except sinking back and letting the tides of the usual flow over and on. Though she was subtly ashamed of it, she realized that her voice was touched with a physical and mental *malaise* when she spoke. The conviction and glow had gone from it. She put a mechanical question first with an expression of rare bitterness on her face.

"I suppose," she regarded her mother-in-law with an eye used to weighing characteristic atmospheres—"I suppose *you* had a father and mother who did things for you; who taught you to be good and took care of you, and to whom it mattered whether you"—she paused as if unable to put into expression her subconscious thought—"were alive or not. *I* never had, you know. My father died before I was born, and my mother taught school for a living, and during the day had to leave me with the woman who afterward gave me a place to sleep and eat, just that—nothing more. I didn't see enough of her—my mother—to care when she was taken away. I didn't know much in my childhood except that there was a thing called work in the world and I must do it if I wanted something to eat. When I was ten years old and went to the factories, the woman who had supported me took the first money I made to pay my mother's funeral expenses. She said she had defrayed them out of her own pocket and I must pay back. It took a long time, and I thought of my mother for the first while I was paying for burying her.

"A minister who came into the district where I lived taught me the difference between good and evil. He taught me that if I was hungry I mustn't steal, and that if I was cold I couldn't have a fire unless I could pay for it. He told me what it was to be good, and that when I died I would get a reward if I

was. He said the pleasant things were nearly always the devil's. He took me to night-school and I began to learn to *think*." She paused, turning her face for a moment to the waning light creeping under the scalloped awning. "When I found I could think," she went on stolidly, "I started to raise myself out of the place where I was. I couldn't stay there! Something in me made me struggle. I took a course in stenography and bookkeeping. I went and worked in business offices, among all kinds of men. I watched life, and watched it, and watched it. I tried to imitate the things I liked. I tried to dress like the women above me. I tried to talk and act and think like a lady." Her voice trembled. "I tried so hard to reach toward higher things, but men did not offer me marriage—not the better kind of men, I mean; and I was so often tired, and the way seemed so long."

Mrs. Douglas half rose to her feet. Her face was unpleasantly disturbed, as if she had been forced to look upon some alien object which she could by turning her head have avoided seeing. "Really," she commenced, "I don't see how this concerns—"

"Wait!" Anne put out her hand as if on first impulse she would have pushed the other back into her seat, so strong was her determination to be heard unto the end, but her fingers went instead to her head and pressed a loose tress of hair back from her flushed face. The little unconscious gesture, that seemed to be the manifestation of a rebounding thought, caused the pure outline of her cheek to come into view. In a moment she glowed with vitality and a soft, desirable beauty. Her rounded arms and the curve of her young bosom showed through the thin lawn of the shirt-waist, and the quickening pulses throbbed in her white throat. She seemed in a moment and in some subtle way to have lifted an intangible curtain from before her beauty, even as an Eastern woman lifts a veil from her face.

"At this moment," she stammered, her voice rushing into unreckoning haste as if she feared that, after all, she might not be allowed to proceed until the end—"at this moment the man came who offered to lift me out of the life I was living. He was from the West, and came to the office where I was employed to have some stenographic work done. I suppose you—any one—would say he became infatuated with me. I don't know what word would explain his feelings. The world—you, I suppose, call it 'infatuation' when a man marries a woman of my class. He did marry me, though. I think he couldn't help it. Something drew him to me," she said, her voice taking on a thrill as if she had forced by an effort of sheer will a living quality into it which it had not possessed before.

"I married him. It was wonderful, though it only lasted a few weeks—our life together; but he *did* marry me, and because I expected so little of life I appreciated what I got. Love seemed to explain so many things! It was strange—just to feel it. To think more of another person than of yourself. To begin to fear that even their body might be hurt—and to feel that you would offer your body instead to prevent their feeling pain. I began to feel—*that*." She bit her lip, driving back an emotion she instinctively felt she must not exhibit. "The man I married seemed to *need* me, too. We fitted together. I guess that is what draws people—a *need*. I don't know. But I was so happy I was afraid, and I used to lie awake at night and listen to his even breathing and think that some day I would hold a child of his in my arms, a child that would be fine and strong and honest, somehow, and then—then—"

"Then?" Mrs. Douglas leaned forward, fascinated in spite of herself by the vital personality facing her.

"Then," said Anne, unemotionally, meeting the other woman's eyes level and straight. "Then his mother telegraphed him that she was ill, that she was dying. His family had always been opposed to me, of course—and he went away."

Mrs. Douglas rose slowly to her feet. Very slowly, like one in a trance. An incredulous wonder lay wavering in her eyes. "You!" She began putting out both her wrinkled hands as if to push something away. "Oh no! Why—it isn't possible!"

Anne smiled nervously. "I thought it

was impossible once that you could take him away from me," she said. "For weeks and months I believed it *was* impossible. I thought he would come back. But I am not blaming him. I understand. You got him under your influence again and worked and worked, and never stopped working. If I had been of your class you couldn't have done it; but when a man marries beneath him, as the world calls it, the woman has a double battle to fight. . . ."

Her words were tumbling thick and fast from her lips, as if by leaving no opening she could avert instant repudiation. A pain that a person of less vitality could never comprehend trembled in her eyes.

"You got him away from me," she whispered, "and then you poisoned his mind. You had the influence of all his past life on your side—and I had only the few months we spent together—that time when we were just beginning to know each other. I was back there in New York waiting, hoping. . . . I have been waiting and hoping ever since."

There were no tears in her voice, but it was more pitiful than tears could have rendered it.

"You!" stammered Mrs. Douglas again, gazing wide-eyed into the girl's face, her wrinkled lips slowly turning paper-white. "Oh *no!*" She put her left hand to her head with a little gesture of horror.

"Yes," assented Anne. "I've just stopped waiting—that's all. I wrote and wrote, and you returned them unanswered—my letters—all of them. I begged you on my knees just to see me—to let me see *him*—once, only once, but you took no notice. You worked on him at first through your illness, I suppose. It seems strange, doesn't it, but you made him write that it had all been a mistake. I suppose you made him think you knew better than he did—and it didn't matter about me at all. It seemed to you, I suppose, little more than discharging a servant. You thought I had accepted my fate—had forgotten, or I wouldn't have gotten in here to-day. You would have told your maid to turn me away. But you see I *hadn't* forgotten. I was back there struggling, saving enough out of what he sent me to live on to get here—just to get here and speak. She turned her face away, her lips twitching.

"You," repeated Mrs. Douglas for the third time. Her eyes traveled slowly over Anne's face and figure, grasping her body with an appraising eye; measuring, as one measures who has suddenly been forced to make a lightning estimate of a piece of goods that they have already decided not to buy.

"His wife," she repeated in a stunned whisper. Her hands touched the table with an unconsciously destructive gesture. A book fell to the floor. Her eyes followed it, and she started at the slight noise and then bent instinctively to recover it. At the same moment, with a youthful swiftness, Anne bent, too, and, snatching it from the floor, replaced it on the table. The gesture brought her very close to her mother-in-law. They stood with their clothes almost touching. In that moment of nearness their eyes had bridged the gulf of acquaintanceship and touched an unwilling intimacy of status.

Mrs. Douglas realized that this was no longer a stranger who was standing in her room. A strange woman, yes! But some one that was hatefully linked to her life. Her voice was still dazed. She had taken her hand from the table now and stood erect, her pale-gray gown falling bleakly around her.

"You are the — that girl he — married?"

"Yes," said Anne, quietly.

"How did you get—*here?*" The old eyes wandered around the little sheltered room to the door, even to the window, as if the improbable idea of a forced entrance had come to her mind.

"The maid let me in. I came by train," answered Anne, speaking with great simplicity.

"You—you forced yourself into my house—my home!" There was outraged dignity in the voice.

"I thought I had a right to see you."

"To see my son, you mean." The implacable resistance in the voice was instantly present.

"Oh no—to see *you*. When you have heard me I will go away again."

"You will go away?"

"When you have heard me, yes," as-

sented Anne, a little contempt for the other's ill-concealed fear in her voice. She watched Mrs. Douglas gather her startled faculties together, saw her catch at the back of the chair before which she stood and let her body down heavily. She recognized behind the intense fear in the eyes that strange maternal instinct that will fight to the death for its offspring, that will fight to the death and crawl on bleeding knees to the side of a child who has drawn life at its bosom and make almost any compromise to avert a threatened evil.

"Sit down again—please." His mother was speaking with an effort.

Anne obeyed. All the flame and ardor seemed to have passed away from her mind and body. It was cold like a thing that the sun had never touched. Now that without reservation she could speak she seemed to have no words to say. She looked at his mother from under her tired eyelids, and, because she could think of nothing else, asked a pregnant question: "Would you— Do you think you would have *liked* me if I had been—any one else—coming to you here?"

Mrs. Douglas was silent.

Anne flushed. She held on to her self-possession with an effort. Looking down at the little silk purse in her hand, she mechanically opened and shut the clasp. "I have to make you see," she declared, stolidly. "That is why I came—to make you see!"

"Make me see!" Mrs. Douglas lifted amazed eyes. "Make me see—what?"

"Make you see how wicked it was for you to try to put me out of his life!" She stepped closer, her voice thrilling with recovered confidence. "You thought—you imagined—that I would injure him in some way, and you wanted to protect him, I suppose. You thought I might hurt him because of my birth and position in the world. Did you ever think that I might *help* him?"

"Help him!" Mrs. Douglas repeated the last words incredulously.

Anne smiled. "Some law of *need* brought us together, speaking with passionate insistence. He *wanted* something in me—something he didn't have."

"Something in *you!*" Class prejudice was still uppermost in the disdainful emphasis.

Anne's face flamed. "For his future children, perhaps," she answered, proudly. "Women of your kind don't bear them—big men, strong men; and the world wants them. Why, can't you *see?*"

Mrs. Douglas turned away her shocked eyes, as if from a sight it would be indelicate to look upon.

Anne clasped her hands together in her lap—clasped them tightly. "It is true!" she reaffirmed—"what I am saying. It came to me all those long nights when I lay alone wondering, wondering what made you think you had the right to stop the wheels of my life because—of an opinion." She lifted her hands and pressed them passionately against her breast. "What makes you think you can judge what is good and bad for another person? Are you sure you know it when you see it—goodness? Are you sure"—she leaned forward—"are you *sure* you are good yourself? Were you ever tempted—here?" Her eyes flashed around the secluded room. "Have you ever gone to bed in a mean little room night after night, staring at the sky through a window no bigger than a band-box—like a prisoner? Have you taken off your clothes shivering as you listened to some Elevated train rattling past your—home? And then have you known that if you wanted to get a decent bite to eat, in a decent place, among decent people, you had to get it by sinning? Good? Yes, I'm good. Are you? Do you *know* it?"

The rush of her emotion had carried her off her feet, and it swept the other woman back in her chair, crouching like one who has been physically assaulted. Her eyes were wide and startled, as if a light had been flashed suddenly before them, while a voice cried, "Behold!"

Anne's face grew tender as she looked. Her hands relaxed and fell to her sides.

Mrs. Douglas trembled. "I don't want to hear any more!" she stammered, putting out her hands almost pathetically. "*Don't*—say any more!"

Anne grew suddenly pale. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm not begging. I'm asking for my rights!" She threw out her arms with the relieved expression

of one who is flinging the last weight from him in a race for a goal. "It has been seething in me all these months—the injustice of it! The knowledge that you were a woman, too—and had never thought of me! That you were a mother, too, and could trample me down! Why, I eat, and go to bed in my narrow room; I get up in the morning and go through the day, and go back and go to bed and sleep, and get up again and go back and go to sleep again, but that isn't living! I'm young still. There is blood in my veins. My heart beats. I am *alive* in this body that is going through the only motions you have left it. But don't you understand? I won't be young always." The blood flamed to her face, and she stopped, panting. "You are wicked," she ended, coldly. "That's what I have come to tell you—that you are wicked, and you don't *know* it!"

She reached forward with the first fierce gesture she had allowed herself, and closed her fingers around the other woman's arm, as if by the passionate pressure she could wake the sleeping pulses in that placid body. "Don't you see?" she whispered, with a voice touched with awe, "what a terrible thing it is to change the course of another woman's life?" She looked down at the frail hand she was holding, that hand which carried many trivial jeweled rings and its justifying gold band. "Don't you realize that you might as well have gone out and stabbed some one in the back as to try to take the chance of honest motherhood away from another woman? What made you think you could do it?" she demanded, bewildered at the majestic extension of her own thought. She flung the hand she was holding away in rebellion, as if emotion had at last broken every conventional barrier, and she, a primal thing, had only to do with the supreme problem of existing, and fighting for food, and mothering her young.

Mrs. Douglas put her hand to her face. Her eyes were still wide and startled. "Wicked," she faltered, referring back to the word as if unable to define it as applied to herself. A slow flush of comprehension lifted itself over her face. She looked down to her hands, her gown, around the dim, peaceful room.

Anne began to cry. She sat down in a chair and pressed the backs of her hands against her eyes to stop the flood of tears. "I'm not asking you to pity me," she defended herself. "I'm not begging for anything. I'm just asking for my right—the right to bear my children as you have born yours. I only want you to take the obstacle of your opinion out of my life, and leave me what is rightly mine."

"You think—?" Mrs. Douglas whispered, with frightened eyes.

"I think he can't *help* coming to me! I think we belong together." Her voice was choked. "And he will come, too, if you will get out of the way, because he *needs* me!"

There was an intense childishness in her tears. She had spoken almost with inspiration, driven by a dominating emotion. She wept with the little material self that was hurt.

"You *can't* take it from me," she moaned. "You can't. I'm going to fight. I can't live all my life without love! I want little hands around my neck—babies of my own! I've come all this way to make you see that it isn't right to have opinions about other peoples lives and act on them. It's a sin, that's what it is. The great sin!"

All restraint had fallen from her. She crouched in the chair, crowding her face against its back, the arraignment in her last words thrilling through the room.

Evening had fallen unnoticed, and everywhere there was that brooding lethargy that follows intense heat. A faint insinuating breeze stirred the scalloped edges of the awning at the window. The pictures on the wall were dim, the furniture hazy; nothing showed salient-ly. From outside came the rattle of passing cars and the hum of the street. Inside there was the breathlessness of rising and falling emotion—a silence that had no peace in it.

The little clock on the mantel-shelf began to strike the hour. It struck slowly, almost calmly, as if to silence the noise of emotion with its mechanical voice. One—two—three—four—*five!* There was the sound of footsteps in the hall outside, and then a man's voice whistling a popular air. There was something contented and desultory in



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"I HAVE BEEN WANTING YOU—JUST YOU!"

the tone. One caught at once the sense of well-being, of every-day content.

If a pistol-shot had gone off in the room, the effect upon the two women could not have been more electrical. Anne raised her head and slowly turned her eyes to her mother-in-law's face as she listened incredulously to the easy, light tones of the voice outside. As she listened the stunned, blasted wonder grew on her face.

"*Is* it?" she breathed in an appalled whisper.

His mother did not even bow her head. Her eyes answered.

Anne gave a little blanched cry. "And he is—*whistling!*"

There was a long silence, so crucial that it seemed to Anne she was actually experiencing bodily pain. For a long year she had yearned and suffered and tortured her mind; she had fought and agonized, and he had been—whistling! She looked at the older woman before her, at the one obstacle she had intended to remove from her path, and stretched out her hands piteously. "He doesn't *care!*" she cried, terrified by the information so swiftly snatched, with the absence of logic of womankind, from an accident of circumstance. She stumbled to her feet.

"Oh," she moaned, "I thought *you* were the obstacle. I didn't know he had forgotten! He *couldn't* have whistled if he hadn't forgotten!" She stretched out groping hands.

The little moment of helpless feminine woe was more far-reaching in its effects than all that had gone before. His mother's face expressed at last a mothering instinct that had passed from the individual to the universal. The impulse of kind to succor kind spoke in her voice.

"Child!" she stammered, and gave her hands impulsively and mercifully.

Anne stumbled forward. "I didn't have any mother," she sobbed, clinging to those extended hands, her face all distorted with famine for tenderness. "That's why I wanted so to *be* one. Don't you understand?"

Mrs. Douglas hesitated for a moment, and, putting up embarrassed fingers, she brushed back a strand of hair from the girl's flushed brow. She moved awkwardly, as if she did not know just what to do with the involuntary emotion that was actuating her. Then, as she listened to the desultory whistling outside and looked down at the convulsed young face on her breast her lips trembled into a little understanding smile.

"Aren't *you* having an opinion now?" she asked, rebukingly, and then, releasing the hands she held she turned to the door. "Wait!"

Anne caught her as she passed. "Oh no! I don't want to see him! I don't *want* to!"

It was so dark in the room now that Mrs. Douglas had to grope her way to the door. "You are going to have your chance," she said. "I am going to give it to you. You told the truth: I haven't the right to judge. I am going to get out of the way—and see!"

But even as Anne gave voice to a resisting cry she had a swift impression of her mother-in-law's gray-clad figure framed in the doorway, the letting in of a shaft of light, and then—darkness.

Unconsciously she began to moan to herself. "I don't want it," she whispered the words aloud, "I don't want it—now! Please don't get him!—please!" She felt a shamed flush creeping to her very eyes, and put her hands over her face with a woman's swift instinct to seek shelter after having unwittingly humiliated herself.

She stumbled over to the window, groping blindly. She had been so sure that it was a cobweb of opinion that lay between them; mentally she had never pictured him save as manifesting a misery equal to her own. She had imbued him with her own feminine singleness of emotion, and in an instant a trivial, masculine act had thrown her from her mental focus. She thought of the words she had said to his mother, and burned from head to foot with self-conscious shame. "Let what is mine come to me . . ."

She heard the door opening, but she had no power to look around. The scent of the mignonette in the window-box was blown toward her by a passing breeze, and she knew that in all ways and for ever it would be associated in her mind with this moment of sick shame and defeat.

From the open door a full band of light fell into the room, and she felt his presence without moving. She turned abruptly like one in a trance, and moved forward with the stiff steps of a thing that walks without mental volition. Then, suddenly, she saw his face and figure as he stood in the light—his slender body and thin face, and she could have screamed at the mere naturalness of it. Why—he was her husband after all. He had always been her husband. He might have but opened the door of her room, after an hour's absence, and advanced with an every-day sentence on his lips.

The dominance of the reality, which had brought her back to him over bulwarks of opinion and class prejudice and compliant apathy, stirred in her again. She flamed with the primal strain. Her face glowed with beauty and strength. She advanced into the light with unerring footsteps. She stood at one end of that luminous band of light, and he at the other; and they looked into each other's eyes.

She did not stir, but the man moved forward. Slowly and inevitably he came, his face as slowly growing pale. It took three great strides to reach her. She was absolutely still under his hands. She felt his fingers slowly tightening on the flesh of her arms.

"She sent me!" he said, stammering. "My mother—" His hands trembled where they were clasped about her arms. He stared down at her as a man stares who has received a blow which has restored his memory. "I have been wanting you," he whispered, dizzily, as if surprised, as he spoke the words, at the depth of the long-undeclared need, "wanting—just you!"

She made no answer.

"I was going back," breathed the man, still in that stupefied tone. "I was thinking, when I put my latch-key in the door to-night, that you were the one big thing in life—that the rest didn't matter so much, after all!"

"You were thinking—to-night?" she repeated, dully. Then her voice, leaping to an astonished outcry, "But you were whistling—whistling!" Then, as she met his blank, uncomprehending stare, she began to laugh tearfully as a child laughs who has found that a broken toy may be mended, after all. "It is so absurd." Her voice choked in her throat. "When I came all this way to say how wicked it was to have an opinion—and *act* on it—and I was having one, too, and would have acted on it—if she hadn't stopped me; and it never was real at all. You *were* caring all the time—even if you did whistle." She leaned closer, her lips parted, her eyes swimming with light. "Oh, you *man!*"

Half closing her eyes, she waited to feel his arms gently encircling her, the familiar roughness of his coat, the beat of his racing heart—to feel his cheek as it bent down to her hair with a shame-faced emotion. Then she lifted herself with all the throbbing beautiful life and vitality in her body to his embrace.

"Oh, let me love you, love you, *love* you!" she sighed. She drooped a little as she felt the long-coveted support of his hands under her shoulders. Then turning her cheek to his breast, "I am so tired," she whispered, confidingly, "so tired."

Do Insects Migrate Like Birds?

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

OVER the dunes they drive, often veering to the wind as they crest the highest mounds of sand, then, after balancing upon even wings again, in innumerable multitudes they volley past. Increasingly, impressively, portentously they come in a driving hail of green bodies and gleaming wings; or, rather, they seem like an invading winged army with glittering hosts overspreading the entire width of the beach, and with rank beyond rank, company beyond company, steadily emerging from the misty distance as far as the eye can penetrate. For I am crouched beneath the crest of a sea-shore dune, watching the vast spectacle of the seldom observed and less understood dragon-fly migration sweeping over the shore.

They travel parallel with the ocean, and in irregularly regular order—that is, at fairly even distances apart; and so concerted is the movement that even my sudden striking gesture with the net turns aside only the insects immediately attacked; it does not disturb the onsweeping advance of the general body that seems like a sentient river in irresistible, ceaseless flow. Indeed, their number is enormous! For a brief calculation of the numerical strength of the ranks—that is, the number of insects passing in a given minute, when multiplied by the period of time, two hours, during which the hastening hosts were in transit—produces the impressive though probably underestimated total of three hundred and sixty thousand dragon-flies. When I look toward their unknown haven in the West I see rank beyond crowding rank, cloud beyond hastening cloud enfilading off between the grass-covered dunes, with the September sunlight all aglitter and ashimmer upon the retreating, slanting bayonets of innumerable shining wings.

How were they marshaled—these columns, regiments, and companies without number? What impulse or purpose captains them in united flight? And the same questions confront the curious observer who considers those other insect hosts which traverse the earth or the upper and lower avenues of the air.

Not all of these impressive manifestations are contained in the same category; sharp differences exist in the initial impulses, characteristics, and results of forced marches in the insect world. Most of us know the army worm's activities; for example, those swarming, caterpillar myriads which recently appeared in damaging numbers in the vicinity of New York, but which in their most devastating marches through New England have left broad belts of barren brown where the timothy and blue-grass waved, and in their impetuous advances upon the harvest lands have swarmed over sheds and houses in their path so that such structures have been literally covered with a moving, black curtain of the hungry hordes.

The blight of the Western locusts may be recalled—how in certain unforgetable years they have risen above their native plateaus along the Rocky Mountains, and after appearing in the far western sky as shining clouds of sunlit, membranous wings advancing in fan-like formation over the wheat-lands of Kansas, Missouri, and neighboring states, they have settled down as masses of jumping, struggling, voracious mouths that marched and countermarched over fields, over fences, through brooks and larger streams here, there, everywhere—even into the forests, devouring every living green thing and leaving devastation behind. In such ways did the pestilential locust of the Scriptures originate in the mountain regions of Arabia and descend upon the fields of Egypt, for such is the behavior of its descendants to-day.

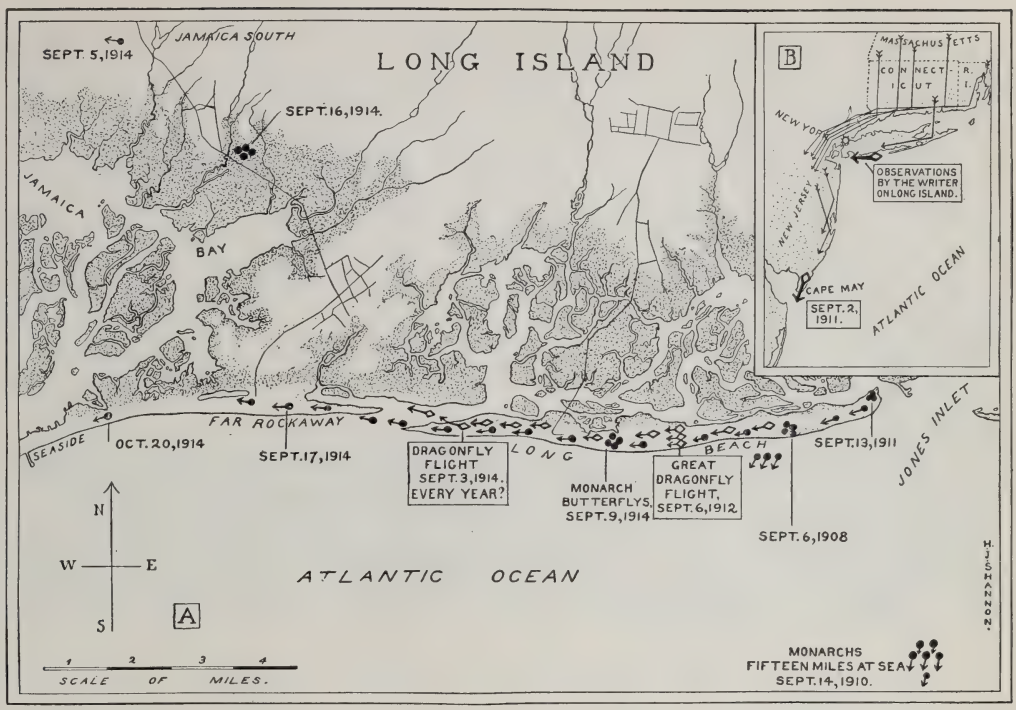
But these are not true migrations. For the army worm is always with us, and only in certain years of favorable weather (a wet season following one of drought) are its numbers able to increase until they assume the proportions of a plague; their so-called march is only an advance upon more and better food. The Rocky Mountain locust's behavior, too, is due to an exceptional increase in numbers that demand new feeding-grounds, so they take flight from their mountain strongholds just as European lemmings desert home fields and travel over land and water until the animals eventually cast themselves into the North Sea. These instances of massed movement are largely due to the production of unusual numbers which move outward from exhausted home fields, seeking a new food-supply; there is no annual exodus from one region and a return in the following season, such as one finds in certain birds and fishes.

Some hint of this trait appears, however, in the locust's after behavior. For, in the summer following the invasion, the progeny of these swarms often take a united and extensive flight northwestward from the Missouri lands of their invasion in an attempt, as Dr. Riley believed, to reach their home breeding-grounds along the Rockies' foot-hills. But many fall by the way, and, although when met by adverse winds they settle to the ground and await more favorable breezes, few ever return to the land of their origin.

A Southern traveler, also, is sometimes described as a migrant, but the attempt is abortive. For when the cotton-worm multiplies excessively—when brood follows brood until the productive fields are aswarm with the moths, and cotton-plants hang all ragged and torn—then these fully developed moths, the products of the latest births, rise in great companies, particularly on cloudy days, and with a strength and unity of flight hitherto unmanifested, the great, brown flocks advance over the Carolinas, Virginia, and in some years even over the autumn shores of Long Island and New York. Indeed, they fly farther still,



A GLITTERING HAIL OF GREEN BODIES AND GLEAMING WINGS



INSECT MIGRATION ROUTES ON LONG ISLAND

(Dragon-flies represented by lozenge-tipped arrows; "monarchs" by circle-tipped arrows.)

The flight at Cape May would seem to be a continuation of the Long Island movement. At both places the movements coincide with the flight lines of migratory birds (indicated by feathered arrows as determined by C. C. Trowbridge.)

even to Wisconsin and Canada; moreover, so late in the year is their impetuous advance pursued that they once swept within the city limits of Pittsburg during an early-winter snow-storm. But these far travelers never return to native, Southern fields, nor do they leave any progeny in Northern lands so laboriously gained; this impulsive, irrepressible, almost explosive outburst of multitudinous life from the South is ended by the Northern winter, when the worn wings close, and with autumn leaves and first snowflakes all alike are swept away.

A presumably true migrant, and the only one hitherto known, is our "monarch," or milkweed butterfly—that familiar, red-winged, black-limbed hoverer above roadside blooms and swamp-land flowers. For it does fly south in autumn and is believed to return with the following spring. Indeed, many notable autumn flights in Western states have been reported, for there great, ruddy flocks often swarm for miles and move southward in immense clouds, while lesser flocks appear in the East. But peculiar opportunities for such observations are offered by southern Long Island beaches where the southward-flying insects, becoming confused by the land limits fronting the wide waters, hesitate and reveal their hidden purposes. For, although great flocks *do* fly directly southward over the sea, usually they turn westward along the shore in a sidewise diversion that, with every recurring year, converts these barrier beaches into great migratory-insect highways.

Ruddy, black-veined, beating wings are passing in considerable numbers almost any mid-August or September day, and as three miles of salt-marsh and open water separate this particular Long Beach sand-pit (my principal place of observation) from the mainland, these butterflies can be nothing less than migrants, for almost all are trending westward. During pleasant days, steadily fluttering units traverse the dunes in an intermittent but unquestionable proces-



TRUE MIGRANTS FOLLOWING THE SEA-SHORE HIGHWAYS

sion, hinting at some slowly marshaling assemblage farther to the west; in blustery weather gathering companies congregate on the beach-grass or bayberry shelters, and fitfully flutter about the swaying stems and twigs. But when sunset approaches they gather for evening rest, and reveal a more splendid sight. For still greater companies, advancing and foregathering from the east, come clustering to all the surrounding vegetation till golden-rod plants are almost hidden beneath the winged clouds that settle there. They fringe every terminal stalk with red wings arranged in pendent series, or cling closer in massed myriads that sleep more quietly along the lower leaves; while, farther away, the more restless groups and clustering clans, settling and resettling themselves in the level, autumn light, seem to glow and flame, then die to flame again like uptossed embers from half-extinguished signal-fires set here and there among the hollow, purple dunes between me and the setting sun.

Their individual behavior, too, is far different from that of the butterfly when traveling alone; but this transformation is common to other insects moving in mass, and, in the writer's opinion, bears a probable relationship to distinctive traits revealed in certain human gatherings—psychic peculiarities such as the half-hypnotic contagions in which individual desires are submerged, resulting in a sense of invincibility and an abeyance of the instinct of self-preservation that Le Bon has called the "psychology of the crowd." These down-drooping wings can be gently stroked without exciting alarm; separate insects can be lifted to one's finger so that four slender legs clasp this unusual support until, in the presence of such allowed intimacies, one marvels at the mysterious new nature with which the shy creatures have been informed, enabling them to move in unhesitating unison upon their continental journey.

Specific evidences of such annual ventures are now very considerable, not only in Long Island and the Western states, but also in New York City (where the writer has seen such migrating butterflies flying westward over City Hall Park), New Jersey, New England, and Canada; while their presumable return in spring (tentatively accepted by most entomologists) completes the reciprocal movement between north and south, the only autumnal exodus and spring return

which is generally believed to take place in the North-American insect world.

What meaning, then, attaches to our great dragon flight? Were they driven to some farther station by a scarcity of food? Such a reason is unacceptable, for the near meadows still swarmed with insects, and the nuptial or marriage flight of the sea-shore ants was yet to take place—that great aerial festival when the lower and upper spaces of the air are thronged with millions of the hitherto invisible, virgin queens upon which the dragons may, and often do, forage and satiate themselves.

Were they searching for water in which to lay their eggs? For this medium is the essential element in which young dragons are born and pass their larval and nymphal life. This reason—the drying up of home ponds — has been accepted by many students as a solution of other flights; but swarms have been seen passing over ponds in their path of advance, and large, perennial bodies of water are wide-spread to the north of this particular region. Moreover, meteorological observations at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, show that the year of flight, 1912, was not especially dry. So, in the writer's opinion, this reason fails to account for the dragon's multitudinous advance upon the unknown.

Then, too, certain later observations of lesser flights seem to show that these movements are annual events. In late August or September days the large dragons, as well as the "monarch" butterflies, habitually travel westward along this Long Island ocean-shore in a grand, undeviating procession which reveals unmistakable characteristics of an insect migration, for, in contrast to their usual helter-skelter dashings to and fro among the summer dunes, their flight is steady, unfaltering, and imbued with the peculiar distinction and dignity assumed by all creatures when on pilgrimage. For now it is the race or species, rather than the individual, whose future and integrity is involved; so, all through the long September afternoons, these gold-hued and viridian dragons, with silver wings glinting in the light, sail steadily onward, undeterred, intent, oblivious.

By following their course along the beach one discovers that no change of direction takes place; where dune slopes lead they inevitably follow mile after mile; and when the beach extremity is



MIGRATING "MONARCHS" RESTING AT EVENING

gained and only the wide channel and open ocean lie before, up, up and away they fly northwestward, where, beyond the intervening waters, Rockaway's outlands stretch far toward the sunset. "Monarchs" follow the same northwestward course, flutter across the ocean channel, and take up their westward journey on the other side. So it would seem that both creatures are diverted from their southward course by this east-and-west-lying coast, the only such ocean-shore between Nova Scotia and Florida, so they are compelled to travel toward the mainland seeking an overland route to their presumable winter station in a warmer region.

As these movements are now seen to be annual events that recur day after day in regular succession, why have they never been defined before? One reason is that the processions are much broken and scattered. For repeated tests have shown that often, even at the height of the migration, one "monarch" will fly out of sight long before another appears; so, if the observer did not know that a definite movement was taking place, the occasional butterflies that fluttered by would fail to attract attention. On one mid-August day of last year, for instance, twenty-seven butterflies passed westward between eleven-thirty in the morning and two-fifteen in the afternoon; on August 31st, twelve passed in about the same period; on September 3d, fifty or more flew past against the northwest wind. At other times they pass in scattered groups of a dozen or in clouds of hundreds. Moreover, much the same statements hold true of the dragon-flies, for they, too, pass by at wide intervals, or in clusters of a dozen or more; sometimes a mingled cloud of "monarchs" and dragons drift west together.

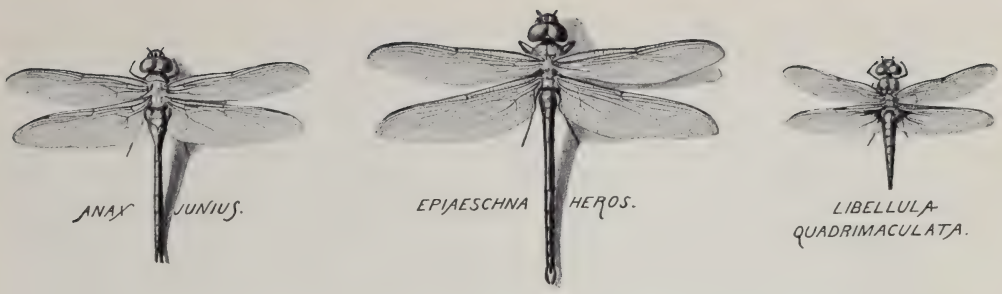


A RETURNING MIGRANT FROM THE SOUTH

The torn and weather-worn wings bear all the marks of extensive travel.

Still, judging from many European observations, much vaster dragon swarms must traverse this country, even though they are almost unknown. For such descriptive phrases as "we saw a great cloud approaching the ship from the shore," or "a great cloud came up from the north, so great that for hours it darkened the sun," or "millions upon millions swept past during the day"—all these attest to the immense numbers that travel in the Old World. That they are unseen here is due, in part, to the fact that they fly at great altitudes. Even the Long Beach swarm of 1912 began to mount higher as it approached tall buildings to the westward where the writer followed them; and, as already noted, the later flights, upon approaching the ocean channel terminating that beach, suddenly darted to higher levels and soon vanished from sight. Indeed, a recent test shows that lofty altitudes are habitually visited by dragons, for, by taking his stand upon the Elevated station at Gates Avenue and Broadway, Brooklyn—the center of a populated section over a mile from water in any direction—the writer was able to see dragons flying about over the houses, while higher still were several others cruising about at so great an elevation within the blue that only an occasional white cloud rendered them visible. So, although these individuals were not truly migrating, the traveling swarms might easily pass over great cities. Undoubtedly they do so pass over the lower portion of Manhattan Island, which lies in their direct coastwise route coming down from the east and north.

As these Long Island insect-routes coincide with local bird-routes, they suggest the probability that such parallel movements are in the nature of a general law. For many birds, too (as shown by the exhaustive studies of C. C. Trowbridge), are diverted westward by the coast-line here, and travel along these land-limits only to turn southward upon reaching the mainland and continue down the Jersey shore. At Cape May swarms of *Anax junius*, the same dragon observed on Long Island, have



SOME MIGRATORY DRAGON-FLIES OF NORTH AMERICA AND EUROPE

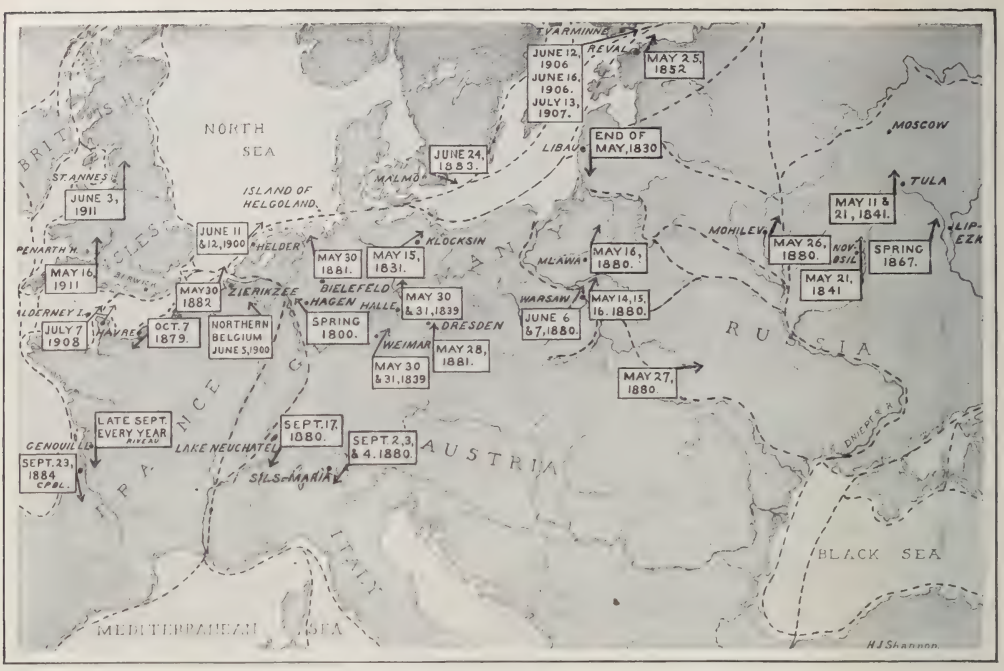
been seen in southwestward flight during September by Herman Wolff, while the "monarchs" habitually make an autumnal journey there as shown by Dr. Holland's October observations. Doubtless these insects are the same individuals which have traversed the Long Island or Connecticut shore; and the coincidence of their route with the bird-routes must be more than accidental.

Still further confirmations of this theory of identical routes for both winged creatures is offered by such few instances of insect migrations as are recorded in this country. Mr. Saverner, a student of bird migration in the West, noticed that a regular bird-route which comes down from the North, passes out over Point Pelee to the various islands in western Lake Erie, and then continues southward to the Ohio shore, is also a route for "monarchs." He observed them there for three successive autumns. They came down through the country, passed along this point, or peninsula, and then traveled away over the lake to the southward; and, as the butterflies flew in open order, one at a time and in a scattered procession, this student of bird activities wondered if it was, indeed, a true insect migration. Undoubtedly it was such a movement, and strikingly analogous, both in manner of flight and in its coincidence with a great migratory bird-route, to the writer's observations on Long Island.

So few dragon flights are recorded in this country that their nature is almost unknown. To be sure, a great flight of *Epiæschna heros* was observed at Fairbury, Illinois, on August 13, 1881, when they were moving southwestward. They have been reported as not uncommon events in Tennessee, while at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a flight has been reported as taking place annually and lasting several days. As the movements occur in September, and follow the same direction, which (although not given) is probably south through Sheboygan and along the west coast of Lake Michigan, the line of flight very likely coincides with a bird-route leading down the Mississippi Valley to the south. Otherwise North-American swarms are almost unknown.

But an examination of the more detailed reports gathered from sixty or more records in Europe, and from the year 1494 to the present time, shows not only that spring flights are northward and autumnal flights are toward the south, supporting the theory of a seasonal interchange, but also that to a quite remarkable degree they coincide with the coast-lines and the courses of large rivers, which are the routes traversed by the birds. Of course, as Eagle Clarke says of the birds, "there are many subsidiary routes of only a local nature," and this statement must also apply to the insects; but the great, well-defined trunk routes find a remarkable parallel in these scattered observations by many observers and throughout widely scattered years when dragon-fly swarms have been seen.

Autumnal flights pass southward near Genouille, along the west coast of France, every year; while others seen at Havre in October, and in Switzerland during September, were trending southwest, which would take them along the peninsula of Spain or even farther south. Northward flights in spring have usually been observed in May, except farther



DRAGON-FLY MIGRATION ROUTES IN EUROPE

Scattered observations seem to show that a northward movement takes place in spring and a southward flight in autumn. In many places the lines of flight correspond to the coastwise or river-valley air-lanes which are followed by migrating birds. Bird-routes, as determined by Palmen, Menzbier, and Eagle Clarke, are indicated by the dotted lines.

north in northern England, Sweden, and Finland. They, too, follow the same coastwise courses along western France, Belgium, the Netherlands (as determined by traced and co-ordinated observations); then they pass across the English Channel to the west coast of the British Isles, as the bird-routes do, and continue northward as shown by observations of the swarms in 1911 at Penarth Head and at St. Annes-by-the-Sea. June flights, too, have been seen crossing the channel at Berwick, parties of four or five flying up over the low cliffs and proceeding inland. The noted bird-observatory, the island of Helgoland, is visited regularly each year by enormous swarms that depart as mysteriously as they come.

On the continent as well, these movements coincide very closely with bird-routes laid down by Palmen and Menzbier; great swarms have passed over Denmark and southern Sweden, as the migrating birds do. Other flights have swept northeast over Reval, Russia, coinciding with a bird-route there, while observations at Tvärminne, in Finland, during the years 1906 and 1907, seem to show that several June and July flights passed northeastward along the coast in a line which coincides very perfectly with the bird-routes continuing up the Finnish coast to the far North.

Even inland flights in Germany confirm the theory, as nearly all observations were recorded in valleys or along rivers and lakes. In fact, Weissenborn, in 1839, found, by correspondence among neighboring observers, that a great swarm observed by him as going north at Weimar had companioning swarms moving north at Halle, and west at Eisenach; and as these movements coincided with the flow of the several rivers—the Ilm, the Saale, and the Nesse, respectively, upon which these towns are situated, he proposed the theory that swarms fly in the direction of the river currents. This was a significant suggestion; but when laid down as a general law it is no less far-fetched than are the causes he adduces for the flight itself. For the facts he noted

merely mean, of course, that the dragons, like the birds, follow the river valleys; and as in this case they were going north, the flow of the water into the North Sea and the insect movements coincided.

In western Russia, also, the direction of the spring bird migration—north tending to northeast, according to von Middendorf, and following to a large extent the course of the river Dneiper—is paralleled by the records of a few dragon flights. For all were seen along streams tributary to that river or to the river Don, and bearing north or northeast. So the European flights, with very few exceptions, seem to support the theory which our Long Island phenomena suggest—namely, that northward dragon-fly flights in spring and the southward flights in autumn follow prescribed routes that parallel the courses of the birds. Certain apparently contradictory records are not considered very reliable, particularly the southward flight on the Russian coast at Libau in May (which was verbally related to Koppen.) Some local land feature may in this instance have diverted the flight which afterward corrected itself to follow a more northerly or northeasterly direction.

Any evidence regarding the winter stations of either "monarchs" or dragons is very meager. Whether the butterflies winter in our Southern states, in Mexico, or in the West Indies is unknown. Nor do we know where the dragons go. Indeed, the fact that certain migratory species (*Anax junius* and *Libellula quadrimaculata*, of a certainty) lay their eggs in Northern ponds, and that these eggs hatch into larvæ or nymphs which live on the pond-bottoms for six months, or, possibly, for a year or for a longer period, would seem to raise a question why the dragons fly south at all. For, apparently, the future of the race is already secured. Yet, as Eimer claims he found them loaded with ripe eggs while they were flying south through Sils Maria in September, he assumes that they were traveling to a warmer climate for further breeding. Then, too, both sexes comprise these swarms (they have even been seen together, completing their nuptials, during the flight), and as the life period—in fact, the entire life history of the larger dragons—has never been completely made out, there is no reason why these strong-flying adults should not lengthen their existence by one or even by several southern sojourns where breeding could continue. This supposition is confirmed by the widely recorded distribution of *Anax junius*, our Long Island migrant. It is found not only throughout North America, but also in the Hawaiian Islands, China, the West Indies, and Central America.

Studies at Tvärminne by Federley uphold this idea that the swarming movement is connected with a psychological impulse to wander coexistent with the breeding instinct; but he believes that the wandering is without a definite goal. Yet, as he says, the constant direction they follow in Finland—the same coastwise course for two years in succession—shows that the movement is not indiscriminate and raises a profound question. By means of our widely collected evidence this question now seems to have been solved. It should be added, however, that the incompleteness of data as to the life-periods of these dragons renders it not impossible that individuals flying north in spring are the progeny of those which flew south in the preceding or even an earlier autumn, while autumn flights may be largely composed of the offspring of earlier invaders from the South. That is, the balance and interchange between North and South may affect generations rather than individuals, which is true, in a limited and occasional degree, of the migratory movements of Rocky Mountain locusts.

If the parallel between bird and insect holds true, one would expect to find a spring northward movement of both "monarchs" and dragons in this country. Actual records are very slight. Much-worn "monarchs" with faded and scaleless wings have been seen flying north in late May by observers at Minneapolis; Dr. Riley has repeatedly observed them in spring going northwestward against the wind; while the writer has found such a faded, torn-winged "monarch" flying in the June fields near Jamaica, L. I. On the other hand, no such dragon flights are known if we except

the two rather confirmatory June flights seen on the Massachusetts coast by the bird student Bradford Torrey. But, judging from the law which has been proposed, they as well as the "monarchs" should move up the Mississippi Valley — the autumn routes already mentioned—and in the East they should follow the Hudson, the Housatonic, the Connecticut valleys, and the Eastern coast, which are all great trunk routes of the birds. During spring flights, however, both insects and birds would not be obstructed and turned aside by the Long Island coastline as they are in autumn. They would naturally advance in wider, more open order, so no opportunities exist for observations of narrow, crowded avenues of travel here in spring such as form so striking a feature of the autumn shore.

It is strange indeed that insect migrations and the laws which govern them have been so neglected, for many are considered rather anomalous, almost haphazard manifestations. To be sure, many insects *do not* migrate, just as some birds live in an approximately fixed habitat. But, whereas such birds live as active adults, the non-migrating insects either hibernate in the mature, winged form, or pass the cold months in the egg or crysalid stage. And, also, some butterfly swarmings may resemble the aimless, unproductive outbursts of the cotton-moths. Nevertheless, a deeper significance is given to many reports scattered throughout scientific literature by reason of this theory concerning laws of time, direction, and route which govern the movements of an unknown number of the smaller winged creatures. Eagle Clarke's observation, while studying bird movements from the Kentish Knock lightship, that the thistle butterfly *Vanessa cardui* flew toward England from the Continent against a head wind *at night*, opens interesting possibilities of further discovery, for this butterfly is believed by many entomologists to migrate from the mainland to the British Isles every year. Along the California coast, too, this same butterfly, the most widely distributed of all such insects, sometimes moves northward in great swarms that may come from Mexico. The green-clouded swallow-tail, too, *Papilio troilus*, and the giant swallow-tail, *Papilio cresphontes*, were seen by Saverner flying in company with the "monarchs" and going south along the bird-route which extends across western Lake Erie; so all these species (with an unknown number of others) are certainly partial, or perhaps even true, migrants in some parts of this country.

Tropical observations also give evidence that the movements are more than accidental. Vast coastwise swarms annually traverse the shores of British India; small yellow butterflies also undertake great journeys there, while another species, related to our swallow-tails, is believed to travel from that country to the island of Ceylon every year. Others make periodical journeys along the Venezuelan coast and in the Amazon Valley; so there, too, the recurring activities seem to be quite different from aimless wanderings, and more in the nature of racial functions intimately bound up with the creature's life history.

Indeed, accumulating evidences show that the principles and laws governing the better-known bird migrations have a remarkable parallel in the annual movements of certain members of the insect world. They, too, are influenced in their flight by meteorological and geographical conditions which deflect and determine the bird-routes, and their psychologies react to the traveling impulses which are unsatisfied in some cases with anything less than a world-wide distribution. And whatever causes were originally responsible for the migratory movements of birds, we may be sure that the movements of certain of the smaller creatures are equally ancient and have been affected by the same or similar factors. In fact, if we could lift the veil which hides the distant past we might see that certain of the apparently feebler, but in some cases more ancient orders, of animal life were the first to follow those natural and clearly defined avenues which traverse the continental spaces, only to return, after long travels, to their native home.

The Saint

BY HARRISON RHODES

I HAD the honor of Rujdi's acquaintance—if honor is precisely what it was—at Tangier. The first time I saw him he occupied the table next mine outside the Café de Paris in the Little Soko—the squalid, crowded, gay, unworthy little open place where the fantastic Franco-Hispano-Moorish cosmopolitanism of the town surges for ever to and fro as if arranged by a supremely obliging stage-manager for the sole benefit of tourists and idlers seated as I was. It was my first afternoon in the town; had it been my second I should doubtless have known my neighbor by sight, and possibly by reputation; as it was, I formed my own opinion.

He was an elegant creature, and no ordinary Tangerine Moor, I felt certain. The agreeable combination of dull blue and pale straw-yellow which he wore reminded me of Tunis, where the best-dressed young gentlemen affect even light pinks and mauves, and are admittedly the dandies of the North-African coast. He viewed the scene of the Little Soko with eyes that were sharp and watchful and yet, contradictory though it may seem, also tolerant, amused, and meditative. I decided then that he was both a rascal and a philosopher, and I am still excessively proud of that first day's estimate.

All Tangier, I found, agreed with me that he was a rascal. They were less certain that he was a philosopher. But his acquaintance procured me in due time proof upon this point, and brought me to know the story I have now to tell of his stay in Bar-el-Azrah, the Holy Place, and his escape from there.

As to his rascality of the moment, he was supposed, so I was told, to be deep in a plot with some corrupt French land officials to vitiate the titles of most of the native landowners in the village where he had been born, so that a land-development company might grab it. Indeed, it appeared that from an early day it had appealed to him to combine the trickeries of Europe and Africa. Foreign grants and concessions, native bribery and wire-pulling, had always been his affair. It was upon intrigues of this character, in favor of some foreign syndicate, that he had gone to Bar-el-Azrah, and on account of them that his neck had been in danger from the Shereef of the Holy Place and from the Sultan of that moment, whom Allah did not preserve—for this is a story of the days before the sultans of Morocco came to live in palaces that are only prisons at Tangier.

Such operations in high finance were of course his most gentlemanly faults. He was also reported—in the legations—to have an interest in the two gambling establishments at which at that time young Moors and young men from Gibraltar and Cadiz met in the strangest confusion of tongues and costumes which can ever have existed around the green tables. He was more vaguely reported to have interests in other establishments, less reputable but equally profitable. Certainly he was willing enough to see that strangers found their way to all the *agréments* of the town without taking it upon himself to judge of the moral value of pleasure.

To my credit or discredit, I was considerably in his company while I was at Tangier, though I protest it was mostly upon the *terrasse*, where I first met him, or upon the hard dais of a dark little den of a Café Maure, where the coffee was remarkable, and the proprietor, a withered and ancient Moor, paid my companion almost incredible respect, probably for good if dark reasons. Rujdi was one of the most agreeable persons you could see in the world, whatever you might think of his moral character. And I believe he found me agreeable, what-

ever he may have thought of mine. I presume that he saw in me the makings of either a rogue or an honest man; I was content not to know which.

It was in Mustapha's coffee-stall that I caught the first hint of the story of Bar-el-Azrah. There came into its gloom late one afternoon a venerable, white-bearded man clad in the coarse brown sacking which is the simple costume of so many poor, venerable men in Morocco. He had a long staff in his hand, and he somehow suggested that he was a pilgrim from across far, dusty, desert ways. He sat down mildly and drank his coffee. After a moment I went on with my conversation with Rujdi. At the sound of my companion's voice the old man turned his head. Rujdi stopped. In the half-darkness the stranger peered at us. Then he gave a kind of cry and, mumbling things in Arabic which I could not understand, came across toward us. He leaned forward, staring, and, falling on his knees, caught the edge of Rujdi's burnoose and bent his head to the ground over it. Then he broke into a kind of chant that might well have been a psalm of praise. My companion rose, it seemed to me impatiently. I even thought his pale face grew a little flushed. He pulled his flowing garment away from the brown-sacked pilgrim who still knelt, with eyes fixed wonderingly upon him. I thought we were about to break—I can only call it that—for the open, when suddenly, as if falling from the little patch of African sky which we could see through the doorway, there came from the minaret of the mosque in the next street the call to evening prayer. With an arresting gesture Rujdi seemed to say that the muezzin had intervened in an unseemly discussion. The venerable stranger and the venerable proprietor of the booth turned their faces to Mecca. And we, blasphemously—so it seemed to me—strode out, almost across their prostrate forms.

As we came into the white Tangier street lit by a sunset sky, Rujdi laughed ironically. "To miss evening prayer is terrible sin for us," he said. "But it will teach that swine of the desert—" He stopped abruptly. I wondered excessively what it was designed to teach the mild, aged creature we had left. But I was, for a time, left to wonder.

The final episode in Tangier can be told briefly. I was at the café in the Little Soko. Rujdi was at the next table when there came by young Mercier and a certain Fontière whom I had met that very day at lunch at the Hôtel de l'Esplanade. Fontière had been up-country on some government mission. He was an amazing fellow, full of strange Moorish lore. It was no surprise to me that he knew Rujdi and paused an instant to accost him. But his exact greeting was incredible. Its effect was as if a whirlwind had seized me as I sat at a cheap European tin table before a mongrel café and transported me instantly into the ancient secret Morocco which lies for ever at Tangier's gates, that land where a wild fanatical religion is making its last fight against the West.

"*Tiens*," said Fontière to Rujdi, "I thought you were a saint at Bar-el-Azrah."

Rujdi did not bat an eyelid. "No longer," he said, with grave politeness. But when Mercier and Fontière appeared to be looking for a table on the terrace, he rose. "Come," he said to me, "let us go to Mustapha's. You had better hear the story from me than from him. I think perhaps I tell it, and know it, better."

There is very little sense of time in the East. There was very little in Mustapha's booth. No one came to interrupt us except the old man occasionally bringing coffee. The rest of the time he squatted by the street door, and, by Rujdi's orders, in my belief, turned away custom. I know I must abridge the story, for I remember that we sat there until the little patch of African sky which one could see grew pale lemon-yellow and then flushed with sunset pink in which at last there shone a large, soft star—and still Rujdi went on. I must abridge, and I must translate from the mixed French and English he used. But I shall try to make it his story—and his philosophy.

He had gone to Bar-el-Azrah, as has been earlier suggested, on the somewhat dubious business of a concession which,

so far as I could understand, had to do with handing over to a French syndicate of lands belonging to the *zaouia*, or monastery of Azrah, of which the Shereef, as direct descendant of the Saint, was hereditary abbot, or head. To this end the Sultan's palm was to be considerably greased, I gathered. Now, whether the Sultan thought that this greasing was insufficient because Rujdi had tried to hold back a good portion of the foreign funds for himself, or whether, the plan for alienating the monastery lands having been betrayed to the Shereef, his Majesty could save his dignity only by discrediting the intermediary, I was not definitely told. Does it, after all, matter, since it so singularly led to sainthood?

The occasion of Rujdi's visit to Bar-el-Azrah and the Holy Place was the season of the Sultan's solemn pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint, traditional every seven years, which on this occasion his Majesty had planned to combine with some profitable spoliation of the Saint's descendant. Since then I have been to Azrah, at the time of the ordinary yearly festival, and even under the tranquilizing French régime the town seethed and fermented with all the varied humanity of South Morocco, and even of the desert, from as far—they told me—as Lake Chad. In the old days, with the Sultan and all the followers of his caravan from Morocco City encamped outside the *zaouia* gates, it must have been even more tumultuous and barbaric.

Rujdi had preceded the Sultan by a fortnight, and was domiciled—in extreme comfort, we may be sure—in a house which he had taken near the Mosque of Ali. The Sultan came, and, as was the custom, the Shereef supped with him in his tent on the evening preceding his solemn visit to the tomb of the Saint. Rujdi supped, too, "probably better than the two great men," so he commented, "though not in their immediate presence." Here and there in the white town dance-music and tom-toms kept on through the night, and in the street along the river women sat outside their doors almost till day, like jeweled idols on lamp-lit shrines.

"I came home as the crescent of the dying moon rose," said Rujdi. "I was happy in all that the night had been of pleasure and all that the day would be of profit. I thanked Allah, and it was with no evil in my heart that in order to enter in at my house I kicked out of my way a saint, a holy marabout, who was sleeping in humility upon my doorsill. Earlier I had resented him. I had thought that the royal pilgrimage attracted far too many of these fellows from their villages and their little corners of the land that edges the desert. I realized that each village needed its example of piety, but I sometimes thought that weakness of the intellect and incapacity to earn another living were perhaps all that was needed to be such a lesser marabout or saint. May the Prophet forgive me if I underestimated a great and difficult profession. I have been told that in the American religion, unlike the French religion, you do not believe in saints. You are wrong, monsieur; you should try to be one."

Mustapha brought fresh coffee and a small bottle of orange-flower water with which to perfume it. Rujdi went on:

"It was at a little before dawn that Zembi came to me. He was a creature who had already had much gold from me. Now he demanded fifty louis before he would tell his news. I gave it, but it was poor news for so much money. I was betrayed, and even as we spoke they might be coming from the Sultan's tents to seize me."

Here I omit an intricate passage designed to convince me of the absurdity and injustice of any proceeding against him. I remember that it ended, characteristically enough, "It was then, when I saw what was capable of happening to me, that for the first time I completely recognized the wickedness of man."

Rujdi spoke lightly, and even with some gaiety, of the danger he stood in. Yet he made me feel it—the fierce and sudden punishment which could pounce upon any one in these regions where law and justice had not altered, except for the worse, in centuries. I did not believe Rujdi had been innocent, but I grew a little chill as I thought of that gray dawn in Azrah, and death that might come with it.

"Zembi, before he went away, had told me that the city gates were watched. I had little faith in Zembi; still, somehow, I knew I had small chance of getting away. Yet I wanted them not quite to find me waiting tamely at home. I went quickly down the staircase and opened the door. Then I stopped. The wretched holy man had waked, and by him in the filth of the street crouched two or three pious admirers of his saintliness who had brought small bowls of food for his refreshment. He was gobbling it up and grinning from time to time upon his dupes. Somehow the sight made me furious. This creature was free—free from both toil and fear. The pious fed him, though they fed him vilely, and he slept without anxiety, though upon my door-sill, for even the Sultan of Morocco would hesitate to harm one of the chosen fools of Allah who sit by the wayside. I stepped forward quickly in my anger, and I struck the bowl in which he was gobbling from his hand. As it clattered on the stones set in the street I caught in the eyes of those kneeling there the look of fright and anger at my sacrilege.

"'Ah,' I cried, half aloud, 'this it is to be holy.'

"And then in that quick instant the miracle happened. My mind worked with a swiftness which was not the swiftness of the minds of other men. I am to-day uncertain whether Allah or the foulest fiend prompted me. But I saw the way to safety and to certain satirical satisfactions.

"'This it is to be holy,' I cried to them in a loud voice. 'Know that I am holier than he.'

"Then I took my cloak from off me—it was the color of rich cream and saffron—and threw it over the marabout's shoulders. I cried loudly to those there that Allah called me to share all with them, and soon I was standing before them as He sent me into the world.

"In the interests of a decency which the dogs themselves did not feel, I tore a rag from the marabout's vile cloak and bound it about me.

"'Come,' I cried, 'you shall eat of the best.' And I rushed into the house. There had been the day before a stewed kid with almonds and a sweet pastry. I brought them forth and put them before the greedy creatures in the street. And while they fell upon the victuals, such as they had doubtless never seen before, I gathered from the ground the trampled food earlier placed before the holy man, and—yes, I ate it."

The quarter was roused by their cries and tumults and this new holiness. Rujdi, who in the interval had daubed his body and hair with street mud, called the crowd that had gathered into the house.

"Take of my house what you like," he cried in ecstasy. "What are the world's goods to one whose hand is in the Prophet's and who lies upon the heart of Allah?"

With yells of frenzied satisfaction the mob turned to pillage.

"I had first secured the leather bag with all my gold," Rujdi explained to me. "As to the house, I had taken it furnished from a Jew who was gone upon a journey to the Rif. He was aggrieved upon his return. He even sought legal satisfaction. But what chance before a Cadi in a court in South Morocco has a Jew against a saint? There is still some justice left in the world."

"And did the Sultan send?" I asked.

"At the exact moment I could have wished," he answered. "We had picked the Jew's house fairly clean, and they crowded around me. Hugging their loot to their breasts, they kissed my feet and my foul rags.

"'Will you take me to the Sultan?' I asked. 'Will you take me to meet him by the tomb of the Saint?'

"They cried hoarsely, and like a stream in flood we poured forth into the street just as four soldiers from the royal tents reached the door. We bore them down. 'The Saint! The Saint!' my followers cried.

"It would have been useless for the poor fellows to have tried to seize me, even could they have recognized me in my vile attire—or lack of attire. There was already a feeling in Bar-el-Azrah that I belonged to God."

Rujdi paused to light a cigarette, and he smiled, though not irreverently, at the thought of his consecration.

"Then we went to the market-place, where on one side were the tomb of the

Saint and the Great Mosque of Azrah. Once every seven years the Sultan of Morocco comes to bow before the Holy Place. Not every seven years does a new saint appear there. When his Majesty arrived, the news had already reached him that, as it were to honor his pilgrimage, Allah had chosen one upon whom all holiness was descending. He rode quickly forward on his white stallion to where I stood on the steps of the Saint's tomb with hundreds—no, thousands—prostrate around me. The Shereef on a bay mare came with him. And both peered at me eagerly.

"There was silence in the whole market-place. In a half-minute I knew that they both knew me. The Sultan raised his hand and pointed at me. I saw he was about to speak. It might still perhaps have been my end. But I gave a shrill yell and twirled seven times round as do the whirling dervishes—I had practised once with them at Maressa for pure love of their art. He paused in his speech, and swiftly I opened my leather bag and pulled forth my fist full of gold coins. I threw them as far as I could in the very faces of the fools that knelt around me. From all the market-place there rose a roar that was half a sigh. I looked the Sultan of Morocco straight in the eye—and he was silent. But, though I knew he would not speak then, I did not wholly trust him or the Shereef. So I came down the steps and toward them. And half the gold I placed in the Sultan's hands, and half—perhaps a smaller half—in the Shereef's. And I cried out—always loudly—that I had now despoiled myself of my last possessions, which I had intrusted to these two as the followers of the Saint.

"'As for me,' I went on, 'it is revealed to me that I shall sit by the Saint's tomb for seven years and that my holiness shall be an honor to Bar-el-Azrah and the memories of the Holy Place.'

"And, while all the thousands in the Soko knelt now fairly worshiping me, again he and I looked each other full in the eye—and understood each other.

"'I recognize a saint in you,' he said, 'and so long as you sit in holiness by the Saint's tomb all will be well.'"

"And did you sit seven years?" I asked of Rujdi.

"Seven months," he answered. "More coffee, Mustapha. I will tell you something of what holiness is like."

I remember that we paused for a little while. Outside the murmur of the streets went on, and from a house in the next street there came music.

"There can be no doubt," mused Rujdi, "that sainthood, by its genuine and extreme discomfort, is a real offering. It cannot but be flattering that any one should be so badly lodged and nourished for your sake.

"All day I sat there, and all night I lay there. In the heat, in the cold. I ate such food as the vegetable-sellers in the market cooked in their pots. I drank—I can only say that since my intercourse with those of Europe I had not for a long time lived so strictly according to the Prophet's injunctions as to wine. I found such abstinence—to my annoyance—excellent for my health. But I will not enlarge upon the exigencies of my life. You can imagine the incredible discomfort of such simplicity, of such dirt, of such exposure, of such loss of all that is accounted pleasant in life. Life had always given me much. I now asked myself at times what there was to choose between my present existence and death."

"You never tried to go away?"

"No."

"You still distrusted the Sultan?"

"No. It was not that. The Sultan had seen, perhaps better than I, that my holiness would be indeed my jailer. The people of Bar-el-Azrah who dwelt in the shadow of the Holy Place would not let their saint depart."

"Did you not think of escaping secretly?"

Rujdi looked at me a moment before answering. He drank of the coffee which he had perfumed heavily with orange-flower water. Then he smiled, and for the first time in our acquaintance I detected the faintest touch of shyness, almost embarrassment.

"You and I are men of the world," he said. "I do not need to hesitate to confess to a certain weakness. There were curious moments when one would have said one began to understand."

As he stopped again I looked at his

finely cut face and his eyes that now seemed to see beyond Mustapha's shop to the remote and holy city. I had called him rascal and philosopher. I felt now I must perhaps add to that, poet—or even saint.

"One had first of all no care, no anxiety, no fear. One had time to meditate in the sun. I wonder whether you will understand. For example, there was a bit of old wall I for ever looked at, pink in color, and when the season for them came, a withered old man who sold leather just underneath it used sometimes to place a bunch of flowers of the pomegranate in a jar, so that I saw them against the wall's pink. I had never before in my life looked at pomegranate blossoms hour by hour. But now that I had the leisure for it, it seemed enough to do. Then there were summer moonlight nights when I sat awake after most of the town was still, except that there were always some who watched to guard my saintliness.

"They thought me holy. But let me tell you what I feared most. It sounds absurd—but it was that I should ever come to think myself so. You see"—and his voice fell as if what he had to tell were painful to him—"in the second month they brought creatures to me to heal—lambs and cows, and once I remember a child's pet raven. And the third month human sick things. By the beard of the Prophet—!"

"And was there much to do to heal?" I asked.

"There was not much to do. It was their faith, I assume, which did it. So I told myself, for indeed it was not the kind of thing I cared to feel myself implicated in. But that one last time. A young man, about the age my younger brother Ali would have been, on a stretcher, looking as one dead, almost dead. And a father and mother wailing dismally at my feet. And I was sorry for them; sorry, very probably, as a real saint would have been. And I asked Allah as one recompense at least for all the tribulations of this irksome saint-hood that this young man should be spared. Cursed fool that I was, I lifted up my hands toward Mecca and prayed. And the young man rose, as if indeed he were well. I knew then that I had gone too far, for I was afraid. And that night I wondered how I might escape.

"Was that the first time you had thought of it?" I asked him.

"No. It had before that been suggested to me." He laughed; his mood was changed. "There was a woman," he said. "I noted her first by the superior savor of the food she placed on the ground before me. And then by a certain light in her eye. Even under her enveloping garments one discerned a delicious and ripe rotundity. She was indeed as the moon at her full, and I somehow guessed that she thought not unfavorably of me."

Rujdi paused as if in memories.

"Could you discover who she was?" I meant to urge on his story.

"Yes," replied my friend; "I discovered that she was a woman who in a rich and garnished home was not quite happy."

"I have known such in the West," I answered. "So you talked with people?" I pursued.

"Yes, I talked. But what will interest you most will be to hear of a certain man called Hassan."

This man Hassan was the climax of Rujdi's story. He was a rich man, steward in some sort under the Shereef of the monastery lands upon which Rujdi's foreign syndicates had earlier cast a hungry eye. The Shereef, after the episode of Rujdi, had wakened to the value of the land and was pressing his steward for a more minute accounting for the past ten years. This is the essential fact of a long and complicated version which Rujdi gave, in which figured not only the *zaouia's* tenants, but the pilgrim who goes each fifth year from Azrah to Mecca, and whose expenses are a charge upon the monastery lands. It appeared that twice this pilgrim had, presumably by arrangements of Hassan's, gone only as far as the Holy City of Kairouan in the south of Tunis, a pious but a cheaper journey. Suspicion, in short, gathered in a cloud about Hassan, who felt aggrieved that such things could come to a man prosperous, honored, and in his forties. At home, too, storms brewed, it seemed. His wife was of a shrewish and unbridled temper, the husband alleged,

so much so that he had never ventured to take those other wives permitted by the Prophet.

"I could give him neither advice nor comfort as to his wife, though I thought marriage might have unduly prejudiced him against her. But as to the folly of any connections with foreign syndicates I distilled wisdom as a press filled with ripe olives does oil. I was moved almost to boastfulness with this Hassan one day, and I vaunted the superior happiness—and security—of a saint crouching by the Holy Place.

"He looked at me suddenly, as though a new thought had come to him—he had shrewd eyes, though rather like a pig's.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I shall almost wish to be as you if things go on.'

"It was evident that things did go on, for the next week he came to me, a shade whiter than usual. The Shereef had interviewed the Cadi and had sent a messenger to the Sultan. Hassan feared for the rich accumulations of his thieving years—and even for his life.

"'I wish I were as you,' he now said. 'It is evident that sainthood is the only refuge from injustice in this troubled land—and from matrimony,' he added. 'A saint must perforce divorce his wife or wives.'

"'Yes,' I answered him, 'but there is not yet room for two holy men on the steps that lead to the Saint's tomb.'

"He came again that night, and the morning chill made him shiver like a leaf. Zembi, whom I remembered well, had sold him some information. Now he negotiated openly and frankly with me, and at last I said, 'When one more holy than I comes to Azrah I will yield him my seat.'

"I did not admit to Hassan that I panted for the world as does the hart for the waterbrook; and that sainthood had become to me like an evil dream, evil even though sometimes beautiful.

"We conferred somewhat as to the attributes of greater sainthood when it should come upon him. Hassan, by my advice, shaved his head in concentric circles. This proved a moderately engaging novelty. Also his gifts of gold were double mine, and his house, which he begged those of Azrah to make free of, was more richly furnished than that of the miserable Jew had been when I grew holy. Hassan, as we had planned it, came into the market-place as the day dawned, and in the first transports he was remarkable, I must admit. He made as if to cast himself upon the fire which some camel-drivers had lit. Also later, upon the steps to the Saint's tomb, he cut and scourged himself. And yet I doubt whether they would have recognized him for the saint he was had I not at last—who until then had sat like a statue on those steps—risen with a great cry and saluted him, casting upon him my ragged and filthy cloak. Then, with a greater cry than mine, they of the market-place seized him and rushed on to the Shereef's house that the Shereef might acknowledge him in the fellowship of the Holy Place.

"It was a morning of confusion in Bar-el-Azrah. Toward eight I got away by the eastern gate, more resembling a merchant of Tlemcen in Algeria than a holy man. I had a purse, of Hassan's giving, suitable to my changed character. That was the end."

"And Hassan?" I asked.

"I have heard that he is there yet, and that the Shereef himself watches over his holiness. If ever the population of Azrah should come to doubt him, it will go ill with Hassan, I fear.

"Another saint may come," he continued. "But one cannot count on saints; they are not increasing in the world."

It had grown late, and we stirred ourselves as if to go.

"And the woman?" I asked, suddenly remembering her again.

"The woman?" he said, lightly, as we stepped toward the door. "Hassan had been right. She was incurably shrewish."

We passed out into the star-lit African night. "Every one should have his time of being a saint," commented Rujdi. And then he added, tolerantly, "Perhaps every one has."

The White Elephant

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR

AS Rand, entering late, looked about the crowded drawing-room in search of his hostess, he smiled reminiscently, remembering his own comment that the decorations of Betty Aldrich's house were always an echo of day after to-morrow. Presently he caught sight of her passing through the hall, and with the privilege of an intimate friend he followed, overtaking her in a small reception-room where she was giving final instructions to the maid in charge of a huge pile of parcels, each wrapped in white tissue and tied with ribbon.

"Hello, Betty!" he said. "Sorry I'm so late."

"Oh, Cliff! I didn't know you were in town." She greeted him enthusiastically, both hands outstretched, and he explained:

"I'm just off the train. Found your card, and it excited my curiosity. What's it all about?"

"I'm so glad you could come!"

"As a matter of fact, I couldn't. I'm up to my neck in work. But then"—his whimsical smile appeared—"where you're concerned, all my trains are accommodations. Tell me, what's a white-elephant sale?"

"Dear man, did you never own a white elephant?"

"Never." He shook his head gravely, only his twinkling eyes betraying his humor. "Mine always prove to be blind kittens and meet an untimely end."

Betty's light laughter made quick response.

"You must be loved of the gods," she declared; "if, in that annual exchange of 'something you can't afford for something you don't want' you've never acquired a white elephant, you couldn't drown!" Again he shook his head, and she demanded, "Clifford Rand, have you *no* sentiment?"

"My dear Betty, there's no end to that! Whistler's 'damned little thing on the mantelpiece that gives the whole show away' increases and multiplies in the sunshine of sentiment until it's all over the place."

"Then one acquires merit by sacrificing love's offering on the altar of charity"—she indicated the pile of multiformed parcels—"and it becomes a pig in a poke for somebody else. *That's* what a white-elephant sale is."

"And all the world contributes to it," he appended, nodding toward the adjoining rooms, whence came the confused babble of many voices. "By the way, who's the chap out there who looks like Grove Carrington?"

"It is Grove Carrington."

"I thought he was building bridges and draining swamps and cutting roads through the jungle somewhere."

"He was—and is. He's going back next month." After a moment she added, significantly, "Eleanor's coming to-night, too."

"Is she?" He also hesitated. "I wonder—"

"Yes, we all wonder. You were with us last summer at Murray Bay, Cliff, and you know him awfully well. What broke off that affair?"

"I don't know."

"When she went up there we all thought she was going to marry Clayton Page. I think she thought so herself. But then she and Grove renewed their acquaintance, and seemed so much more than friends, that everybody thought it was serious, until—one day it wasn't, and he was gone."

"Still, the whole thing was so sudden," he reminded her. "When he went out he didn't expect to stay, you know. He was summoned by cable—as consulting engineer in an emergency, don't you remember?—and left the same day for New York. Surely she had nothing to do with that."



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"BETTY, WHERE IS MY PARCEL? I WANT IT BACK!"

"No. But even when the work went wrong and he had to stay she never spoke of him. Apparently, in all this time—almost a year—she's never heard from him. Cliff, something happened. What was it?"

"I wish you'd tell me! He isn't the sort of chap one questions. He's always on guard against daws."

"They're well matched there! Eleanor doesn't wear a decorated sleeve, either. But in all the years I've known her that was the only time when her interest seemed equal to the man's. Of course, people said she had decided to marry Mr. Page, after all—but she didn't. She hasn't even seen him since—and certainly she's never encouraged anybody else." Betty, whose kindly soul rejected all gossip, hesitated before crystallizing in words even an old conjecture, but experience had taught her that she might trust Rand's discretion, so she continued: "For a long time I thought Grove might be going to marry Miriam Latimer, but that's never been announced, either. She and her mother came to Murray Bay just after he arrived, you remember, and her interest in him was very manifest."

"But she's his cousin," he demurred.

"What has that to do with it? Something evidently came between Grove and Eleanor. Why not an earlier attachment?"

"Oh, woman! woman! I'll bet it was a woman who first said '*Cherchez la femme.*'" Rand cast his fly with deliberate intention, and Betty rose to it characteristically, retorting:

"I dare say. Women have said most of the clever things men take credit for. But just the same, I've never been able to convince myself that Eleanor's decision was not influenced in some way by Miriam's arrival—and I've never really liked Miriam since." Laughing as she made this confession, she added: "Eleanor's so dear to me, I always want to fight her battles. You see, she's too generous. Her claws are atrophied."

"My dear Betty," he said, a sincere warmth underlying his light tone, "adequate defense implies a consistent scratcher, which you are not. At the mere sight of blood you run for your first-aid kit!"

Just then the curtain which partially screened the door, preserving for this gray-toned little room its air of semi-privacy, was hastily pushed aside, and there entered a woman of perhaps thirty, still wearing the fur coat in which she had left her motor—a woman, one saw at a glance, fastidious, discriminating, and humorously intellectual, but at the moment much perturbed, as was evinced by her breathless: "Oh, Betty, Betty! Where's my parcel?"

"Eleanor! What's the matter?" Rand asked, with solicitude, startled by her obvious agitation.

"I didn't know you were in town, Cliff." She gave him a careless, friendly hand, and turned at once to her hostess, repeating: "Betty, where is my parcel? I want it back!"

"Here's one whose candle burns dimly on the altar. She wants it back," commented Rand, with a return to his customary whimsical manner, but Eleanor gave no heed to him.

"I'd know it anywhere," she urged, feverishly. "Do help me find it! We can't miss it! It's tied with green rafia."

"But everything's been rewrapped—and a lot of them boxed," Betty told her, "so no one could possibly recognize his own."

"Didn't you know this was a domino party?" jested Rand.

"Oh, Cliff, do be still! Can't you see I'm in trouble? I must find it!" Slipping out of her coat, Eleanor had snatched a parcel from the pile and was unwrapping it.

"But why?" Betty questioned.

"Don't ask me why! I've got to find it!" Discovering in her hand a piece of art nouveau pottery, she put it aside with an impatient ejaculation and seized another parcel.

"Betty"—Rand was regarding the porcelain with an appraising eye—"the vintage of that might almost place it as one of your wedding-presents."

"You underestimate the devotion of my friends," was her dry retort. "On that happy occasion they scorned clay and cast their bread upon the waters in the form of imperishable silver. But I assure you, Cliff, I've always returned breakable crusts!"

"And still a man's friends ask him

why he doesn't marry!" he commented, with a grin. Then, as Eleanor's nervous fingers uncovered a piece of sculpture of the sentimental school, he took it from her and held it at arm's-length, exclaiming: "O Art! How many crimes in thy name—"

"I do think you people are perfectly heartless! Why don't you help me?" Eleanor reproached them. "This is really vital to me. Won't you please be serious?"

But Rand, caught in the irresistible current of his own humor, extended the bit of marble toward her, demanding: "Doesn't that strike you as being serious, in Heaven's name? Yesterday that was art! To-day—" Looking about the room, he picked up a little portrait in bronze of Betty's child, signed by one of the most advanced of modern sculptors, and placed the two side by side. Then, with a shrug: "My children! What of to-morrow?"

"Never mind to-morrow! I can't wait! I must find it now! I must!" Only half-listening, Eleanor began untying another knot, and Betty, determined to rescue the remainder of her parcels, covered her friend's cold fingers with her own warm ones, insisting:

"But why? Why?"

"Because I—I just happened to realize that the person who gave it to me may be here."

"Don't let that trouble you," laughed Betty. "We're all in the same boat."

After a speculative glance at Eleanor, Rand mentioned, dryly: "There are boats and boats, Betty. Yours may be a pleasure-craft, but hers seems to be a destroyer."

"Plaze, Mrs. Aldrich, they're afther wantin' to begin," said a maid at the door. "Which 'll I be takin' first?"

As Betty handed her an imposing parcel there was a rattle of applause in the drawing-room; the hum subsided, and a resonant voice proclaimed, with the intonation approved of all auctioneers:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am to have the pleasure to-night of offering you an unparalleled aggregation of artless art and untreasured treasures. And in calling attention to the fact that the proceeds of this sale are to swell the ever-depleted coffers of home charities I may mention, in passing, that each of us is definitely demonstrating for himself—and herself—the truth of that good old adage, 'Charity begins at home.'"

The voice was drowned in laughter and applause, and Rand cocked his head a little to one side, saying: "Me for the firing-line! Coming?"

"We'll be there presently, Cliff," Betty promised, and with a nod he went out. Meanwhile Eleanor fell upon another parcel, and again her hostess laid arresting hands upon it, crying: "Eleanor, stop it! You mustn't! You've no idea how we worked tying all those up! Anyway, there are scores of them. I'm sorry, but you can't possibly find it, dear."

"I *must* find it!" Eleanor turned a tragic face toward her. "Grove Carrington gave it to me—and he's here! I had no idea that he would be—but he was the first person I saw as I came in, and—Betty, there's a reason why I must have it! I can't have him see that here! You don't know—and I can't tell you—but it just can't happen! It can't!"

Realizing at last that the situation held grave possibilities for two of her guests, Betty was at once resourceful, announcing: "There's only one sure way to prevent that. You distract his attention until your thing has been discovered and I've suppressed it."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"My dear child, you're a woman, aren't you? Talk! Talk! That was Eve's first garden implement!"

"But Eve had no temperament—and no competition. Besides, I've nothing to say to him now."

"Then talk patter—high-brow art patter," Betty prescribed, briskly. "You can do that in your sleep. You go out and find him. I'll see every parcel opened until your thing turns up— By the way, what is it?"

"My Ming statuette."

"Why—Eleanor! You've always contended that that thing was genuine!"

"I know! Don't ask me to explain. I can't!"

"But why on earth do you want it back?"

"I've told you. He's here!" Eleanor's tone was still desperate, but this time it

elicited only an incredulous stare from her friend.

"Grove? Surely Grove Carrington never gave you a spurious Ming!"

The other responded only with a helpless gesture.

"But—Eleanor, were we all wrong? *Is* it genuine?"

"No."

"Of course it isn't, or you'd never have sent it here! But—Grove *knows!* Nobody better! He has a wonderful Ming himself that he bought at Christie's. Heaven knows what he paid for it! He never would tell, but we heard rumors that it was a tremendous price. How could he send you that thing? Was it a joke?"

"No; it wasn't a joke." Even to Betty, Eleanor could not confess that a man she had loved had sent her a clever counterfeit, at the same time assuring her that it was a symbol of his devotion.

"Well, if he really sent it seriously, I should think you'd be glad to have him discover it here!" her friend declared, indignantly. "Why aren't you?"

"I don't know! Don't ask me! When I saw him, I—I just knew I couldn't stand it to have him see it! I've always intended that he should find it in my drawing-room when he returned. Then, on an impulse, I sent it here, but now—Betty, I must have it back!"

"All right." Betty, ever practical, turned toward the door. "You find him. I'll— Eleanor, here he comes!" The younger woman dropped into a chair, and her hostess spurred her with an energetic whisper, "Brace up! Brace up!" before going forward, still amazed by Eleanor's revelation, to greet this man whom she thought she had known so well, and of whose taste she had been so sure.

Grove Carrington was a big, tanned, crisp-haired man, whose years in the open had accentuated his authoritative manner and helped him forget that he was born on the water side of Beacon Street and educated at Harvard. He came in quickly, with a certain eagerness, smiling at Betty, but looking beyond her as if seeking some one, and she asked: "What's the matter, Grove? Are you finding our elephant-hunt too tame?"

"I'm on the trail, all right, but it's not elephants I'm hunting. Didn't I catch a glimpse of Eleanor Baird?"

"Yes. Haven't you seen her? Eleanor, here's Grove." Her tone conveyed no hint of her consciousness that the situation was not casual. Then, after one stimulating glance at the other woman, she slipped out, and they were alone.

A burst of laughter and applause had died away; the maid had taken out another parcel, and now the auctioneer's unctuous tones again filled the rooms as Carrington stepped quickly toward Eleanor, exclaiming, half under his breath, "Have I really found you again?"

She gave an unresponsive hand into his eager clasp, saying, "How do you do?"

"Did they tell you I called yesterday? And again to-day?"

"Yes, they told me." Her manner was friendly, but remote.

Determined not to recognize the chill wall she had built between them—of which, nevertheless, he was acutely conscious—he demanded, "Why haven't you answered my letters?"

"Oh, no one writes letters these days," she evaded, to which he insistently retorted:

"But you did write! Eleanor, why did you write that last letter?"

"Evidently yours is a great soul." She summoned a faint smile. "You scorn consistency. First you take me to task because I didn't write, and then because I did."

"But that last letter! What did it mean? To be followed into the wilds by an extinguisher like that—and then nothing! Weeks — and months — and nothing! I wrote twice, and when you didn't answer I knew I must wait until I could see you face to face. Then I began to hear that Page was going about everywhere with you, and I thought—"

"Page!" For a moment surprise made her manner almost natural. "Clayton Page? I haven't seen him for nearly a year."

"What? But I certainly heard—Anyway, Betty wrote afterward that he had disappeared, and I began trying to get home again. But the work delayed

me. I couldn't get away until now. Tell me what it meant!"

There could be no question that his emotion, of its kind, was genuine, and in spite of her conviction that the thing he had done would have been impossible to a man to whom she could trust her life, she still realized that she must fortify herself for more than passive resistance if she would withstand the charm of his pleading presence. Therefore she arose, exclaiming, with an attempt at lightness:

"Oh, why talk about it? It's all ancient history now, and there are so many nice new things to talk about." Then, in her extremity, she fell back upon Betty's parting injunction, conscious of its inadequacy, but fearing her own emotion. "New people, new books, new music, new art— Why, it's a brand-new world you've come back to! How does it feel to be born again?"

"I don't want a new world," he declared. "I want the old world—and you!"

"That's because you don't know how many amusing things there are in all these new ones—and there are such a lot of them! It's a poor creator who hasn't a new heaven and a new earth of his own these days, and the rest of us are breathless keeping pace with their creations." His puzzled gaze made her keenly aware of the flippancy of her tone, but she was unable to control it, and now he brushed her words aside with a gesture:

"I don't care anything about that! Eleanor, I've come all the way back to ask you this question. Tell me, tell me definitely, why you wrote that letter."

"You're reverting to an earlier manner, Grove." She was resolved to withhold from him at all costs any knowledge of the emotions he had stirred. "One isn't definite these days."

"These evasions of yours make me want to revert to type! I feel like a cave-man!" he growled, to which she retorted:

"Get you to a studio, then. Primitive impulses are encouraged, at the moment, in the arts."

"Only in the arts?" He placed himself directly before her. "Eleanor, won't you at least let me tell you what this has meant to me? Just for a moment, won't you be serious?"

Strongly moved, she almost swayed into his arms, but remembering the bitterness of her first disillusionment, and knowing that her own heart might betray her into an acceptance of his explanation, no matter how specious, she turned away, forcing herself to reply, with a shrug: "Oh, you forget! This is not a serious occasion."

For a moment he vainly tried to make her meet his level glance. Then, withdrawing a step, he said, formally: "I beg your pardon. I had an impression that it was. I thought that when a man had traveled half around the globe to say one thing to a woman he had earned the right to be treated seriously. I'm sorry if I have bored you."

He bowed and turned to go, and she realized that if he left her then he would go permanently out of her life. Scorning herself for her desire to hold a man whose standard of ideals had proved to be so much lower than her own, but impelled by an irresistible impulse, she contrived to smile, and said: "I'm sorry if I seem unsympathetic. Time was when you always modulated into my key, Grove."

"But in this long silence you've imposed I seem to have lost the pitch," he said, pausing. From without came the sound of the auctioneer's voice, calling: "Are you all done? Ten twenty-five!—last bid!—going!—going!—" Carrington strode back to her side. "Eleanor, I don't know you! I don't know you in this mood! Tell me what has come between us."

"Many months—and several thousand miles," she began, and stopped short, looking over his shoulder. He turned, impressed by her manner, and saw their hostess approaching. As Mrs. Aldrich entered the room, he heard Eleanor breathe, "Oh, Betty, have you—?"

"Cliff hasn't been here yet?" the other asked, glancing quickly about.

"Cliff? No—yes—he was here, you know," Eleanor faltered. Then, catching the significance of her friend's question: "Clifford Rand? Did he get it? And he doesn't understand! Oh, why didn't you stop him?"



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I DON'T WANT A NEW WORLD," HE DECLARED

"You forget that mob of people! He was gone before I could get to him."

"Well, don't waste time here. Go and find him!"

"Let me go. I'll find him," Carrington volunteered, but again Eleanor stayed him.

"No, no; you can't go! Why should we let Clifford Rand interrupt the first talk we've had in months?" Turning to Betty, she explained, "We're endeavoring to build bridges."

"With Grove's help that should be easy," was the quick response. "Building bridges is his genius."

"But my bridges demand solid foundations," he said, looking at Eleanor, and she returned:

"Do you always find bed-rock on the surface? Betty, do go and find Cliff!" Once more alone with Carrington, she attempted to steer the conversation into less perilous channels. "You know Clifford Rand, don't you?"

"Very well. We were at college together."

"Then you also know his over-developed sense of humor. We all rather dread him at times, fond as we are of him."

"Coming back to this new world you emphasize," he remarked, "my jungle-fed mind is rather bewildered, apparently, by any facetious point of view. But I suppose it does make a difference whose ox is gored."

Evidently he was not to be diverted from his purpose, and sounds of merriment from the drawing-room suggested an effective barrier to intimate conversation, now that her statuette was sold, so she said:

"Oh, well, if you're homesick for the jungle, let's go out and buy white elephants. We're not contributing our share."

"And leave our bridge resting on shifting sands? I can't do that! Won't you help me make a solid foundation?"

For once she looked directly into his eyes, and his seeming frankness troubled her. Wavering between her impression of what he seemed and her memory of what he had done, she forced herself to say, lightly, if somewhat incoherently, "Why is a bridge without a foundation any worse than a foundation without a bridge?"

"The foundation may safely wait for years without the bridge, but the bridge without the foundation comes to grief," he mechanically explained, perceiving at last that her evasions were more than caprice, and studying her gravely.

"Even an ephemeral bridge may be a thing of beauty on the sky-line," she supplied.

"But I want a bridge that will span the years—a foundation on which I can rest my life! And only you can help me build it!"

"Your life rests lightly on its foundations, Grove. You keep bed-rock and cement for your profession."

She turned wearily away, but he caught her arm, demanding: "Eleanor, what do you mean? There's something under this that I don't understand."

"Oh, why equivocate?" For the first time, she showed visible impatience and dropped her light manner. "You know perfectly well!"

"Know? Know what? What do you mean?"

Before she could frame a reply Rand appeared in the doorway, looking very much amused, and when he discovered her only companion to be a man well known as a connoisseur of porcelains, he gleefully exclaimed, "Carrington, for once I've done you!" Then, turning to Eleanor: "I owe you a lifetime of gratitude, for if you had not kept this inveterate old bargain-hunter occupied I should never have been permitted to acquire the most unblushing white elephant now in captivity. Behold!" Triumphantly he displayed his new possession, a mandarin in brilliantly tinted porcelain, and bowed ironically as he added, "A glowing spark from your burnt-offering, I think?"

"Mine?" She regarded the thing dully. For the moment her feeling was almost one of detachment. "It does look a little like mine, doesn't it?" Then, realizing that it was Carrington who stood beside her, she affected to look closely at the porcelain lest she should look at him, unconscious that he was quietly watching her.

"Like!" Rand laughed. "I've heard his every seductive curve defended in

your drawing-room! After being so gallant a champion in private, do you repudiate him in public? I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

Carrington, who had been turning the statuette about in his hands, now remarked: "There can be only one reason why Eleanor should defend a thing like that. Our sentimental associations are frequently chosen for us."

Amazed at his effrontery, she turned indignantly toward him, gasping, "*Well!*" Then, pointedly, "I assure you I've never been able to find an excuse for that!"

"Is it possible I've been rendering honors where no honors were due?" Rand's smile was quizzical, and Carrington asked:

"Then this was not yours?"

"I've been the unhappy possessor of one like it," she said, coldly.

"Can I believe my senses?" teased Rand. "Is that an admission?"

"If it is, it's not for publication." Her tone betrayed her nervous tension, but the irrepressible Rand continued, with a touch of grandiloquence:

"I'll guard your secret as my own! But that empty niche in your drawing-room will bear mute testimony to woman's emancipation from sentimental slavery."

"It must have been a strong sentiment," Carrington intimated, with a critical glance at the porcelain, "that could give a thing like that even a temporary place in your drawing-room."

"Temporary!" jeered the other man, with enjoyment. "He's been there long enough to have acquired squatter's rights!" The entrance of the maid for another parcel reminded him that the sale was not over, and he lifted an impressive hand, calling to their attention the ceaseless flow of the auctioneer's eloquence. "Hark to the voice of the tempter! I'm off to acquire a few more sentimental misfits. But I think Jumbo will be happier with you, Eleanor. He hasn't learned to know his master's voice yet. Will you guard him for me?"

"No. Take it away." She was almost brusque.

"Why, I thought you were so anxious to keep it dark!" marveled Rand, in genuine surprise, and she impatiently agreed:

"Oh yes, I am! Leave it here, by all means."

"But treat him tenderly, you two! He's been told he was genuine until his faith in himself is akin to hope!"

"Well, if that's true," said Carrington, "there's no question that the blind god inspired this gift. He couldn't see the difference between 1519 and 1915."

"Here's a new beatitude! Since blindness and gifts go hand in hand, blessed is the receiver who is also blind." Rand took his departure, and Carrington turned to the woman, asking:

"But you weren't blind, Eleanor? You knew?"

"Our eyes are holden sometimes from choice. Grove, there is such a thing as loyalty."

"How, then, could you send this here?" he asked, watching her keenly. "Since you have treasured it so long, you must once have cared for the giver, if not for the gift. How could you send it to a place like this?"

"Remember your own words. A flawed foundation brings any structure to grief in time. Even now you're not sincere enough to admit that the faulty stone was yours!"

"Mine! What do you mean?" he questioned, sharply.

"Oh, why can't you be honest? You know that I kept this statuette because you gave it to me."

"That? I?" He looked entirely mystified. "I never saw the thing before!"

"But—Grove! You sent it to me! It was your parting gift!"

"That? I sent you my own Ming figure, that I bought at Christie's ten years ago!"

"This is what came to me," she told him, shaking her head.

"I knew it had some unhappy association for you. I could see that, but I never dreamed— Why, Eleanor, how could you think for a moment that I'd send you—*you*—a thing not genuine?"

"Still—there it is," she mentioned indicating the porcelain. "The label was addressed in your hand, and inside the box was your card, saying that this would remind me during your absence of the quality of your devotion."

For a moment Carrington stared at her in utter incredulity, and then, glimpsing the truth, he exclaimed with conviction, "*That's* why you wrote that cruel letter!"

"I was cruelly hurt," she said.

"But couldn't you see that it was a hideous mistake?"

"How could it be a mistake? I've tried—oh, I *have* tried to find excuses," she faltered, brokenly. "If it had been something you bought for me, sent from a shop— But you wrote that you were sending me the first piece you ever owned, the foundation-stone of your wonderful collection. And *that* is what came to me as a symbol of the quality of your devotion!"

A quick illumination, as quickly masked, had come into Carrington's eyes, but he said only: "It's a hideous mistake! Eleanor, won't you believe me when I say I never saw that thing before?"

"Then how did it reach me with that card? And that label?"

"I don't know!" He made a despairing gesture. "I can't explain it!"

"But you saw it packed!"

"No, I didn't. You know I was here only one day, and I was fearfully busy. I wrote the card and the label, and left instructions that the figure was to be carefully packed and sent to you as soon as you got home. I supposed—until this moment—that it had been done!" His sincerity was unquestionable, and, perceiving this, Eleanor demanded, with a flash of intuition:

"To whom did you give the instructions?"

"I don't yet understand how such a mistake could occur," he evaded.

"How could there be a mistake about this, Grove? Tell me, who had your instructions?"

"You see, she's no judge of these things. She didn't know."

"Who didn't know?"

"My cousin Miriam. You remember she and her mother lived in my apartment last fall." He made the explanation reluctantly, realizing its inadequacy. "I left a letter in the apartment, asking her to have the Ming packed and sent to you, and somehow—"

"But what about this?" she asked, appreciating his hesitation, but feeling that they both had suffered too much to leave any depths unprobed now. "You insist that you never saw it before. Was this in your apartment?"

"I didn't know it was. I don't remember it. But I suppose it must have been. And you know Miriam is not a connoisseur. She wouldn't understand the difference."

"Oh, wouldn't she! It was Miriam who came the day after I received this, and pounced upon it at once as a brilliant imitation. Was it she who wrote you that I was going about with Clayton Page?"

Carrington made a helpless gesture, and the only reply possible to him, "I can't explain it!"

"Ah, well, now that we understand, do you think—" Hesitating only an instant, she let him see deep into her eyes as she continued, unsteadily, "do you really think, Grove, that any further explanations are necessary?"

"Eleanor! Do you mean—" He checked his quick movement toward her as he caught sight of Mrs. Aldrich and Rand in the doorway.

"How are the bridges coming on?" Betty asked, lightly, but with an anxious glance at Eleanor.

"They're strong enough now to carry all your white elephants," Carrington buoyantly asserted, but Rand expostulated:

"Heaven forbid! I've seen 'em and you haven't! Apropos of elephants, where's my property?"

"Here he is," said Eleanor, radiantly.

"Cliff, what will you take for that object?" Carrington asked.

"He's not for sale."

"I'll buy him back at your own price," Carrington persisted.

"Look here. What *is* this critter?" Rand's twinkling glance interrogated Eleanor and Carrington. "I always was weak on zoology. What I want to know is whether this is a white elephant or a blind kitten?"

"For a long time I was sure he was a serpent," Eleanor began, and Carrington finished:

"But now he's going to be a household pet."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IF we could believe the publishers (and we are far from wishing to dispute them) we are in the presence of such a poetic sunburst as has not flashed upon the world within something like a geological period. They assure the reader of the fact from the covers of a good third of the sixteen or seventeen volumes of recent verse at hand, and if not from all it may be because all publishers cannot give way to their feelings in equal measure. Or, one may not have so many feelings as another, though he may be of the same emotional make; and it is to be considered that perhaps these avowals on the book covers are less the expression of passionate admiration than of an ardor for publicity. What is to be said in favor of them is that the purposing purchaser cannot complain in any instance that he does not know what he is getting. Our own case is a little different, and as an habitually appreciative critic, we have to lament that our praise has been taken out of our mouths; our friendly phrases come to our pen tarnished with use from the publisher's glowing hands, and we are at a loss what to say of poets and poetry already so sung, so sounded, so, as it were, dinned into us. Not that we blame the authors any more than the publishers. The poets could not help being so wonderful, and the publishers could not help wondering at them, but quite the same we find ourselves a little disabled by the situation, and we have to arm ourselves for something more than our customary justice in dealing with these young poets, though they have been already so bountifully recognized at their great worth, they must not have one of our carefully chosen, hand-painted adjectives the less. The time was when their praise would not have been so lavish, so confident, so authoritative, from the trade; but now all is new. New outside as well as inside their books, and the Easy Chair must not grumble, as Easy Chairs are apt to do, with or without reason, merely from getting on in years.

But *is* all so new inside these books, which came to us, rustling in this tinsel of compliment, this machine-lace of professional glorification? We say no; there is a good deal of the eternal beautiful which cannot put on even a new form, however it would come masking in novel phase. The best things in the new poets are of the oldest form, and where some of the second-best brave it in the fashions which are supposed new, after all it is only a reversion to the novelties of an earlier day. There is much straining in several of the books for the mechanical emancipation of *vers libre;* but Walt Whitman broke loose sixty years ago, and before him the Proverbial Philosophy of Martin Farquhar Tupper danced in the rhythm of David's psalmody. Until now, in fact, *vers libre* has been rhythmical, and it had remained only for what we may call the shredded prose of the new poets to attest their newness in that at least. But, no, are they new even in that? We have not forgotten the *Black Riders* of Stephen Crane, very powerful things in the beat of their short lines, rhymeless, meterless. Yet were they quite shredded prose, like Miss Amy Lowell's *vers libre*, in her *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*, or the epitaphs of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology?* Not quite, however, for though the *Black Riders* did not prance or curvet, they did somehow march; they did keep time as prose never does at its best.

It is when Miss Lowell permits herself to rhyme and to measure her verse that we are most aware of her being indeed a poet with something to say, something to make us feel. It is when the strong thinking of Mr. Masters makes us forget the formlessness of his shredded prose that we realize the extraordinary worth of his work. It is really something ex-

traordinary, that truth about themselves which his dead folk speak from their village graveyard; for it is the truth about the human nature of us, if not the whole truth about our respective lives. We should say that we were some of us better than those dead folk, though some of us are as much worse as can be. Yet as to the form of their record, it is shredded prose without even a slow, inscriptional pulse in it, and we doubt if it will last, for a witness of the civic and ethical quality of our time, as long as the rhymes of Uncle Walt Mason, beaten merrily out on his typewriter, and day by day testifying to our nature, by no means altogether fallen. His rhymes wear the mask of prose, just as the poetry of Mr. Masters wears the mask of verse; but neither of them has the sound of the spiritual verity which the exalted phrase of the great Emily Dickinson bore to the reader's soul, with its proud unheed of whether it was prose or verse.

Freak for freak, we prefer compressed verse to shredded prose, but because both of these are freak things we will not decide whether Uncle Walt will be more enduring than Mr. Masters. We merely speak here of their respective truth to our human nature and our American mood of it. Prophecy is not our job, or not our present job, but we have a fancy that when it comes to any next book of shredded prose it will not be so eagerly welcomed as some next book of Mr. Robert Frost's or Mr. Dana Burnet's. Mr. Frost's volumes, *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, have already made their public on both sides of the Atlantic, and they merit the favor they have won. They are very genuinely and unaffectedly expressive of rustic New England, and of its deeps as well as its shallows. We should say the earlier book sings rather the most, but youth is apt to sing most, and there is strong, sweet music in them both. Here is no *vers libre*, no shredded prose, but very sweet rhyme and pleasant rhythm, though it does not always keep step (wilfully breaks step at times, we should say), but always remains faithful to the lineage of poetry that danced before it walked. When we say Mr. Frost's work is unaffectedly expressive of New England life, we do not mean that it is unconsciously expressive; we do not much believe in unconscious art, and we rather think that his fine intelligence tingles with a sense of that life and beautifully knows what it is at in dealing with it. If we may imagine the quality of Sarah Orne Jewett and Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Alice Brown finding metrical utterance, we shall have such pleasure in characterizing Mr. Frost's poetry as comes to us from knowing what things are by knowing what they are like; but this knowledge by no means unlocks the secret of his charm, and it does not adequately suggest the range of his very distinctive power. His manly power is manliest in penetrating to the heart of womanhood in that womanliest phase of it, the New England phase. Dirge, or idyl, or tragedy, or comedy, or burlesque, it is always the skill of the artist born and artist trained which is at play, or call it work, for our delight. Amidst the often striving and straining of the new poetry, here is the old poetry as young as ever; and new only in extending the bounds of sympathy through the recorded to the unrecorded knowledge of humanity. One might have thought there was not much left to say of New England humanity, but here it is as freshly and keenly sensed as if it had not been felt before, and imparted in study and story with a touch as sure and a courage as loyal as if the poet dealt with it merely for the joy of it.

But of course he does not do that. He deals with it because he must master it, must impart it just as he must possess it. The like is so with Mr. Burnet and Mr. Aiken in their dealing with those aspects of New York life which poetry is beginning to perceive. Mr. Burnet's War Poems are above most poems of the war which we have seen, for they are not mere shouting and screaming of hate and defiance, but real imaginative thinking about the dreadful thing, and genuine passion in realizing it. The ballads about Panama past and present are good, too, but it is when we come to the iliad of *Gayheart* and his "success" that we feel ourselves in the presence of a poet peculiarly authorized to do the work he is doing. He calls it a story of defeat, and it is in

fact the tragedy of a young poet who comes to New York hoping to take the town with his poetry and finds his defeat at her hands in the success of his farce-comedy. The scheme has its sentimental dangers, but escapes them by its frank fealty to vulgar fact. The boarding-house where Gayheart lives is a real boarding-house, with real boarders in it, and the social and moral circumstance is fearlessly recognized almost to the immortal odors of the long-dead dinners. But if this were all, this realization of the city's sordidness, it would not be nearly enough to make us feel the poem the genuine thing it is. The outdoor splendor of the mighty town by day and by night pervades it, and gives it a right to be, as a New York creation, equal to Mr. Hanson Towne's hitherto unequaled studies, his very picturesque and dramatic studies of the vast, magnificent, inglorious metropolis. None of Mr. Burnet's poems may be passed without loss, for each is the effect of an uninvited emotion, the response of a veritable impression; and if this is not constantly true of all, there are lines in every poem which would make us sorry wholly to lose it.

The question of how to keep any poem to such lines is the difficult question which challenges the reader from the whole body of verse in every literature. It defies us from the metrical romances of Mr. Conrad Aiken's *Earth Triumphant*, with their music and their color, and their somewhat solicited sensations, and from the shredded prose of Mr. James Oppenheim's *Songs for the New Age*, which apparently does not want to sing its songs, but to talk them. We have read a good many of these talks, and we own in all kindness and respect that we can come to no conclusion about them that satisfies us. They seem to be the words of a man very much in earnest about all the important things in the world, whether he speaks reverently and prayerfully about them, or whether defiantly. We often have the sense of being on the brink of great things, and the feeling of a powerful uplift, but our feet remain on the ground. At other times we feel as if held above deep significances over the face of immeasurable precipices, but when we are let go we drop six inches. Mr. Oppenheim's sympathies and aspirations are all right, but when everything is said they look like the sympathies and aspirations of well-willing men in every age. He says startling things, but to our surprise and disappointment we do not startle. At the bottom of our heart we have a vague fear that we are not doing him justice here, and we wish we knew how to do it. But if we are of Old Age, how shall we divine the mystery of the New Age from the Songs talked for it? That is the difficulty with the experienced critic; for the work of judging the new poets possibly the critic ought to be inexperienced.

It is a sensible relief to turn from our uncertainty about the *Songs for the New Age*, which do not sing, but can possibly be chanted, to Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's book, where the songs begin their music with the cymbal clash and bass-drum boom of the fine brave poem, "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." That makes the heart leap; and the little volume abounds in meters and rhymes that thrill and gladden one. Here is no shredding of prose, but much of oaten stop and pastoral song, such as rises amid the hum of the Kansas harvest fields and fills the empyrean from the expanses of the whole Great West. There is also song of solemn things everywhere, civic things, social things, and all of it, so far as we know, good. There are two books of it, and in the one we have not named—namely, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*—there is such novelty as you may find in Heine's *Reisebilder*—the old, old novelty of beautiful thought and thinking emotion, but with a conscience and a pathos which the novelty of Heine did not always know. That is Mr. Lindsay's contribution to the American poetry which has felt itself new from the beginning, whether it spoke with the voice of Bryant, or Longfellow, or Whittier, or Emerson, or Lowell, and did not prefer the ground-gripping shoes of prose to the singing robes of rhyme. As in the *Reisebilder*, there is quick transition from prose to verse and back from verse to prose, but the prose does not put on the form of verse.

We may as well confess here as any-

where that we have not read the longer pieces in these many books, or at the best more than read at them. But where we have looked into them, as, for instance, into the versified tales of Mr. Aiken, or into the "Nimrod" of Miss Anna Hampstead Branch's *Rose of the Wind*, some fine page has stayed us and accused us of slight and inadequacy in judging of their authors. Well, it is true; we are guilty, we are to blame; but life is *so* short, and art is *so* long. There ought to have been two or three of these poets, and there are a good seventeen of them, and they are so active and vigorous! What is a decrepit critic to do? Simply, we are outnumbered, and yet we must make an effort to cope with these embattled hosts of the new poetry.

The fiftieth of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*, beginning,

> "There we strange shadows fostered of the moon,"

is so delicately and truthfully studied that we cannot help believing all the fifty-four others are like it. In "Over the City Night," from Miss Fannie Stearns Davis's *Myself and I*, there is an uncommon charm which may well be the quality of the whole book. There is such fine, manly *go* in "The Klondike" of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Captain Craig: a Book of Poems* as makes us wish to read the whole book; and the "Connecticut Road Song" in Miss Anna Hampstead Branch's *Rose of the Wind* is of an old-fashioned folk-song grace and lilt which carries the heart with it. We are quite ready to believe that the sonnet "April Noon," so tenderly and delicately felt, is characteristic of all Mr. Brian Hooker's *Poems*. The dreadful but not unpitying realism of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's "Portrait of an Old Woman" in his volume *The Man on the Hilltop* is doubtless not the work of a man who can do only one good thing; and neither is "A Tulip Garden" in Miss Amy Lowell's *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds* the sole proof of the rich fancy that plays in plentiful light and color through her book. "The Gates of Sleep" in A. A. C.'s *Semitones* may not too venturously be called typical of the serious mood of that music. In Mrs. Olive T. Dargan's *Path Flower*, "The Road" is so good that it may not be the best of the pieces which seem expressive of thinking even when they seem overfreaked with fancying. If in Mr. John Gould Fletcher's *Irradiations: Sand and Spray* the reader is withheld by the preface from what may be called the illustrations of that polemic in favor of *vers libre*, we will not say it is not to his loss. Mr. Fletcher is earnestly persuaded of his opinions, and if he does not make us share his belief that in emancipation from the old forms high achievements are to follow, that is not his fault. It may be our fault, and it will certainly be our fault if we deny his *vers libre* the opportunity to prove his thesis. But we hardly know which of his rather voluntarily impassioned pieces to let bear him witness. Perhaps one will do as well as another, though as they have none of them titles, it is hard to summon them by name. But here is one as it would be in prose before it was shredded:

> It is evening, and the earth wraps her shoulders in an old blue shawl. Afar off there clink the polychrome points of the stars, indefatigable, after all these years! Here upon earth there is life and then death, dawn and then nightfall, fire and the quenching of embers: but why should I not remember that my night is dawn in another part of the world, if the idea fits my fancy? Dawns of marvelous light, wakeful, sleepy, weary, dancing dawns, you are rose petals settling through the blue of my evening: I light my pipe to salute you, and sit puffing smoke in the air and never say a word.

This is pictorial, even poetical; it is suggestive at moments if it is never very convincing. But would it be more convincing if it were printed, as Mr. Fletcher prints it in thirteen lines, long and short? The *vers libretistes* seem to think so; but suddenly here comes the question: Would *Ossian* now survive in all the original wonder and favor which hailed him if he had come from Macpherson's hand shredded into long and short fibers instead of solid blocks of prose?

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WE alluded in the August Study to the fact that for half a century the short story in magazine fiction had been steadily encroaching upon the space formerly devoted to the serial novel, our object being to show why the short story could never wholly displace the serial. The readers of this Magazine need go no further back than twenty-five years to recall the fact that while there might be but one or two short stories in a number, there would be perhaps as many as three serials running at the same time, whereas now but one serial would be permitted and there are at least seven short stories in every number. It is true that the single serial is an exemplary selection; but why so many short stories? They do not successfully compete with novels in the book market. Why are they, and so many other things that, like them, are for the most part, unbookish in quality and form, so much more desirable to magazine readers than they were two generations ago?

In order to answer these questions intelligently it is necessary to consider the change which has taken place since 1850 in the conditions of publication as affecting books and periodicals, owing to the ever-increasing complexity of modern life. A cumulative progress has meant for the people greater and more varied means of communication, and, along with these, a widening scope and greater variety of intellectual and spiritual opportunity. The popular attitude has changed from one of waiting and of quiet response to one of growing urgency and demand. The reading audience has been transformed. Publishers, educators, and libraries find themselves hard pressed to keep up with the demand which formerly they strove to create and stimulate. The audience finds itself ever more in a condition to grasp and choose where formerly it was provided for and guided in its choice.

We are referring, of course, to an intelligent audience that has come to think for itself and to know what it wants without being told. Our democracy has been a leveling up, which is its only justification of being at all. The present audience for literature, while it is not all upon the same level of culture or of self-knowledge, with the same definiteness of view as to its wants is, in all its diversifications, thoroughly democratic. It is not indocile, and, in proportion to its intelligence, acknowledges real dependencies and craves sympathetic leadership.

It is just here, in response to this craving, that the later literature of all democratic countries has found its mission and developed its new tendencies. Here we have to reckon with publishers, authors of books, editors, and writers for periodicals, in their relations to the so rapidly progressive reading public. Making every just concession to the initiative and enterprise of those who have been the organizers and responsible conductors of literary undertakings, we have mainly to do with the actual producers of literature in our consideration of the movement which has so materially changed the conditions of publications—a movement to which every factor in our material and social progress has more or less directly contributed. Writers are as widely diversified as readers, and not one of them has any real value that is not estimable in some stratum of the immense audience.

So much is being said, by way of adverse criticism, of the democratic tendencies of current literature, especially in fiction, that we are in danger of losing our bearings. Like teaching, preaching, leadership in every field, which have lost so much of their ancient privilege and traditional authority, literary criticism also has been divested to a great extent of its old officiousness and of that arrogance of logic which prescribed what

literature should be, instead of recognizing it as a living and ever-changing embodiment of human feeling and thinking. A sympathetic reasonableness has displaced the fixed formula in all criticism that can be regarded as itself a part of the living movement of literature, of literature in the making. To that criticism which still stands aloof from the fresh becomings in the living movement only that literature is amenable which stands equally aloof from life.

We cannot deny to the highest stratum of the intelligent modern audience the reality of its life, of the literature it creates, and of its criticism, in so far as it holds itself a part of the whole. This is the very essence of the democratic movement—that it is sympathetically co-operative in all its parts according to the developed power and capacity of each, the sense of community eclipsing that of class distinction. Sympathy, not as a pretense or as a mere sentiment, but as the real basis and dynamic bond of social solidarity, outwardly expressed in the common welfare and happiness, is the consummation of the whole movement.

It is due to this movement that our later literature has so intimately blended with the life of common humanity, helping forward the movement itself. Those most directly engaged in the production of this literature, and in all that constitutes its publication, themselves arise from the audience to which it is addressed, imbued with its spirit and immediately responsive to its claims, including among these the claim for the most capable leadership in the lines of its aspirations, comprehendingly tolerant without condescension.

A high intelligence may be as reactionary as ignorance, and the confirmed "highbrow" may be, in his way, as mischievous as the demagogue. The condescension of the reformer is a bar to genial sociability, which, after all, is the most distinctive achievement of a real culture.

All literature was exclusive, confined to a class, when the mass of the people were illiterate. Its associations were inevitably aristocratic, and aristocracy itself was a necessity, as knowledge and as power. Humanism, which was as necessary to the preservation of authority against the perils of its own exclusiveness as that imperial authority was to the social development of humanity, was itself jealous of its traditional standards. But, notwithstanding the influence of Alfred and Charlemagne and the growth of the great medieval universities, there was, outside of Italy, no living modern literature before the breaking up of feudalism and the rise of a middle class, when the rude foundation of democracy was laid.

But the realization of democracy, even in its fullest possibilities, while it involves political equality and equality of opportunity, and may finally succeed in the experiment of representative government, can never abolish qualitative distinction. Genius, which knows no class, either in its origin or appeal, is really the most valuable asset of a democracy, and, fortunately, because of its sympathetic quality, the most available as well for creative ministration as for service.

Thus in the past, creations in literature have emerged, and may at any time emerge, which cannot be said to respond to any definite demand or to meet critical expectations. Such conditions as permit their emergence are apparent only after the fact; no conditions account for their quality or content. As they arise from new atmospheres of human thought and feeling, so they create new criticism and extend the area of its interpretations.

The criticism which does not yield to this compulsion itself comes into judgment and is discredited.

But in an age like ours, when literature is as diversely specialized as every other form of human activity, only a small proportion of it reaches the supreme distinction, though, taken altogether, it meets the needs of its diversely specialized audience, and enters intimately into its life on the various levels of its intelligence. Excluding literary efforts of an anti-social character, it is sympathetic and helpful while consciously or unconsciously—the better if unconsciously—it satisfies the popular craving for leadership.

It seems, in view of these conditions, that independent criticism should con-

fine itself to "pure literature"—that is, as pure as genius would ever confess to—rather than betray the ungracious disposition it cannot help showing in close contact with the things which must offend its over-rigidly fastidious taste. Why be so inclusive of what it must treat in a spirit of exclusiveness? Yet we enjoy this criticism in its own place, upon the serene heights where dwells the literature to which it is pertinent and of which it is a true interpretation. It is only in the market-place and jostling with a self-confessed mediocrity that it loses its face. Moreover, there are critics of this order who invite our sympathy by their wholesome contempt of commercialism in literature, and whose quarrel with democracy and mediocrity is because of the association of these with that commercialism and not because of their own over-refinement. They would find themselves at home in the desert, in the wilderness, or on the outskirts of civilization—in any environment uninfested by the conceits and pretenses of sophistication.

But sophistication is an unavoidable transitional stage, and we may reasonably hope that the sordid phases and the serious perils of commercialism are merely incidental to the main current of the social movement, which, if we are not to regard civilization itself as a failure, must clear itself of such obstructions. Our tolerance of mediocrity is not merely a putting up with it; it is positive, a sympathetic upholding of it as a distinctive modern excellence, something competent, having itself well in hand, with self-knowledge, and far from being devoid of aspiration. Genius has oftener arisen from its levels than from any loftier station. This mediocrity is not of a sameness, as of a level world; it has all varieties of landscape and every sort of wind and weather. The sower in the gospel parable found no greater diversity of soil for his seeds. But the integrity of the social organism presented by the collective mediocrity, with all its possibilities of solidarity and sympathetic co-operation, notwithstanding the unassimilated weight it bears of illiteracy and of alien literacy, cannot be thus physically represented, either as a living whole or in the complex variations of its life due to conscious will and choice, or to deeper currents of psychical determination.

This mediocrity, so comprehensive that it includes our colleges and universities as well as all other forms of social development, material or intellectual, must determine the trend of our literature. Though so dominant in the general field of taste and entertainment by virtue of its competence, it is not domineering or exclusive. It does not claim all of literature or anything beyond the range of general interest and aspiration —certainly nothing that holds itself deliberately aloof from these; but, as we have said, it does crave sympathetic leadership; and this leadership is as much associated with its diversions as with its aspirations.

We are, by this view of the whole field of contemporary literature, and especially of the contemporary audience, able to see more clearly how the changed conditions of modern publication have been brought about. What the present conditions are is obvious enough. Their significance in connection with the democratic movement is their chief interest, mainly because that movement is based, not upon a theory or a sentiment, but upon that dynamic principle of sympathy which has given new horizons to our faith, reason, and imagination.

A new light is thus thrown upon the mission of periodical literature, including journalism, in its complex diversification to meet the taste and desires of the whole people and to blend intimately with its life as it is lived. Since books, including novels, have become so abundant and accessible, the line of separation between the book and the magazine has been more sharply drawn. This accounts for the smaller space a magazine gives to the serial novel as compared with the generous allotment to short stories, and, in general, to unbookish features of contemporaneous interest for the entertainment and enlightenment of such portions of the general audience as by spontaneous choice belong to the fellowship in which conductors, writers, and readers accordantly participate.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Uncle Joe's Romance

BY LEE SHIPPEY

UNCLE JOE NEALE took patent medicine all the year around, and took it seriously. Slickhair Smith, the genial clerk in the Smileyville Pharmacy, said that Uncle Joe had sampled everything on the shelves of that establishment except Maxim's Matchless Bust Developer.

If examining physicians for an army or a police force had assured Uncle Joe he was physically fit, he would have derided them. He had prophetic bones, and it was a rare day when he did not feel in them the approach of some menace to his health. And he had a knack for knowing when something was wrong with him. It was an almanac.

Careful reading of that almanac would have made a man who was the ultimate triumph of eugenics feel dizziness, heartburn, strange weakness in the back and legs, and darting pains in the head. And Uncle Joe read it religiously. Whenever a feeling of depression came over him on hearing the alarm-clock ring at 5 A.M., a seizure of dread would make him lie back on his pillow and worry over the well-memorized chapter on "Lack of Vitality." And though thrice daily he managed to wield the knife and fork with vigor and spirit, he arose from every meal sadly shaking his head, and tottered to an easy-chair near the window to reread the chapter on "Distress After Eating."

But weather and roads and maladies had to be bad indeed when he did not hitch up old Molly and drive to town. For there, in



WEATHER HAD TO BE BAD INDEED WHEN HE DID NOT DRIVE TO TOWN

the rear part of Mendelssohn's store, gathered around the stove which radiated heat in winter and legs in summer, he was sure to find congenial company, a group which loved to talk of rheumatics and lumbago and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, and of which he was the acknowledged dean, admittedly the greatest sufferer and most afflicted man. Abner Batterby, an old man gnarled and twisted by rheumatism, was a frequent contender and dangerous rival for this honor, but that only made the sessions of the group more interesting. Uncle Joe's triumphs over this worthy foeman in their competitive recitals of ills were the sweetest things in life to him, and constantly spurred him on to feel his worst.

Uncle Joe had never married, though he had inherited prosperity, probably for the reason that, besides being known as Finn County's most afflicted man, he was renowned as its stingiest. An orphaned niece made his home a pleasant place, and he lived happy in his ills and independence until she married.

Then a real sensation came to Smileyville. Mrs. Lucetta Watkins, a delightful widow, established herself there as the only mental-science healer in Finn County.

Uncle Joe had felt keenly the lack of woman's nursing and dearth of woman's biscuit since his niece's departure, and when he met Mrs. Watkins it was a case of love at first sight with him. He decided at once to try the new cure.

From the first treatment he was a changed man. He began to walk straighter and talk cheerfully. Then he began to dress more neatly. And when, in the early summer, he had his buggy repainted and his whiskers blocked down to a mustache, all Smileyville knew what was coming.

Only once after his transformation did he visit the rear part of Mendelssohn's store. And then he found it had lost its charm. No more could he take part in the old loved conversations and disputes. And when old Abner, with triumph in his eyes, began reciting the painful details of a new and curious malady, Uncle Joe hastened away, sadly realizing he was not the sick man he used to be. After that he avoided Abner Batterby.

The Finn County fair is Smileyville's one big annual event, and when it came the rejuvenated Uncle Joe and his rejuvenated buggy took Mrs. Watkins to it every afternoon. And they were its chief attraction. Uncle Joe became recklessly extravagant. With the glee of a school-boy, and an arm once almost palsied, he hurled baseballs at the poll of a dodging negro, not sharing a dimes' worth of the missiles with Mrs. Watkins, but buying a dimes' worth apiece. He spent two silver quarters with Isis, the Genuine Gipsy Fortune-Teller, and handed the young man who played the part an extra nickel as he emerged from the tent with a blush which flamed like a signal fire. He bought lemonade and candy without considering the price. Nothing was too good for him.

Later in the day he passed Abner Batterby, hobbling along on crutches. For an instant a feeling of envy surged in the breast of Uncle Joe, but he put it down, congratulating himself that his new passion was stronger than the old.



FOR AN INSTANT A FEELING OF ENVY SURGED IN HIS BREAST

The third day was Big Thursday, the biggest day of the fair. That day Uncle Joe gallantly bought reserved seats for his lady and himself, so close to the band that its blare made their eardrums vibrate. In one pocket he carried a box of the best candy obtainable at the Smileyville Pharmacy; in another, a bag of peanuts and two packages of chewing-gum. The soda-pop boy found him a generous customer. Uncle Joe intended to propose that evening.

In the midst of pleasures he was alarmed at sight of Abner Batterby working his way toward them. He could not flee, for he had paid a quarter apiece for the reserved seats. So he sat his ground, hoping the band would play its loudest. But the music ceased just as Abner stood before them, leaning heavily on his crutches and panting.



"I'M A MIGHTY SICK MAN RIGHT NOW," ASSERTED UNCLE JOE

"Howdy, Joe," saluted Abner.

"Why, hello, Ab!"

"Mighty hard for me to get out to-day," volunteered Abner, "but I couldn't miss Big Thursday."

"Uh-huh."

"You jest can't imagine what I'm a-sufferin'," declared Abner. "You uster have a *leetle* tech of rheumatiz yerself, Joe. but nothin' like this, I'll bet."

"Shucks!" snorted Uncle Joe. "It ain't nothin', Ab. There ain't any sech thing. If you'd only let Mrs. Watkins here take holt of you, you'd be all right in no time."

Abner shook his head sadly. "Not an old, chronic case of the real, blown-in-the-bottle kind like mine," he asserted. "It may be all right for folks that jest have a *leetle* tech of rheumatiz. But mine is the genuwine ar-tickle."

"Why, daggone it, Ab," cried Uncle Joe, with rising choler, "you know dratted well my rheumatiz uster be lots worse'n yourn!"

"Couldn't 'a' been, Joe — couldn't 'a' been," insisted Abner. "If 'twas, you couldn't 'a' ever got over it, nohow. Why, they tell me yesterday you was out here throwin' baseballs and ridin' on the merry-go-round. That don't sound like you ever had *real* rheumatiz, like mine."

It was too much. Uncle Joe broke out:

"Yes, and nobody knows how I've suffered for them fool tricks! Nobody knows what gnawin' pains I've got, and hid 'em! Just because I've bore up under 'em an' acted the man, nobody knows how my vitals an' innards has given me misery a ordinary man like you couldn't 'a' stood! An' jest because I hid 'em I get no credit for 'em!"

"Why, Joseph—Mr. Neale!" exclaimed Mrs. Watkins. "What are you saying?"

"It's gospel true, ma'am," asserted Uncle Joe, wildly. "I'm a mighty sick man right now—sicker 'n this feller ever dared to be."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, disgustedly.

Just then the band began to play again and Abner hobbled away to a seat in the unreserved section. Uncle Joe and Mrs. Watkins sat grimly side by side, she in haughty dignity, he in bitter silence. At its conclusion he said, in a strained voice:

"I'm feelin' powerful poorly. Let's go home."

It was the old Uncle Joe who returned to

his farm that night. He climbed stiffly from his buggy, and dragged from under the seat a small basket filled with bottles.

"Looks like you was goin' to start a drug-store," commented Elmer, the hired man.

"Jest a little medicine," said Uncle Joe. "When a man's really sick he has to have medicine."

"But what 'll the widder say?" asked Elmer.

"The widder 'ain't got any say comin'," replied Uncle Joe. "It's all off with the widder." He looked at Elmer sadly a moment, then chuckled. "But I'll mighty soon take the wind out'n Ab Batterby's sails," he added, cheerfully.



REBELLIOUS SMALL BOY: *"Wait a minute! I've lost my penny"*

Coming Up to Expectations

IT was the custom in the village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss which the villagers might sustain through the death of any live stock. A retired millionaire, recently settled in the village, was ignorant of this laudable practise, and was considerably puzzled by the visit of a laborer's wife, who explained that she had lost a pig.

"Well, I haven't got it," said the bewildered millionaire.

"What I mean, sir, of course, is that the pig died," nervously explained the woman.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" cried the thoroughly exasperated man, "Send a wreath?"

And He Was Right

"BOBBY," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," answered Bobby; "water and a baby."

A Natural Inquiry

HELEN was a very inquisitive child who greatly annoyed her father each evening with endless questions, while he tried to read the newspaper. One evening, among other things, she demanded, "Papa, what do you do at the store all day?"

Exasperated at her persistence, he answered, briefly, "Oh, nothing!"

Helen was silent a moment, and then asked, "But how do you know when you are done?"

Duty

O happy cow—
Whose duty 'tis, and pleasure, too,
Fresh cuds of grass and flowers to chew
The whole day through!

Just fancy now—
How simple life for me and you,
If what we liked we ought to do
The whole day through!

ISABEL VALLÉ AUSTEN.



The Flirt

Weighted Down

A MAN from the East visiting in a small Western town stopped one morning to watch a funeral procession passing through the one long street.

"Do you always have four horses to the hearse?" asked the man, turning to a native standing near.

"No, not always," was the reply. "The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too fresh Dead Eye Dave pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse."

A Reasonable Advance

THERE is a young author in Baltimore who is determined to achieve fame in the writing line if it takes his whole life. Accordingly, he is even willing to defray the cost of putting on the market the numerous novels he writes from year to year.

On the occasion of his last visit to his publisher, however, he was somewhat vexed, a rather unusual thing with him. "Why," asked he, "do you charge me more this time than before?"

"Well," said the publisher, with the utmost frankness, "the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your last novel."

Under the Table

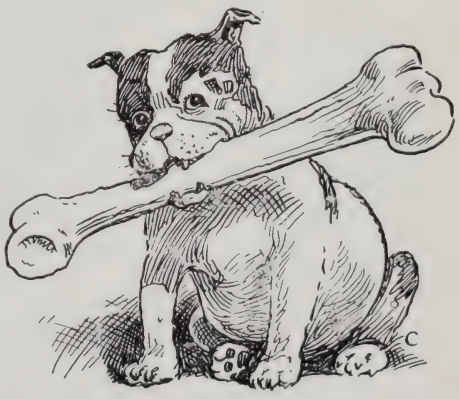
DURING dinner the other evening in a certain Brooklyn household the eight-year-old girl child suddenly interrupted the conversation in this wise:

"Dad, you and mother can't guess what I have under the table."

Then, after the manner of parents who like to please their children, they guessed all kinds of things, but without success. So they said, "We give it up. Tell us."

Whereupon the kiddie, drawing her face up in a grimace, replied:

"A stomach-ache."



"I really should have a safety-deposit box, you know!"



SELF-CONSCIOUS OWNER OF SECOND-HAND CAR: "*Aw, mind your own business!*"

A Painstaking Servant

ONE evening this spring, while a certain New-Yorker was putting in a week at his country place in New Hampshire, he prepared to take a ride in his motor-car, expecting to remain out until late.

He therefore told his new man that he need not wait for him, instructing him when he had finished his work to lock the garage and place the key under a stone, the location of which the owner described with much exactness.

When the employer reached home after his ride he was surprised to find that the key was not in its place. When his patience had been exhausted after a fruitless search, he awoke the man and received this explanation:

"Why, sir, I found a much better place for it."

Beating Him to It

IN Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has got the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

Ominous

"A LETTER in a square envelope, marked 'private' came for you this morning," announced Mrs. Waite, glancing at her husband scrutinizingly.

"Is that so? Who was it from?" came the reply.

Unmasculine

TOMMY had a profound contempt for the little boy next door, who threw a ball like a girl, seldom had on any but a clean shirt, and who generally wore gloves.

"Do you know why he's a sissy?" asked Tommy of his aunt. "It's 'cause he looks just like his mother, and that shows he's got girl blood in him."



TEACHER (relating an experience with a tramp): "*And then I fainted.*"

SMALL BOY (excitedly): "*Wid yer right, or wid yer left?*"

His by Right

AN Irish chauffeur in San Francisco, who had been having trouble with numerous small boys in the neighborhood of his stand, discovered one day on examining his car that there was a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a policeman.

Holding up the carcass, he exclaimed: "This is how I am insulted. What am I to do with it?"

"Well, don't you know? Take it straight to headquarters, and if it is not claimed within a month it becomes your property."

Another Answer

PROFESSOR (in literature class): "What do you think of Stevenson's style?"

GLADYS (blushing): "I do not know; he never made a dress for me."

How Could He Tell?

THE absent-mindedness of talented people has been a source of joy to lesser folk from time out of mind. The forgetfulness of one of the South's most brilliant bishops does much to promote the gaiety of his friends. The following story of him has lately come to light.

The bishop, it seems, was traveling, and when the conductor appeared for his ticket it was not to be found. One pocket after another of the episcopal garb was searched in vain, the bishop all the while keeping up little ejaculations of concern.

"Why, this is very serious!" he murmured. "I'm sure I bought a ticket. I *must* have bought a ticket. Why, I *always* buy a ticket! Dear me, this is *very* serious!"

At length the conductor, wishing to be helpful, said, "Well, don't trouble, Bishop; just tell me where you're going and we can fix it up."

"But, my dear friend!" cried the bishop, earnestly, "that is just the trouble! Without my ticket how am I to know *where* I'm going?"

The Common Practice

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay your dealer $24, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," returned Johnny, promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," corrected the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

Circumstantial Evidence

MISS MIRANDA BROWN and Angelina Johnson were in the midst of a rather heated argument as to the meaning of "circumstantial evidence" when old Uncle Rastus poked his woolly head in at the door. He was immediately besieged to give his worthy opinion on the matter in question.

"De way ah und'stand it, f'um de way it's been 'splained to me," announced the old fellow, "circumstantial evidence is de fedders dat yo' leaves lyin' 'round."

Which?

LITTLE Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font. Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed:

"Ma, which one are you going to keep?"



"I'm sorry I've got to light these here lamps, folks. I've been there meself."



Advice to Débutantes

Never select a chaperon who may prove more attractive and entertaining than you are.

His Peculiarity

A MAN who was in the habit of stuttering was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-stir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."

Unnecessary Preparation

"TOMMY," cautioned his mother, "be sure to come in at four this afternoon to get your bath before you go to the Joneses' to supper."

"But, mother," protested the lad, "I don't need a bath for that. They said it was to be most informal."

A Natural Choice

A BOY, being asked which of the Biblical parables he liked the best, answered:

"That one where somebody loafs and fishes."

Current Events

SCHOOL No. 4 usually began the day with a discussion of current events or items of world interest.

"Do you know any current events today?" asked the teacher, brightly.

One little boy raised his hand excitedly.

"Well, Jake," encouraged the teacher.

"They shot a lady in the C. & O. yards yesterday for stealing coal."

His Part

THE magistrate was examining a witness, to whom he remarked:

"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"Yis, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

And So Would Others

"PROSPERITY has ruined many a man," declared the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."



Painting by Lancelot Speed, Greek Illustration for "Alan of Lesley"

THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM SHONE BRIGHT AND DAINTY

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In Search of a New Land

BY DONALD B. MACMILLAN

Leader and Ethnologist of the Crocker Land Expedition

The Crocker Land Expedition, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the American Geographical Society, was undertaken to solve the last great geographical problem of the North: Is there in the Polar Sea a large body of land still undiscovered? Investigations of the tides and currents in the polar regions seemed to favor this view; geologists were disposed to deny it. Finally, in 1906, Peary, scanning the northwest from the summit of Cape Thomas Hubbard, believed that he saw "snow-clad summits above the ice horizon" approximately 120 miles distant. He named it Crocker Land, and the present expedition's chief aim was to verify this discovery, which has been questioned up to this time.

THAT we were compelled to establish headquarters in Etah, North Greenland, in August, 1913, is not an evidence of the fact that the condition of the ice in Smith Sound precluded our crossing to Cape Sabine. The results of inexperience in Arctic waters were never more clearly demonstrated than when the captain of our vessel absolutely refused to enter ice that Bob Bartlett would have thoroughly enjoyed bucking. From the crow's-nest leads could be seen extending nearly to Ross Bay. Through these I am certain the *Erik* would have poked her way and have landed us somewhere on the other shore. It is a strange anomaly that insurance companies will refuse to accept a man trained in Arctic work and experienced in ice-navigation on the ground that he has no "ticket," but will accept a warm-water man who happens to know something about practical astronomy. In event of a crisis, a pencil, paper, and sextant will not save the ship or the lives of the men aboard.

Realizing that arguments were of no avail, I ordered everything landed at Etah, eighty miles from my objective point, thus placing across my path Smith Sound, with its violent tides, rapid southerly current, and shifting ice-pack. But a far more serious handicap was the impossibility of laying out during the fall and moonlight periods depots of supplies along the trail we were to take in the spring, a practice among explorers to-day which means much toward success.

On December 6th, almost in the middle of the big Arctic night, our attack on Crocker land began, five heavily loaded sledges leaving to establish our first provision depot at Cairn Point, seventeen miles up the Greenland coast. My col-

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leagues, Ekblaw, Green, and the Eskimos, were instructed to go well out into the middle of the sound and report the condition of the ice to me on their return. Two days later they were back. To my surprise and delight they found Smith Sound covered with young ice, over which their dogs trotted for eighteen miles before turning back. Realizing that a southerly wind might grind this up at any moment, preparations were immediately begun for crossing and establishing a big cache in Ellesmere Land as far up Buchanan Bay as possible. On the 11th seven sledges got away with this object in view. On the 15th they were back, piled high with skins and meat of five polar bears, having been successful in reaching the other side and leaving provisions at Cape Rutherford.

Upon the appearance of the January moon I sent my Eskimos south to Peterah-wik to kill walrus, fatten up the dogs, and notify all Eskimos who were to be of my party to be at Etah ready to leave on February 7th. On that day Green with his division of three Eskimos got away promptly, Tanquary on the 8th, Ekblaw on the 9th, Hunt on the 10th, and myself on the 13th. At Kahmow-witz, the site of our first camp, seventeen miles from Etah, the thermometer registered 48° below zero, Fahrenheit. Here we found that all supplies had been moved across the sound by the advance sledges, enabling us the next day to run across in six hours with very light loads to Cape Sabine, well known to the world because of the tragedy enacted there thirty years ago.

Proclaimed to the world sixty-two years ago, when it was first seen by Commander E. A. Inglefield, R.N., the first to ever enter the portals of Smith Sound, it has played a large part in Arctic history, witnessing the passing of the ships of three nations in their endeavors to penetrate into the unknown and plant their country's flag at "Farthest North." As we groped with numbed fingers in the gathering darkness amid the rocks, seeking a shelter for the dogs, my mind was filled with incidents of the past connected with this inhospitable place. Peary's old hut in Payer Harbor was not inviting for a night's rest. It was dark, damp, and dirty—no floors, no windows, no ceiling, a cracked stove, and a more than cracked stove-pipe, and a non-closing door! We were glad to get out in the



HEADQUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT ETAH, GREENLAND



PULLING IN A POLAR BEAR

morning on the smooth ice of Rice Strait, the bitter head wind compelling us to lie low on our komatiks with faces buried in the furs to prevent frost-bite. In a few hours we reached the big cache at Cape Rutherford, where we loaded our sledges to the limit. It was now push, pull, and yell at the dogs as they plodded through rough ice and deep snow for a mile or two before taking the ice foot, where we found excellent going. Pemmican tins, stained snow, hitching-holes for the dogs betrayed where the advance divisions had slept on their sledges, finding no snow suitable for igloos. It looked like a night to be spent out of doors at 50° below—not an inviting prospect when covered with sweat as we were from pushing the sledges. In the lee of our loads we shivered, pounded our toes, and impatiently watched our blue-flame stove as it struggled to convert ice into boiling tea. Fortified with this beverage, along with pemmican and biscuit, we were soon asleep with our backs against the sledges.

When crossing Alexandra Fiord we received our first premonition of trouble. We passed two dead dogs on the trail—far too early in our undertaking for such an occurrence. A few hours later in a jog in the ice foot we came upon two boxes of biscuit, a pair of snow-shoes, and a note from Dr. Hunt stating that he had slept there three nights with a sick Eskimo and was leaving that morning. There was still no snow for a snow-house, so we endeavored to heat up a few cubic feet of air-space by building a fire out of our biscuit-boxes. Placing our sleeping-bags on the snow near the fire, we crawled in for what we thought would be a good night's sleep. A few hours later I awoke choking for breath, and discovered to my astonishment that my bag and sheepskin shirt were blazing merrily. I was warm at last.

A few hours traveling in the morning brought us in sight of the doctor and his Eskimo, whose face was badly swollen with the mumps. Although unable to walk, he was game and wanted to go on. As this Eskimo was one of my best men, I relieved him of a large part of his load and ordered him to stick to the sledge until he felt better. Within an hour we came up with the whole party encamped in snow igloos in the middle of Hayes Sound. Some had influenza, some had the mumps, and some had cold feet literally and figuratively; nearly all refused to go on, stating that the dogs were weak, unable to pull an ordinary

load, and would probably all die on the glacier, and they attributed this condition to the salt in the pemmican. All the Eskimos strongly advised returning to Etah, feeding up the dogs on walrus meat, and trying it again later.

Fortunately it was so early in the year that I could do this without endangering the success of the expedition, but not for reasons as stated above, but to eliminate the sick, the chicken-hearted, and the older and more influential Eskimos, who seemed to be very much afraid of walking home in case their dogs should die. In a discussion of this kind as to what they should do, the younger men of the party listen respectfully to the opinion of their elders and do as they advise. Young Eskimos on a long and dangerous trip are much to be preferred, for they are fond of adventure and willing to take a chance, while the older men wish to make certain of getting home.



THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD

Placing the sick in charge of Hunt and Green, with orders to stand by them until they were able to travel, we started back on the next day with light sledges, leaving supplies and equipment in cache in Hayes Sound. The dogs of my division were in fine fettle, and covered the ninety miles in two marches, making Etah on the second day; the remainder of the party arrived on the third. From the sixteen Eskimos I picked out seven who appeared to me to be of the right stuff and who, I thought, would go the limit. From the members of my party there were two who were very anxious to go and who were ambitious to drive a dog-team, Ensign Green, U.S.N., and Ekblaw, our geologist.

Suspicious of the pemmican, and desirous of keeping the dogs on walrus meat as long as possible, on March 10th I sent four of the party in advance to Cape Sabine with meat to be thawed out, cut up, and held ready for the dogs of the other men who would arrive one day later. Although the 11th was not favorable for traveling—a gale from the north, with drifting snow and the thermometer at 31° below zero—we felt that not a day should be lost, as it was now late in the year for a twelve-hundred-mile trip, of which three hundred miles were over the ice of the Polar Sea, which would be soon breaking up. Frost-bitten cheeks that night attested to the severity of the weather. Another run across the sound in six hours brought us to the hut at Payer Harbor, where the Eskimos greeted us with the cry, "We have killed a bear!" This was good-news, not so much because we needed the meat, but for the spirit of good-fellowship which always follows a killing when on the trail.

In two marches we were at the big cache, finding everything as we left it some weeks before. We were now ready for the crossing of Ellesmere Land. The regular pass is at the head of Flagler Bay, where, as shown by the tupic sites, the Innuits have crossed for centuries. My Innuits advised following the glacier at the head of Beitstadt Fiord. In two days we were looking up at an almost vertical wall of ice stretching back into the sky to a height of forty-seven hundred feet. How we were ever to get up there I did not know. Pee-ah-wah-to and Ki-o-tah walked along the base of the glacier laughing and joking, but at the same time critically examining every

square foot of it. In the same leisurely manner they began cutting into the face of it with their hatchets to secure a good grip for the hands and a good step for the feet, and up they went until they stood on the crest some fifty feet above the ground. As it was now getting dark, we burrowed for shelter into the base of a large snow-bank at the foot of the glacier and were soon resting for the strenuous work of the morrow.

All the next day we were busy tumping our supplies and equipment far back on the slope of the ice. Ee-took-ah-shoo, who simply loved hard work, put a tump-line on his one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound sledge and started up the ice steps. I said to myself, "He will never get there." But he did, smiling and sweating. Two of the other men attempted the same feat, one failing and one succeeding. At dusk we had transferred over four thousand pounds to the surface of the ice ready for loading the next day. That night the Eskimos gathered around Pee-ah-wah-to, the only man who had gone over the glacier, to learn from him what it was like, how far it was, if there was any more such hard work, and if we could get back before the sound broke up in the spring. The next morning Mene Wallace, the New York Eskimo, decided that hard work did not agree with him and wanted to go home. Knowing that my Eskimos would all be the happier for his going, I did not try to dissuade him in any way. As he rounded the point about an hour later, Ekblaw detected two sledges instead of one and yelled to me, "Did you know that Tau-ching-wah had gone, too?" At first I could not believe it, and thought he was upon the glacier. This second desertion caused me some anxiety as to the outcome of the trip. That the Eskimo is not to be depended upon is well known. He may go and go the limit, or he may quit without apparent reason.

The withdrawal of these two men with their sixteen dogs reduced the total amount of food which could be transported over the glacier to a dangerous limit. The success of the trip now depended upon our finding game on the other side. Our loads were now so heavy and the gradient so steep and slippery that it was only by the very hardest kind of effort and free use of the whip that the dogs could be compelled to move at all. After surmounting the first rise, the slope was more gentle and the going much better, enabling us to reach the summit in a little over two



DONALD MACMILLAN, LEADER OF THE CROCKER LAND EXPEDITION

days. Here we built two snow igloos at an altitude of forty-seven hundred and fifty feet, with the temperature at 50° below zero. Although the snow was hard and wind-swept, showing the prevalence of violent winds here in the mountains, we were very fortunate in having absolutely calm weather. Green informed me in the evening that Ekblaw's feet were in bad shape and asked me to look at them. Going into his igloo, I found the ball of one foot badly blistered and the big toe swollen and waxy in appearance. Naturally Ekblaw was worried, for the Eskimos had told him that it was just like "Peary-ak-swah's" foot some years ago when he lost all his toes. I hated to lose such a good man, and decided to hold on to him as long as I could, not considering his frost-bite nearly as serious as the natives would have us think. They are mortally afraid of having their feet frost-bitten, nursing them as tenderly as a mother would her youngest child. I have seen tough old Oo-tah mounted on top of his load with boot off at 60° below zero holding his toes in his warm hand with a worried look on his face. Frozen cheeks, nose, or ears are of little concern; one can still go on without them, but when a man's feet are frozen he is done for.

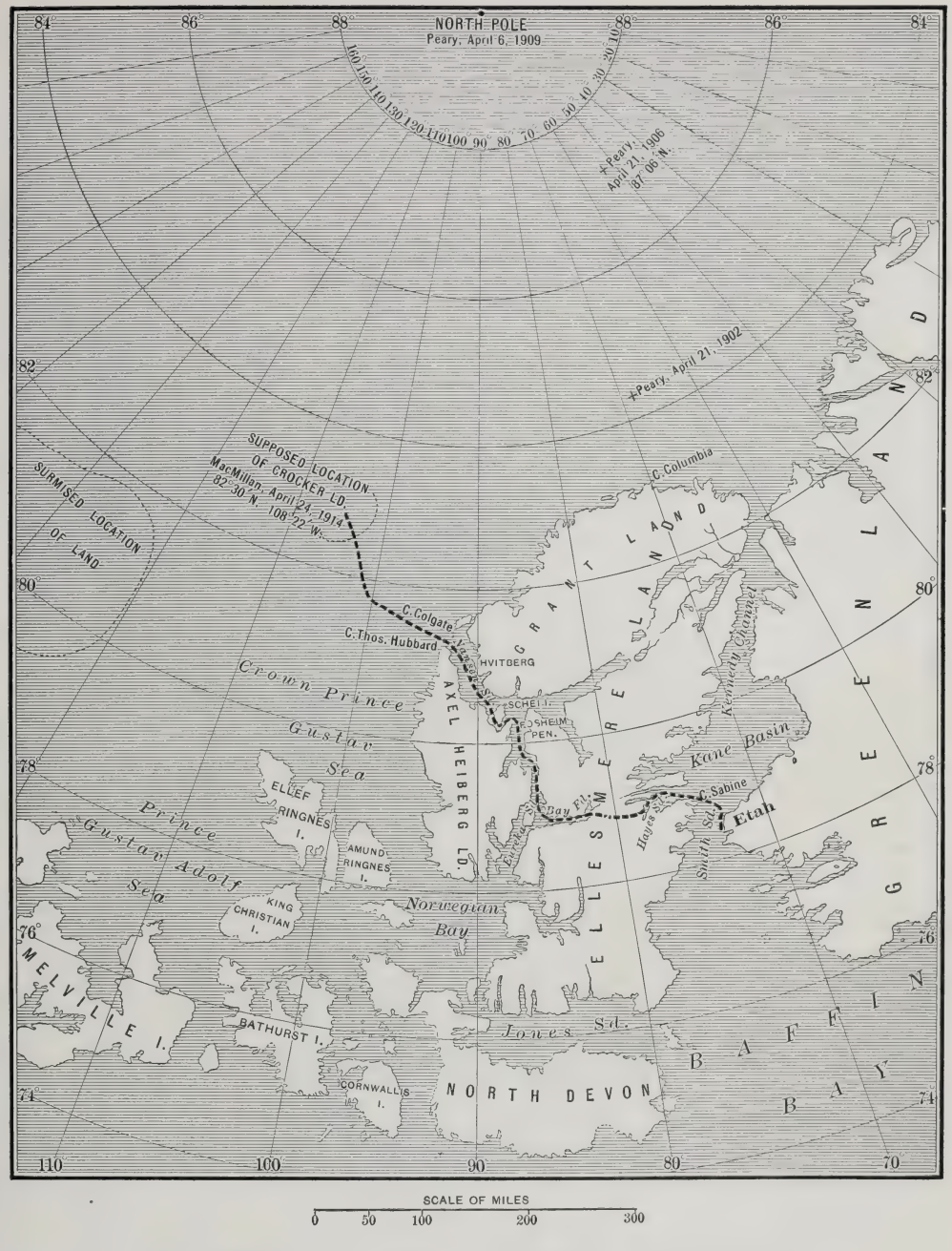


EE-TOOK-AH-SHOO

Breaking camp on the morning of March 20th, we felt that our troubles were over for a while, as we could see the crest of the glacier only a few miles beyond. In a few hours we were where we could command a good view of this western land, with its towering snow-capped peaks, its deep valleys and winding glaciers, and far to the west dimly outlined in the haze the smooth ice of Eureka Sound. Our glacier led straight on into the west down through a magnificent range of hills into which no man had ever been. Reluctantly we left this long, white path for a valley leading to the northwest more in line with our course to the Polar Sea.

Our Eskimos were determined to make Bay Fiord in one march, so on we toiled for sixteen hours, first down into what appeared to be the old bed of a lake, then making the mistake of turning to the right instead of to the left, which led us along the sloping side of a glacier through deep snow concealing many a crevasse into which our dogs fell repeatedly, warning us against a similar fate. Arriving at the face of the glacier, tired and hungry, although we searched long and earnestly we failed to find any part of it which would permit a descent without risk of life. Finally Pee-ah-wah-to returned with the encouraging news that he had discovered an old river-bed in the ice down through which we might possibly lower everything with ropes in the morning.

At daylight we inspected the ravine in the ice, cut by running water during the spring. Fortunately its bottom was covered with about a foot of compact snow which enabled us to keep our footing while working with the dogs, sledges, and ropes. To a large eye cut in the solid blue ice was fastened a long, stout rope made of the heavy skin of seal flipper; for its size I believe this to be the strongest rope made



MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY THE CROCKER LAND EXPEDITION

with the exception of the wire ropes. Carefully everything was lowered to the surface of the fiord below, only one sledge getting away from the men and plunging into the rough ice which had fallen from the face of the glacier. The massive bow of the Peary komatik saved it from destruction.

Proceeding a few miles down the fiord, we found the snow trampled and criss-crossed in all directions with the tracks of musk-oxen. We were all now on the *qui vive*, the dogs with heads up sniffing the air, running their noses deep into the footprints in the snow, the men scanning the slope of every hill. In a



ESKIMOS ERECTING AN IGLOO

few minutes we reached a point which commanded a view of the whole fiord, and here Pee-ah-wah-to thought it best to camp, assuring us that we would certainly find musk-oxen within a few hours.

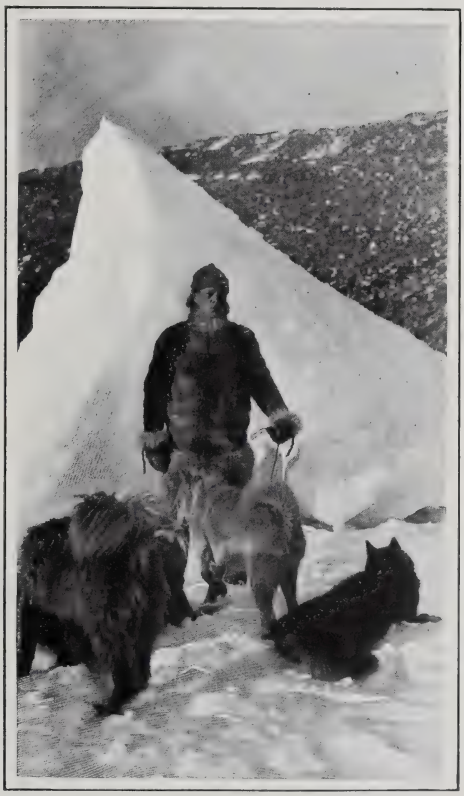
In the morning the first man out of the igloo yelled "Oo-ming-muck-swee!" (Musk-oxen). Across the fiord outlined against the white snow five black dots could be seen, which to the inexperienced eye very much resembled five black rocks. As these rocks slowly changed their relative positions, we were compelled to admit that they must be alive. Arklio and Pee-ah-wah-to immediately doubled up their dogs for speed, hitching them to one komatik, and grabbed their rifles. The other Eskimos at once set off in different directions to scour the hills. Leisurely the team made its way across the fiord; they had not yet sighted or smelled the animals. As I watched through the field-glasses, one musk-ox started directly up the almost vertical slope, immediately followed by the four others and two more which we had not seen. It was hard to believe that the black line behind them going with such incredible speed could be our dogs pulling some six hundred pounds. They were now a band of wolves with fresh meat in sight, and nothing could stop them; sand, rocks, boulders, and snow seemed to be taken without effort. A wild ride behind a good fast team of dogs in pursuit of a bear or a musk-ox is one of the joys of this world and certainly compensates for much of the discomfort of Arctic work. As the dogs stopped at the foot of the talus we could see the three men slowly making their way up the slope to get within rifle range. Before the report of the first shot reached our ears, a black object was seen rolling rapidly down the hill, indicating that the slaughter had begun. Knowing that one sledge could not possibly bring all the meat to camp, Green and I harnessed up our dogs and ran over to where we found the two Eskimos busily skinning and cutting up the seven which had been killed.

Plenty of meat now for dogs and men put every one in good spirits, enabling us to save our pemmican for the Polar Sea. I had repeatedly been assured by the Eskimos that it would be possible to subsist upon the country from the head of Bay Fiord to Cape Thomas Hubbard. This optimistic view of things I could not accept, and so planned to use pemmican for half the distance, hoping to secure game enough for the

other half. Viewing the big pile of red meat around our igloos, I felt that we had certainly made a good start.

Now that our loads were safely across Ellesmere Land, my supporting party was no longer needed; I could dispense with at least two of the sledges. In the morning Ekblaw and Ki-o-tah started back for Etah. With them went Green, New-car-ping-wah, and Arklio, with orders to load up at the big cache in Hayes Sound with oil and pemmican and rejoin me at Cape Thomas Hubbard. In the mean time I was to go on slowly laying in caches of meat on the trail for use during our return trip.

As we swung across to the north side of Bay Fiord on the 25th, two large white wolves loped along behind us just out of range, finally disappearing in the rough ice in the middle of the sound. At the end of this march I feared that the Eskimos were altogether too optimistic when they declared that we could live on the country. Two days now, and not the sign of a musk-ox. Reluctantly I told the boys to feed a pound of pemmican to each dog. Although not fed for two days, as was their custom, they had quietly lain down and gone to sleep as soon as hitched to the ice-foot; not a whine or a bark, or a look in our direction, indicated that they were hungry. What keeps an Eskimo dog alive and keeps him going for days and days and days I do not know. It is my earnest belief that no animal or machine known can do the work that an Eskimo dog can do on an equal amount of food or fuel. It is a common occurrence for an Eskimo to travel for five days with a light load without feeding his dogs.



W. E. EKBLAW, GEOLOGIST OF THE CROCKER LAND EXPEDITION

The next morning we continued on through heavy going until the dogs began to smell seal holes, and then there was a rush from hole to hole along the ice-foot. The huge footprints of a polar bear and a bloody track through the snow indicated that the Tiger of the North had succeeded in capturing a seal. The dogs were now fairly excited, dashing along with head and tail up, whining and yelping. In a few minutes a white wolf, so large that we all thought it was a bear, bounded out of the ice-foot and took to the side hill, every twenty yards or so stopping to look us over carefully, wondering what kind of strange animals we were. The sledges fairly leaped through the rough ice of the tidal crack, but came to a sudden stop in the grit a short distance from the shore. Pee-ah-wah-to seized his rifle, ran to the crest of a little knoll, dropped on one knee, and fired. I have never seen a better shot. The animal at the time was going at full speed away from him at a distance of about one hundred yards. The bullet passed completely up through his body, turned him over, and left him a crumpled mass without a quiver. With curiosity I examined the first white wolf I had ever seen. He was larger than the Eskimo dog, which is supposed to be his descendant, although not as thick-

set. The skin having been removed, the dogs sniffed for a long time at the flesh, finally walking away without touching it.

The bear tracks continued up the sound, and the dogs were again hot on the trail. Astride the sledges, with rifles across our legs we closely scanned every hummock of ice, every crack and crevice. At last, disappointed, we were forced to give it up, and pulled in toward the ice-foot to find suitable snow for an igloo. The dogs had worked long and well. I could not refuse them; they would have their pound, anyway. As we sat there on our sledges, too lazy or too tired to begin cutting snow blocks for a house, Pee-ah-wah-to, whose little, black eyes were ever roaming over the hills, uttered an exclamation of surprise, followed by a long, deep, "Tak-koo!" There, right above our heads, sound asleep, were three black, woolly bodies. Our musk-oxen had come into camp and were patiently waiting for us. The two Eskimo boys fairly beamed, repeating over and over again, "Well, well, right alongside of us!" White men would have gone up at once and made sure of their game; not so with Ee-took-ah-shoo and Pee-ah-wah-to. As if they had all the time in the world and meat were of no value, they deliberately harnessed their dogs, just as deliberately lit their pipes, laughed, joked, and talked of things a hundred miles away. You can imagine how constantly I kept my eye on those three black balls which meant so much to me, although only meat to them. With them we could do anything and everything; without them we would be compelled to go home, and home did not have any attractions for me just then.

Finally the snow blocks were cut, the house built, furs inside, and the stove humming, and off they started, leading one dog only—one which they could best afford to lose, for musk-ox horns are sharp and inflict ugly wounds. Skirting the hill, they came upon them from the rear, thus cutting off their retreat. At the first report of the rifles three were outlined against the sky, then four, then five! There was no escape; I knew they were ours.

The next morning we drove our dogs to the base of the cliff over which the Eskimos had rolled the bodies, and we had the comforting satisfaction of seeing the dogs eat to repletion. In skinning and cutting up these five animals, and sledging the meat down to the igloo, half the day was consumed, so we decided to spend the rest of it in drying our komatiks, sheepskin stockings, and sleeping-bags.



TAKING ICE FROM AN "ICE-HOUSE"



PEARY'S OLD HEADQUARTERS AT PAYER HARBOR, CAPE SABINE

Quoting from my field diary for the next few days, I find as follows:

Saturday, March 28th, 18th day.—A perfect day and perfect going enabled us to cover at least twenty-five miles. The whole sound has been so swept by strong northerly winds that the smooth surface of the new ice is covered with an inch layer of hard snow. Pee-ah-wah-to's old rattail dogs can smell a seal a mile away; they have kept us on the jump all day. About five miles below here, while resting our dogs, we shot eleven, giving three to each team and keeping two for our supper.

Sunday, March 29th, 19th day.—We are in 80° north latitude to-night. Have covered a whole degree in two days. Perfect sledging all day long, continuing just as far as we can see. Another large white wolf is added to our game list to-day. Were following the tracks of a large bear when he jumped out of the ice-foot. These wolves are so large that we were again deceived, judging it to be a bear. My dogs leaped ahead at the sound of Pee-ah-wah-to's rifle, arriving in time to see the wolf take to the ice and start for the middle sound covered with blood. Crawling out to the front of the sledge, I slipped the knot which held the whole team, and away they went at full speed, but before they reached him Pee-ah-wah-to fired again, dropping him dead.

On the way across to Blamanden to-day a blue fox crossed in front of our teams. Had the fox been going our way we should have made a record march, but as it was he had our ill will for some hours afterward. To stop or control Eskimo dogs with the tail of a blue fox waving in their faces would be like stopping the world from going around. The komatiks fairly leaped through space. Such a sudden and unexpected rush caught us all unawares; pipes, tobacco, matches, pieces of frozen meat—everything not tied on was left lying along the trail. The fox trotted along slowly at first, now and then looking back over his shoulder, as if saying to himself, "I wonder if they are really after me?" As the dogs approached he quickened his pace a bit as if to tease them; then, to show them that he could run, he turned into a bounding black ball which quickly faded away to a tiny speck in the distance. The dogs slowed down, looked foolish, then turned their heads to us as if to ask, "What was that?" It is said that these foxes catch Arctic hares for food. If so, that one will live for a long time yet!

From the Fosheim Peninsula we headed across Eureka Sound for Skraelingodden on the morning of the 30th. A heavy mist hung low over the fiord; this with the light breeze from the northeast gave warning of an approaching storm. This point marked the end of our good sledging and good weather. As we rounded Skraelingodden our hitherto light wind freshened to a strong breeze; at 40° below zero it seemed to go right

through us. However, plodding through ankle-deep snow all the way to Schei's Island, and running ahead of the dogs to increase our speed, soon warmed us up. It was drifting and blowing so hard as we approached the island that we could scarcely make out its outline. Unable to find snow suitable for building an igloo, we continued on toward the south, looking for shelter. After traveling a short distance we discovered that there was land on both sides of us; we had either entered an inlet and were in a cul-de-sac, or there were low-lying islands off the southern point of the island which the map of Sverdrup did not show. The shelving shore to the north offered no shelter whatever, and shelter we must have, as our clothes were driven so full of snow that we could not possibly sleep in our bags.

At last, to our relief, Ee-took-ah-shoo prodded with his whip-stock down into the snow and said it was all right. Our igloo up, the next thought was for our dogs, which were now nearly buried in the white drift. To the windward of each team was constructed a good thick wall of snow blocks to serve as a windbreak, close up to which they cuddled and were asleep almost before we finished it. As well as we could under the circumstances, with the snow-beater we pounded the snow out of our bearskin pants and out of our sheepskin coats. Once inside, the door tightly closed with a snow block, and the stove humming, there is a feeling of perfect contentment, which comes to a man after a long day's march. Here we decided to stay for a while. Our dogs must have fresh meat, and the dogs of our supporting party, which was doing its best to catch us, were depending upon it.

At noon the next day there was every promise of clear weather, so the boys harnessed their dogs and were off to the westward to look for a passage through the island and for tracks of the herd. At midnight they were back. Sure of their success, I yelled out through the peep-hole in the front of the igloo, "How many?" "Ah-meg-you-lock-swee" was the immediate reply—"a great many"—but how many I did not know until Ee-took-ah-shoo, who could not count more than twenty, indicated by holding up his fingers that they had killed thirty-five! Like savages they had slaughtered the whole herd for the pure love of killing, knowing that we could not possibly use so many.

On their sledges were the four quarters of a musk-ox for my dogs, who were now sitting up wondering what had happened. Their old friends in the other teams could hardly be recognized, being so distended that they could barely get into camp. In through the door of the igloo came hearts, tongues, livers, and juicy tenderloins. What a feast!

I thought we had better move while we could, so I ordered the men to pack up their sledges and drive over to the battle-field. After going a short distance, a yell from Pee-ah-wah-to turned our attention toward the south. Could we believe our eyes! It was like a picture from one of the old books on travel in Siberia. Twelve white wolves were leaping over the snow directly at us. Fiction would have us now fighting for our lives, knives between teeth and rifles constantly going. On the contrary, we prayed that they would not stop, but keep coming on. Undoubtedly they would have done so, had we been able to control our dogs, who were now wild with excitement, whining, yelping, and straining on the traces. We shouted and threatened, and lashed with the whip, at the same time holding back with all our strength on the upstanders of the sledge. The leader of the band stopped, surveyed us critically for an instant, and wheeled, followed by the others. By the time that we could tear the covers from the rifles they were out of range.

I have no compunction whatever in shooting at these sneaking cowards of the animal world. Axel Heiberg Land is infested with them, their tracks being found intermingling with those of the musk-ox and white caribou. A mother and her young are surrounded, worried to death, and torn into pieces. During Sverdrup's expedition the wolves came into camp, attacked and killed some of the dogs, and, later on the trail, even attacked one of the men who had no other weapon to defend himself with than a skee. No animal in the North is so enduring, none has such a wide range, and none an easier existence, their food

being musk-oxen, caribou, Arctic hare, lemmings, and possibly foxes. There is also every evidence to believe that wolves prey upon seals along the ice-foot.

Proceeding for about half an hour, we reached a well-sheltered spot with southern exposure near the slain musk-oxen. Here the two boys constructed a beautiful igloo, with high bed platform, gently sloping back, an almost flat roof, the sixty blocks interlocking in a rather artistic design. It is a pleasure to see an Eskimo cut and handle snow. One cannot but admire the skill and dexterity with which he cuts it on the surface, breaks it out with his toe, lays it up on the wall, bevels the edges, and thumps it into place with his hand. I am wondering if there are any other people in the world who attempt to build an arch or dome without a support. Starting from the ground in a spiral contrary to the hands of a clock, the blocks mount higher and higher, ever assuming a more horizontal position until the last two or three appear to hang in the air, the last block locking the whole structure. This work can be done by two good men in about one hour.



ENSIGN FITZHUGH GREEN, U. S. N.

Upon entering a newly constructed igloo it seems like a touch of fairy-land, the light filtering through the snow a beautiful ethereal blue; everything—the bed, the two side platforms, the walls—absolutely spotless. Such a retreat at low temperatures is so far superior to a tent as to cause one to regret exceedingly that the brave fellows of old, who struggled over frozen tents with frozen fingers, could not have availed themselves of the services of these men of the North. During a gale the incessant banging and slatting of the walls of a tent precludes all conversation and interferes seriously with much-needed rest. If snow is drifting, the sides collapse under the accumulated weight to such a degree that it is hardly possible for one man to sit upright in the center of the tent, the remainder of the party being compelled to lie in their bags. Once in a snow-house, with the door closed, it is as still as death, snow being an excellent non-conductor, while drifting snows without only add to the warmth and security.

Our four days at Schei's Island stand out as one of the bright spots of our trip—a large, well-warmed and well-lighted igloo, plenty of food, and a wealth of fresh meat for the dogs. Two Eskimo lamps, made of oil-tins, canvas, and musk-ox fat, burned night and day, drying mittens, komatiks, and stockings. Next in order of importance to a man on the trail are dry clothes; throwing aside the wet and putting on the dry at 50° below zero is really being born again. The layman will never know what it means to put his feet into a frozen stocking at 50° or 60° below zero, and try to keep them warm for eight or ten hours.

Leaving instructions in this igloo for Green to feed his dogs, hold to his loads, and come on as quickly as possible, we started on for Hvitberg (White Mountain). As we swung around the corner of the island, its high, white head was the

most conspicuous point on the northern horizon. Another herd of musk-oxen on our right! I was glad that we were not compelled to break into their quiet life. Our dogs were now so full that it would be some hours before we could speed them up to good work. Heavy going in the lee of the island and a strong head wind as we crossed the sound made things a bit unpleasant; however, we made the twenty miles in about seven hours. While resting the dogs for a moment, both Eskimos rushed toward a little knoll, where they engaged in a friendly tussle over something on the ground. In answer to my inquiry they yelled back, "Pemmican, eemu tau" (Pemmican and milk). The pemmican was American, but the milk was Norwegian. Only two men had preceded us along this coast. We had undoubtedly come upon one of Sverdrup's caches, placed here by him twelve years ago and in good condition. As there were only two cans of each, I allowed the Eskimos to gnaw the pemmican and crack the frozen milk in their teeth to their hearts' content.

It had now been blowing so long that I hoped as we crawled into the igloo that night it would blow itself out before morning, for go on we must, as there was no game here. Breakfast over, a cloud of snow whirled up into our faces as we kicked out the snow block forming the door, causing us to dive into our bags for wind-proofs to prevent the snow from driving into our sheepskin shirts. Laying a course by the wind, we headed out across the bay into the drift, hoping to strike well up the coast. It was only a few miles, but with our view restricted as it was it seemed many before we found ourselves among a series of low hills and the sledges dragging on gravel. We headed north, following the interminable windings of the shore, which was so low and shelving that time and time again we kept our course only by following the tidal crack. It cleared up beautifully that night as we were finishing the igloo, and we were able to look back at Hvitberg, which seemed so near that we were very much disappointed in the day's march.

On April 11th we reached what we thought must be the cape. Another furious wind storm compelled us to take refuge in another dugout beneath a high, black cliff, and here we were determined to remain until it cleared up so as to give us our bearings. In the morning we were startled by the crunching of snow at our entrance—the supporting party had come on schedule time. I was mighty glad to see Green and his two Eskimo boys. Their sledges contained everything that I needed to fill out the



ON THE JOURNEY OVER BAY FIORD

twenty-five full days on the Polar Sea. If Crocker Land were only one hundred and twenty miles distant from shore, as Peary thought, and as indicated on the latest maps, then we should go out in twelve days and back in seven. Two or three days on the new land, together with storms and hold-ups, would probably demand the extra six-days' food.

The thirty-three days' continuous work, during which they had covered five hundred and eighty miles, an average of seventeen and a half miles a day, had told heavily upon the dogs. Strong head winds, heavy loads, and insufficient food gradually wore them out, ten dropping in harness. I was more convinced than ever that the salt in our pemmican was responsible for the vomiting, dysentery, and apparent weakness among all the dogs when feeding upon pemmican alone. That it could not be relied upon for a long trip on the Polar Sea, where it would be impossible to secure fresh meat, was very evident. Musk-oxen, caribou, and Arctic hares had saved the day thus far. My only plan now was to fill up the dogs on whatever meat we could get, musk-ox preferred, double feed them with pemmican on the hard marches, and do the one hundred and twenty miles with a rush.

It had been blowing so long now that I began to doubt that good weather ever occurred at this Cape Horn of the North. As if to dispel this belief, on the morning of the 13th a golden ray of sunshine streamed in through our door; a more perfect day was never made—not a cloud, not a breath of air. The four Eskimos started off at once scouring the hills for game, while Green and I planned to reach the top of the cape—Peary's record—and a possible sight of Crocker Land.

As we rounded the first point we descried an Eskimo running toward the camp. An accidental discharge of a rifle and a wounded or dead Eskimo were my first thoughts. We quickened our pace; something had surely happened. Yes, something had—barely a few minutes from the dugout, and he had killed four caribou! This was certainly luck. If the other Eskimos found them as plentiful our dogs could go on for some time, although caribou meat is lamentably lacking in strength and stamina producing properties.

Going on up the valley and ascending the highest ridge, we scanned in vain the horizon for a cairn, and continued to do so for some eight hours, passing from crest to crest. Every inch of the horizon was examined closely with powerful glasses, which failed to betray the slightest appearance of land. Tired and disappointed, we trudged back to camp, arriving late in the evening, finding all our hunters in, but all reporting no success.

My plans were quickly made—send Arklio and New-car-ping-wah back to Etah at once, limiting our party to four only—Ee-took-ah-shoo, Pee-ah-wah-to, Ensign Green, and myself—thus economizing on provisions and enabling us to remain in the field for a much longer period. The two boys, furnished with oil, tea, and biscuit, by proceeding slowly could easily depend upon the country for meat.

Upon failing to find Peary's cairn and record, we reasoned that Cape Thomas Hubbard must be some distance yet along the shore; and so it proved to be, for as we swung out from land on to the Polar Sea we commanded a good view of the whole coast, easily recognizing the Point from a picture in Peary's *Nearest the Pole*. The giving out and dropping of one of Green's dogs on the first day caused me considerable anxiety. If they were dropping now, where would they be a week later? We lightened the loads at once to try and save them, hoping that with light loads they would gradually gain strength and eventually recover. Rest I could not give them so late in the year.

As we headed out toward the northwest over a hard, rolling surface of blue ice I felt that our work had really begun; the five hundred miles behind us was but the path leading up to our field of work. We were going into the unknown toward that point where land is put down with a question mark, where Dr. Harris has said it might exist, where well-known geologists have declared that it could not exist, where Peary claims that it does exist.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Simeon Small—Peacemaker

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I AM an observant person; indeed, I am safe in saying I am an extraordinarily observant person. This is due to no natural endowment, but solely to training and habit. I observe in order that I may reflect and draw enlightening conclusions. Had I been the sort of person who neglects the small phenomena which go on about him, I would, doubtless, never have noticed the distressing fact that the membership of our Country Club was divided into two sections or factions between which friendly intercourse was negligible. Adherents of each faction spoke in regrettable terms of asperity of adherents of the other faction; and I do not hesitate to say that on occasions perfectly well-bred individuals bore themselves in an objectionable manner.

There must be some underlying cause for this condition. It was a sociological manifestation worthy of investigation. Therefore, with a promptness and decision which is a part of my character I resolved to undertake the labor. I found it interesting.

The club-house was deserted, but I knew I should find some one playing at the game of golf, so I betook myself out of doors. At a considerable distance I saw Colonel Wickliff in the act of striking at a ball with an odd club of Scottish origin. Mr. Weatherly was his opponent. I walked toward them.

When I arrived within speaking distance they were standing on a small area of lawn—a putting-green so-called. Colonel Wickliff was about to put the green to the purpose for which it is intended, namely, to strike the ball so that it rolls into a tiny hole in the ground. I advanced. The colonel did not greet me, but continued to take aim —which was useless, inasmuch as one of my feet—inadvertently, it is true—quite covered the objective hole.



"I BEG YOUR PARDON," I SAID, INTERRUPTING

"I beg your pardon," I said, interrupting, because my investigations seemed of more moment than his futile pastime.

The colonel turned his head slowly, very slowly, until he glared—I use the word advisedly—at me with one eye. I was startled. He suddenly stood upright, his teeth visible, and raised his club high above his head to bring it down on the ground with terrific force. The club snapped into three pieces. Gripping the shorter section, the colonel turned his back and walked rapidly away after uttering a word which I did not quite catch. He did not return.

I looked at Mr. Weatherly, who seemed to be amused. "Sir," said I, "may I have a moment of your time?"

"I have rheumatism," he replied, "and cannot run." I did not follow him, but imagined this to be a cant phrase expressing consent.

"You are a man experienced in the ways of society," I said. "Let me, therefore, put to you a hypothetical question. In a certain club—a country club—the following condition exists: A portion of the club members manifest by their bearing a distaste for a certain other portion of the members. Publicly each portion is frigidly polite to the other; privately each portion is ironic, even acrimonious. The result is a disturbance of that serene atmosphere which should be maintained in a club of the character described. What, Mr. Weatherly, would bring about such a condition?"

"It may be caused, Mr. Small, by a variety of actions. For instance, by omitting certain names from a list of the invited; by living on different streets; by ancestors or the lack of them; by money or the lack of it; by coaxing away a cook; by repeating an innocent remark; by bulling the market; by having a pretty daughter; by keeping a bulldog; by an irritating knowledge of the French language; by patronizing or failing to patronize a certain tailor. Those are a few putative causes, Mr. Small."



HE RAISED HIS CLUB HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD

"They seem inadequate—what one might call trivial," said I. "Your answer is helpful, doubtless, but a trifle diffuse. I shall analyze it at leisure. However, time presses. I shall be direct with you, sir. The condition I pictured actually exists." I paused for emphasis.

"You astonish me," said Mr. Weatherly. I was gratified at his surprise. It affirmed my unusual qualities of close observation.

"It exists," said I, "in this very club."

"Mr. Small!" he expostulated. "If that be true, something should be done. It should, indeed, but I trust you are mistaken."

"It is only too true," said I. Then, after a pause, "Have you anything to suggest?"

"You might," he said, "discuss the matter with Mrs. Wickliff."

"With Colonel Wickliff's wife?"

"No less," said he. "Also the mother of Colonel Wickliff's daughter Iseult."

"Deplorably named," said I. "It is regrettable to perpetuate the name of a woman who if alive to-day would feature in our divorce courts, and doubtless become a singer in comic opera wearing immodest costume. . . . However, I shall call upon Mrs. Wickliff.

I called upon Mrs. Wickliff that very afternoon and was received with flattering cordiality.

"This is an unusual pleasure," said Mrs. Wickliff when we were seated on the piazza.

"I am able to devote little time to

social matters, as you can understand," I said; "nevertheless, I wish I might have more leisure to study our so-called upper classes. They present interesting phenomena."

"Ah," said Mrs. Wickliff.

"Indeed," said I, "I am applying scientific methods to the investigation of a peculiar condition at the Country Club."

"Ah," said Mrs. Wickliff a second time.

"Yes," said I. "There seems to be a deplorable enmity between two factions of the membership."

"Ah," said Mrs. Wickliff again. I had never seen her so monosyllabic.

"I came to you to ask if you could assist, if you could give me facts that would enable me to penetrate to the true cause of the—the animosity."

"I can," said Mrs. Wickliff, with some asperity. "I am indeed in a position to do so. It may be traced to the fact that some years ago—for alleged business reasons—our husbands allowed to be admitted to membership several persons who would have been much more at home elsewhere. These persons, men who have little interest in the club, were no doubt hectored into pushing themselves in by wives who hoped for social recognition. These individuals have not only grown in number, but in energy. There has been a deliberate and offensive campaign. In the case of certain families who make large sums of money from overalls or some other commodity there has been an effort to deceive the public. The press has been subsidized, I am told, with the result that the public has become confused and often mistakes those families for genuine leaders in *our* society. This is very galling, you will admit."

I nodded, though without intention to partisanship. It was my desire to reserve judgment until the facts were thoroughly spread before me.

"And latterly," Mrs. Wickliff said, with what I recognized as a mingling of wrath and disdain, "efforts have been made to marry their daughters to our sons, or our sons to their daughters. You may discredit my veracity, but it is an actual fact that a son of William Higgins—overalls is his business—has paid marked attention to my daughter Iseult. When this crisis arrived we all deemed it best to call a halt. Accordingly a halt was called—emphatically."

"May I ask if your daughter was wholly in accord? Did she view young Mr. Higgins as—an ineligible inferior?"

Mrs. Wickliff blushed. "I am ashamed to say," she said, "that she did not. But the matter was adequately handled, and the danger is past."

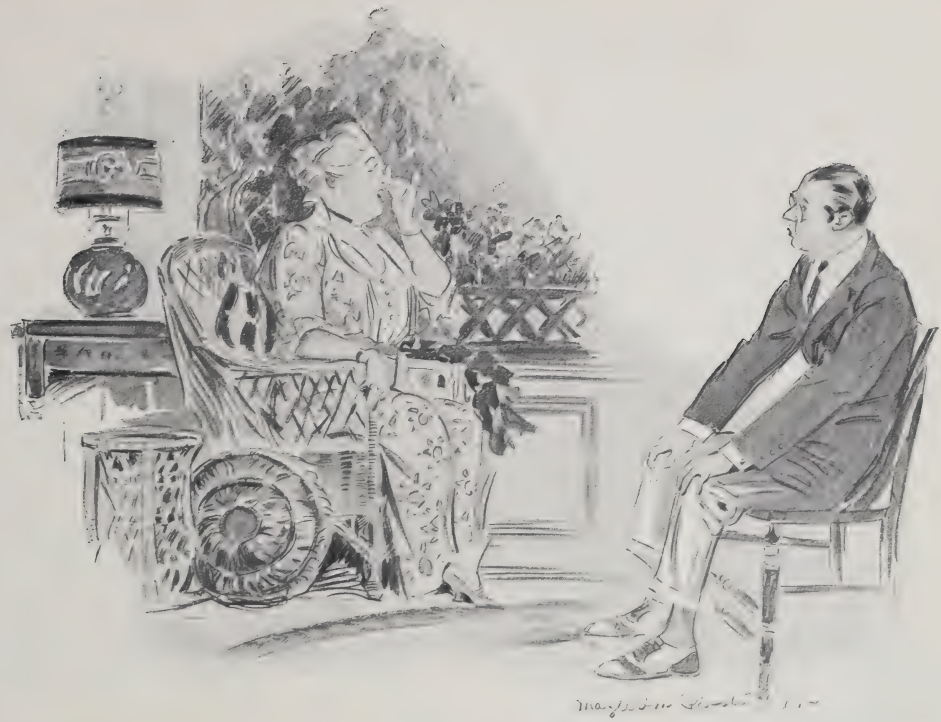
"You have made the matter perfectly clear," I told her, and after thanking her for her assistance I took my leave.

That evening I catalogued and scrutinized the facts collected. They seemed to me no adequate cause for the result produced. It appeared that overalls and such like, and not people, were—shall I say, the *casus belli?* Why overalls? I asked myself. Why are overalls less socially desirable than oil, or steamships—which was the Wickliff line—or varnishes, which must be eligible or the Brandishes would not permit themselves to manufacture them? It was an interesting question, and I determined at some future day to give it my attention, in fact to write a monograph on the subject of "Overalls in American Society."

I am a man of action as well as thought. That has doubtless been recognized. Therefore, when I determined that night to put an end to the aggravating condition at the club I did not delay, but began taking active steps. My first active step was to evolve a plan.

The point in the affair that seemed sorest to the touch was that young Higgins—Peter was his name—had aspired to Iseult Wickliff's hand. I judged that he continued to aspire, though discouraged by her parents. Clearly, the first thing to do was to correct this. If Iseult bestowed her affections on a man acceptable to her mother, and if Peter Higgins courted a young woman from his own faction in the club, then that irritant would be removed, and peace would be so much nearer. It was my plan to bring about this desirable result. It would require tact, diplomacy. It was indeed fortunate that I possessed these qualities to a degree.

I readily perceived that my great pri-



"THE PUBLIC OFTEN MISTAKES THOSE FAMILIES FOR GENUINE LEADERS IN *OUR* SOCIETY"

mary difficulty would be to persuade some suitable young man to pay assiduous, indeed significant, attentions to Miss Wickliff. I was nonplussed for a moment, then there came to my assistance a flash—with all modesty I feel warranted in saying it—a flash of genius. I was young, my social position was not uncertain, and I was positive Mrs. Wickliff would object neither to railroads, government bonds, nor metropolitan real estate as a source of income. Add to this that I had already been considering matrimony, had indeed determined to take a wife, and was still of the same state of mind. Why should not I become a suitor for Miss Iseult's hand? Why not, indeed? Despite the young lady's name, to which I could not lend my approval, she was generally satisfactory. One looked at her without dissatisfaction, or rather with enjoyment. While not brilliant, she appeared intelligent, though not free from levity. That, however, would be subject to correction. Intimacy with myself would, I felt, mold her character. I would flatter her by seeking her assistance in my various researches, until subtly, before she realized it herself, her mind would take on a serious cast; she would come to care for more interesting and important matters. In short, she would become a fit mate and companion for a man of my character and habits.

I discovered on the following day that Miss Iseult had not been leaving her home since her mother discovered her partiality for Peter Higgins. Mrs. Wickliff had deemed it best to have her daughter under observation until the danger she feared was removed. I was convinced that Miss Iseult would welcome recreation; therefore I called again upon Mrs. Wickliff to state my position and to receive her approval. I need not affirm that she did approve; indeed, she evinced enthusiasm. It was at her suggestion that I took Miss Iseult for a drive in my car.

Miss Iseult—I constantly find myself wishing the original possessor of that name had been a trifle more reserved in her manner and circumspect in her conduct — appeared somewhat surprised when I invited her to accompany me,

but, nevertheless, she assented eagerly, saying, "I'd cry with joy to get out of this house, even with an animated copy of Webster's Unabridged."

It was an odd expression, but young women make use of peculiar diction, I have observed. When we were on the road I opened the conversation by observing that Professor Maultsbetch, of the University of Leipsic, had recently issued a fascinating book in support of his theory that the aboriginal Mayans of Central America were actual descendants of prehistoric Eskimos inhabiting that region when, instead of being tropical, as it is to-day, owing to a shifting of the earth's axis, it was close to the



"AND BE SURE TO BRING YOUR BOOK"

pole. She was aroused to immediate interest.

"Did you bring the book with you?" she asked.

"I have it in my pocket," said I, delighted to have a glimpse of a side of her intellect of which I had not dreamed.

"The car seems to run smoothly," said she. "Suppose you read it."

I opened the volume and began to read.

"No, no, not aloud," she said, quickly. "I'm afraid I shouldn't grasp it. But I shall be glad to have you go ahead by yourself. I know you will enjoy that more than talking with me. . . . I love to see men comfortable."

It was delightfully considerate of her, and my heart warmed toward her as it had not done before. I may say that until that moment I had not been wholeheartedly enthusiastic for marriage with the young woman. But her solicitude on my behalf was not without its effect. I thanked her and reopened my book.

We drove until the dinner-hour was near, a time sufficient for me to read with care chapters three to ten of Professor Maultsbetch's work. Never, I say, without fear of contradiction, have I enjoyed so pleasant a drive; never had female companionship been so delightful.

I left Miss Iseult at her home after promising to call for her again without delay.

"Thank you, Simeon," she said, sweetly, for that is the word most aptly describing her tone and manner. "Do so . . . and be sure to bring your book."

I have had comparatively little to do with women, and must confess that there has been no embarrassing eagerness on their part to seek my society. Indeed, I have had my disappointments, due, I believe, to failure on my part to study the subject as I should. There must, thought I, be some one who treats instructively of the subject of women. It was an idea to act upon with promptness. I therefore hastened to our public library and approached the young woman in charge.

Said I, "I desire a book from which I can gain information on the subject of women."

I thought she looked at me a trifle peculiarly. "Would you mind," she asked, "telling me more particularly what you want to know?"

"Such knowledge," said I, "as would be helpful to a young man desirous of acquiring the admiration, indeed the affection, of a young lady."

She turned her back and coughed alarmingly. When the paroxysm passed she turned and said, in a strangled voice:

"I can recommend the works of three authors—Jane Austen, E. P. Roe, and Charlotte Brontë. They have treated extensively of the subject in the way you require."

"Indeed," said I; "I have never heard of them. Will you give me one of the works of Jane Austen? The name sounds substantial and dependable. Doubtless she deals with the matter thoroughly and thoughtfully."

"She does," replied the young woman, and presently she returned with the book.

On my arrival at home I found it to be quite different from what I had anticipated. It was, in short, a story—fiction. However, inasmuch as it had been recommended by the librarian, I determined to peruse it. You will be astonished to learn that it was actually instructive! I gleaned from it an important fact, namely, that young women are attracted by romance, and that in their eyes the most romantic of acts is an elopement. It seems that a young lady prefers to elope with a man she dislikes rather than to marry in due form and prosaically a gentleman who has won her affection. I considered this a curious thing.

I despatched a messenger to Miss Iseult with a note inviting her to accompany me to the mid-week dance at the Country Club that night. She returned a favorable reply. As you may have assumed, I do not give myself to the pastime of dancing, yet I felt sure Miss Iseult would not lack for partners. This would permit me to withdraw to the reading-room, leaving her to her devices until it was the hour for returning home. I was not mistaken in my conjectures.

During the evening a rather delightful episode occurred. Young Peter Higgins sought me out in the library.

"Mr. Small," said he, shaking my hand warmly, "I have long admired you—your character and your habits—but until to-night I feel I have never appreciated you as I should."

I was astonished, but gratified. "You flatter me," said I; "but why has your appreciation increased to-night?"

"The fact," said he, "that you have the courage to steel yourself against the frivolity—the delightful frivolity—of the dance, and occupy this time with profitable reading. It has been a lesson to me. I want to thank you." He insisted on shaking my hand again.

"I am glad," said I, modestly, "if I have been helpful."

"Helpful?" said he, with a burst of youthful enthusiasm. "You've been a regular double-jointed, rip-snorting, back-action, self-loading life-saver."

I deplored the number of compound words he chose to aline in a single sentence, but with the sentiment I could have no quarrel. "You put it strongly," said I.

"I can't express what is in my heart," said he, "without using improper words. My vocabulary, I regret to say, has been neglected. And," he went on, with a note of admiration in his voice, "do you actually intend to remain here the rest of the evening?"

"Until the last dance is completed," I said, firmly.

"It will be a favor," said he, "if you will permit me to inform you when that moment comes." Again he shook hands with me and left me. I may be excused for a deep sense of gratification that came over me. One cannot but take pleasure from a knowledge of deserved appreciation—and from an unexpected quarter. It was apparent that this Peter Higgins was a young man of discernment. He seemed, rather to my surprise, to bear me no ill will for becoming what my author, Miss Jane Austen, referred to many times as a rival.

Peter returned in an hour or so with the word that the dance was ended. I accompanied him in search of Miss Iseult and found that he had taken the trouble, in my behalf, to obtain her cloak and see to it that she was ready for departure. She greeted me with obvious pleasure.

On the drive home I broached the subject of marriage. Not directly, but somewhat obliquely, in order not to frighten her. Miss Austen speaks emphatically on this point. It seems young women are frightened by sudden proffers of the hand.

"Miss Iseult," said I, "you may have been a trifle surprised at the frequency with which I have sought your society."

"That is hardly the word to describe my sentiments," she said, gravely.

"Let me ask you," said I, "to consider the facts when you are alone. Perhaps, by this means, you may make some conjecture as to my purpose." I thought that rather delicate and tactful. It would compel her to think of me; it might, indeed, lead her to guess my intention, yet it could by no means cause her alarm.

"I shall not fail to do as you ask," she said.

We spoke no further words until we arrived at her door, where I said good night gently, but with restraint. I thought I had gone far enough to make an excellent beginning.

During the next two weeks I was much with Miss Iseult, and came, I admit it without shame, to harbor a genuine desire to possess her as my wife. We went to many events together, and, surprisingly enough, encountered young Peter Higgins frequently. I judged that he had taken these occasions to seek me out and pass a moment in my company. His devotion to me was no less than touching. I invited him to call at my house—a thing which it seemed he was unable to do because of business engagements.

Gradually I had drawn closer to the subject of marriage. Miss Iseult had been wholly unable to guess at my reason for seeking her presence, but I am convinced she was not untouched by a theory as to my purpose before the month was out. While I never mentioned the subject directly, I did skirt about it deftly, and she was a young woman of some perception.

At last I deemed the time to have come for my disclosure. We were seated on her piazza; the moon shone brightly upon us — a condition much recommended by Miss Austen.

"Miss Iseult," said I, "I am about to astonish you."

"Simeon," said she, "you astonish me every little while. About a dozen times a day I tell myself you can't actually be true."

"Very encouraging," thought I. Aloud I said, "The events which have preceded to-night have been but the preliminaries of a courtship."

She sat erect and stared at me. "I never should have dreamed it," she exclaimed.

"It is true. I have been giving you an opportunity to know me—to study me, so that you might arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of my personality and of my suitability to become your husband. You have had ample opportunity, so now there can be neither danger nor impropriety in asking the question I am about to ask."

Her hand was over her mouth, her head turned away; she trembled visibly, but did not speak.

"Miss Iseult," said I, "will you elope with me?"

"Elope!" she cried, starting erect and staring at me.

I saw I had done well by thus suddenly injecting the element of romance. It seemed I had taken her heart by storm. That is another phrase developed by careful reading of Miss Austen.

"Yes," said I; "we can fly together, procure the services of an ordained minister, be made one, and thwart the opposition of your hard-hearted parents." I found Miss Austen invaluable.

She was silent. I did not interrupt her thoughts. For a long time she remained without word or movement. "Have you made any plans?" she asked, presently.

"I have," said I. "A servant will be bribed to carry out your baggage and bring it to me. On the appointed night I shall have in waiting on the corner below a closed carriage containing your bags. You will be in readiness, waiting for my whistle under your window. You will leave your room, creep down the stairs, emerge from the carriage door, and together we will fly."

Again she was silent. Presently she asked another question. "When can you be prepared to carry out your plan?"

"I have decided on Thursday night as a suitable time."

"Very well, Simeon. I shall be waiting for your whistle."

I was enchanted. I became ardent. "Ought I not, as your accepted suitor, to have the privilege of—kissing my—bride." This language was difficult for me.

She permitted me to kiss her—once—and I took my leave.

Next day I informed Mrs. Wickliff of the plan, and together we laughed at the manifestly humorous features of it. Mrs. Wickliff admired my acumen in devising the romance, agreeing to do her part faithfully. I need not say I was delighted. By one masterly move I had served two causes: I had procured for myself a wife, and I had removed from the midst of the Country Club the most irritating cause of the enmity existing there.

Thursday morning Miss Iseult's bags arrived at my house. Thursday evening, with my hired carriage, I repaired to the shadows of a near-by corner. Then, using the caution of an aboriginal American, I approached the Wickliff home, crept to a place under Iseult's window, and whistled. She waved her hand.

Presently she emerged from the door and we fled across the lawn. She was in terror of apprehension. "Where—is the—carriage?" she panted.

"On the next corner," said I.

"Let me run ahead," she breathed. "You remain here—to guard my escape. Stop anybody that comes—at any cost.

"They shall pass only over my inanimate body," I assured her, and assumed a heroic posture of defense. She disappeared in the shadows.

I gave her ample time to reach the carriage, then followed at a dignified pace. I arrived at the spot. The carriage was gone! I looked about me, thinking Iseult might have wished it moved to a place of greater security, but it was nowhere to be seen. I hastened hither and thither, much perturbed. Suddenly my feet encountered an obstacle, and I was hurled headlong to the ground. Scrambling with all possible speed to my feet, I discovered—with amazement—that I had fallen over my own baggage!

I lighted a match. It is needless to say that I was alarmed. I was more than alarmed. The match disclosed plainly my bags. To one of them was fastened an envelope, which I snatched and opened.



"MISS ISEULT," SAID I, "WILL YOU ELOPE WITH ME?"

DEAR SIMEON [I read by the match's flickering light],—At the last moment my heart rebelled. I could not complete my elopement with you—though I could not bear to deprive you of at least a part of it. Peter Higgins has been so kind as to relieve you of the difficulties remaining. We have gone to Meadsboro, where we will be married. Until my dying hour, Simeon, you shall have my gratitude and esteem.

ISEULT.

It turned out that they did not go to Meadsboro at all, but quite in another direction—to Alameda. Doubtless this was due to a sudden change of plan after writing the note.

Nonplussed and distressed, I hastened to acquaint Mrs. Wickliff with the news. In her surprise she spoke somewhat harshly to me, and presently called in Colonel Wickliff, whose vocabulary con-



HIS VOCABULARY CONTAINED MANY WORDS WITH WHICH I HAD SMALL ACQUAINTANCE

tained many words with which I had small acquaintance. Numbered among them was the peculiar trisyllable "nincompoop."

I retired as hastily as I might and returned to my home, where I spent the remainder of the night contemplating the situation with mixed feelings. I felt a certain embarrassment, so much so that I kept to the house for a week.

Going once again into society, I learned that Peter and Iseult were on their way to Europe, but, worst of all, that more than two hundred resignations had poured in to the board of governors of the club; that, indeed, there was a serious schism, and that a portion of the membership had seceded to form another organization. I received a communication to that effect from the governors. Their letter ended, "We have already received two hundred resignations—but can find leisure to act on one more."

That was incomprehensible to me. Why *one* more?

The Party of the Third Part

BY WALTER E. WEYL

"THE quarrel," opined Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it."

Something like this was once the attitude of the swaggering youth of Britain and Ireland, who quarreled "genteelly" and fought out their bloody duels "in peace and quietness." Something like this, also, after the jump of a century, was the attitude of employers and trade-unions all over the world toward industrial disputes. Words were wasted breath; the time to strike or to lock out your employees was when you were ready and your opponent was not. If you won, so much the better; if you lost—at any rate, it was your own business. Outsiders were not presumed to interfere. "Faith!" exclaimed Sir Lucius, "that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding."

It was not only in strikes, but in all industrial matters, that we believed it to be an affair of the parties themselves. We had always been taught that the state should keep the ring, but not interfere, that the wage relation was a private relation, that the enlightened interest of employer and employee, if given full play, would benefit all. It was no business of the community to meddle with the community's business. "Let the state mind its own business," was an axiom of politics.

All this is changing. The philosophy of *laissez-faire*, of let-alone, is gradually eaten away by exceptions. It is not so much controverted as ignored. To-day public opinion becomes the dominant factor in industry. The public is learning its rights and its responsibilities. It helps to determine how, on what conditions, in what circumstances, men shall work. It decides what shall be the hours of toil for women and children. It declares who is right and who is wrong in great strikes which snap the thread of industry. Not only does it make such decisions, but it enforces them with invisible and intangible instruments.

Everywhere we find signs of this keener interest and this broader authority of the public in matters of industry. We cannot read our morning newspaper, we cannot walk in the streets or ride in the cars, we cannot go to school, church, or theater, without seeing evidences of a public intervention, legal or extra-legal, obvious or subtle. The factory inspector we have long had with us, but year by year his rôle becomes more important and more fully recognized. Year by year the industrial codes of the states expand and grow more explicit and minute. Daily appeals are made for public approbation of industrial acts. An important electric company advertises at great expense that it is saving the lives of hundreds of its workers. Other concerns vaunt their generosity to employees rather than the cheapness of their wares. "We were the first," advertises one automobile concern, "to establish profit-sharing with our employees." Public approval pays; the public cares. The public intervenes increasingly as its interest in industrial matters becomes increasingly manifest.

In times of strike this interest of the public becomes especially clear. If half a dozen workmen in a little bake-shop go out on strike, the struggle is not likely to be of importance to the public. Where, however, the number of strikers is large, the duration of the strike long, the service that is interrupted of vital importance and requiring continuity, where the strike or lockout affects large masses of the population—there the public interest becomes transparently obvious. Our whole industrial society is interdependent; you cannot remove one wheel without bringing the whole machinery to a stop.

In many ordinary strikes on street railways, in coal-mines, in big manufacturing industries, this direct interest of the public is made manifest. The public wearies of being a mere innocent bystander while the two parties fight out their feud at the pistol's mouth. It objects to being struck by a brick hurled through a car window. It objects even more strenuously to being deprived of accustomed means of transportation to which it has accommodated its daily labor and its daily life.

All this, however, does not measure the full concern of the public. How overwhelming that interest might become would be made clear in the event of a general railroad strike. Suppose that to-morrow all the trainmen in the United States should strike. We do not like to consider such contingencies; as a nation we do not believe in earthquakes except during the shock. Still, the case, though extreme, is not impossible. Railroad employees have a legal right to demand higher wages; railroad companies have a right to refuse.

At the very outbreak of such a strike provisions in the inland cities would rise to famine prices. The steady stream of food would be dammed; the milk supply would trickle, then disappear; the death-rate (especially among babies) would mount to terrifying figures. The strike, were it to last a fortnight, would bring havoc and desolation. There would be blanched faces and desperate deeds; there would be vigilance committees and mobs of unemployed men storming city centers where the food commandeered by municipal authorities would be stored. The machinery of industrial life would break down. A month of even partial isolation might mean a dissolution of social ties and a temporary reversion to barbarism. The cities, in the grip of a relentless, slowly closing fist, would sicken, hunger, starve.

What would happen? We cannot foretell exactly what form public action would take, but we do know that the nation's paramount rights would be upheld, that the stoppage would cease, that some competent tribunal would decide upon the merits of the controversy. In so desperate a situation the legal right of railroads and of men to make such bargains as they chose would be subordinated to the nation's right of self-defense. When social peace, when the very existence of the community, is at stake, everything—private property, private contract, law, constitutions, precedents—give way. The interest of the public becomes dominant, unique. It is held to justify any necessary action, legal, extra-legal, illegal.

An ounce of prevention is worth a hundred belated investigating committees, and actually the public moves before such devastating strikes occur. A public disapproval, quick and vengeful, casts its shadow before. A sensitive mariner does not wait till the iceberg strikes his vessel; he detects its chill presence miles away. To-day astute railroad managers and equally astute presidents of the great railroad brotherhoods understand that they may go just so far in the way of bargaining. Strikes on individual railroads occur, but a general railroad strike, one covering the whole country or a wide territory, is fast becoming unthinkable. Where railroad conflicts of such magnitude are in question the two parties may threaten a lockout or strike; they may creep to the very verge of the conflict, but not beyond. At the very moment when enthusiasts are clamoring for compulsory arbitration in railroad disputes, we are already approaching what in practice amounts to such compulsory arbitration, with the public as arbitrator.

In five years sixty threatened strikes upon the railroads of the country were averted through the interposition of the public. Again and again the special representatives of the government were asked to mediate, and in no instance were their efforts fruitless. Neither side dares refuse arbitration; neither side dares violate the award. The fateful issues involved in war make for peace. What is feared is not the injury inflicted by the opponent, but the certainty that the public, suffering grievously, will cause both sides to suffer in turn. For the railroads and the brotherhoods, with their vast resources, could carry on for months a struggle which the public could not endure for weeks. Neither side dares face obloquy or sudden puni-

tive action by the public. Public opinion reaches high up. It cannot be shut out of the home of the multimillionaire. It also reaches down. The officers of the trade-union enter into friendly social relations with many elements of the population. Nor are trade-union members themselves immune. Public opinion is expressed more or less certainly by newspapers which appeal to the very men to whom the union appeals. Where the interest of the public is as obvious as in the case of the railroad, a strike or lockout is not to be entered upon lightly.

There are many ways, much less obvious, in which public opinion affects strikes by throwing the weight of its sympathy to the one side or the other. It does this often crudely, sizing up a situation in the mass, expressing itself perhaps somewhat ignorantly through newspapers, magazines, and protest meetings. The sympathy of the public is quicker than its sober judgment; it has little interest in dialectics or fine distinctions; it is likely to introduce extraneous matters into decisions; it is not always free from prejudice. None the less it acts, and acts decisively, in cases where it might seem difficult to exert any influence whatsoever.

Public opinion is not an automatic, self-regulating device in which you put a just cause into the slot and get out a victory. The side with the approval of the public cannot rest quietly, knowing that right will prevail. Public opinion, like other gods, inclines not infrequently to the side of the big battalions. It helps those who help themselves. Time and heroic endurance are necessary to enlist it, for it dislikes labor disturbances in general and hesitates to believe that conditions are evil unless workers strike against them. Public opinion being slow to awake, a strike must usually last some little time before it is concentrated and mobilized. Perhaps it is better so. A social group should not rely too largely upon outsiders. Public opinion is a good ally, but a poor guardian.

That public opinion is daily becoming more potent in labor disputes is clearly shown by the increasing endeavor of both sides to secure its invaluable aid. Skilful statements are issued by each party; the best points of each are elucidated and emphasized; hostile contentions are mercilessly attacked. When the Eastern railroads were confronted with a demand for higher wages for their trainmen, they posted up in their stations carefully prepared statements bristling with statistics and arguments. There is often a certain jockeying for position. The employers insert paid advertisements in the newspapers, showing that their cause is just or is the cause of the public, and the strikers reply in interview or signed manifesto. Both sides learn to know the best lines of approach to the public mind, for to-day, as always, we are ruled by phrases. Each group emphasizes its most popular contentions, each group puts its best foot foremost.

All of which is new—and old. There was never a time when the public was so frequently and skilfully approached and never a time when each side to a controversy did not to some extent appeal to outsiders. As early as 1721 we find the master tailors of London seeking to direct public opinion against the malicious "Journey-men Taylors," who "have lately entered into a combination to raise their wages, and leave off working an hour sooner than they used to do," refusing to work and "choosing rather to live in idleness," thus becoming "not only useless and burdensome, but also *very dangerous to the publick*." Then, as now, it was urged that the strike was against public interest, since the men struck in busy season "against the King's Birthday . . . which is a great disappointment to gentlemen."

Doubtless our modern memorialists, like the master tailors of 1721, are prone to exaggerated statement and even to hypocrisy. Now as then both sides protest overmuch. None the less the result, on the whole, is good. The entrance of the third party means a certain moralization of the strike and of the whole industrial relationship. Our tame consciences, so largely the reflection of our neighbor's opinions, awake in anticipation when what we do is to be blazoned forth in the public prints. Public opinion may not always be a just judge, but cases arise where any judge is better than none.

Where, however, the two parties themselves can come to a just settlement, it is better for the third party not to interfere. Mutual agreement, where possible, is better than arbitration. When the parties in interest, respecting each other and fearing each other, meet in great industrial parliaments, and there work out trade agreements, solemn, binding treaties—when such arrangements are achieved by the parties themselves—we have a development of industrial democracy more valuable and real than the award of any arbitrator. Where the contestants are not too unequal in strength nor too disorganized and chaotic, where the public interest is not immediate and overwhelming, let the issue be decided by the parties and reserve public opinion as a final resort. Some knots should be loosened, not cut.

Sometimes, too, public opinion itself is weak and distraught. Without concurring with Sir Robert Peel, who asserted that "public opinion is a great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs," we may still admit that it is not all-wise nor all-powerful. How could it be when the public consists of us and our neighbors, the people in the street-cars and at the baseball games? The public is in part careless, in part ignorant, in part interested. It is too often but a sleeping giant flinging out with heavy fist against friend or foe, hating to be disturbed. Having an interest in peace, it does not always inquire whether the peace is honorable.

Moreover, public opinion solidifies slowly. It is not a whole thing—not a thing of one piece. Some men instinctively side with the workers; others with the employers. Subsidiary interests are involved. Some will make money if the strike continues or is won, others if the strike is lost. Beyond all these, however, there is a social group cherishing the interests of society as a whole (as we all do at times), who want a strike settled or averted only under conditions honorable to both sides.

This basic public opinion is growing in volume and depth. Attracting many people of some leisure and education, it extends downward in the economic scale as industrial and educational opportunities widen, as wages rise, as our high-schools and colleges pour out greater numbers of educated graduates, and as our new national problems give that education an increasingly social turn. Public opinion becomes democratized. To be effective, however, this opinion must not only swell in volume, but be increasingly directed into proper channels. Uninstructed, untrained, accidental public opinion drifts like a huge derelict, and its impact is perilous.

Slowly, however, this public opinion is being unified and guided into effective channels. Appeals are made not only to immediate interest, but to wide sympathies and a common morality. A distinction is made between strikes which are necessary, beneficent, and an education to the workers and the community, and those that are wasteful and disintegrating. The public slowly learns to uphold the right of the weaker. It learns its own right and ability to secure its own protection, to assure itself that industries be not permanently injured, that the human side of the labor problem be not neglected.

Though the weapons of this public opinion are impalpable, they are many and powerful. Political action is one weapon; publicity is another. Business is subject to law, and reforms, fought for uncertainly by hungry strikers, may often be more surely obtained by well-conceived laws secured at the instance of the whole community. Publicity is a broom which sweeps out the dark corners and corrects, by exposing, evils which the law cannot reach. Men who will risk a punitive fine dare not stand up to a Congressional committee or a newspaper reporter. Mediation and investigation are feared by those who have no justice in their cause, and are not only a preventive of strikes, but also a guide to the public in its own determinations. We live to-day in a statistical age. Statistics help us to discover what is a living wage and what wages are actually paid in any given industry. The public learns to demand certain minimum conditions in industry and to judge by these whether a threatened strike is or is not justifiable.

It is not only in strikes, however, that the public has been an innocent bystander. If workers become ill or are maimed in factories, it is to the public hospitals that they go; if they work at too early an age, for too long hours or under evil conditions generally, they tend to become public charges. In one way or another the unemployed also are maintained at public expense.

This direct interest of the public is strongly reinforced by a sympathy and a growing moral sense which result in a powerful assertion of popular control in many industrial relations. The vitality of this public sympathy can no longer be ignored. Though fluctuating and vague, it is effective. No conception of our modern life is so unreal and sentimental as that which excludes such sentiment from the category of social motives. The public, semi-uninformed but learning, stretches across class lines, grows slowly into self-consciousness, and exerts its new power wisely and unwisely—and increasingly.

This new social consciousness is partly reflected in what is called "welfare work," an industrial house-cleaning in which the employer wields the broom. Much may be justly urged against such welfare work. Being a reform from the top, it is not nearly so valuable as are democratic reforms secured by the workers themselves or by the community. At times it is resorted to merely for the purpose of making more democratic reforms impossible. What is given with one hand is occasionally taken away with the other.

There still remains, however, a wide margin of possible benefit in such internal reform of industry, made by employers for the benefit of employees. It is natural that the more intelligent and public-spirited employers should so act. Such men gradually imbibe a more social view of industry, learning it not only as members of the public, but as parties to conflicts and controversies in which the public has intervened. Even employers who have not yet attained to a democratic conception of industry, and who merely provide cottages and baths and midday lunches in the spirit in which medieval magnates built churches—even such as these become imbued with a vague sense that the public has a just interest and enforceable rights in the whole industrial relation.

The development of welfare work or "industrial betterment" has been rapid and continuous. Humane and far-sighted employers have improved their factories and shops, built "model" homes for their employees, and furnished airy and cheerful dining-rooms in which good meals are provided at cost. Baths, night-schools, kindergartens, recreation centers, have been provided for the workers. In some of these schemes a large measure of democratic management is preserved; in certain others the government, though paternalistic, is at least far-sighted and scientific. A department of health and economics is maintained by one large employers' association, which not only provides recreation, comfort, and sanitary conditions for its employees, but also carefully studies the effect of such improvements upon the productiveness of the force. From this point to the establishment of general standards, which will soon be enforced by law and public opinion, is but a step.

What is most significant about this programme, however, is not the actual reform accomplished, although that is not negligible, but the fact that many benevolent employers advertise their benevolence. Everywhere we find great manufacturing establishments spending huge sums of money to inform the public that they *treat their employees humanely*. It pays the employer to let the public know this. It pays because the public cares. Back of the far-sightedness of individual employers lies the sympathetic concern of a wide public.

In protective legislation for workmen this influence of the public stands out even more clearly. Labor legislation has been slow and difficult in the United States. Gradually, however, public opinion penetrates into the inmost fields of industrial life, and year by year laws are passed for the benefit of the worker, protecting life, limb, health, wage, and morality. Night work, Sunday work, the toil of women, of children, and even of men, are regulated or forbidden by statute. Laws are passed to exclude

workers from labor for which they are not fitted, to protect them from dangerous machines and insanitary conditions, to compel frequent payment of wages, to prohibit the truck system, to provide for factory inspection by state officials. This legislation, though demanded by the workers themselves, is approved and secured by public opinion.

The chief beneficiaries of this benevolent interposition are the weaker and more exploited workers—especially the children. Child labor is no new thing in America. In the early thirties the Massachusetts mills were full of young children and the Massachusetts schools half empty. A child of any age might work any number of hours. Public opinion was inert. To-day almost every state has a child-labor law, good, bad, or indifferent, and yearly the laws improve. The public is slowly convinced that children—every-day, ordinary children—are a national asset. No longer is a private agreement between the employer and the child's careless parents inviolable. The public insists that there is a third party to the contract, that this third party has interests overriding the interests of the two other parties.

Women also come under the protection of law and public opinion. Women have always been largely employed. In some of our great industries they were more important proportionately three generations ago than they are to-day. They are now, however, as they have always been, relatively defenseless. Their wages are low, their skill is low, they are easily replaced. For the most part they form a fluctuating group of young persons, hoping to marry, and as yet incapable of forming trade-unions as powerful and aggressive as are those of the men. For this very reason, because of their weakness, the state intervenes. Public opinion works also outside the law. There grows up a subtle social code which visits with disapprobation the exploitation of girl workers, and which applauds whole-heartedly the efforts of individual employers to improve conditions.

How far public opinion is to go in this reshaping of our industrial life no one can safely predict. That it will go far, however, is inevitable. The force making for reform is not spent; the ideals, already formed, are not nearly attained.

As public opinion advances it revolutionizes all our social ideals. Business, it is true, remains business, competitive, aggressive, pushing, not a school of the virtues, not a moral gymnasium. At the same time, without excessive fussiness or hampering of individual effort, there remains a widening opportunity to improve and moralize the industrial relation through public opinion. We are shifting the center of the industrial universe; more and more that world revolves around the man who works rather than about product or profit. Industrial accidents, industrial disease, low wages, excessive toil, industrial autocracy, encounter an ever-stronger public condemnation.

To accomplish our new industrial purposes we are gradually evolving a complex machinery by which the party of the third part makes manifest and effective its will. Great strikes and lockouts vitally affecting the public welfare are by one device or another prevented from becoming too disastrous. Investigation, mediation, arbitration, legislation, circumscribe and limit such clashes. Public opinion and public law determine more and more definitely what is a fair and reasonable conduct of industry, what is to be forbidden and what permitted in the public interest. Vast insurance and other plans are devised, making for co-operation between the two parties for the maintenance of peace and a nearer approach to justice. More and more the public sets its approval upon great parliaments of industry, in which unions and associations of employers meet together to form treaties of peace. Stability, continuity, security, and minimum standards of life and labor are gradually approached.

We are to-day only in the beginning of this progress. There will be much warfare, and peace will never be absolute; many experiments will break down before success is attained. Progress, however, will continue. The most hopeful signs in our modern industrial relations is the growing interest and the wider and more active participation by a public growing gradually in intelligence and social consciousness.

Alan of Lesley

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IT may be that Godfrey of Beaujeu did well to follow King Richard to the Holy Land; but he should have left another wife at home. The Countess Jocelyn was a sleek flame of a woman eager after fuel, mistress of a merry hearth, but no lamp to set in lonely windows; a creature of many colors and a thousand moods, red-haired above dark brows that shadowed long, gray eyes; childless as yet, with the lips and bosom of a child, and a child's needfulness of deeds and daring and to feel her weight upon the balance of the world. I mind me of a certain physician out of Padua upholding that all women were as by nativity like to birds, cats, or kine: a pragmatical fellow otherwise, and over-given to finding the roots of every matter in the flesh. Howbeit, for what truth may harbor in his saying, the lady of Beaujeu bore assuredly neither wing nor horn.

For the first months of her waiting she did well, making a great business over her wardship, and playing, as it were, at lady of the castle, with guards by day and by night, and none to enter after sundown; beacons kept ready to southward, and every cotter under arms; ye might deem Beaujeu sole bulwark of the white coast, and the French king's sails like to glimmer every moment across the narrow seas. Thereafter for a season the place grew bright with silken holiday and the merriment of changing guests. Prince John abode there for a sennight between Winchester and Pevensey. With his coming, my lady lost fear of the French king; and with his going her court faded as her camp had done, a pleasantry forspent. I marvel why she followed not to Windsor sooner than bide the winter's loneliness. Haply she feared her husband, knowing already what treason was brewing thereabout. Yet she stayed fast where she was; and in the spring came one Simon de Maulny, called The Lombard, as by Count Godfrey conquered somewhere in a joust and sent in lieu of ransom to bear tidings of his conqueror. This Simon followed the French king, albeit by no land service; he bore upon a field sable three bezants reversed; and he tarried long at Beaujeu, going by times to Windsor and returning. Yet he, too, parted with the falling of the leaf, so that the second winter closed down upon stark emptiness. The lady drowsed over her tapestry, hating the long hours and making an evil season for her maids. Neither did the flush of springtide light the shadow of her eyes nor still the restless hurry of her hands.

It was of a morning late in Lent that she sent for her page, Alan of Lesley. He came leaping like a young stag; but before the doorway of her chamber paused a moment with bowed head, and at her bidding entered softly, as one cometh within a shrine. The Lady Jocelyn stood against a window, looking out along the misty downs to southward. She was all in emerald silk, with a veil of violet about her breast; and the chill sunbeams took fire touching her. When she turned at last where he stood waiting, it was a jewel that moved in the golden casket of the chamber. After he had kissed her hand, she said, softly, "Alan, wilt thou serve me?"

He answered out of swimming eyes, "Lady, my heart's blood is all thine own."

She laughed, and sat sidelong upon the bed, swaying her raiment around her. "Nay, Sirrah Galahault, I will not ask so much." She nestled among the cushions; never a line of her but was the very handicraft of God. Then she went on quickly: "See now, yestereve past thy bedtime came letters from my lord that is even now midway returned through France, bidding me come to meet him. Take pen and parchment,

therefore. Why had I never skill to learn of writing?" She leaned forward, all alight with eagerness, while Alan wondered how man of woman born should half deserve such welcome; then began as by rote, full trippingly:

"*My fair and dear lord* [so Alan wrote] *our sojourn apart is my measure of joy to meet thy will. I come to-morrow, under such guard as may be spared, by Hastings and Dieppe, and so landward toward Rouen. Whither may Our Lady lead thee soon to learn how I have dared thy bidding.* . . . What a devil aileth thee, boy? Hast thou seen Mahound in a vision?"

Alan answered, stammering, "Me seemeth perilous beyond need to fare so near French land, whereas we might keep ship all up the river to Rouen."

"And who sought thy seeming, popinjay?" She glared a space, then, softening into laughter: "Lord, now, what a very man of men! Thou art grown beyond pagehood, Alan, so as poor womankind must heed thine ordinances. . . . See now, shall I make thee my squire upon this journey or leave thee to hold my castle here?" And while he craved pardon out of a bath of blushes: "Nay, thou comest with me, then, squire of my guard. Write it so, and send by my lord's messenger. He is in the small brew-house . . . and hark ye—no need that he should babble danger to the whole castle. . . ." She twisted a rope of heavy hair between her fingers and laid it beside a tress of Alan's own, saying: "Here is copper of the mines and flax of the furrow. We must clip those curls, my Galahad, ere we set helm upon them. Folk will call thee my maid of honor else." And so bidding him see to all, she sent him from her, half proud, half shamefast, and worshipful as a maiden after mass.

It was a true maid of honor that he stumbled over in the gallery just without. He had gone swiftly, chin aloft; and she, turning to fly, had bent an ankle and gone down; so that he went his length across her and rose raging, while she sat, a shadow among the shadows, nursing a scratched elbow. He said, angrily: "What has thou to do, eavesdropping at my lady's door?"

She answered only: "Beast! Thou hast broke mine arm!" and sat there sucking it and staring up at him. Presently he growled:

"There is no secret toward, albeit small business of thine. We go to meet my lord, having but now letters from him. Best make ready thy mails." And he would have passed, but she sat in his way, saying:

"I will tell thee a fable: The cat said to the bat, 'Take me to the dog.'" And she nodded many times.

Alan said: "There is no sense in thy saying, save a bairn's disworship of the Count and our sweet lady. Let me pass." And with that she sprang up, crying:

"Of a truth, men are all foul beasts together; and thou no man, but a dreaming fool." And she covered her face and ran swiftly adown the gallery, shaking as with laughter, and crying, "The Count! . . . Oh, fool! . . . fool!"

Alan went about his works with a very new, wise thought in him: it was this, that no man hath time for wondering over women's words. He found the messenger—a black-browed, sunburnt fellow that wore no cognizance, and with a tongue of thick southern French that Alan might hardly understand. As he got to horse Alan added of his own device a message to the letter: "Say this also to my lord: Come swiftly, for we go through danger."

The fellow thrust downward three fingers, and muttered, "Art thou also of his fellowship?" Which Alan, taking for some foreign jape, bade him shortly to be off without further mockery of his betters. Whereupon the man took his bridle and clattered away, grinning.

From the first, Alan had little pleasure of that journey. He had thought to go blithely, lording it in his new armor as a man over men, as a knight serving his lady well, and his heart leaped at the dream of foreign lands. But the Countess went sharp and silent, with a fretful brow, and the men gecked and whispered behind him. He thought shame to take heed thereof, yet rode with a hot cheek; nor might he void the seeming that they went a fool's errand, perilous without need, whereof the charge lay upon his shoulders, but the governance out of his hands. They lay the night in Hastings,



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green Engraved by Nelson Demarest

THE COUNTESS RIDING IN BUSY CONVERSE BY LORD SIMON

at the abbey there, and next morn took ship for Dieppe under scaly clouds. But in mid-channel a grievous storm smote them sidelong from the east, with rain, coldness, and a gnashing sea, wherein the ship heaved and swung sightless of land or sky. When the night fell so upon them, amid howl of blast and creak of timber, rattle of black rain and drench of spray, the women shrieking between lurch and wallow, and the struggle of the horses in the belly of the ship, Alan weened himself hard upon death if not quick in hell already. The sailors also swore marvelously, stamping to and fro with lanthorns, and treading upon him where he lay; insomuch as God's vengeance must momently be drawn upon them though they abode the storm. Nevertheless, he dragged up a dizzy body to his lady's service: though he perished, it should be at her side. A wet wind gushed by him into the cabin, where a lamp smoked against the beams; the air within was very thick and sour; and a slew of the vessel cast him against the Countess, that railed upon him for leaving her to die uncomforted, yet trampling her life out whenas he came. She was green-sallow, and sore dishevveled. Thereafter she fell to cursing the day that she was born, together with her husband and Simon of Lombardy, that had brought her into such a pass. Meanwhile the maid of honor lay as a clump of clothes against the wall, nor either moved nor spake while Alan bade her arise and serve her mistress. Upon him, therefore, lay such work as need be done; so, night-long he wrought for nurse and tire-woman to a creature mad with fear and beyond help sickly of the sea, driving his weakness to the task as a warrior laboring against wounds. Truly to him there was no change in her from that bright beauty laughing in her chamber two days agone: she was his lady, almost as it had been the blessed Mother herself; in her trouble could be neither fear nor foulness, neither shame nor jest.

When he staggered forth about sunrise the storm was blown clear and the deck full of laughing knaves that should have been upon their knees for wonder of Heaven's mercy. There was land to southward, a hill and a sparkle of spires; and a man forward leaning out thither, of whom Alan asked where they might be.

The fellow grunted, "Blown west, a twenty devil way; yon is Harfleur, at Seine's mouth." And as he turned, Alan knew him for the messenger two days gone, and would know what he did there instead of half-way across Anjou.

The man leered at him to his face. "There was no ship till now. Must we have wings to please thee, little lordling?"

Alan laid him flat-long, without more words. He was up presently, with a bare knife and a bloody snarl, while the men thronged about; but therewith came the Countess, and there was naught more to do. She rated Alan for brawling, even before the churl that had outfaced him; and, when she learned where they would make land, brake out into lamentation, saying that the very wind and sea were set against her will, and all would mishappen to the last.

Alan said, "Nay, dear lady, for surely we are none the farther from Rouen."

But she said nothing to that, and presently called the messenger apart and spoke passionately with him, pointing often to the east. Meanwhile the maid of honor thrust a wan face over Alan's shoulder, where he stood brooding.

"Didst hear her name that devil in the night?" she whispered. "Simon the Lombard, that had brought her to this trouble? See now yonder! . . . O Lord, the round blind eyes of thee! Bat! . . . Bat!" And she went away ere he could make words to answer.

Harfleur was all one busy babble, and the burden thereof the name of the French king. It was Philip this and Philip that; how he was over the border with his knights, here, there, and yonder, like the plague. He had taken Neauflé and Gisors; he was southward at Evreux, northward at Aumâle; he was embattled about Rouen; he was by way down the river to England itself. All these and a thousand tales of war and treason swarmed over the town like wasps; and the sting thereof was the sight of guildsmen hurrying castleward from everywhere, and haggard stragglers from up Seine, the blood yet caked upon

their wounds. Whatever truth might be, it was plain madness to adventure further journey; and Alan, taking that ill news heavily to his mistress, found her closeted with my lord's messenger. She caught the words out of his mouth ere he had well begun:

"The king of France, quotha! I have advised and aredd of that matter these three hours. Must we dally gossiping the day long? Make ready the men, and despatch, i' Mary's name!" And the messenger put in softly:

"The French king is busy about Aumâle, young sir; we are out of his danger."

Alan began to say how at least they should keep south of the river, but the Countess broke in again:

"Once and for all, Alan, thou art my page and not my counselor. We ride forthwith, as I say, with or without thy rede, and so an end. Come faithful or tarry fearful, at thy pleasure." And she shook her shoulder at him.

Alan answered, "I will take that name liefer than lead thee further into this coil." And so besought her by all the saints to ship homeward, sending Count Godfrey word thereof; but she pouted her lip and patted her foot, and presently turned tearful eyes upon him without a word. And thereupon the boyhood of him melted into the mold of her desire. Nevertheless, he went about her bidding heavily, and scenting evil as a hound scents blood. A boy's first need is for worship, to spend himself therein, and of that Alan had full store, the Lady Jocelyn standing in his soul crowned with stars and hymned by angels, a very saint of dreams; wielding also the full glamour of that sweet whereof he knew not yet enough to name it woman. She blew against him like a storm of song. Yet her service, wherein he sought no better than to die, was to lead her blindfold into danger; and that riddle needs answer from a man. Neither had he over her any power at all, saving that frailest of meshes, reason; nor even that fairly, seeing he could make no plain advision of his forebodings. There was naught befallen but she knew as well as he, so her misadventure could spring only from such mere whiteness of heart as made his fears to her ward shameful to think upon; and to have warned her in stark words were sacrilege. Moreover, she was verily his mistress, as for that, owning her own counsel and his duty—wherein at least he would not fail nor blunder. They made a late start and poor wayfaring, the roads deep in mire and the horses sore and strained with tossing of the sea. The men also growled openly how they were flung forth useless into peril. Alan was fain to put my lady's word upon them, that the cowardly might rest behind, whereafter they swore somewhat and followed on. When they drew clear of the town he sent one a half-mile to forward and another to left under the hang of the hills, keeping himself sharp watch of the riverside along the opening reaches of the stream. When the Countess asked him laughingly if he feared birds or fishes, whereas the French were fifty miles north-away, he answered that he hoped this might be true: "Yet even so, but for the storm blowing us hither, we should have gone as to a very tryst with them."

Her horse leaped sidelong, and she reined close to say, looking straight out of wide eyes: "And if we had, they war not upon women. What evil should they do me?" and the maid of honor broke a hot silence by attainting Alan of terror for his own skin, so that he turned joyfully to rail upon her. Thereafter the Countess drew them into such merry pastime of light words that no room was left for troubling; and by that measure of her kindliness him seemed the more churlish to have so checked and questioned her fair pleasure, mean servant of so gentle mistress. He took shame also for having cast some shade of doubt upon her, in so much as for all her merriment she rode ever slow and watchful, by times a very sunbeam of joyance and again hushed and chilly for a space, like birds under the shadow of a cloud. They were benighted no farther along than Tancarville, where my lady would hear nothing of the castle, saying that she trusted neither crest nor tonsure of that breed; so they must needs lie foully at an inn. Alan spent a bright hour at her feet, she begging songs and tales of his north country, and flashing upon

him gemlike with a thousand smiles—the maid of honor glowering over needlework in a corner. Howbeit, under all was some tincture of unease; and he laid him down at last across her threshold, very knightly and worshipful, but with a troubled heart.

Out of black slumber suddenly he was at grapple with an angry man. It was hell-dark and no space to draw weapon; but Alan was crusted in light armor like a crab, and the other soft and silken. They rolled, smote, and wrestled, and soon burst through the gallery rail down into the hall beneath. Followed a dizzy flare of torches and babble of tongues, the women, strangely muffled, peering from above; and the man upon the floor was Simon of Lombardy. He rose first, a tall, greenish wight, sour-smiling, with a slow break in his speech between word and word, saying: "I—trod upon Lord Lesley sleeping, and we—broke the rail. Never fear; I am—not the French king." Therewith he handed up Alan, that had sense to greet him lightly and save blood, for the bare swords were crowding into the hall—the Frenchmen seven to their one—and a hair's turn would make sheer murder. The messenger also stood there among de Maulny's men, wearing now openly the three bezants for cognizance. They jested the place clear, not without sundry black mutterings, whereafter Lord Simon looked upward to the Countess: "Here is—fond welcome, to set thy—lapdog at my throat. What game is to—play now?"

She answered only, "Tell me tomorrow whether I be thy captive or thy friend," and so vanished. After some while, de Maulny said, lazily:

"Still bristling there? What wilt thou have—spaniel?"

Alan would have smitten him, but that seemed to be his very desire. He had the soft eyes of a dog, over a thin mouth. When he went forth Alan followed without words, and across his threshold lay down until the dawn, yet slumbered less than little during that while.

They journeyed the next day together, under a filthy sky chilly with small rain. A foul day for Alan, moreover, whom without cause the Countess cast out of favor, riding in busy converse by Lord Simon, and for him sparing nothing save harsh looks. Before a foe he would neither plead nor parley; wherefore, being for the time scornful of women, he drew forward with the men, holding them together in the van, so as the lord and lady rode between them and the Frenchmen at an earshot's distance; and now also he sent an outrider on before. A gray old man-at-arms grunted at him:

"Hast some soldier-sense whatever, under that yellow thatch of thine? Pity to waste on this fiend's errand."

Alan hid his pleasure to ask sternly what he meant. The fellow pushed his horse alongside.

"See now, young master, I speak naught of my betters," he grumbled, "but this a spewing babe might fathom. Think ye that lingworm yonder came ever from my lord? He is a Milanese, a Jew of Lombardy, the fleas thereof yet hopping on his hide." He spat over his left shoulder. "Or what avail, so please you, some dozen of us against fourscore? Marry, to make a countenance! . . . Nay, I have done. We are shent. When master ducketh, man shall drown." And he fell silent, leaving Alan between shame and anger, picking the tangle of his wits for some clear thread of safety. Nevertheless, he kept a fair brow and a busy tongue, holding the men in talk lest they brood evil, and of them and whomsoever they met upon the way requiring knowledge of the land—highway and by-path, the set of the river, and the lie of tower and town.

About dusk they came upon cross-roads, whereon the knight and the lady turned leftward to the north. Alan wheeled his men back suddenly between them and the French, while he rode close to the Countess, craving her pardon for speech: "But ye take a stray turning. Southward lies the abbey of Jumièges, where we shall harbor safely."

De Maulny shrugged and smiled, while my lady reddened and would know how Alan dared command her—she would ride at her own pleasure, her own way.

He answered, sick and shaking, "Over some few bodies, if ye will; we crack

one French crown first." And the men crowded together short-breathing.

Thereupon out of a silence the Lady Jocelyn began to weep and to rail, saying that she was alone and afar and set about with cowards and traitors that made mock of her weakness and of her womanhood a prize for murder.

After this, Lord Simon said: "Well, what answer? Shall we—ride on?"

Then she sought to whisper with him, but he drew away. They fixed at length upon resting where they were, among the willow grove that sloped from road to river; raising a pavilion for the women, and the men to shelter as they might. Alan walked alone by the black water, bearing the world's weight upon his neck, for that he was henceforth outcast from heaven, spurned and hated, unavailing; he had played babe and fool, throwing open their danger without hope or help of rescue. Thence he fell a-dreaming of what miracle might save them, his will beating frail wings against the truth. Yet he came back among the sneering firelight some deal comforted, as having forged and dared a plan.

He sang and laughed endless hours about the blaze, watching his men lurk away into the shadows one by one, and swallowing each time a frozen heart lest one be seen. Them who stayed he kept moving, that none should note their number; and when the camp quieted he lay down armorless among three that were left, listening, with tight hands. At last he crawled without sound into the pavilion, while an owl hooted across the water. The maid muttered, "Hush thee—it is Alan." And he said, softly:

"Come, and be still; I have a boat on the river."

Thereat his lady flung heavy arms around him, sobbing and saying: "Take me away, oh, away! He is an ill man—an ill man, Alan."

They stole forth, with small time to wonder at the strange turn of her will; and Alan, stooping to rouse the sleeping men, wet his hands in warm blood. He went from one to another, sickening; then hurried the women riverward ere they should know. They reached the boat in a rush, while the camp rose into clamor behind them, the Countess clinging and stumbling and crying loud with fear. One of their own men was at the oars, and they drove out into the lapping blackness whither the others on the farther shore shouted to guide them.

Now the turn of tide upon the Seine cometh suddenly as a billow straight from sea. So it befell that, ere they won quite across, a rush and a roaring leaped out of the night upon them. The boat spun and sank; and the men, wading in, brought them to land half drowned. Alan looked out across the flood that ran already fierce and full, to where lights danced and voices quarreled. With the boat gone, there was no more to do than send the women landwise toward Jumièges. One man to guard them was no worse than all, while the rest might for some time defend the river. The Countess was by now wood beyond reason, crying to be taken back, and that Alan would be her death, having already and always been her bane. The maid of honor said to him, shivering: "What of thyself? Come with us, or I bide here." Thereat he bade her shortly to help, not hinder, and so hurried them away. Their sobbing died into the dark as he turned back among his men. There was no long waiting; neither of that fight without hope along the midnight river is any need to tell. They stove one boat, and broke a rush of swimming horses; then the foe spread out, crossing wide of their front to close around them. There were blows unseen, and a dizzy drag and struggle wherefrom Alan swam up slowly into dull pain. He was dangling by bound wrists from a beam, in a rude hut wherein a fire was burning; his feet also fastened to a heavy log upon the floor; and by the hearth sat Simon of Lombardy, smiling sour out of soft dog's eyes.

He yawned, saying: "Now I—have thee in leash, my—spaniel. What hast thou—done with her?"

Alan said, while he strove to stand, "She is beyond thy danger."

But the other shook his head, smiling the more. "She ran to be out of my—grasp; yet not too far, lest she outrun my—reach. So they all do for—spicery of unwillingness: Oh, a very old game. But this is one who—loveth play and shunneth payment, a—hide-and-call, a—dabbler at the brink of daring. So I—

tease her by—forbearance. But to be short with thee, good spaniel, our sweeting is not far, because thou hast no—force to drive her. Therefore I ask—where?"

Alan answered, "Thou art a caitiff, a losel, a foul-tongued villain, and in all ways a liar," and he choked for want of hotter words.

De Maulny smiled the more. "Sorry day when—boy parteth man and woman; is't not—so? Good now, show thy—teeth." He gazed awhile, then laughed aloud, slapping his knee. "Now, the fiend snatch me, but this babe trusteth her! Lord, Lord, what faith! Why, thou—suckling, she came overseas to me, to—seek me, as hawk to—lure." He drew a paper forth. "See here her—own hand, and be—wiser." And he held it before Alan's face.

It was Alan that laughed then, loud and harsh above his rage, so as the Lombard started back and stared chapfallen as at a miracle. At last he babbled, laughing still: "Her own hand! . . . Why, thou vile fool, I wrote that letter for her, I myself, none else, to her own true Lord of Beaujeu. . . . God wot how thou hast come thereby. . . . Oh, thou liest throat and teeth, loud as I hear thee! . . ." And he fell again into laughter, wondering that he could not cease, and between breaths gasping out: "Fool! . . . Fool! . . ."

After a time Lord Simon turned away, his thin mouth drooping; and when he came back blowing at a red brand from the fire, he said no more than, "Where?"

Alan answered naught, while a fearsome pain sprang through him. By times thereafter he seemed to die for very anguish, marveling only how he lived so long, and at the sound of his own voice that ceased not to curse and to revile. Presently all dulled into a dreadful drowsiness wherein he seemed only as one thick with sleep worried by them who will not forbear to rouse him. Then he was 'ware of torches in the doorway, and a voice crying: "Be done, Simon; thou hast sported enow. Set light to the thatch, and follow, in the fiend's name, ere we lose thy quest. He hath earned martyrdom." And at last out of sweet slumber he lay upon the grass before a small, hairy man that danced and bewailed, shaking his hands at a red sky. It was the cotter, that had hidden in a thicket, and, rushing to save his goods out of the flame, had found Alan and cut him free.

He was bitterly burned, altogether sore and broken, and still wet from the river; howbeit, he made shift to stand and travel. From the peasant, that would by no means venture with him, he got some accounting of the way; and from a dead man of his own following, a dagger and long Norman bow. Thus he set forth by field and forest to Jumièges; half blindly, with slip and stumble through the waning night, held from wandering only by the run of the river on his left, and from pause only by worship of his lady to strength's end and beyond. Belike a rheum and a fever were as then fastening upon him; for while he went, the fire of his burns gathered outward to the skin of him, whereas a chill aching flowed along his bones and caught his heart. Moreover, he fell among dreams, wherein he rode through blossomy meadows endlessly, the Lady Jocelyn beside him upon a white palfrey with sunlight in her eyes and hair. Yet he went on drunkenly, dragging miry feet; and across from the towers of Jumièges tarried not for bank nor water, but blundered straight into the stream and, falling forward, swam.

Ye may well wonder what the porter deemed of so scarred and mad a wastrel. Nevertheless, the prior came somehow to the wicket; and Alan's cloud lifted to hear his deep voice saying: "Of a surety she was here, and bode the night. What shouldst thou be to her?" And again: "She rode off, I tell thee, about prime, with a black-jawed serving-fellow that brought horses; yea, and for all my promise to send her safe to Rouen presently. Nay, no knight—a serving-man, I say. Three bezants was his badge. Dost know him?"

Alan heard himself say, sharply, "She might not delay, seeing she went a pilgrimage." Then the abbot boomed with laughter.

"A pilgrimage! Aye, to the shrine of St. Felix of Belamours! Saw I never a woman before now, sir drenched herring?

Her husband! Go to, go to! . . . Nay, benedicite, what ails the boy? Here, come thou in, come in."

But by then Alan was gone sheer brainless, cursing and weeping, and conjuring them by all saints' mercy to furnish him a horse. They would have stayed him, perforce, out of mere charity; but he so besought and lamented, driving down his fever for the nonce to plead for understanding, that at last the abbot bade mount and speed him in God's name, and stood shaking a great head and watching while he spurred away.

The sun shone hot and high, so that whereas he had shivered in the night he burned now dizzily in the noon; yet even as fire had before overspread that ice, so now ice underlay this fire. His bones crawled therewith, and his heart was a chill lump of lead, while he rushed over the sunlit roads, the drum of the galloping feet of the horse keeping time to the blood in his brain, and the sway of the great body between his knees catching short his breath. By times he flung a question in a strange voice to some one at the wayside. The quest was easy following: at the crossways they had foregathered with de Maulny and his men, swinging to right along the main road to Rouen; and Alan wondered afresh why, having met her enemy willingly, Lady Jocelyn so bent him the way toward her escape and his own danger. Then from a grove between road and river creaked a neighing of horses that made him grasp his own beast's nostrils lest it reply. He rode soft through the plowed meadow as nearly as he dared; then staggered afoot among the trees, his heart chopping and the ground under him surging like a sea.

The Countess Jocelyn sat upon a fallen trunk by the waterside, laughing upward to Simon the Lombard bending over her. Alan leaned sidelong against a tree, gnawing his lips. It was a long shot, with some two yards' windage, or mayhap scarce as much. Even as he raised his bow, suddenly a black mist roared around him, and therewith a horror at his heart that was the very clutch of death. Neither will nor worship might uphold him in that hour, but only some blind virtue of his lineage that in him would not fail; and while this forced his flesh alive, the sight before him shone momently bright and dainty, the red glint of my lady's hair against green boughs, the moon-gleam of de Maulny's armor, his destrer and her gray palfrey cropping the moss together in a splash of sunshine. His arm stiffened while that golden head hung fair beneath his arrow-point—God's wind must carry it to de Maulny. Then, while a bird sang joyously out of the green gloom, he loosed; and his soul rode upon the shaft leaping from twang of string across the marbled shadow-lights into the blue throat of his foe.

Then the sight broke up in shouts and plunge of horses. Alan was riding roadward with the Countess over his saddle-bow, and the maid of honor spurring by his side ere he had well seen her holding the steeds ready, or de Maulny twisting on the leaves, a scarlet snake-tongue playing down his gorget to draw a bar sinister across his breast. That ride was no more than madness, with swing of lash to wincing leap, the writhed weight in his left arm, the rolling ribbon of road before and thunder of hoofs behind that gained slow up each long slope and fell away as they clattered adown to the dell, yet ever swelling more near.

Suddenly, above a hillcrest sprang battlement and spire, and the sweet blare of a trumpet turned the sounds behind them into stamp of steed and sheen of armor before and all about, where steel clinked and bridle jingled and a crowding circle of smiles questioned meaninglessly; and with that sleep and cool darkness, and waves of blessed rest.

He lay near a month's time in that fever, while old Rouen locked her heart against siege and treachery, and the French king hammered at her walls in vain; so that by when he grew aware of day and night, and of the maid of honor attending upon him, there was no work undone. One day she said, shortly, "I have this word for thee: there was no letter, but we followed thy bidding."

Of this Alan took small heed, being overweak for wonder, and his weariness cared more for comfort of watching her than to puzzle at her words. He bore

cold scorn against Count Godfrey that had for careless haste of loving drawn such a wife through peril. Her he saw still among the angels, albeit in a cooler heaven pure of earth-sweetness—of what seemed frail in her he would not doubt, neither question concerning her strangeness; and he returned unsummoned to her service in his own good time.

She turned among soft silks where her head lay against her husband's knee, to say, trippingly: "Lo, my Galahault alive and well again, for all his devoirs. Thou must make him esquire, Godfrey, whereas he outgroweth pagehood. He is overly man of his hands to waste longer among women."

And the Count said, with a hand among her hair: "Aye, we shall see. He needs more soldierhood and less knight-errantry."

He was a huge, calm man, lion-jawed and lion-maned. While Alan stiffened, the Countess began to say, swiftly:

"He blames thy urging me hither, Alan, upon mere rumor of his returning —nay, not a word; thou art forgiven. It is no part of knighthood to cloak thine own misdoing." And therewith a whisper brushed past his ear: "Be still, bat. . . . Swallow it, and save danger."

Alan said: "Under favor, my lord, thou didst not well to summon. How should such love spare to obey thee?"

Thereat the Count said, strangely, "What is this?" and his eyes tightened.

Out of a sick silence, the Lady Jocelyn sprang suddenly from his side and stood with shut hand and tapping foot while words rushed out of her. "Oh, it is naught. I lied, as women must for want of weapon. Now this hell-brat must babble all, having not shamed, shent, and foiled enough already. . . ." She laughed hard and shrill, tossing her hair: "No force, let be, it is as well. . . . Why, thou great careless lurden, didst think I came begging for thy cold scraps of love, having withered alone these years with never a message while thou must run off with King Bandog to slay paynim? Am I a wife or a nun? Or whether hast thou more joy in a sepulcher? I came to meet Simon de Maulny, a man with a man's want of a woman. Him I loved, and love, and mourn, for that he sought me unwilling. . . . Aye, scowl. What care I? Leave and lose. . . . And but for this boy, this baby-heart, this pink fool o' dreamland, I were now safe away with him. . . . Where is thy faith now, Galahault? Make me a saint, forsooth. Pray to me o' nights! . . . Gramercy! . . . Aye, well now, Godfrey of Beaujeu—husband, my fair lord, how is it—knife or nunnery? Come—draw, strike, do thy will, crown thy doing. . . . I have naught left, thanks to you both—no more . . . no more. . . ." She stood with spread arms a moment, glaring about, and lastly at her husband as though he should do somewhat. But he did naught save look upon her gravely, without sign of wonder; so presently she flung up fluttering hands, and toppled backward, screaming. While the maid ran to her, Count Godfrey moved slowly, and was there. With his arm about her, she fell silent of a sudden. The Count laughed.

"It was time that I came home," he said, softly. "Must we pull down the old house because I left it overlong?"

Belike in that moment Alan made an end of learning. He said, "I thank thee no less, my lady, for that I have still done thee some service."

At that Count Godfrey strode across to him, eye to eye, saying: "Alan of Lesley, to me also hast thou done service, which to requite I turn thee out of mine. Be no man's man henceforward; thou hast won thy spurs; I will see to thy wearing them." He held forth a great hand that Alan gripped with a strange aching of the throat and no words; then turned to lead the Lady Jocelyn from the chamber. She muttered: "Aye, aye, do homage to him for thy wife . . ." yet hid her face against his arm, no less; and they were gone, leaving Alan very full of wonder.

But the maid of honor came slowly to kneel before him on one knee and say, "I give thee joy of thy knighthood, Lord Alan." Then, while he stared into a mocking face that had yet great eyes brimmed over, she fell a-crying, "Bat! . . . Bat! . . . Oh, bat! . . ." and so ran out of the room, staggering with laughter. And that was the greatest wonder of all.

An Afternoon in Pont-Croix

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

THE man's face expressed bewilderment and astonishment and amusement. He looked from the Artist to me, and back again at the Artist. He started at the end of every sentence to say something, but the Artist didn't give him a chance. The Artist kept on talking, while I kept on trying to control my sense of humor. I wanted to shriek. I longed for the ability to write shorthand, so that I could put it all down for posterity.

The Artist had left a watch to be mended, and we were standing in front of the jeweler's shop on one of the narrow streets of Douarnenez. The shutters were up in front of the shop, and the jeweler was in his shirt-sleeves, looking as if he had been waked up by our knock from an enjoyable after-*déjeûner* sleep. The Artist and I were leaving by the 3.12 for Pont-Croix, and we didn't intend to come back this way. It was Thursday, but the jeweler had politely explained that he could not give us the watch until to-morrow, although it was all ready and was hanging from its little hook in the shop at whose open door we stood. The reason was that Thursday had been chosen by the jeweler for his *repos hebdomadaire* — the one-day-in-seven rest imposed by law.

"Much as I regret to refuse anything to monsieur, I cannot give the watch until to-morrow. If I did, it would be breaking the law, and I have no desire to pay the costs of a *procés-verbal*."

This was in answer to our exclamation that we were leaving for Pont-Croix by the 3.12, and that we might not come back to Douarnenez—ever.

So the Artist, whose Anglo-Saxon figure and Anglo-Saxon clothes were not more Anglo-Saxon than his mind, was holding forth in Anglo-Saxon French upon the anomalies and absurdities of Gallic law. He was achieving a sweet revenge upon the Gauls by the way he was using their language. When the Artist talks French, he assembles rapidly in his mouth the many words he knows (and I must say that he has a large vocabulary) and lets them all out at once. "I give 'em the words all right," he is accustomed to explain, "and they can put 'em together any way they want to." When you add disjunction in the spoken language to a pronunciation that rivals mine, you arrive at a sweet medley of sound and thought. I have said at the beginning that the jeweler's face expressed bewilderment and astonishment and amusement. I have often seen that triple expression in many parts of France, when the Artist was "telling 'em what I think."

At last, French *finesse* found a way out of the difficulty. The railway-station was beyond the limits of the borough. The jeweler would meet us at the train and give the Artist the watch there. Thus would the infraction of the one-rest-day-in-seven law, and the consequent dreaded *procés-verbal*, be avoided.

During the whole hour's journey on the narrow-gauge railway from Douarnenez to Pont-Croix, the Artist and I laughed over the watch, and I tried to get him to repeat *in French* his opinion of French law. But he caught me surreptitiously putting down a sentence on the edge of my newspaper, and stopped short.

Pont-Croix at last! We could see that it was a great country from our window; pasture lands, cows, dandelions and buttercups on one side, sand-dunes on the other. When we got out, we sniffed hay and seaweed—one of the rarest and most delightful combinations of odors in the world. The seashore has its good points, and so has the country. But when you can enjoy both together, as you do in this part of Brittany, you are as near heaven as you can be in France.



THE TOWN FROM THE FIELDS

We knew we were going to like Pont-Croix before we left the station. For it wasn't an old grouch of a fellow in a dilapidated blue uniform that punched our tickets, but a lithe, tall girl, with blue eyes and long, dark lashes, who smiled a delightful "*merci*" when she gave us back our tickets, and patted with the next gesture the cheek of a wee baby that lay on her breast. A more striking Madonna and Child one could not see at the Uffizi.

Lots of travelers pass by Pont-Croix, because it is on the road to Audierne, the starting-place for the much-advertised trip to the Point de Raz. My friends who "do" Brittany will certainly lift their eyebrows with astonishment when I confess that I did not get out to the Land's End of France, and that I did not see the rocks and the swirling pools around which has grown the legend of the punishment of the King of Cornwall's wicked daughter. For the guide-books give half a dozen pages to the Point de Raz, while they will express no interest in Pont-Croix, which they record merely as a station so many kilometers from Douarnenez.

Every one knows the kind of tourist who pricks the expanding bubble of the story of your trip by expressing astonishment over the fact that you have failed to visit *the* most important place. I have a friend who left two thousand dollars once with Cook for a Nile trip *de luxe* as far as Gondokoro. He didn't spend more and go farther, because he couldn't —with Cook. And without Cook he was helpless. On his return home an all-the-Orient-in-eighty-days-from-New-York-to-New-York-for-five-hundred-dollars tourist, who had hurried by the Nile Express twenty-four hours beyond Cairo, asked him abruptly, "Did you see the Temple of Blankety-blank near Blankety-blank?"

The man who had really gone through Egypt and the Sudan felt as if he had been caught in a crime, and had to confess that on the day he passed that way his ankle was swollen, and he could not walk over to the Temple of Blankety-blank.

"Well," commented the three-days-from-Cairo-to-Cairo tourist, "if you didn't see the Temple of Blankety-blank you might just as well have stayed at home!"

Without indulging in the same degree of extravagance, I am going to be just about as mean—by inference, at least—to those for whom Pont-Croix signifies merely a railway station.



OLD BRETON HOUSES

There was no sign of a cab. We found two salts who agreed to see our bags safely to the hotel. Dinner was two hours distant, and we decided to stroll through the town and let the hotel go until we needed it. The Artist had been to Pont-Croix before. His enthusiasm had brought me here. So he was anxious to show me the town before the hotel could incapacitate me.

"We'll go to the 'Star of the Sea' later, old buck," he announced. "I know just the right way to take this town. So follow me until you are too thirsty to take another step." With that he started down a narrow lane where drooping vines hung over the walls on either side, grazing our hats. I ducked after him.

A distinguished member of the French Academy, returning recently from a trip to America, boasted that he had made friends of the inevitable reporters on the dock by answering the inevitable question asked before one lands in these words:

"New York is some burg, all right!" Had there been a reporter in Pont-Croix, I should have given the same answer unhesitatingly and sincerely, even though in the first hundred yards of the lane my left foot slipped off a time-worn cobblestone into an annoying puddle, and in the second hundred yards a fresh cigar left my lips at the persuasion of an overhanging branch which the Artist, my guide, had brushed aside. Pont-Croix expects of your eyes the agility of looking out for feet and head at the same time.

It takes an obscure, out-of-the-way town to give you a correct and vivid impression of ancestral days and ancestral ways. For you do not have to struggle against the alloy of studied effort, of concerted communal progress, due to the twentieth century's insatiate demands. Aside from its two main streets, Pont-Croix is a true Rip Van Winkle type of

place. Strangers to lamp-posts and electric lights, to sidewalks and sewers, to telegraph wires and mail-boxes, to monuments and *vespasiennes*, to subprefectural architecture and municipal horticulture, streets and buildings alike bear eloquent witness to the fact that there was a time when men built as they pleased and cared nothing for neighbors or the common weal.

Insalubrity, ignorance of hygiene, lack of comfort, absence of centrally directed and altruistic effort, perhaps, in those "good old days"; but does not modern society, influenced by German ideals, afflicted with the maladies of organization and conformity, lose as much as it gains? In charm, certainly. The houses of Pont-Croix are heaped one upon another on the hillside in haphazard fashion, the streets still follow the cow-paths, and the habitations of mankind are like the creatures of God—no two alike. At Pont-Croix men made their houses how and where they chose. And the houses have remained that way—a monument to spontaneity and to individualism, a refreshing contrast to the damnable and damning *consigne* of the dispensation under which we exist. We would not want to live in Pont-Croix; we could not. But is the pity for Pont-Croix or for us?

Modern society—our world—claims of its members conformity to a type. And yet this conformity is contrary to human nature. To compel men to live in exactly the same sort of houses in exactly the same sort of streets, and to wear exactly the same sort of clothes, is as unnatural, as illogical, as unreasonable, as to expect them to have exactly the same sort of faces. But we are tending to physiognomical conformity. Our



ON THE WAY TO MARKET

grandchildren may have to wear labels to distinguish them one from the other. For the face is the outward sign of the soul, and society is beginning to demand of our souls what it demands of our habitations and our clothes. We have a horror of originality, and our impulse is to stifle it in ourselves as well as in others. How much more peace of mind there is in being a *Jabrudder*[1] than in being a protestant! Only when our energetic disapproval has failed to discourage a man's individuality of thought and of action do we come to grant him grudgingly his right. Only after we have frowned upon him, looked at him askance, and called him a fool, do we find our pleasure and our profit in what he has accomplished in spite of us. But even then he cannot go without a collar or a shave. There are limits. Woe to the most brilliant and most gifted if he pushes the principle of nonconformity into the realm of dress and habitation.

We came to the market-place. Unmistakable evidence pointed to the fact that the open space on the left was given over to the cattle-market. Up against the *Mairie* was the watering-trough. But there were no pens; they would have been against the spirit of Pont-Croix. Like masters, like animals. You cannot put restrictions on them. The Breton fisherman influences strongly the Breton farmer. Frequently in this part of Brittany the farmer is the fisherman grown rheumatic, who drags successfully into the seventies or eighties, by daily dusty kilometers behind swishing tails, the cramped legs of the thirties and forties. Along with the inheritance of rheumatism from the sea is an uncompromising disregard of the law, interpreted and imposed by those of another *métier*. It is the same with the Breton women. We saw the market the next day, and it was as we surmised. Cattle and fowls, watermelons and eggs, roses and potatoes, butter and fish, onions and peaches, picture post-cards and kitchen utensils, lace and cowhide boots, all rubbed elbows according to where the venders chose to sit, and the buyers dived in and picked out what they wanted, just as they would have had to do if they were dealing with the Artist's French words. The

[1] German words are not in favor just now, but this one is unique, although what it describes is unfortunately not. The *Jabrudder* is the man who always assents to what is said. There is the same expression in Turkish; the members of the first parliament of Abdul Hamid, who voted for every measure without a word, are known in history as the *Evet-effendims*.



A PONT-CROIX BARNYARD



AN OLD STREET LEADING FROM THE MARKET-PLACE

Mairie, which stands for the commonwealth, looked reproachfully and helplessly on. Its services were not needed. Nowhere does one feel too strongly in France the majesty of the law and the antics of officialdom. Restrictions on personal liberty exist galore on the books, however, and invitations to conformity are more noticeable in France than in Anglo-Saxondom. The front of



COTTAGES AND TIME-WORN COBBLESTONES

the *Mairie* in Pont-Croix bore many—at least, it would have seemed many, were we not familiar with France. The wall of the ordinary *Mairie* in France is as hidden from view as the wall of a millionaire's art-gallery.

And in Pont-Croix I, at least, four days fresh from Paris, missed the *défense d'afficher*. It has always been a source of wonderment to me why the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Parisians who have never experienced and who never will experience the desire to post bills on walls have to be warned a thousand times a day throughout their lives not to do it. Is the furtive-stepping man, with his ladder and brush and bucket of flour-paste, so much to be feared as all that? The Paris child may not be aware of the date of the passing of the law which makes him go to school; but who is so ignorant, or so unobservant, that he cannot name glibly that red-letter day in the month of May, 1836, when the government issued the first sweeping edict against bill-posters? Stop and think a minute! You may have forgotten the great dates of history, but I wager that if you have ever wandered much around the cities of France you can give the date I refer to. If Paris has been your habitat, I am willing to lay a hundred to one on it.

Had we the inclination—and the bills—we could have posted them in Pont-Croix. Had there been grass, we could have walked upon it. The Artist and I became infected with the spirit of liberty. Here was a place where one could do as he pleased. It was very warm. We took off our accursed collars, and opened our shirt-fronts—a little. None stared at us for that. I laughed immoderately at a joke the Artist had been saving to spring on me. I felt no constraint. Yielding to a natural impulse, I was not making a fool of myself. In the city (any city, anywhere, dear reader) a crowd would have gathered round and remarked audibly that I was either drunk or affected by the sun. A policeman would have appeared on the run to see what the matter was; no, perhaps not on the run, but he would have appeared—in time.

A glimpse of an attractive interior brought us to an open door. In the middle of the room a woman was applying soap and rag to a copper *casserole*. Her five-year-old son, on his back, was trying to draw the cat from a refuge under the bed. The baby roared lustily in its wooden cradle. On the fire, good soup was singing. The tall clock, without which no house is Breton, measured time into half-seconds by its brass disk pendulum. We made bold to ask to

enter. Assent was immediately and heartily given. But nothing stopped. Woman, boy, cat, baby, soup, and clock went right on. I got down to help the boy with the cat, while the Artist made a hasty sketch—of the room, not of me.

Silence was broken by the woman asking if we should like to see the upstairs. She pointed to the ladder, and with the same gesture reached to the rafter above her for another *casserole*. The Artist climbed the ladder. The cat and the boy went out of the door. I rose slowly to my feet, and asked the woman what she thought of Madame Caillaux.

"*Madame Caillaux? Je ne la connais pas*," she answered. And the conversation ended there until the Artist reappeared, legs first.

We thanked her and said, "*Bon jour, madame.*"

"*Bon jour, messieurs*," she answered, reaching for a third *casserole*.

As we went out of the door the cat and the boy returned. We offered him coppers. He refused them, and continued after the cat. The normal life is the simple life.

At the next corner was the church, with an interesting side portal and tower and a hopelessly commonplace façade. Possibly the side portal and tower gained from the painful contrast afforded by the rest of the building. The interior was as mournful as a February morning, and we hurried to get out into the sunshine again. That interior did justice to the façade.

Seated on a fallen tree-trunk in a corner of the churchyard, we analyzed our disappointment in the church, and speculated on the curious fact we had so often remarked, that cathedrals and parish churches have frequently nothing in common with their cities and towns. Church architecture, glorious, mediocre, hideous, dead or full of life, does not seem to be influenced by its *milieu*, or rather, to reflect its *milieu*. Are church structures the creation of local impulse? Are they the expression of local taste, of local aspiration? Do they influence for good or bad the successive generations of which they are the welcome—or unwelcome—heirlooms? There are striking illustrations to back up a nega-



THE STREETS STILL FOLLOW THE COW-PATHS



ON THE RIVER-BANK AT PONT-CROIX

tive. How do you explain Milan and Florence, Peterborough and Oxford, Cologne and Nürnberg, Chartres and Arras, Athens and Ragusa?

The angle of the sun was getting less perceptible, and we had not yet reached that hotel. When the Artist proposed that we go around the block to the left, which would take us back to the railway station, I began to have my misgivings about the "Star of the Sea." But they were unfounded. The "Star of the Sea," unlike the church, was in the spirit of the town. We came to it along a wide road, having at last abandoned our lanes and cobblestones. It was very near the railway, at the intersection of our road with the only other real artery of Pont-Croix, and looked refreshingly squat and white, with the roof sticking down over the second-story windows like the brim of a hat.

The tables on the terrace were neither of iron nor round nor painted olive-green. Nor were there chairs of the kind you pay two sous for in the Tuileries. We flung ourselves on a bench against the wall, and put our elbows on a three-legged wooden taboret, with a half-moon cut in it for convenience in carrying, the like of which is thought to exist in south Germany, but in reality is seen only on the stage—until you go to Pont-Croix.

Over our *pompiers* we watched the peasants and fishermen go in and out of the tap-room. They all took the same drink, a generous glass of something white which cost only one big copper. They did not tarry over their tipple. Drinking in Brittany is not a social diversion; it is an important part of the day's work.

Across from the "Star of the Sea" a forbidding wall extended down the street to the angle of the church's side portal and the graveyard gate. Several hundred feet back rose an enormous building, which looked for all the world like a barracks. It was being repaired. New cornices, new shutters, and the freshly painted part of it contrasted sharply with the end which the workmen had not yet touched, and showed into what a state of dilapidation the building had fallen. Madame, who had graciously come out to sit with us when the rush in the tap-room subsided, explained that it had been a famous church college, and was one of the first to be closed after the enactment of the Briand law of separation ten years ago.

During the whole of the decade it had been up for sale, but who would want to buy such a building at any price in a place like Pont-Croix? There had been talk of turning it into a fish-canning factory. This project had fallen through, for the promoters had been unsuccessful in their attempt to divert the local fishermen from the Douarnenez market.

"But who has taken it at last?" we asked, "for it looks as if it is being put in shape again, and at some big expense."

"Oh, the college is going to reopen," madame answered. "You see, the Church is persistent in these parts. They never give up, law or no law. The Order lost it because they would not register as an association under the Briand law. If they had bought it back, it would have been a compromise with conscience. Anyway, a big price was asked. But they have bided their time. As there has been no demand for the property, it has come very cheap into the hands of a good Catholic layman. He is going to start a college, and has asked the Fathers to be the teachers. It will not be a Church college, *bien entendu*. The Fathers come back, not as an order, but as individuals, and, as individuals, they have qualified as teachers according to the law. But they have not accepted the law of associations. *Pas de tout!* If a Frenchman wants to put his money into a college and asks other Frenchmen to be the teachers, it is in conformity to the law. But our Fathers never will conform!"

The Artist took out his watch. He saw me look at it. We both grinned.

"Pretty nearly time for dinner, isn't it?" he asked.

Madame rose. "The gong will sound in a minute, I think; but go in, *messieurs*. I am sure you are hungry, and you shall be served immediately."

Conformity, after all, has to do with outward form. As long as we are dealing with the outward, we can afford to be indifferent to prescriptions. It is when the law imputes to itself the control over the realm of the spirit that it denatures —or fails.

Aspiration

BY DANA BURNET

YONDER a sail flies to the burning moon,
And here a silver moth, with frightened grace,
Circles my lamp, and there upon the dune
A lover looks into his lady's face.

I, too, have wings that struggle into flight,
Blind as the white moth at the lantern's bars,
I, too, drawn by that yearning for the light,
Have sent my soul to beat against the stars!

The mariner will never touch the moon.
The moth will die; and love against love's eyes
Will search in vain for some perennial June . . .
As I will search in vain for Paradise.

And yet when sails are furled, like wings at even,
And love lies dead upon the sands it trod,
The old desires shall light us into heav'n,
Old failures shine upon the face of God.

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XI

BY the time his anger had cooled down, Thor regretted the words with which he had left his father's presence, and continued to regret them. They were braggart and useless. Whatever he might feel impelled to do, either for Leonard Willoughby or Jasper Fay, he could do better without announcing his intentions beforehand. He experienced a sense of guilt when, on the next day, and for many days afterward, his father showed by his manner that he had been wounded.

Lois Willoughby showed that she, too, had been wounded. The process of "easing the first one off," besides affording him side-lights on a woman's heart, involved him in an erratic course of blowing hot and cold that defeated his own ends. When he blew cold the chill was such that he blew hotter than ever to disperse it. He could see for himself that this seeming capriciousness made it difficult for Lois to preserve the equal tenor of her bearing, though she did her best.

He had kept away from her for a week or more, and would have continued to do so longer had he not been haunted by the look his imagination conjured up in her eyes. He knew its trouble, its bewilderment, its reflected heartache. "I'm a damned cad," he said to himself; and whenever he worked himself up to that point remorse couldn't send him quickly enough to pay her a visit of atonement.

He knew she was at home because he met one or two of the County Street ladies coming away from the house. With knowing looks they told him he should find her. They did not, however, tell him that she had another visitor, whose voice he recognized while depositing his hat and overcoat on one of the Regency chairs in the tapestried square hall.

"Oh, don't go yet," Lois was saying. "Here's Dr. Thor Masterman. He'll want to see you."

But Rosie insisted on taking her departure, making polite excuses for the length of her call.

She was deliciously pretty; he saw that at once on entering. Wearing the new winter suit for which she had pinched and saved, and a hat of the moment's fashion, she easily dazzled Thor, though Lois could perceive, in details of material, the "cheapness" that in American eyes is the most damning of all qualities. Rosie's face was bright with the flush of social triumph, for the County Street ladies had been kind to her, and she had had tea with all the ceremony of which she read in the accredited annals of good society. If she had not been wondering whether or not the County Street ladies knew her brother was in jail, she could have suppressed all other causes for anxiety and given herself freely to the hour's bliss.

But she would not be persuaded to remain, taking her leave with a full command of graceful niceties. Thor could hardly believe she was his fairy of the hothouse. She was a princess, a marvel. "Beats them all," he said, gleefully, to himself, referring to the ladies of County Street, and almost including Lois Willoughby.

He did not quite include her. He perceived that he couldn't do so when, after having bowed Rosie to the door, he returned to take his seat in the drawing-room. There was a distinction about Lois, he admitted to himself, that neither prettiness nor fine clothes nor graceful niceties could rival. He won-

dered if she wasn't even more distinguished since this new something had come into her life — was it joy or grief? — which he himself had brought there.

Her greeting to him was of precisely the same shade as all her greetings during the past two months. It was like something rehearsed and executed to perfection. When she had given him his tea and poured another cup for herself, they talked of Rosie.

"Do you know," she said, in a musing tone, "I think the poor little thing has really enjoyed being here this afternoon?"

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Yes, but why should she? Apart from the very slight novelty of the thing —which to an American girl is no real novelty, after all—I don't understand what it is she cares so much about?"

He weighed the question seriously. "She finds a world of certain—what shall I say?—of certain amenities to which she's equal—any one can see that! —and which she hasn't got. That's something in itself—to a girl with imagination."

"I think she's in love," Lois said, suddenly.

Thor was startled. "Oh no, she isn't. She can't be. Who on earth could she be in love with?"

"Oh, it's not with you. Don't be alarmed." Lois smiled. It was so like Thor to be shy of a pretty girl. He had been so ever since she could remember him.

"That's good," he managed to say. He regained control of himself, though he tingled all over. "It would have to be with me or Dr. Hilary. We're the only two men, except the Italians, who ever appear on the place."

"Oh, you don't know," Lois said, pensively. "Girls like that often have what they call, rather picturesquely, a fellow."

"Oh, don't!" His cry was instantly followed by a nervous laugh. He felt obliged to explain. "It's so funny to hear you talk like that. It doesn't go with your style."

She took this pleasantly and they spoke of other things; but Thor was eager to get away. A real visit of atonement had become impossible. That must be put off for another day—perhaps for ever. He wasn't sure. He couldn't tell. For the minute his head was in a whirl. He hardly knew what he was saying, except that his rejoinders to Lois's remarks were more or less at random. Vital questions were pounding through his brain and demanding an answer. Who knew but that with regard to Rosie she was right—and yet wrong? Women, with their remarkable powers of divination, didn't always hit the nail directly on the head. It might be the case with Lois now. She might be right in her surmise that Rosie was in love, and mistaken in those light and cruel words: "Oh, not with you!" He didn't suppose it was with him. And yet . . . and yet . . . !

He got away at last, and tore through the winter twilight toward the old apple-orchard above the pond. He knew what he would say. "Rosie, are you in love with any one? If so, for God's sake, tell me." What he would do when she answered him was matter outside his present capacity for thought.

It had begun to snow. By the time he reached the house on the hill his shoulders were white. The necessity for shaking himself in the little entry gave the first prosaic chill to his ardor.

Rosie had returned and was preparing supper. The princess and marvel had resolved herself again into the fairy of the hothouse. Not that Thor minded that. What disconcerted him was her dry little manner of surprise. She had not expected him. There was nothing in her mother's condition to demand his call. She herself was busy. She had come from the kitchen to answer the door. A smell of cooking filled the house.

No one of these details could have kept him from carrying out his purpose; but together they were unromantic. How could he adjure her to tell him for God's sake whether or not she was in love with any one when he saw she was afraid that something was burning on the stove? He could only stammer out excuses for having come. Inventing on the spot new and incoherent directions for the treatment of Mrs. Fay, he took

himself away again, not without humiliation.

Being in a savage mood as he stalked down the hill, he was working himself into a rage when an unexpected occurrence gave him other things to think of.

At the foot of the hill, just below the slope of the Square, was the terminus of the electric tram-line from the city. In summer it was a pretty spot, well shaded by ornamental trees, with a small Gothic church and its parsonage in the center of a trimly kept lawn. It was prettier still as Thor Masterman approached it, at the close of a winter's day, with the great soft flakes, heaping their beauty on roof and shrub and roadway, the whole lit up with plenty of cheerful electricity, and no eye to behold it but his own.

Because of this purity and solitude a black spot was the more conspicuous; and because it was a moving black spot it caught the onlooker's glance at once. It was a moving black spot, though it remained in one place—on the cement seat that circled a copper-beech-tree for the convenience of villagers waiting for the cars. It was extraordinary that any one should choose this uninviting, snow-covered resting-place, unless he couldn't do otherwise.

The doctor in Thor was instantly alert, but before advancing many paces he had made his guess. Patients were beginning to take his time, rendering his afternoons less free; and so what might have been expected had happened. Mr. Willoughby had managed to come homeward by the electric car, but was unable to go any farther.

Nevertheless, Thor was startled as he crossed the roadway to hear a great choking sob. The big creature was huddled somehow on the seat, but with face and arms turned to the trunk of the tree, against whose cold bark he wept. He wept shamelessly aloud, with broken exclamations of which "O my God! O my God!" was all that Thor could hear distinctly.

"It's delirium this time, for sure," he said to himself, as he laid his hand on the great snow-heaped shoulder.

But he changed his mind on that score as soon as Mr. Willoughby was able to speak coherently. "I'm heart-broken, Thor. Haven't touched a thing to-day—scarcely. But I'm all in."

More sobs followed. It was with difficulty that Thor could get the lumbering body on its feet. "You mustn't stay here, Mr. Willoughby. You'll catch cold. Come along home with me."

"I do' wan' to go home, Thor. Got no home now. Ruined—tha's what I am. Ruined. Your father's kicked me out. All my money gone. No' a cent left in the world."

Thor dragged him onward. "But you must come home just the same, Mr. Willoughby. You can't stay out here. The next car will be along in a minute, and every one will see you."

"I do' care who sees me, Thor. I'm ruined. Father says I'll have to go. Got all the papers ready. O my God! what 'll Bessie say?"

As they stumbled forward through the snow Thor tried to learn what had happened.

"Got all my money and then kicked me out," was the only explanation. "Not a cent in the world. What 'll Bessie say? Oh, what 'll Bessie say? All her money. Hasn't got a hundred thousand dollars left out of tha' grea' big estate. Make away with myself. Tha's what I'll do. O my God! my God!"

On arriving in front of the house Thor saw lights in the drawing-room. Lois was probably still there. It was no more than a half-hour since he had left her, and other callers might have succeeded him. He tried to steer his charge round the corner toward the side entrance in Willoughby's Lane.

But Len grew querulous. "I do' want to go in the side door. Go in the front door, hang it all! Father can't turn me out of my own house, the infernal hound."

The door opened, and Lois stood in the oblong of light. "Oh, what is it?" she cried, peering outward. "Is it you, Thor? What's the matter?"

"Treat me like a servant," Willoughby complained, as, with Thor supporting him, he stumbled up the steps. "I do' want to go in the side door. Front door good enough for me. No confounded kitchen-boy, if I *am* ruined. Look here, Lois," he rambled on, when

he had got into the hall and Thor was helping him to take off his overcoat—"look here, Lois; we haven't got a cent in the world. Tha's wha' we haven't got—not a cent in the world. Archie Masterman's got my money, and your money, and your mother's money, and the whole damned money of all of us. Kicked me out now. No good to him any more."

With some difficulty Thor got him to his room, where he undressed him and put him to bed. On his return to the hall he found Lois seated in one of the arm-chairs, her face pale.

"Oh, Thor, is this what you meant a few weeks ago?"

He did his best to explain the situation to her gently. "I don't know just what's happened, but I'm afraid there's trouble ahead."

She nodded. "Yes; I've been expecting it, and now I suppose it's come."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had. But you must be brave, Lois, and not think matters worse than they are."

"Oh, I sha'n't do that," she said, with a hint of haughtiness at his solicitude. "Don't worry about me. I'm quite capable of bearing whatever's to be borne. Please go on."

"If anything has happened," he said, speaking from where he stood in the middle of the floor, "it's that father wants to dissolve the partnership."

"I've been looking for that. So has mamma."

"And if they do dissolve the partnership, I'm afraid—I'm afraid there 'll be very little money coming to Mr. Willoughby."

"Whose fault would that be?"

"Frankly, Lois, I don't know. It might be that of my father or of yours—"

"And I shouldn't think you'd want to find out."

He looked down at her curiously. "Why do you say that? Shouldn't you?"

She seemed to shiver. "Why should I? If the money's gone, it's gone. Whether my father has squandered it or your father has—" She rose and crossed the hall to the stairs, where, with a foot on the lowest of the steps, she leaned on the pilaster of the balustrade. "I don't want to know," she said, with energy. "If the money's gone, they've shuffled it away between them; and I don't see that it would help either you or me to find out who's to blame."

It was a minute at which Thor could easily have brought out the words which for so many years he had supposed he would one day speak to her. His pity was such that it would have been a luxury to tell her to throw all the material part of her care on him. If he could have said that much without saying more he would have had no hesitation. But there was still a chance of the miracle happening with regard to Rosie Fay. Love was love—and sweet. It was first love, and, in its way, it was young love. It was springtide love. The dew of the morning was on it, and the freshness of sunrise. It was hard to renounce it, even to go to the aid of one whose need of him was so desperate that to hide it she turned her face away. Instead of the words of cheer and rescue that were almost gushing to his lips, he said, soberly:

"Has your mother any idea of what's going on?"

She began pacing restlessly up and down. "Oh, she's been worried for the last few weeks. She couldn't help knowing something. Papa's been dropping so many hints that she's been meaning to see your father."

"I suppose it will be very hard for her."

She paused, confronting him. "It will be at first. But she'll rise to it. She does that kind of thing. You don't know mother. Very few people do. She simply adores papa. It's pathetic. All this time that he's been so—so—she won't recognize it. She won't admit for a second—or let me admit it—that he's anything but tired or ill. It's splendid—and yet there's something about it that almost breaks my heart. Mamma has lots of pluck, you know. You mightn't think it—"

"Oh, I know it."

"I'm glad you do. People in general see only one side of her, but it's not the only side. She has her weaknesses. I see that well enough. She's terribly a woman; and she can't grow old. But that's not criminal, is it? There's a great deal in her that's never been

called on, and perhaps this trouble will bring it out."

He spoke admiringly. "It will bring out a great deal in you."

She began again to pace up and down. "Oh, me! I'm so useless. I've never been of any help to any one. Do you know, at times, latterly, I've envied that little Rosie Fay?"

"Why?"

"Because she's got duties and responsibilities and struggles. She's got something more to do than dress and play tennis and make calls. There are people who depend on her—"

"She's splendid, isn't she?"

She paused in her restless pacing. "She might be. She is—very nearly."

Though he had taken the opportunity to get further away from the appeal of her distress, he felt a pang of humiliation in the promptness with which she followed his lead.

But he couldn't go on with the discussion. It was too sickening. Every inflection of her voice implied that with her own need he had no longer anything to do—that it was all over—that she recognized the fact—that she was trying her utmost to let him off easily. That she should suspect the truth, or connect the change with Rosie Fay, he knew was out of the question. It was not the way in which her mind would work. If she accounted for the situation at all it would probably be on the ground that when it came to the point he had found that he didn't care for her. The promises he had tacitly made and she had tacitly understood she was ready to give him back.

He was quite alive to the fact that her generosity made his impotence the more pitiable. That he should stand tongue-tied and helpless before the woman whom he had allowed to think that she could count on him was galling not only to his manhood, but to all those primary instincts that sent him to the aid of weakness. There was a minute in which it seemed to him that if he did not on the instant redeem his self-respect it would be lost to him for ever. After all, he did care for her—in a way. There was no woman in the world toward whom he felt an equal degree of reverence. More than that, there was no woman in the world whom he could admit so naturally to share his life, whose life he himself could so naturally share. If Rosie were to marry him, the whole process would be different. In that case there would be no sharing; there would be nothing but a wild, gipsy joy. His delight would be to heap happiness upon her, content with her acceptance and the very little which was all he could expect her to give him in return. With Lois Willoughby it would be equality, partnership, companionship, and a life of mutual comprehension and respect. That would be much, of course; it was what a few months ago he would have thought enough; it was plainly that with which he must manage to be satisfied.

He was about to plunge in—to plunge in with one last backward look to the more exquisite joys he must leave behind—and tell her that his strength and loyalty were hers to dispose of as she would when she herself unwittingly balked the impulse.

It was still to hold open to him the way of escape that she continued to speak of Rosie. "If she were to marry some nice fellow, like Jim Breen, for instance—"

Thor bounded. "Like—who?"

She was too deeply preoccupied with her own emotions to notice his. "He was attentive to her for a long time once."

He cried out, incredulously: "Oh no; it couldn't be. She's too—too superior."

"I'm afraid the superiority is just the trouble—though I don't know anything about it, beyond the gossip one hears in the village. Any one who goes to so many of the working people's houses as I do hears it all."

He was still incredulous. "And you've heard—*that?*"

"I've heard that poor Jim wanted to marry her—and she wouldn't look at him. It's a pity, I think. She'd be a great deal happier in marrying a man with the same kind of ways as herself than she'd be with some one—I can only put it," she added, with a rueful smile, "in a way you don't like, Thor—than she'd be with some one of another station in life."

His heart pounded so that he could

hardly trust himself to speak with the necessary coolness. "Is there any question of—of any one of another station in life?"

"N-no; only that if she *is* in love—and of course I'm only guessing at it—I think it's very likely to be with some one of that kind."

The statement which was thrown out with gentle indifference affected him so profoundly that had she again declared that it was not with him he could have taken it with equanimity. With whom else could it be? It wasn't with Antonio, and it wasn't with Dr. Hilary. There was the choice. Were there any other rival, he couldn't help knowing it. He had sometimes suspected—no, it was hardly enough for suspicion!—he had sometimes hoped—but it had been hardly enough for hope!—and yet sometimes, when she gave him that dim, sidelong smile or turned to him with the earnest, wide-open look in her greenish eyes, he had thought that possibly—just possibly . . .

He didn't know what answers he made to her further remarks. A faint memory remained with him of talking incoherently against reason, against sentiment, against time, as, with her velvety regard resting upon him sadly, he swung on his overcoat and hurried to take his leave.

CHAPTER XII

He hurried because inwardly he was running away from the figure he had cut. Never had he supposed that in any one's time of need — to say nothing of hers!—he could have proved so worthless. And he hurried because he knew a decision one way or the other had become imperative. And he hurried because his failure convinced him that so long as there was a possibility that Rosie cared for him secretly he would never do anything for Lois Willoughby. Whatever his sentiment toward the woman-friend of his youth, he was tied and bound by the stress of a love of which the call was primitive. He might be over-abrupt; he might startle her; but at the worst he should escape from this unbearable state of inactivity.

So he hurried. It had stopped snowing; the evening was now fair and cold. As it was nearly six o'clock, his father would probably have come home. He would make him first an offer of new terms, and he would see Rosie afterward. His excitement was such that he knew he could neither eat nor sleep till the questions in his heart were answered.

But on reaching his own gate he was surprised to see Mrs. Willoughby's motor turn in at the driveway and roll up to the door. It was not that there was anything strange in her paying his mother a call, but to-day the circumstances were unusual. Anything might happen. Anything might have happened already. On reaching the door he let himself in with misgiving.

He recognized the visitor's voice at once, but there was a note in it he had never heard before. It was a plaintive note, and rather childlike:

"Oh, Ena, *what's* become of my money?"

His mother's inflections were as childlike as the other's, and as full of distress. "How do I know, Bessie? Why don't you ask Archie?"

"I have asked him. I've just come from there. I can't make out anything he says. He's been trying to tell me that we've spent it—when I know we haven't spent it."

There were tears in Ena's voice as she said: "Well, I can't explain it, Bessie. *I* don't know anything about business."

From where he stood, with his hand on the knob, as he closed the door behind him, Thor could see into the huge, old-fashioned, gilt-framed mirror over the chimney-piece in the drawing-room. The two women were standing, separated by a small table which supported an azalea in bloom. His stepmother, in a soft, trailing house-gown, her hands behind her back, seemed taller and slenderer than ever in contrast to Mrs. Willoughby's dumpiness, dwarfed as it was by an enormous muff and encumbering furs.

The latter drew herself up indignantly. Her tone changed. "You do know something about business, Ena. You knew enough about it to drag Len and me into what we never would have thought of doing, if you and Archie hadn't—"

"I? Why, Bessie, you must be crazy."

"I'm not crazy; though God knows it's enough to make me so. I remember everything as if it had happened this afternoon."

There was a faint scintillation in the diamonds in Ena's brooch and earrings as she tossed her head. "If you do that you must recall that I was afraid of it from the first."

Bessie was quick to detect the admission. "Why?" she demanded. "If you were afraid of it, *why* were you afraid? You weren't afraid without seeing something to be afraid of."

Mrs. Masterman nearly wept. "I don't know anything about business at all, Bessie."

"Oh, don't tell me that," Bessie broke in, fiercely. "You knew enough about it to see that Archie wanted our money in 1892."

"But *I* hadn't anything to do with it."

"Hadn't anything to do with it? Then who had? Who was it suggested to me that Len should go into business? —one evening?—in the Hôtel de Marsan?—after dinner? Who was that?"

"If I said anything at all it was that I hated business and everything that had to do with it."

"Oh, I can understand that well enough," Bessie exclaimed, scornfully. "You hated it because you saw already that your husband was going to ruin us. Come now, Ena! Didn't you?"

Mrs. Masterman protested tearfully. "I didn't know anything about it. I only wished that Archie would let you and your money alone—and I wish it still."

"Very well, then!" Bessie cried, flinging her hands outward dramatically. "Isn't that what I'm saying? You knew something. You knew it and you let us go ahead. You not only let us go ahead, but you led us on. You could see already that Archie was spinning his web like a spider, and that he'd catch us as flies. Now didn't you? Tell the truth, Ena. Wasn't it in your mind from the first? Long before it was in his? I'll say that for Archie, that I don't suppose he really *meant* to ruin us, while you knew he *would*. That's the difference between a man and his wife. The man only drifts, but the wife sees years ahead what he's drifting to. You saw it, Ena—"

When his stepmother bowed her head to sob into her handkerchief Thor ventured to enter the room. Neither of the women noticed him.

"I must say, Ena," Bessie continued, "that seems to me frightful. I don't know what you can be made of that you've lived cheerfully through these last eighteen years when you knew what was coming. If it had been coming to yourself—well, that might be borne. But to stand by and watch for it to overtake some one else—some one who'd always been your friend —some one you liked, for I do believe you've liked me, in your way and my way—that, I must say, is the limit—*cela passe les bornes*. Now, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Masterman struggled to speak, but her sobs prevented her.

"In a way it's funny," Bessie continued, philosophically, "how bad a good woman can be. You're a good woman, Ena, of a kind. That is, you're good in as far as you're not bad; and I suppose that for a woman that's a very fair average. But I can tell you that there are sinners whom the world has scourged to the bone who haven't *begun* to do what you've been doing these past eighteen years—who wouldn't have had the nerve for it. No, Ena," she continued, with another sweeping gesture. "'Pon my soul, I don't know what you're made of. I almost think I admire you. I couldn't have done it; I'll be hanged if I could. There are women who've committed murder and who haven't been as cool as you. They've committed murder in a frantic fit of passion that went as quick as it came, and they've swung for it, or done time for it. But they'd never have had the pluck to sit and smile and wait for this minute as you've waited for it—when you saw it from such a long way off."

It was the crushed attitude in which his stepmother sank weeping into a chair that broke the spell by which Thor had been held paralyzed; but before he could speak Bessie turned and saw him.

"Oh, so it's you, Thor. Well, I wish you could have come a minute ago to hear what I've been saying."

"I've heard it, Mrs. Willoughby—"

"Then I am sure you must agree with me. Or rather, you would if you knew how things had been managed in Paris eighteen years ago. I've been trying to tell your dear stepmother that we've been mistaken in her. We haven't done her justice. We've thought of her as just a sweet and gentle ladylike person, when all the while she's been a heroine. She's been colossal—as Clytemnestra was colossal, and Lady Macbeth. She beats them both; for I don't believe either of them could have watched the sword of Damocles taking eighteen years to fall on a friend and not have had nervous prostration—while she's as fresh as ever."

He laid his hand on her arm. "You'll come away now, won't you, Mrs. Willoughby?" he begged.

She adjusted her furs hurriedly. "All right, Thor. I'll come. I only want to say one thing more—"

"No, no; please!"

"I will say it," she insisted, as he led her from the room, "because it 'll do Ena good. It's just this," she threw back over her shoulder, "that I forgive you, Ena. You're so magnificent that I can't nurse a grudge against you. When a woman has done what you've done she may be punished by her own conscience—but not by me. I'm lost in admiration for the scale on which she carries out her crimes."

By the time they were in the porch, with the door closed behind them, Bessie's excitement subsided suddenly. Her voice became plaintive and childlike again, as she said, wistfully:

"Oh, Thor, do you think it's all gone? —that we sha'n't get any of it back? I know we haven't spent it. We *can't* have spent it."

Since Thor was Thor, there was only one thing for him to say. He needed no time to reflect or form resolutions. Whatever the cost to him, in whatever way, he could say nothing else. "You'll get it all back, Mrs. Willoughby. Don't worry about it any more. Just leave it to me."

But Bessie was not convinced. "I don't see how that's going to be. If your father says the money is gone it *is* gone—whether we've spent it or not. Trust him!" Nevertheless, she kissed him, saying: "But I don't blame you, Thor. If there were two like you in the world it would be too good a place to live in, and Len and Lois think the same."

He got her into the motor and closed the door upon her. Standing on the doorstep, he watched it crawl down the avenue, like a great black beetle on the snow. As it passed the gateway his father appeared, coming on foot from the electric car.

CHAPTER XIII

ON re-entering the house, Thor waited for his father in the hall. Finding the drawing-room empty, and inferring that his mother had gone up-stairs, he decided to say nothing of the scene between her and Mrs. Willoughby. For the time being his own needs demanded right of way. Nothing else could be attended to till they had received consideration.

With that reflection something surged in him—surged and exulted. He was to be allowed to speak of his love at last! He was to be forced to confess it! If he was never to name it again, he would do so this once, getting some outlet for his passion! He both glowed and trembled. He both strained forward and recoiled. Already he felt drunk with a wine that roused the holier emotions as ardently as it fired the senses. He could scarcely take in the purport of his father's words as the latter stamped the snow from his boots in the entry and said:

"Has that poor woman been here? Sorry for her, Thor; sorry for her from the bottom of my heart."

The young man had no response to make. He was in a realm in which the reference had no meaning. Archie continued, while hanging his overcoat and hat in the closet at the foot of the stairs:

"Impossible to make her understand. Women like that can never see why they shouldn't eat their cake and have it, too. Books open for her inspection. But what's one to do?"

When he emerged from the closet Thor saw that his face was gray. He looked mortally tired and sad. He had

been sad for some weeks past—sad and detached—ever since the night when he had made his ineffectual bid for the care of Thor's prospective money. He had betrayed no hint of resentment toward his son—nothing but this dignified lassitude, this reserved, high-bred, speechless expression of failure that smote Thor to the heart. But this evening he looked worn as well, worn and old, though brave and patient and able to command a weary, flickering smile.

"But I'm glad it's come. It will be a relief to have it over. Seen it coming so long that it's been like a nightmare. Rather have come to grief myself—assure you I would."

"Father, could I speak to you for a few minutes?"

"About this?"

"No, not about this; about something else—something rather important."

There was a sudden gleam in the father's eyes which gave Thor a second pang. He had seen it once or twice already during these weeks of partial estrangement. It was the gleam of hope—of hope that Thor might have grown repentant. It had the sparkle of fire in it when, seated in a business attitude at the desk which held the center of the library, he looked up expectantly at his son. "Well, my boy?"

Thor remained standing. "It's about that property of Fay's, father."

"Oh, again?" The light in the eyes went out with the suddenness of an electric lamp.

"I only want to say this, father," Thor hurried on, so as to get the interview over, "that if you want to sell the place, I'll take it. I'll take it on your own terms. You can make them what you like."

Archie leaned on the desk, passing his hand over his brow. "I'm sorry, Thor. I can't."

Thor had the curious reminiscent sensation of being once more a little boy, with some pleasure forbidden him. "Oh, father, why? I want it awfully."

"So I see. I don't see why you should, but—"

"Well, I'll tell you. I want to protect Fay, because—"

Masterman interrupted without looking up. "And that's just what I don't want to do. I want to get rid of the lot."

Rid of the lot! The expression was alarming. In his father's mind the issue, then, was personal. It was not only personal, but it was inclusive. It included Rosie. She was rated in—the lot. Clearly the minute had come at which to speak plainly.

"If you want to get rid of them on my account, father, I may as well tell you—"

"No; it's got nothing to do with you." He was still resting his forehead on his hand, looking downward at the blotting-paper on his desk. "It's Claude."

Thor started back. "Claude? What's he got to do with it?"

"I hadn't made up my mind whether to tell you or not; but—"

"He doesn't even know them. Of course he knows who they are. Fay was Grandpa Thorley's—"

Masterman continued to speak wearily. "He may not know them all. It's motive enough for my action that he knows—the girl."

"Oh no, he doesn't."

"You'd better ask him."

"I have asked him."

"Then you'd better ask him again."

"But, father, she couldn't know him without my seeing it. I'm at the house nearly every day. The mother, you know."

"Apparently your eyes aren't sharp enough. You should take a lesson from your Uncle Sim."

"But, father, I don't understand—"

"Then I'll tell you. It seems that Claude has known this girl for the past four or five months—"

"Oh no, no. That's all wrong. It isn't three months since I talked to Claude about her. Claude didn't even remember they had a girl. He'd forgotten it."

"I know what I'm talking about, Thor. Don't contradict. Seems your uncle Sim has had his eye on them all along."

Thor smote his side with his clenched fist. "There's some mistake, father. It can't *be*."

"I wish there was a mistake, Thor. But there isn't. If I could afford it I should send Claude abroad. Send him

round the world. But I can't just now, with this mix-up in the business. There's no doubt but that the girl is bad—"

"Father!"

If Masterman had been looking up he would have seen the convulsion of pain on his son's face, and got some inkling of his state of mind.

"As bad as they make 'em—" he went on, tranquilly.

"No, no, father. You mustn't say that."

"I can't help saying it, Thor. I know how you feel about Claude. You feel as I do myself. But you and I must take hold of him and save him. We must get rid of this girl—"

"But she's not bad, father—"

Masterman raised himself and leaned back in his chair. He saw that Thor was white, with curious black streaks and shadows in his long, gaunt face. "Oh, I know how you feel," he said, again. "It does seem monstrous that the thing should have happened to Claude; but, after all, he's young, and with a little tact we can pull him out. I've said nothing to your mother, and don't mean to. No use alarming her needlessly. I've not said anything to Claude, either. Only known the thing for four or five days. Don't want to make him restive, or drive him to take the bit between his teeth. High-spirited young fellow, Claude is. Needs to be dealt with tactfully. Thing will be, to cut away the ground beneath his feet without his knowing it—by getting rid of the girl."

"But I know Rosie Fay, father, and she's not—"

"Now, my dear Thor, what *is* a girl but bad when she's willing to meet a man clandestinely night after night—?"

"Oh, but she hasn't done it."

"And I tell you she has done it. Ever since last summer. Night after night."

"Where?" Thor demanded, hoarsely.

"In the woods above Duck Rock. Look here," the father suggested, struck with a good idea, "the next time Claude says he has an engagement to go out with Billy Cheever, why don't you follow him—?"

There was both outrage and authority in Thor's abrupt cry, "Father!"

"Oh, I know how you feel. You'd rather trust him. Well, I would myself. It's the plan I'm going on. We mustn't be too hard on him, must we? Sympathetic steering is what he wants. Fortunately we're both men of the world and can accept the situation with no Puritanical hypocrisies. He's not the first young fellow who's got into the clutches of a hussy—"

It was to keep himself from striking his father down that Thor got out of the room. For an instant he had seen red; and across the red the word *parricide* flashed in letters of fire. It might have been a vision. It was frightening.

Outside it was a night of dim, spirit-like radiance. The white of the earth and the violet of the sky were both spangled with lights. Low on the horizon the full moon was a glorious golden disk.

The air was sweet and cold. As he struck down the avenue, of which the snow was broken only by his own and his father's footsteps and the wheels of Bessie's car, he bared his head to cool his forehead and the hot masses of his hair. He breathed hard; he was aching; his distress was like that of being roused from a weird, appalling dream. He had not yet got control of his faculties. He scarcely knew why he had come out, except that he couldn't stay within.

On nearing the street the buzzing of an electric car reminded him that Claude was probably coming home. Instinctively he turned his steps away from meeting him, tramping up the long, white, empty stretch of County Street.

At Willoughby's Lane he turned up the hill, not for any particular purpose, but because the tramping there would be a little harder. He needed exertion. It eased the dull ache of confused inward pain. In the Willoughby house there was no light except in the hall and in Bessie's bedroom. Mother and daughter had doubtless taken refuge in the latter spot to discuss the disastrous turn of their fortunes. Ah, well! There would probably be nothing to keep him from going to their rescue now.

Probably! He clung to the faint chance offered by the word. He didn't know the real circumstances—yet. *Probably* his father had been accurate in his statements, even though wrong in what

he had inferred. *Probably* Claude and Rosie had met—night after night—secretly—in the woods—in the dark. *Probably!* He stopped dead in his walk; he threw back his head and groaned to the violet sky; he pulled with both hands at his collar as though choking. Secretly—in the woods—in the dark! It was awful—and yet it was entrancing. If Rosie had only come to meet *him* like that!—in that mystery!—in that seclusion!—with that trust—with that surrender of herself!

"How can I blame Claude?"

It was his first formulated thought. He tramped on again. How could he blame Claude? Poor Claude! He had his difficulties. No one knew that better than Thor. And if Rosie loved the boy . . .

Below the ridge of the long, wooded hill there was a road running parallel to County Street. He turned into that. But he began to perceive to what goal he was tending. He had taken this direction aimlessly; and yet it was as if his feet had acted of their own accord, without the guiding impulse of the mind. From a long, straight stem a banner of smoke floated heavy and luminous against the softer luminosity of the sky. He knew now where he was going and what he had to do.

But he paused at the gate, when he got there, uncertain as to where at this hour he should find her. There was a faint light in the mother's room, but none elsewhere in the house. The moon was by this time high enough to throw a band of radiance across Thorley's Pond and strike pale gleams from the glass of the hothouse roofs.

It required some gazing to detect in Rosie's greenhouse the blurred glow of a lamp. He remembered that there was a desk near this spot at which she sometimes wrote. She was writing there now—perhaps to Claude.

But she was not writing to Claude; she was making out bills. As bookkeeper to the establishment, as well as utility woman in general, it was the one hour in the day when she had leisure for the task. She raised her head to peer down the long, dim aisle of flowers on hearing him open the door.

"It's I, Rosie," he called to her, as he passed between banks of carnations. "Don't be afraid."

She was not afraid, but she was excited. As a matter of fact, she was saying to herself, "He's found out." It was what she had been expecting. She had long ago begun to see that his almost daily visits were not on her mother's account. He had been coming less as a doctor than as a detective. Very well! If his detecting had been successful, so much the better. Since the battle had to be fought some time, it couldn't begin too soon.

She remained seated, her right hand holding the pen, her left lying on the open pages of the ledger. He spoke before he had fully emerged into the glow of the lamp.

"Oh, Rosie! What's this about you and Claude?"

Her little face grew hard and defiant. She was not to be deceived by this wounded, unhappy tone. "Well—what?" she asked, guardedly, looking up at him.

He stooped. His face was curiously convulsed. It frightened her. "Do you *love* him?"

Instinctively she took an attitude of defense, rising and pushing back her chair, to shield herself behind it. "And what if I do?"

"Then, Rosie, you should have told me."

Again the heartbroken cry seemed to her a bit of trickery to get her confidence. "Told you? How could I tell you? What should I tell you for?"

"How long have you loved him?"

Her face was set. The shifting opal lights in her eyes were the fires of her will. She would speak. She would hide nothing. Let the responsibility be on Claude. Her avowal was like that of a calamity or a crime. "I've loved him ever since I knew him."

"And how long is that?"

"It will be five months the day after to-morrow."

"Tell me, Rosie. How did it come about?"

She was still defiant. She put it briefly. "I was in the wood above Duck Rock. He came by. He spoke to me."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I DON'T WANT TO PART YOU. I WANT TO BRING YOU TOGETHER"

"And you loved him from the first?"

She nodded, with the desperate little air he had long ago learned to recognize.

"Oh, Rosie, tell me this. Do you love him—much?"

She was quite ready with her answer. It was as well the Mastermans should know. "I'd die for him."

"Would you, Rosie? And what about him?"

Her lip quivered. "Oh, men are not so ready to die for love as women are."

He leaned toward her, supporting himself with his hands on the desk. "And you are ready, Rosie! You really —would?"

She thought he looked wild. He terrified her. She shrank back into the dimness of a mass of foliage. "Oh, what do you mean? What are you asking me for? Why do you come here? Go away."

"I'll go presently, Rosie. You won't be sorry I've come. I only want you to tell me all about it. There are reasons why I want to know."

"Then why don't you ask him?" she demanded, passionately. "He's your brother."

"Because I want you to tell me the story first."

There was such tenderness in his voice that she grew reassured in spite of her alarm. "What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say first of all that you know I'm your friend."

"You can't be my friend," she said, suspiciously, "unless you're Claude's friend, too; and Claude wouldn't own to a friend who tried to part us."

"I don't want to part you, Rosie. I want to bring you together."

The assertion was too much for credence. She was thrown back on the hypothesis of trickery. "You?"

"Yes, Rosie. Has Claude never told you that he's more to me than any one in the world, except—" He paused; he panted; he tried to keep it back, but it forced itself out in spite of his efforts—"except you." Once having said it, he repeated it: "Except you, Rosie; except—you."

Though he was still leaning toward her across the desk, his head sank. There was silence between them. It was long before Rosie, the light in her eyes concentrated to two brilliant, penetrating points, crept forward from the sheltering mass of foliage. She could hardly speak above a whisper.

"Except—who?"

He lifted his head. She noticed subconsciously that his face was no longer wild, but haggard. He spoke gently: "Except you, Rosie. You're most to me in the world."

As she bent toward him her mouth and eyes betrayed her horror at the irony of this discovery. She would rather never have known it than know it now. It was all she could do to gasp the one word, "Me?"

"I shouldn't have told you," he hurried on, apologetically, "but I couldn't help it. Besides, I want you to understand how utterly I'm your friend. I ask nothing more than to be allowed to help you and Claude in every way—"

She cried out. The thing was preposterous. "You're going to do that—*now?*"

"I'm your big brother, Rosie—the big brother to both of you. That's what I shall be in future. And what I've said will be a dead secret between us, won't it? I shouldn't have told you, but I couldn't help it. It was stronger than me, Rosie. Those things sometimes are. But it's a secret now, dead and buried. It's as if it hadn't been said, isn't it? And if I should marry some one else—"

This was too much. It was like the world slipping from her at the minute she had it within her grasp. The horror was not only in her eyes and mouth, but in her voice. "Are you going to marry some one else?"

"I might have to, Rosie—for a lot of reasons. It might be my duty. And now that I can't marry you—"

She uttered a sort of wail. "Oh!"

"Don't be sorry for me, Rosie dear. I can stand it. I can stand it better if you're not sorry—"

"But I *am*," she cried, desperately.

"Then I must thank you—only don't be. It will make me grieve the more for saying what I never should have said. But that's a secret between us, as I said before, isn't it? And if I do marry—she'll never find it out, will she? That wouldn't do, would it, Rosie?"

His words struck her as passing all the bounds of practical common sense. They were so mad that she felt herself compelled to ask for more assurance. "Are you—in love—with—with *me?*" If the last syllable had been louder it would have been a scream.

"Oh, Rosie, forgive me! I shouldn't have told you. It was weak. It was wrong. I only did it to show you how you could trust me. But I should have showed you that some other way. You'd already told me how it was between you and Claude, and so it was treachery to him. But I never dreamed of trying to come between you. Believe me, I didn't. I swear to you I only want—"

She broke in, panting. She wouldn't have spoken crudely or abruptly if there had been any other way. But the chance was there. In another minute it might be too late. "Yes; but when I said that about Claude—"

She didn't know how to go on. He encouraged her. "Yes, Rosie?"

She wrung her hands. "Oh, don't you *see?* When I said that about Claude—I didn't—I didn't know—"

He hastened to relieve her distress. "You didn't know I cared for you?"

"No!" The word came out with another long wail.

He looked at her curiously. "But what's that got to do with it?"

Her eyes implored him piteously, while she beat the palm of one hand against the back of the other. It was terrible that he couldn't see what she meant—and the moments slipping away!

"It wouldn't have made you love Claude any the less, would it?"

She had to say something. If she didn't he would never understand. "Not love, perhaps; but—"

The sudden coldness in his voice terrified her again—but differently. "But what, Rosie?"

She cried out, as if the words rent her. "But Claude has no—*money.*"

"And I have. Is that it?"

It was no use to deny it. She nodded dumbly. Besides, she counted on his possession of common sense, though his use of it was slow.

He raised himself from his attitude of leaning on the desk. It was his turn to take shelter amid the dark foliage behind him. He couldn't bear to let the lamplight fall too fully on his face. "Is it this, Rosie," he asked, with an air of bewilderment, "that you'd marry me because I have—the money?"

It seemed to Rosie that the question gave her reasonable cause for exasperation. She was almost sobbing as she said: "Well, I can't marry Claude *without* money. He can't marry me." A ray was thrown into her little soul when she gasped in addition, "And there's father and mother and Matt!"

Thor's expression lost some of its bewilderment because it deepened to sternness. "But Claude means to marry you, doesn't he?"

She cried out again, with that strange effect of the words rending her. "I don't—*know.*"

He had a moment of wild fear lest his father had been right, after all. "You don't know? Then—what's your relation to each other?"

"I don't know that, either. Claude won't tell me." She crossed her hands on her bosom as she said, desperately, "I sometimes think he doesn't mean anything at all."

The terror of the instant passed. "Oh yes, he does, Rosie. I'll see to that."

"Do you mean that you'll make him marry me?"

He smiled pitifully. "There'll be no making, Rosie. You leave it to me."

He turned from her not merely because the last word had been spoken but through fear lest something might be breaking within himself On regaining the white roadway he thought he saw Jasper Fay in the shadow of the house, but he was too deeply stricken to speak to him. He went up the hill and farther from the village. It was not yet eight o'clock, but time had ceased to have measurement. He went up the hill to be alone in that solitude which was all that for the moment he could endure. He climbed higher than the houses and the snow-covered gardens; his back was toward the moon and the glow above the city. The prospect of reaching the summit gave something for his strong body to strain forward to.

The ridge, when he got to it, was

treeless, wind-swept, and moon-swept. It was a great white altar, victimless and bare. He felt devastated, weak. It was a relief, bodily and mental, to sink to his knees—to fall—to lie at his length. He pressed his hot face into the cool, consoling whiteness, as a man might let himself weep on a pillow. His arms were outstretched beyond his head. His fingers pierced beneath the snow till they touched the tender, nestling mosses. All round him there was silveriness and silence, and overhead the moon.

CHAPTER XIV

DESCENDING the hill, Thor saw a light in his uncle Sim's stable, and knew that Delia was being settled for the night. Uncle Sim still lived in the ramshackle house to which his father—old Dr. Masterman, as elderly people in the village called him—had taken his young wife, who had been Miss Lucy Dawes. In this house both Sim and Archie Masterman were born. It was the plainest of dwellings, painted by wind and weather to a dovelike silver-gray. Here lived Uncle Sim, cared for in the domestic sense by a lady somewhat older and more eccentric than himself, known to the younger Mastermans as Cousin Amy Dawes.

Thor avoided the house and Cousin Amy Dawes, going directly to the stable. By the time he had reached the door Uncle Sim was shutting it. In the light of a lantern standing in the snow the naked elms round about loomed weirdly. The greetings were brief.

"Hello, Uncle Sim!"

"Hello, Thor!"

Thor made an effort to reduce the emotional tremor of his voice to the required minimum. "Father's been telling me about Claude and Rosie Fay."

Uncle Sim turned the key in the lock with a loud grating. "Father had to do it, did he? Thought you might have caught on to that by yourself. One of the reasons I sent you into the Fay family."

"Did you know it then?—already?"

"Didn't *know* it. Couldn't help putting two and two together."

"You see everything, Uncle Sim."

Uncle Sim stooped to pick up the lantern. "See everything that's under my nose. Thought you could, too."

"This hasn't been under my nose."

"Oh, well! There are noses and noses. A donkey has one kind and a dog has another."

Thor was not a finished actor, but he was doing his best to play a part. "Well, what do you think now?"

"What do I think now? I don't think anything—about other people's business."

"I think we ought to do something," Thor declared, with energy.

"All right. Every one to his mind. Only it's great fun to let other people settle their own affairs."

"Settle their own affairs—and suffer."

"Yes, and suffer. Suffering doesn't hurt any one."

"Do you mean to say, Uncle Sim, that I should sit still and do nothing while the people I care for most in the world are in all sorts of trouble that I could get them out of?"

"That little baggage Rosie Fay isn't one of the people you care for most in the world, I presume?"

Thor knew that with Uncle Sim's perspicacity this might be a leading question, but he made the answer he considered the most diplomatic in the circumstances. "She is if—if Claude is in love with her. But—but why do you call her that, Uncle Sim?"

"Because she's a little witch. Most determined little piece I know. Hard working; lots of pluck; industrious as the devil. Whole soul set on attaining her ends."

Thor considered it prudent to return to the point from which he had been diverted. "Well, if the people I care for most are in trouble that I can get them out of—"

"Oh, if you can get them out of it—"

"Well, I can."

"Then that's all right. Only the case must be rather rare. Haven't often seen the attempt made except with one result—not that of getting people out of trouble, but of getting oneself in. But every one to his taste, Thor. Wouldn't stop you for the world. Only advise you not to be in a hurry."

"There's no question of being in a hurry when things have to be done *now*."

"All right, Thor. You know better than I. I'm one of those slowpokes who look on the fancy for taking a hand in other people's affairs as I do on the taste for committing suicide—there's always time. If you don't do it to-day, you can to-morrow—which is a reason for putting it off, ain't it?"

There was more than impatience in Thor's protest as he cried, "But how can you put it off when there's some one —some one who's—who's unhappy?"

"I see. Comes back to that. But I don't mind some one's being unhappy. Don't care a tuppenny damn. Do 'em good. I've seen more people unhappy than I could tell you about in a year; and nine out of ten were made men and women by it who before that had been only rags."

"I'm afraid I can't accept that cheerful doctrine, Uncle Sim—"

"All right, Thor. Don't want you to. Wouldn't interfere with you any more than with any one else. Free country. Got your own row to hoe. If you make yourself miserable in the process, why it 'll do you as much good as it does all the rest. Nothing like it. Wouldn't save you from it for anything. But there's a verse of an old song that you might turn over in your mind—old song written about two or three thousand years ago: 'Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure—'"

Thor tossed his head impatiently. "Oh, pshaw!"

"But it goes on: 'And be strong.' You can be awful strong when you're tarrying the Lord's leisure, Thor, because then you know you're not making any damn-fool mistakes."

Thor spoke up proudly: "I'd rather *make* mistakes—than do nothing."

"That's all right, Thor; splendid spirit. Don't disapprove of it a mite. Go ahead. Make mistakes. It 'll be live and learn. Not the least afraid. I've often noticed that when young fellows of your sort prefer their own haste to the Lord's leisure there's a Lord's haste that hurries on before 'em, so as to be all ready to meet 'em when they come a cropper in the ditch."

Thor turned away sharply. "I guess I'll beat it, Uncle Sim."

The old man, swinging his lantern, shambled along by his nephew's side, as the latter made for the road again. "Oh, I ain't trying to hold you back, Thor. Now am I? On the contrary, I say, go ahead. Rush in where angels fear to tread; and if you don't do anything else you'll carry the angels along with you. You may make an awful fool of yourself, Thor—but you'll be on the side of the angels and the angels 'll be on yours."

Though dinner was over by the time Thor reached home, his stepmother sat with him while he ate it. It was a new departure for her. Thor could not remember that she had ever done anything of the sort before. She sat with him and served him, asking no questions as to why he was late. She seemed to divine a trouble on his part beyond her power to console, and for which the only sympathy she dared to express was that of small kindly acts. He understood this and was grateful.

He found her society soothing. This, too, surprised him. He felt so battered and sore that the mere presence of one who approached him from an affectionate impulse had the effect on him of a gentle hand. Never before in his life had he been conscious of woman's genius for comforting, possibly because never before in his life had he needed comfort to the same degree.

No reference was made by his stepmother or himself to the scene with Mrs. Willoughby in the afternoon, but it was not hard for him to perceive that in some strange way it was stirring the victim of it to newness of life. It was not that she admitted the application of Bessie's charges to herself; they only startled her to the knowledge that there were heights and depths in human existence such as her imagination had never plumbed. Her nature was making a feeble effort to expand, as the petals of a bud that has been kept hard and compact by a backward spring may unfold to the heat of summer.

When he had finished his hasty meal, Thor rose and kissed her, saying, "Thank you, mumphy," using the pet name that had not been on his lips since childhood. She drew his face downward with a sudden sob, a sob quite inex-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"SAY, THOR, YOU'RE NOT IN LOVE WITH HER YOURSELF, ARE YOU?"

plicable except on the ground that her poor, withered, strangled little soul was at last trying to live.

Having gone up-stairs to his room, Thor shut the door and bolted it in his desire for solitude. He changed his coat and kicked off his boots. When he had lighted a pipe he threw himself on the old sofa which had done duty as couch at the foot of his bed ever since he was a boy. It was the attitude in which he had always been best able to "think things out."

Now that he had eaten a sufficient dinner, he felt physically less bruised, though mentally there was more to torture him. He regretted having seen Uncle Sim. He hated the alternative of letting things alone. There was a sense in which action would have been an anodyne to suffering, and had it not been for Uncle Sim he would have had no scruple in making use of it.

It was all very well to talk of letting people settle their own affairs; but how *could* they settle them, in these particular cases, without his intervention? As far as power went he was like a fairy prince who had only to wave a wand to see the whole scene transfigured. If he hadn't asked Uncle Sim's advice he would be already waving it, instead of lolling on his back, with his right foot poised over his left knee and dangling a heelless slipper in the air. He felt shame at the very attitude of idleness.

True, there were the two distinct lines of action—that of making a number of people happy now, and that of holding back that they might fight their own battles. By fighting their own battles they might emerge from the conflict the stronger — after forty or fifty years! Those who were unlikely to live so long —Len and Bessie Willoughby, for example—would probably go down rebelling and protesting to their graves. But Claude and Rosie and Lois might all grow morally the stronger. There was that possibility. It was plain. Claude and Rosie might marry on the former's fifteen hundred dollars a year, have children, and bring them up in poverty as model citizens; but whatever the high triumph of their middle age, Thor shrank from the thought of the interval for both. And Lois, too, might live down grief, disappointment, small means, and loneliness; might become hardened and toughened and beaten to endurance, and grow to be the best and bravest and kindest old maid in the world. Uncle Sim would probably consider that in these noble achievements the game would be worth the candle; but he, Thor Masterman, didn't. The more he developed the possibilities of this future for every one concerned, himself included, the more he loathed it.

It was past eleven before he reached the point of loathing at which he was convinced that action should begin; but once he reached it, he bounded to his feet. He felt wonderfully free and vigorous. If certain details could be settled there and then—he couldn't wait till the morrow—he thought that, in spite of everything, he should sleep.

He had heard Claude go to his room, which was on the same floor as his own, an hour earlier. Claude was probably by this time in bed and asleep, but the elder brother couldn't hesitate for that. Within less than a minute he had crossed the passage, entered Claude's bedroom, and turned on the electric light.

Claude's profile sunk into the middle of the pillow might have been carved in ivory. His dark wavy hair fell back picturesquely from temple and brow. Under the coverings his slim form made a light, graceful line.

The room was at once dainty and severe. A striped paper, brightened by a design of garlands, knots, and flowers *à la Marie Antoinette*, made a background for white furniture in the style of Louis XVI., modern and inexpensive, but carefully selected by Mrs. Masterman. The walls were further lightened by colored reprints of old French scenes, discreetly amorous, collected by Claude himself.

Thor stood for some seconds in front of the bed before the brother opened his eyes. More seconds passed while the younger gazed up at the elder. "What the dev—!" Claude began, sleepily.

But Thor broke in promptly: "Claude, why didn't you ever tell me you knew Rosie Fay?"

Claude closed his eyes again. The

expected had happened. Like Rosie, he resolved to meet the moment cautiously, creating no more opposition than he could help. "Why should I?" he parried, without hostility.

"Because I asked you, for one thing."

He opened his eyes. "When did you ever ask me?"

"At the bank; one day when I found you there. It must have been two months ago."

Claude stirred slightly under the bedclothes. "Oh, then."

"Yes, then. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't see how I could. What good would it have done, anyhow?"

It was on Thor's tongue to say, "It would have done the good of not telling lies," but he suppressed that. One of his objects was to be conciliating. He had other objects which he believed would be best served by taking a small chair and sitting on it astride, close to Claude's bed. An easy, fraternal air was maintained by the effect of the pipe still hanging by its curved stem from the corner of his mouth. He began to think highly of himself as a comedian.

"I wish you had told me," he said, quietly, "because I could have helped you."

Claude lay still. His eyes grew brilliant. "Helped me—how?"

"Helped you in whatever it is you're trying to do." He added, with significance, "You are trying to do something, aren't you?"

Claude endeavored to gain time by saying, "Trying to do what?"

"You're—" Thor hesitated, but dashed in. "You're in love with her?"

It was still to gain time that Claude replied, "What do you think?"

Thor's heart bounded with a great hope. Perhaps Claude was not in love with her. He had not been noticeably moved as yet. In that case it might be possible — barely possible — that after Rosie had outlived her disappointment there might be a chance that he . . . But he dared not speculate. Mustering everything that was histrionic within him, he said, with the art that conceals art, "I think you are—decidedly."

Claude rolled partly over in bed. "That's about it."

The confession was as full as one brother could expect from another. Thor's heart sank again. He managed, however, to keep on the high plane of art as he brought out the words, "And what about her?"

Again Claude's avowal was as ardent as the actual conditions called for. "Oh, I guess she's all right."

"So—what now?"

Claude rolled back toward his brother, raising his head slightly from the pillow. "Well—what now?"

"You're going to be married, I suppose?"

Claude lifted himself on his elbow. "Married on fifteen hundred a year?" He went on, before Thor could say anything, "If there was nothing else to consider!"

Thor felt stirrings of hope again. "Then, if you're not going to be married, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? What can I mean?"

"Oh, come, Claude! You're not a boy any longer. You know perfectly well that a man of honor—with your traditions—can't trifle with a girl like that—or break her heart—or—or ruin her."

"I'm not doing any of the three. She knows I'm not. She knows I'm only in the same box she's in herself."

"That is, you're both in love, without seeing how you're going to—"

Claude lurched forward in the bed. "Look here, Thor; if you want to know, it's this. I've tried to leave the girl alone—and I can't. I'm worse than a damn fool; I'm every sort of a hound. I can't marry her, and I can't give her up. When I haven't seen her for a week, I'm frantic; and when I do see her I swear to God I'll never see her again. So now you know."

Claude threw himself back again on the pillows, but Thor went on, quietly: "Why do you swear to God you'll never see her again?"

"Because I'm killing her. That is, I should be killing her if she wasn't the bravest little brick on earth. You don't know her, Thor. You've seen her, and you know she's pretty; but you don't know that she's as plucky as they make 'em—pluckier."

Thor answered wearily: "I've rather

guessed that, which is one of the reasons why I feel you should be true to her."

"I am true to her—truer than I ought to be. If I was less true it would be better for us both. She'd get over it—"

Again Thor was aware of an up-leaping hope. "And you, too?"

"Oh, I suppose so—in time."

"Yes, but you'd suffer."

Claude gave another lurch forward in the bed. "I couldn't suffer worse than I'm suffering now, knowing I'm an infernal cad—and not seeing how to be anything else."

"But you wouldn't be an infernal cad if you married her."

The young man flung himself about the bed impatiently. "Oh, what's the use of talking?"

"If she had money you could marry her all right."

"Ah, go to the devil, Thor!" The tone was one of utter exasperation.

Thor persisted. "If she had, let us say, four or five thousand dollars a year of her own—"

Claude stretched his person half-way out of bed. "I said—go to the devil!"

"Well, she has."

"Has what?"

"Four or five thousand dollars a year of her own. That is, she *will* have it, if you and she get married."

"Say, Thor, have you got the jim-jams?"

"I'm speaking quite seriously, Claude. I've always intended to do something to help you out when I got hold of Grandpa Thorley's money; and, if you like, I'll do it that way."

"Do it what way?"

"The way I say. If you and Rosie get married, she shall have five thousand a year of her own."

"From you?"

Thor nodded.

The younger brother looked at the elder curiously. It was a long minute before he spoke. "If it's to help me out, why don't *I* have it? I'm your brother. I should think I'd be the one."

"Because I'd rather do it that way. It would be a means of evening things up. It would make her more like your equal. You know as well as I do that father and mother will kick like blazes; but if Rosie has money—"

"If Rosie has money they ll know she gets it from somewhere. They won't think it comes down to her out of heaven."

"They can think what they like. They needn't know that I have anything to do with it. They know you haven't got five thousand a year, and if she has—why, there'll be the solid cash to convince them. The whole thing will be a pill for them; but if it's gilded—"

Claude's knees were drawn up in the bed, his hands clasped about them. Thor noticed the strangeness of his expression, but he was unprepared for his words when they came out. "Say, Thor, you're not in love with her yourself, are you?"

Owing to what he believed to be the perfection of his acting, it was the question Thor had least expected to be called on to answer. He knew he was turning white or green, and that his smile when he forced it was nothing but a ghastly movement of the mouth. It was his turn to gain time, but he could think of nothing more forcible than, "What makes you ask me that?"

"Because it looks so funny — so damned funny."

"There's nothing funny in my trying to give a lift to my own brother, is there?"

"N-no; perhaps not. But, see here, Thor—" He leaned forward. "You're *not* in love with her, are you?"

Thor knew the supreme moment of his life had come, that he should never reach another like it. It was within his power to seize the cup and drain it—or thrust it aside. Of all temptations he had ever had to meet none had been so strong as this. It was the stronger for his knowing that if it was conquered now it would probably never return. He would have put himself beyond reach of its returning. That in itself appalled him. There was some joy in feeling the temptation there, as a thing to be dallied with. He dallied with it now. He dallied with it to the extent of saying, with a smile he tried to temper to playfulness:

"Well, what if I was in love with her?"

Something about Claude leaped into flame. "Then I wouldn't touch a cent

of your money. I wouldn't let her touch it. I wouldn't let her look at it. I'd marry her on my own—I'll be hanged if I wouldn't. I'd marry her to-morrow. I'd get out of bed and marry her to-night. I'd—"

Thor forced his smile to a tenderer playfulness, sitting calmly astride of his chair, his left arm along the back, his right hand holding his pipe by the bowl. "So you wouldn't let me have her?"

Claude lashed across the bed. "I'd see you hanged first. I'd see you damned. I'd see you damned to hell. She's mine, I tell you. I'm not going to give her up to any one—and to you least of all. Do you get that? Now you know."

"All right, Claude. Now I know."

"Yes, but I don't know." Claude wriggled to the side of the bed, drawing as near to his brother as he could without getting out. "I don't know. I've asked you a question, and you haven't answered it. And, by God! you've got to answer it. Sooner than let any one else get her, I'll marry her and starve. Now speak."

Thor got up heavily. He had the feeling with which the ancients submitted when they stood soberly and affirmed that it was useless to struggle against Fate. Fate was upon him. He saw it now. He had tried to elude her, but she had got him where he couldn't move. She asserted herself again when Claude, hanging half out of bed, his mouth feverish, his eyes burning, insisted, imperiously, "Say, you—*speak!*"

Thor spoke. He spoke from the middle of the floor, his pipe still in his hand. He spoke without premeditation, as though but uttering the words that Destiny had put into his mouth from all eternity.

"It's all right, Claude. Calm down. I'm—I'm going to be married to Lois Willoughby."

But Claude was not yet convinced. "When?"

"Just as soon as we can fix things up after the tenth of next month—after I get the money."

"How long has that been settled?" Claude demanded, with lingering suspicion.

"It's been settled for years, as far as I'm concerned. I can hardly remember the time when I didn't intend—just what I'm going to do." Claude let himself drop back again among the pillows. "So now it's all right, isn't it?" Thor continued, making a move toward the door. "It 'll be Lois and I—and you and Rosie. And the money will go to Rosie. I insist on that. It 'll even things up. Five thousand a year. Perhaps more. We'll see."

He looked back from the door, but Claude, after his excitement, was lying white and silent, his eyes closed, his profile upturned. Thor was swept by compunction. It had always been part of the family tradition to respect Claude's high-strung nerves. Nothing did him more harm than to be thwarted or stirred up. With a murmured good-night Thor turned out the light, opening and closing the door softly.

But in the passage he heard the pad of bare feet behind him. Claude stood there in his pajamas.

"Say, Thor," he whispered, hoarsely, "you're top-hole—'pon my soul you are." He caught his brother's hand, pulling it rather than shaking it, like a boy tugging at a bell-rope. "You're a top-hole brother, Thor," he repeated, nervously, "and I'm a beast. I know you don't care anything about Rosie. Of course you don't. But I've got the jumps. I've been through such a lot during the months I've been meeting her that I'm on springs. But with you to back me up—"

"I'll back you up all right, Claude. Just wade in and get married—and I guess our team will hold its own against all comers. Lois will be with us. She's fond of Rosie—"

With another tug at his brother's arm, and more inarticulate thanks, Claude darted back to his room again.

Thor closed his own door and locked it behind him. He was too far spent for more emotion. He had hardly the energy to throw off his clothes and turn out the light. Within five minutes of his final assurance to Claude he was sleeping profoundly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Company Dinner

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR

"WELL, I'm at peace with the world!" Geoffrey Adams dropped the match with which he had lighted his after-dinner cigar, pulled his coffee-cup nearer, and squinted a little as he looked through the first clinging, aromatic tendrils of smoke at his pretty wife, smiling across a beautifully appointed table, upon which gaily petticoated candles shed their mellow beams. "I wonder whether peacefulness—one way or another—is always a matter of being fed up?"

"Apropos of food," said Suzanne, "do you realize, Geof, that we've simply got to give some dinners?"

"Dinners!" he ejaculated, amazed.

"I begin to feel like an object of charity. All our friends must have demonstrated to their complete satisfaction that it's more blessed to give than to receive!"

"The light and inconsequential way in which the woman speaks of giving dinners!" he murmured. "One of Enga's dinners?"

"Isn't that just like a man?" she retorted. "You arrive at peace with the world by eating one of Enga's dinners, and then call it names!"

"You malign me. Enga's chicken casserole by any other name would taste as good. But don't forget that chicken, plus a salad and a sweet, doesn't constitute a dinner. A dinner, my Suzanne, is a fine flower of civilization."

"A dinner," sententiously observed his wife, "is one of three things. It's either just food, or a stepping-stone, or a canceled debt. It's the latter variety of which I speak."

"Any food would be a perfect dinner for me if salted by your presence," he told her, "but even you can't convert our daily bread into a function for the formal."

"You seem to be putting social amenities on a very material basis. Why not allow the spirit to have some play?" she suggested, and he laughingly returned:

"The spirit's willing enough. It's the food that's weak. If you said spirits, now! They've saved many an otherwise shaky situation. But with the advent of our new national drink, I suppose bottled conviviality should remain in obscurity, gathering cobwebs unto itself."

"Should it, indeed!" sniffed Suzanne. "What has that to do with the fine flower of civilization, I'd like to know?" Whereat they both laughed. "Joking aside, Geof, we've got to do the civilized thing. We can't go on honeymooning for ever. We must contribute our share, and that spells dinners. And why not? We have everything but the food."

"Granting that your setting of choice wedding-gifts is perfect," he rejoined, "for dinner-giving food's really a bit important, isn't it?"

"Y-yes, I suppose it is. And Enga certainly does not—" She stopped thoughtfully, and after a moment he said, with a resigned shrug.

"Oh, well, all right. I see where I travel the suburbanite's well-beaten road to the agencies in search of a cook."

"Not much you don't!" she replied. "I bear the ills I have! Enga may be stupid, but she's willing and clean—and she stays. And the greatest of these is she stays! Geof, I have an inspiration! Couldn't we achieve a company dinner on the instalment plan?"

"I'm game for anything you suggest, but I haven't the remotest notion what you're talking about."

"Listen, then! The cook-book and I have taught Enga to do two or three things really well. Why not one entire menu? One perfect dinner served

at intervals to different people ought to get us through the social clearing-house with flying colors."

"Suzanne, you're the eighth wonder of the world!" he declared, and Suzanne blushed. But, while admiration was sweet, her purpose was fixed, and she persisted.

"You say you're game, but are you? Do you fully realize what training Enga is going to mean?"

"Mean? Look here," he demanded, in some dismay, "have we got to eat that company dinner every day until she learns how to cook it?"

"No, my child. On our limited income that wouldn't permit us to have even grape juice when the great occasion arrives. But day by day and course by course I'll train our minion's fumbling fingers in the way they should go, and you—poor dear!—will manfully swallow the result!"

"All right. I'm game! But what do you know about the gentle art of cooking, anyway?"

"My dear," lightly said Suzanne, "any woman of intelligence ought to cook well. So many who haven't any do it perfectly."

It was perhaps three months after this that Marian Fisher first heard that to be invited to one of the Adamses' intimate little dinners was to enjoy the rarest pleasure their small suburban community afforded. The worth-while people one met, the good talk one heard, and last, but by no means least, the good food, made these occasions memorable to those privileged to share in them.

Suzanne was the daughter of an eminent man whose entire fortune had been swept away in one of those financial cataclysms that occur from time to time, and at his death she had been left quite penniless, but with a large circle of acquaintances who met with disapproval her announcement that she was going to marry Geoffrey Adams. For a girl accustomed to every ease of circumstance, Geof with his large fund of hope and ambition and his modest salary did not seem to offer a brilliant marriage. But Suzanne met their objections lightly, assuring the doubting ones that she would do wonders with Geof's salary; in proof whereof she set about canvassing New York from Washington Heights to Greenwich Village in pursuit of an apartment that met her requirements. After many weary days she said:

"Geof, I can't stand it! The ones with large rooms and open fireplaces have zinc bath-tubs and inclosed plumbing. Those with 'all the modern improvements' have imitation bay-trees and near-marble pillars in the entrance-hall, and six cubby-holes occupying the space of one room. They all have hideous hardwood mantels—generally with colored tiles—which the landlords refuse to paint. At best, that would only convert them into whited sepulchers, for the things don't even cover a hole in the wall! I want something real! Let's look at that place in the country that Betty Benson told us about. She says it's nice."

So they went to the country, and Suzanne found an old red brick house which she insisted had been waiting for her; but now Geoffrey turned scoffer.

"Looks to me as though it had got tired waiting and decided to sit down," he caviled, but she buoyantly returned:

"Never you mind! Putting what we'll save in rent on the inside of that house will be like feeding the hungry. It will cast off its air of dejection and feel like a home. And think how near it is to the Post-road! Don't forget we have friends with motors, even if we do walk ourselves—and not always by preference!"

"All right. Just as you say," he agreed. "But I'm from Missouri!"

"*Très-bien!*" was her gay retort. "You may incorporate the whole map if you want to. I'd *love* to 'show' you!"

When, in the course of a few weeks, he saw the result of her labors, he exclaimed: "My dear, we'll have to frame our lease and hang it on the wall, for nobody, seeing this house, can ever be convinced that we're not living beyond our income! How in the name of marvels did you do it?"

"White paint and chintz—and intelligence," he was told, briefly.

Six months of gracious living in these surroundings had made the Adamses feel that theirs was indeed an enviable



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by C. E. Hart

AS THOUGH THE OLD HOUSE LISTENED WITH HER

lot. Geof said sometimes, "Really, Suzanne, this is too good. It tends to dull ambition." But when he heard that Rhodes Carleton, one of the largest manufacturers in the United States, was looking for an Eastern sales-manager, he knew that for him ambition might hibernate awhile but it was very much alive.

"Far be it from me to count the chickens before the eggs are laid," he said, "but from Mr. Carleton's attitude to-day, I think I have at least as good a chance as anybody of getting the job. Phil Benson—he's Carleton's nephew, you know—says that it rests between Jim Fisher and me."

"How about offering Mr. Carleton the dinner?" she asked, laughing. "It might serve as an incubator, in case the eggs are laid."

"Is there anybody left worthy to be asked to meet such a shining light?" he questioned. "You insist we can't repeat on this thing—though I don't see why not, when the dinner's so good."

"Well, perhaps you're right," she considered. "With a change or two in the things I make myself, perhaps I *could* offer that dinner twice—or even thrice—to a man."

"Now, why a man? Why not a woman?"

"Dear male creature, a woman sees far beyond the trimmings," she told him. "A few yards of lace on last year's frock and a woman's best smile will convince almost any man that the gown's what she wants him to think it. So with a dinner, too."

"And you think a woman would drop on it, eh? But we can't have only men at this show—and pick your guests with care, dear. Carleton's not the average business slave. He's a descendant as well as an ancestor."

"Then we'll ask the most interesting people we know, and I'll chance anybody's thinking it was necessity and not choice that governed the menu for this particular occasion. We'll have the Bensons, of course, as Mr. Carleton's their guest, but I'm glad we don't know their friends the Fishers. I hope I could be just as cordial, even if he is your rival, but I'd rather not be put to the test."

"You have a flair for knowing the right people, haven't you?" he responded. "Let's see, that must be about the fourth extra sense I've discovered in you. How many more have you concealed about your little person?"

Suzanne did not need her prettiest smile to convince either man or woman that her frock for the Carleton dinner was radiantly new, and at the end of the evening her being was flooded with the glow of satisfaction that comes to every hostess when she has said good-night to her last guest, a successful entertainment achieved. Her complete satisfaction might have been dampened a bit, however, could she have overheard the conversation between Carleton and the Bensons on the way back to town. Betty was all enthusiasm, and said:

"Don't you think Suzanne's a wonder, Uncle Rhodes, to live in the suburbs, and entertain so well, and have such a house to do it in?"

Carleton paused to bite the end off a cigar before answering, rather dryly: "Very nice. But tell me something about Mrs. Adams. Hers seems to be rather a lavish hand."

"She does do things with ease, but she has the habit." Betty's tone was warmly admiring. "All her life she's been in the midst of things, and I think she's wonderful to keep it up! Everyone felt she was taking a risk when she married Geof, on his rather meager salary, but they evidently manage."

"Didn't you tell me she was Peter Sanford's daughter? She may have saved something from the wreck. Or possibly she had money of her own?" Carleton suggested; but his nephew replied:

"No, she hasn't. Geof told me at the time they were married that he wanted to take out some life-insurance, because they had nothing but his salary. I don't know whether he's done it yet."

"Judging from their scale of living, I should say not," was the elder man's comment. "You can't pad the present and prepare for the future on the same dollar. At least, I've never been able to. And I've never heard of any financial Burbank who's made luxury yield a profit."

"Really, Uncle Rhodes, isn't it rather unfair to expect a girl like Suzanne to drop entirely out of her old life?" Betty defended.

"My dear, dropping's not a pleasant sensation, but it would seem to me that those young people are trying for an altitude record in a hot-air balloon with no parachute. When the fall comes, though, I'd like to hire their cook," he added.

"You'll have to be right on the spot then," said Betty. "Enga's the envy of every friend they have. She's the one cook who never chills those things she should not have chilled, nor leaves unheated those things she should have heated. There's nothing lukewarm in that house, either in food or spirits."

"Then they do this sort of thing often?" Carleton probed.

"Well, they haven't been married very long, you know, but all winter they've been giving small dinners—and with such success!" Betty began enthusiastically, but her husband, combating a chill in his uncle's tone, interposed:

"They've been entertained a lot, naturally, and Suzanne's strong for reciprocity. She always plays the game and asks few favors."

"The right to play that game's a privilege," succinctly returned the other man, "and one to be earned. And it comes high."

"Look here, Uncle Rhodes, this isn't going to queer Geof's chances with you, is it?" his nephew asked, anxiously, and the manufacturer replied:

"I'm sorry. He does seem in many ways to be the man I want. Socially they're both delightful, of course, but extravagance is a nasty cutworm that I prefer to avoid. When you've got your plant nicely started, you discover one day that it has no roots. Now, Fisher's personally less agreeable to me, and he lacks Adams's imagination and length of vision. But he's safe."

"Well, you'd have to hunt to find anybody more extravagant than Marian Fisher," Betty mentioned.

"She can afford to be," he returned. "She has a very tidy little fortune of her own."

The next afternoon Suzanne went to town to a matinée. All day the memory of her successful dinner lingered pleasantly with her, and when she failed to find Geof on the train he usually took going home it seemed one more argument that he must bring good news when he came. As she walked up the flagged path, with its brown earth borders that her imagination filled with nodding old-fashioned flowers, she was her most buoyant self. It was nice to help Geof, and she felt sure she had. When she let fall the knocker of the old battened door—"Fancy an electric bell on that door," she had said to Geof—the sound reverberated through the house, and she listened for Enga's heavy step. But she heard nothing. As she stood waiting, it was as though the old house listened with her, and the first little premonition of things not being as usual made her search hurriedly for her key and open the door. Silence and the chill heralding untended fires met her, and her first thought was that Enga might be ill. Hastening to the kitchen, she found it empty, and conspicuously propped against the bread-box was a note, which she seized.

dere mis Adams [she read],
very moch soro it mak me but I go by mis Fischer she say she Pay me many Dolars and no clos I wash. I lik you and mr. Adams moch but Soon I get marid and I need more mony

your obedant
ENGA

Dazed and indignant, she stood with this in her hand for a moment, and then the thought that in half an hour Geoffrey might arrive made her rush with first-aid appliances to each dying fire. As she worked, she remembered that this was the night appointed for the formation of the new golf club, a project in which she and her husband had been prime movers, and that if she took time now to cook a dinner they would inevitably be late at the meeting. She was hastily preparing such an impromptu repast as the contents of the refrigerator made possible when she heard Geof's key in the door and ran to meet him, forgetting Enga's defection in her eagerness to hear the good news

she was so confident he was bringing. One glance at his face, however, told her something was wrong, and she gasped:

"Oh, Geof! What is it? What's happened?"

"Nothing," he replied, with a short laugh. "That's it! Nothing at all. And it's been made quite clear to me that nothing's going to happen."

"You mean—Mr. Carleton? But—but why?"

"Give it up." Seeing her dismay, he tried to speak gaily. "Suzanne, that was a castle of cards we were building. There's nothing doing."

Somehow this additional failure of their hopes made the domestic misfortune seem doubly poignant, and she wanted to sit down in the midst of her desolated house and weep, but, being Suzanne, she did not. Instead, she demanded, with a show of spirit:

"Is Jim Fisher going to get it?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow, it's evident I'm not."

"This must be the Fishers' day," she said, dully. "They've got Enga, too."

"Enga!"

"Yes—she's gone. Mrs. Fisher offered her more money, and of course we weren't paying her very much. When I got home, I found the house empty and cold, and no dinner—and you must run along and get ready, dear. You know we've got to go to that meeting to-night, and we mustn't be late," she added, hastily, realizing that she had tears, but that to shed them now would be a craven's part.

As they ate their improvised dinner, they tried to talk, but when they found banalities the only conversation they could muster they grew silent, and it was not until they returned from the meeting of the golf club, where they lost some of their own dejection in arousing other people's enthusiasm to the point of successful organization, that they could broach the subject lying at the back of their minds. As they turned in at their gate Suzanne said, plaintively:

"Geof, I'm hungry. How does creamed chicken in the chafing-dish sound to you?"

"Sounds like the relief of Lucknow!" he returned. "The famine raging in my interior is 'something fierce.'"

So Suzanne covered her gown with a big Dutch apron and set about getting supper while her husband replenished the fires. Presently she said:

"Look here, Geof o' my heart, what are we glooming about, anyway? Everything's just as it was ten days ago, before we heard of Mr. Rhodes Carleton and his old position. Come on, let's forget him! We were perfectly happy before he came, and his advent hasn't changed a thing except our attitude toward what we have. Sweden's still on the map, and Ellis Island's within call."

"You're a brick, Suzanne! I know you're just as much disappointed as I am."

"I am not! I was, but that was fully two minutes ago. I've forgotten it! Why don't we light all the candles and have a party, just by ourselves? We wasted a perfectly good one last night on your unappreciative old curmudgeon!"

"Our baked meats furnished forth a funeral, all right!" He laughed, but it was rather ruefully. "Suzanne, does nothing ever get you down?"

"Oh yes, it's easy enough to get me down," she blithely admitted, "but I don't stay put! I'm a reversion to type. You know, a New England grandmother has set her hand and seal on me, and when I see food to prepare my spirits soar! Lights! Lights, ho!"

While he was attending to the candles Adams chuckled a little, and after a moment he began:

"I wonder what the Fishers—"

"Don't speak that name in my presence!" she interrupted, humorously brusque. "No woman who'll snare another woman's cook out of her kitchen is to be mentioned in my house."

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, saluting. "But, just the same, it would be interesting to know what the kidnapper's doing with the dear departed, now she's got her."

"Teaching her to cook, probably. That's what I did." Suzanne laughed a little in spite of herself. "Oh, Geof, *do* you suppose Enga confessed that

broiling a chop is her only accomplishment, save for the substantials of the one perfect dinner?"

"If she didn't, it's likely to burst upon them convincingly some time," he grinned. "Anyway, it's rather a joke on us, you know, our one and only dinner breaking loose from its moorings this way. Do you think they'll eat it every night?"

"Well, they can afford to. We couldn't. But if they do—Geof, remember what that dinner, bereft of its trimmings, did to us while Enga was learning to cook it!"

Her preparations were almost complete when the knocker sounded and she looked at her husband with startled eyes.

"Who on earth can that be, at this hour?" he exclaimed, and went at once to find out. Through the open door Suzanne heard Betty Benson's gay accents, and, forgetting her enveloping apron, ran out to greet her, calling:

"Betty, how splendid! Where have you two been so late?" Then, seeing the tall form of Rhodes Carleton beside Geof and Phil Benson, she added, with a degree of formality in her still cordial tone: "Oh, how nice of you all to stop!"

"That's very kind of you. I feel that it's rather an imposition," was Carleton's reserved response, but Betty's vivacious voice broke in hastily:

"I just had to stop when I saw the light. Uncle Rhodes was very reluctant, but I told him it might be his only opportunity to make a dinner call, as he insists he must go home in two or three days, and he still has a lot to do."

"Humph! You might understand better Betty's sudden enthusiasm for midnight dinner calls," chuckled Benson, "if you'd heard her crow, 'Oh, there's a light in the Adamses' dining-room!' She hoped it augured food."

"I knew it did!" his wife corrected, and then, as she glimpsed the table with its lighted candles and generally festive air of hospitality, she cried in dismay: "Oh, Suzanne, are you expecting guests?"

"Not a soul," was the reply. "We were having a little party all by ourselves. You're just in time."

"There! What did I tell you?" triumphed her friend, glancing back over her shoulder at the men of her party divesting themselves of motor-coats in the hall. "Hurry, you people! Next time, perhaps you'll not hesitate to follow my impulse. I was never so hungry in my life."

"Motoring does put an edge on one's appetite," said Geof, trying to throw off a consciousness of constraint; and Suzanne, with the hostess's natural desire to make things move easily, began talking rather at random as she made excursions to and from the kitchen, arranging additions to her feast.

"We're hungry, too," she said. "We had only an impromptu dinner tonight, for we've lost our cook."

Carleton looked up with the first glimmer of real interest he had shown, exclaiming: "You've lost that wonderful cook, Mrs. Adams, and are able to talk calmly about it?" while the Bensons demanded with one voice what had happened to the incomparable Enga.

"She's been corrupted with gold—snared under our very roof," lightly returned Suzanne. "When I went to town this morning I left her tending our hearthfire, and I returned to find it cold. Just at dinner-time, too!"

"That's what you get for feeding your friends not wisely but too well," observed Benson. "Anyhow, temptation's removed from our path, Betty. Somebody else got her first."

"At least, I wasn't betrayed by the tooth of a taster!" Suzanne declared, laughing. "Our friends have threatened to lure her away, but as it turns out we go mourning because of the oppression of our enemy."

"You're going St. Paul one better," suggested Carleton, with a humorous gleam. "When your enemy hungers, you hand over the cook!"

"Anyway, Suzanne, you can't be as hungry as we are," Betty insisted, "for even if your dinner was impromptu, it was real food. We've dined on profuse apologies."

"Really, Betty, you're incorrigible!" her husband reproached. "You can't eat people's food and then talk about it!"

"Now, Phil! It isn't food, but salt, that forms the sacred bond," she parried,



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO EAT?" BREATHLESSLY DEMANDED SUZANNE

"and this was food *sans* salt—and *sans* everything else that goes to make flavor! And coming on the heels of that perfect dinner last night— By the way, Suzanne," she broke off, as Phil frowned heavily at her, "what's become of Enga? Do you know who got her?"

"Mrs. Fisher's the happy possessor of my lost treasure."

"Mrs. Fisher! Mrs. Jim Fisher? But that's where we've been dining!"

"What!" Suzanne and Geoffrey stared blankly at each other.

"Betty!" sharply warned Benson.

"But it is! We've just come from there!" his wife persisted.

"What did you have to eat?" breathlessly demanded Suzanne. "Any of the things you had here last night?"

"Mercy, no!" Betty replied. "Nothing remotely like them."

"Suzanne," said Geoffrey, "evidently that dinner's still dragging its anchor!"

Suzanne giggled. Then, as the full import of the situation dawned upon them, she and her husband broke into peal upon peal of laughter, and the others, catching the mirthful infection, laughed with them without knowing why, until Betty seized her hostess's arm and shook her, demanding:

"What's it all about?"

"Oh—I'm sorry!" Her friend strove for self-control with caught breath. "I can't tell you—but it *is* so funny!"

"Why can't you tell it?" Geoffrey demurred, wiping away his own tears of laughter. "The murder's out. Anyway, we've got the story left, and if we don't tell it, somebody else will—and that would be flat plagiarism! You invented it! It's yours! Go to it!"

So pretty Mrs. Adams, with an apologetic word to Carleton for the introduction of details so intimately personal, explained the origin of the company dinner, touching lightly and humorously upon the limited income which had made it necessary.

"Of course, I never could have done it if Geof hadn't been the stuff heroes are made of," she concluded. "He's been the martyr to a menu."

"Oh, I don't know!" he returned. "We both ate it, didn't we? And I didn't have to cook it first. Anyhow, never again can anybody put over on me that quail-a-day-for-thirty-days stunt as any particular achievement! It's a cinch—if Suzanne seasons the quail!"

"I don't think you've suffered much," dryly commented Carleton. "I'd like an opportunity to dine on that delicious *hors-d'œuvre* for thirty days myself."

"We were spared that," laughed Suzanne. "*Hors-d'œuvres* and salads and sweets and sauces are still dark mysteries to poor Enga."

"Evidently!" feelingly contributed Betty.

"Yes," Adams cast an amused glance at his wife, "they were the products of intelligence."

"Well, if you ask me, the whole thing was the result of genius." Carleton spoke slowly. "If you were a man, Mrs. Adams, I should offer you my own job and sit at your feet. As it is, I'm perfectly confident that with larger means and increased opportunity you'll treble the efficiency of my Eastern sales-manager — that is, if you'll help me persuade your husband to accept the position. Will you?"

American Historical Liars

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

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"OH, don't read history that I know must be false," said Sir Robert Walpole to his son. The quip applies to the delver in American history who shrinks not from bringing to light quantities of literary iron pyrites which have for years passed as twenty-four-carat nuggets. Yet liars in history are not without uses. Robert Louis Stevenson hints at a moral purpose in his colloquy between two of the characters in *Treasure Island*, just outside the author's ink-bottle:

"If you go to that," replied Silver, "where would a story begin, if there wasn't no villains?"

"Well, that's pretty much my thought," said Captain Smollett. "The author has to get a story; that's what he wants; and to get a story, and to have a man like the doctor (say) given a proper chance, he has to put in men like you and Hands. But he's on the right side; and mind your eye!"

This conception that Evil and the Evil One exist in order to bring into relief Good and the Good One, was clearly brought out in Puritan theology. Jonathan Edwards assured his hearers that their joys of heaven would be heightened by the opportunity to look down into the place which would be inhabited by most of their neighbors. Truthful historians are likewise edified by the pillorying of the pretenders. What would become of the various Sons and Daughters of patriotic societies if there were no unhappy individuals in the United States who are descended from Hessians, and who, therefore, cannot be any sort of Sons or Daughters?

Very untrustworthy statements are often made by truthful people. A striking example was a speech of the late Abram S. Hewitt, at a dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, February 7, 1901. Mr. Hewitt was a business man of high standards and great success; he was a fearless and efficient member of Congress, and Mayor of New York; he had a host of friends; he possessed a reputation for keenness of mind. When, therefore, he paid a special tribute to the memory of Queen Victoria (who had recently passed away), his hearers accepted his statement as a valuable first-hand contribution to American diplomatic history. Without quoting his exact language, his revelation may be summed up as follows:

(1) In 1862 he was sent by the government on a confidential mission to England and France. (2) Minister Dayton, in Paris, sent him as a special messenger to report to Mr. Adams in London that Napoleon III. was trying to bring the British government to recognize the Confederacy. (3) Hewitt reported to Adams the next morning, who at once went to call on Lord John Russell, and on his return told Hewitt that he could get no satisfaction and had demanded an audience with the Queen. (4) Adams in due time went to Windsor, saw the Queen in the presence of Prince Albert, and the Queen replied, "Mr. Adams, give yourself no uneasiness; my government will not recognize the Confederacy."

Adams did not live to see this remark in print or he would have contradicted it, for he was not a man to subscribe to Wotton's dictum, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth." His son and biographer, the late Charles Francis Adams, Jr., had a flair for unbottomed history, and he examined his father's diary and other documentary evidence, with the following surprising results. (1) No such incident could have occurred at

any time in 1862, because Hewitt speaks of the presence of the Prince Consort at the interview in Windsor, and the Prince Consort died December 14, 1861. (2) Hewitt may have been, and probably was, sent as a messenger to carry despatches to Adams, although Adams's careful diary nowhere mentions such an errand. (3) Adams never had, nor could have had, such an interview with the Queen. First, because no foreign ministers interviewed the Queen; second, because his diary could not possibly have left out so important an incident; third, because it does not appear that he ever saw the Queen between the time of the death of the Prince Consort and April, 1864. Adams was never at Windsor Castle in any formal capacity during his seven years of service, except at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. (4) After the death of the Prince Consort, for many months the Queen hardly communicated with anybody except her personal household and her ministers. (5) It is incredible that any such incident should have occurred, and any such language been used to Adams, without his immediately reporting it to his own government, and no such report exists. The only explanation is that Mr. Hewitt, with no intention except to pay a tribute to a great lady, had confused his experiences and thought he remembered an incident which never occurred.

We expect from writers of personal memoirs and autobiographies that they shall refresh their memories from diaries and letters and other data. Yet in the whole list of American historical liars none are more distinguished than some of these autobiographists. A shelf of literature might be filled with so-called memoirs which are full of what a genial journalist has called "habitual facticides." The critics have ventured to lay profane hands even upon an oldest inhabitant of these United States—Captain John Smith.

Smith was no callow youth when he first came out to Virginia. He was twenty-eight years old, and if we will take his word for it, as stated in his *True Travels*, he had already enjoyed at least fifty years' worth of experience. He tells us of Orléans, of Paris, of Rouen, of the Low Countries, of Brittany, of Marseilles, of the Greek Islands, of Vienna, of Hungary, of Alba Regalis on the Turkish frontier, of Transylvania. He slew in succession three Turkish princes, Lord Tubashaw, Grualgo, and Bonny Mulgro; and was rewarded by receiving a coat of arms with three Turks' heads. The valiant Englishman was captured by Turks, became the slave of the Bashaw's mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda, and was transferred to her brother, who so abused him that he killed his master, put on the dead man's clothes, and escaped to Russia.

These astonishing adventures do not inspire confidence; the more so that a heartless critic has calculated that, according to his own story, John Smith, within a period of less than thirty months, sojourned some time in France, spent three or four years in the Low Countries, was shipwrecked in Scotland, returned to England, went to Italy, was long engaged in the wars on the Danube, and then found time for his captivity among the Turks.

However hazy Smith's early career, it is undeniable that he came to Virginia in 1607, showed himself a man of resources and courage, got provisions by purchase or force from the Indians when otherwise the colonists would have starved, and was the most interesting figure in the first Virginia colony. It is not necessary to convict John Smith of these charges of peaceful service to the infant commonwealth; he admits them; and, besides, they are confirmed by other writers.

To the student of lies the interesting question about John Smith is whether his life was or was not saved by Pocahontas. Upon that point he had the best of opportunities to tell a thrilling tale in his book *The True Relation*, written in Virginia and published in England in 1608. Among his thrilling experiences he there describes a little excursion to the Chickahominy, where he falls in with hostile Indians, becomes the target for twenty or thirty arrows, and is captured by two hundred men only because he gets mired in a swamp. Being brought before their Indian king, although Smith knows not a word of his language, he says, "I presented him

with a compasse diall, describing by my best meanes the use thereof, whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundnes of the earth, the course of the sunne, moone, starres and plannets." Eventually he is brought before "their emperour," the great Opechan Conough, commonly called Powhatan. Efforts are made to kill him by Indians whose relatives he has slain, but the guards save him. In due course of time, after "describing to him the territories of Europe which was subject to our great King whose subject I was, the innumerable multitude of his ships, I have him to understand the noyes of Trumpets and terrible manner of fighting." Smith is then sent home with four men, one carrying his "Gonne and Knapsacke," while the other two were "loded with bread."

Elsewhere in the book he mentions the Princess Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan. This lady was only a girl—perhaps twelve years old—and another contemporary, Strachey, tells curious tales of the maiden's fondness for turning cart-wheels through the streets of Jamestown. About the time Pocahontas married John Rolfe and went to England (1616), Smith published a little book in which he says:

> After some six weeks [elsewhere he makes it four weeks] fatting amongst these salvage countries, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own braines to save mine.

Then in 1624 Smith published another book, the *General Historie*, in which his memory seems suddenly to have unlimbered, for he rewrites his narrative, adds a hundred to his earlier enumeration of two hundred adversaries; additionally remembers that the Indians brought out a bag of gunpowder which they proposed to plant next spring; and is brought before Powhatan. With many new details he describes that potentate, and at last comes to the most exciting scene in the drama. You can see it all! The dusky Emperor, R. C.; Princess Pocahontas, L. C.; the hero before the footlights, bound but undaunted, his eyes flashing defiance.

> A long consultation was held, but the conclusion was two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines. Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaille, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperour was contented he should live.

No sympathetic person would ask why the eye-witness and the chief person in this wondrous episode should have neglected for eight years to put it into his publications; or why it should have taken him sixteen years more to recall the affecting details. Professor Edward Channing impales John Smith on the barbed sentence, "The utter unreliability of Smith's account, entirely apart from the Pocahontas story." But why not be more trustful? Who knew more about his own adventures than John Smith? Why brand as a falsehood a tale which has entertained millions of young Americans? The proof is somewhat inferential. It seems certain that Smith was a captive; and *if* he was condemned to be brained instead of boiled, what more natural than that Pocahontas should have interposed her tender person between the uplifted club and the former favorite of Charatza Tragabigzanda? John Smith is a fact, Pocahontas is a fact, and we believe some of the things that John Smith tells us about Pocahontas. Why make distinctions? Perhaps he was only overcome by the familiar journalistic desire to sell his books; and he may have been the inventor of the process of saving something especially dreadful for the 8 P.M. edition, which is sold on the streets at four-thirty.

Ordinarily we look with confidence to the records of Congress, colonies and states, towns, counties, and cities, as giving an unvarnished account of the proceedings of public bodies. This confidence is somewhat diminished by the enormous bulk of the *Congressional Record*. When a speech three hundred and sixty-eight pages long by Senator La Follette is printed in that venerable depository of unread literature, we suspect that it contains a good many "leaves to print." Nevertheless we are in the habit of thinking that our fore-

fathers were beyond such trifling with the right of free speech. When, in 1829, the Rev. Richard Peters published a *General History of Connecticut*, and included what he called "Laws made by this independent Dominion, and denominated *Blue Laws* by the neighboring colonies," the presumption was that he had correctly quoted from his originals. But at that point a difficulty arises, because nobody else has ever seen such remarkable edicts as the following:

No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath or fasting day.

No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jews'-harp.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

Peters rather covers up his tracks by stating that these laws were "never suffered to be printed"; but several sets of laws by which the community was governed were printed, and do not at all correspond with the Reverend Richard's version. The code of 1650 does not even contain a law on Sabbath-breaking; but the court records of the time suggest that the good people of Connecticut lacked sympathy with young life. For example, in 1660, it is recorded that: "Jacob came in, and tooke up or tooke away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered he would do so if she would give him a kysse, ypon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke, and *he* kyssed her and *she* kyssed him, or they kyssed one another." In the end, as a penalty for their "wanton, uncivil, immodest and lascivious manner, as hath been proved," each of the two parties was fined twenty shillings. On another occasion, "John Fenner, accused for being drunke with strong waters, was acquitted, itt appearing to be of infirmity, and occasioned by the extremity of the cold."

Another instance of imagination playing its will with archives is the following letter accredited to the Rev. Cotton Mather, and said to have been unearthed by "Mr. Judkins, librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society." What could be more illuminating on colonial commerce, colonial morals, and the colonial fondness for Quakers than this?

Boston, *September ye 15th, 1682.*
To Ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson.

There bee now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Esaias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye *Welcome*, R. Greenaway master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye Chief Scampe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordinggely given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig *Porposse* to waylaye ye said *Welcome* slylie as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodlie crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new countrie with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyle can be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch goode prices in rumme and sugar and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but we shall make great gayne for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful and I will set down the news he brings when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowells of Christ,
Cotton Mather.

Perhaps the document would be of more service to historical writers but for the fact that it was not written "September ye 15th, 1682," but first saw light in the *Easton Argus*, published at Easton, Pennsylvania, April 28, 1870. It was not written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, but by Mr. James S. Shunk, editor of the aforesaid *Argus*. Mr. Judkins was never librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society or of any other historical Massachusetts society.

A favorite type of falsified historical material is the artificial supply of speeches and letters of public men. Henry M. Field in his *Our Western Archipelago* prints the following extract

purporting to be taken from a speech of Daniel Webster, made in 1844:

What do we want with the vast, worthless area, this region of savage and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their base with eternal snow? What use can we have for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasure to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now.

The difficulty with this unpatriotic utterance is that there is not the slightest proof that Webster ever made it. Field got it from George L. Chase, of Hartford, in November, 1896; and third parties think that Mr. Chase is reported to have said that he read the speech in an article which he saw on a trip to the Pacific coast! There the authority ends, its only basis being the well-known apathy of Webster on the subject of Oregon.

In Curtis's *Industrial Development of Nations* appear the two following phrases purporting to be quotations from the words of Abraham Lincoln:

I do not know much about the tariff, but I know this much, when we buy manufactured goods abroad, we get the goods and the manufacturer gets the money. When we buy the manufactured goods at home, we get both the goods and the money.

When an American paid $20 for steel rails to an English manufacturer, America had the steel and England the $20. But when he paid $20 for the steel to an American manufacturer, America had both the steel and the $20.

A recent effort to place these extracts has had no result. Careful search in the two editions of Lincoln's *Works*, in his speeches in Congress, in his Presidential Messages, in the elaborate biographies, and in the Republican campaign text-books, fails to bring either of the extracts to the light. In certain notes written in 1846–7 Lincoln, who was then a Whig, argues that protection leads in the end to cheaper prices.

These reflections [says Lincoln] show that to reason and act correctly on this subject we must not look merely to buying cheap, nor yet to buying cheap and selling dear, but also to having constant employment, so that we may have the largest amount of something to sell.

In an address at Pittsburg in 1861 on his way to Washington, he takes up the railroad-iron question as follows:

For instance, labor being the true standard of value, is it not plain that if equal labor get a bar of railroad iron out of a mine in England, and another out of a mine in Pennsylvania, each can be laid down in a track at home cheaper than they could exchange countries, at least by the carriage?

But beyond the impossibility of verifying the two extracts, there is the additional difficulty that Abraham Lincoln died April 15, 1865, and according to Swank (who is an authority upon the subject) the first steel rail was rolled in the United States May 24, 1865.

From the days of Herodotus down to the latest explorer returned from the wilds of South America, mankind has been prone to query accounts published by the wanderer, and then has discovered that he spoke but the simple truth, for Shakespeare says:

Travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

One of the most interesting of these early traveling liars, John Josselyn, came in 1638 and 1663 to New England, and has left written accounts of his two voyages. It is delightful to find in his work an early example of the favorite sea-serpent myth.

At this time we had some neighboring Gentlemen in our house, who came to welcome me into the Countrey; where amongst variety of discourse they told me of . . . a *Sea-Serpent* or *Snake*, that lay quoiled up like a Cable upon a Rock at *Cape-Ann;* a Boat passing by with English aboard, and two *Indians*, they would have shot the *Serpent*, but the *Indians* disswaded them, saying, that if he were not kill'd out-right, they would be all in danger of their lives.

Josselyn was much interested in natural history, and appears to be the only observer of his time who made the acquaintance of "the pilhannaw bird" which would be a fortune in these days of the high price of eggs.

The *Pilhannaw* or *Mechquan*, much like the description of the *Indian Ruck*, a monstrous great Bird, a kind of Hawk, some say

an Eagle, four times as big as a Goshawk, white Mail'd, having two or three purple Feathers in her head as long as Geeses Feathers they make Pens of, the Quills of these Feathers are purple, as big as Swans Quills and transparent; her Head is as big as a Childs of a year old, a very Princely Bird; when she soars abroad, all sorts of feathered Creatures hide themselves, yet she never preys upon any of them, but upon *Fawns* and *Jaccals:* She Ayries in the Woods upon the high Hills of Ossapy, and is very rarely or seldome seen.

The earliest traveler in our Far West, Father Hennepin, has for more than two centuries drawn upon himself the suspicions of historical critics. Even in his own time some people who had good opportunities for a judgment thought him a liar. Thus, La Salle wrote:

> It is necessary to know him somewhat, for he will not fail to exaggerate everything; it is his character.

And Father Charlevoix says:

> As for the substance of matters, Father Hennepin thought he might take a traveler's license, hence he is much decried in Canada, those who accompanied him having often protested that he was anything but veritable in his history.

If Father Hennepin had confined himself either to his first book, *La Description de la Louisiane*, published in 1683, or to his *Nouvelle Découverte*, which was published in 1697, he would have had larger likelihood of being believed; for, like John Smith, he seems to have had a faculty for forgetting in his second volume what he put into the first one. For example, in the *Découverte*, Hennepin remembers that he went down the Mississippi to its mouth; whereas in the earlier *Louisiane* he had only gone up the river to the Falls of St. Anthony. The sharpness of his later memory is shown by this statement of the characteristics of the Mississippi River: "From the mouth of the river of the Illinois this river . . . is almost a league wide. It is very deep and has no sand-banks, nothing interferes with navigation, and even the largest ships might sail into it without difficulty." He must also have visited Niagara Falls, where he noticed "that the water plunges down more than 600 feet, falling as into an abyss, which we could not behold without a shudder." The late John Gilmary Shea, in his edition of Hennepin, accounts for these discrepancies on the theory that the book was set up by two successive printers and that somebody put in the Mississippi narrative "as an afterthought." As for the Falls, doubtless Hennepin's experience was the same as that of Mark Twain, who, when he went to Niagara, found the hack fares so much higher than the Falls that he never noticed the latter!

From two professions, divinity and authorship, is expected not only the truth, but originality. From fifty-two to a hundred and four times a year a minister is expected to say something profound, which must come solely from within his own mind. Even to use an old sermon too frequently takes the life out of his discourses; and the plagiarist is almost certain to reveal himself by an unnatural ease and glibness.

The same stern ethics control the author of historical works; he must constantly be producing something important, and must state it as it has never been stated before. Men with a quick memory for phrases often find themselves using borrowed epigrams which they undoubtedly believe to be their own; but when an author in line after line, and paragraph after paragraph, closely agrees with a previous writer, he is unfeelingly set down as a liar, although the copied material may be nearer the truth than anything he could himself produce.

In American history there are several instances of remarkable lifting of material by one author or another. Hennepin has already been marked as a transgressor of that sort. Another instance is one of the respectable writers of the history of the Revolution, the Rev. William Gordon, who received honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. In 1788 he published a history of the Revolution in four volumes, and such scholars as George Bancroft, Edward Channing, and Justin Winsor accepted him as solid and valuable. The late Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell says it is not possible to resist the impression that he is an honest man, and meant to be a truthful and a fair

historian. . . . In a thousand casual hints and glances of meaning, one perceives the immense advantage he derived from his intimate communication with the great civilians and soldiers who conducted the Revolution.

Notwithstanding this passport to veracity, Gordon was a transferrer. To be sure, in his preface he says that

Dodsley's Annual Register . . . and other publications have been of service to the compiler of the present work, who has frequently quoted from them, without varying the language except for method and conciseness.

That statement, like many other assertions, is true so far as it goes, and yet false in substance. Professor Orin G. Libby has been so unkind as to follow out this hint, and, by careful comparison, page by page, has established the fact that two-thirds of all the material with reference to European events and conditions has been lifted out of the English *Annual Register*, which was edited by Edmund Burke. A very considerable proportion of the portions of the work dealing with American events has also been appropriated. It is Professor Libby's opinion that not more than a tenth of the whole work can be considered original. Gordon's methods are illustrated by a single pair of parallels:

The proclamation for dissolving the Parliament operated like a thunderclap with respect to suddenness and surprise on those not in the secret.	When the proclamation for the dissolving of it appeared, it wrought like a thunderclap, with respect to suddenness and surprise on those who were unacquainted with the design.

Even where Gordon had, or could have had, original documents, such as the votes of Boston town meetings, he copied them from the *Annual Register*, and sometimes copied them wrong. On the Southern war he has copied extensively from Ramsay's *History*, the manuscript of which was sent him for that purpose; but he rarely makes acknowledgment of his source.

Gordon had many unfriendly critics, such as John Adams, who said of him, "He is an eternal talker, and somewhat vain, and not accurate or judicious." And Alexander Hamilton called him an "old Jesuit." An example of Gordon's method is in a letter which he wrote a few days after the battle of Lexington and Concord, accepting the usual statement that a British officer called to the Americans, "You damned rebels, lay down your arms!" And another exclaimed, "Disperse, ye rebels!" In his history this is softened down to the phrase used by the *Annual Register*, "Disperse, ye rebels! Throw down your arms and disperse!" The theory of John Adams and others was that Gordon was paid by somebody in England to alter his history to the disadvantage of the Americans.

The way of the biographer, and particularly of the sentimental biographer, is filled with temptations to deviate from the straight and narrow path of truth. The biographer has special opportunities to be untruthful by omitting truths, as in the instance of the Russian schoolbook which relates that Czar Ivan died in the presence of five or six of the nobles of the court, whose names are given as authority—simply omitting the trifling explanation that these witnesses were the Czar's assassins! Out of the multitude of particular instances of unfaithful biographies two may be selected for our special admiration.

First, and still unapproachable, as a biographer who creates the subject of his book, comes Parson Weems—that beloved, graceless, national favorite—who was an estimable clergyman and one of the first and probably the most successful of book-agents in American history; he is also eminent because he has imperishably entwined his name with that of the Father of his Country. Mason Locke Weems, as the nineteenth child of David Weems, had eighteen opportunities to be gulled by his brothers and sisters. He was ordained a clergyman, became rector of All Hallows parish, combined with it a girls' school, preached occasionally to negroes, and somehow drew upon himself the dislike of his parish. He probably held services occasionally in Pohick Church, in which, years before,

George Washington had worshiped; and upon this slender connection he based the title which he later assumed of "formerly rector of Mount Vernon parish."

Bishop Meade says of him that when he prayed, "neither young nor old, grave nor gay, could keep their risible faculties from violent agitation." The good bishop relates, further, that Weems was once found on a court day selling books in front of a tavern, among them Paine's *Age of Reason*. When reproved, he produced a reply to Paine by Bishop Llandaff, saying, "Behold the antidote; the bane and the antidote are both before you." After 1792 he wandered about the country with a fiddle, selling books of all kinds, and particularly his own books, some of his "best-sellers."

Then, in 1800, he made the great hit of his life in his *Life of George Washington*. This immortal work was originally a brief account of Washington's service in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars, couched in the impassioned language of the time, as, for example, the account of the aftermath of the battle of Lexington:

> Never, before, had the bosoms of the swains experienced such a tumult of heroic passions. They flew to their houses, snatched up their arms, and, in spite of their screaming wives and children, flew to the glorious field where liberty, heaven-born goddess, was to be bought for blood. . . . Fast as they came up their ready musquets began to pour the long red streams of fiery vengeance. The enemy fell back appalled; while the gathering thousands hung upon their flight. Every step of their retreat was stained with trickling crimson; every hedge or fence which they passed took large toll of hostile carcasses.

In later editions Weems adds what we should now call an appreciation of Washington, in which are many anecdotes which are either true, or ought to be true, about the Father of his Country, combined with amazing quantities of good advice. Weems lived in a period when it was thought a moral duty to look upon the patriots of the Revolution and the fathers of the Constitution as demigods; it did not expect its historians to search for elaborate details and infinitesimal finish of statement. They wanted a good round mouthful of biography just as they wanted a boiling-hot sermon on perdition.

Weems's *Life of Marion* was confessedly an "Historical Romance," and his *Life of Washington* is not much more authentic. Doubtless the lively parson had no thought of deceiving his readers by inventing long dialogues and telling speeches; and perhaps his shade is today surprised and gratified to know that the story of the hatchet is an American classic which has crystallized the impression of Washington in the minds of millions of Americans. The text of this immortal invention is perfectly well known to every virtuous American boy and girl:

> The following anecdote is a *case* in *point*. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted, for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.
>
> "When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a *hatchet!* of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "*George*," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a *tough question;* and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and, looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out: "I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father, in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

It was in this way by interesting at once

both his *heart* and *head*, that Mr. Washington conducted George with great ease and pleasure along the happy paths of virtue.

This story was first printed by Weems in 1806. The "aged lady, who was a distant relative, and, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family," was probably also a creation. As for the tale, it is a curious fact that a grandson of Weems says that one of Weems's children, not long after Washington's death, cut down a "Pride of China," candidly confessed his fault, and was rewarded with a sound whipping! If this anecdote be true, Weems was doing his best to make out that the father of George Washington was a wiser and kindlier man than Weems himself.

The other well-known tale of the cabbage-seed which grew up to form the words "GEORGE WASHINGTON" is the more artistic; but unfortunately the same story had previously been related by James Beattie as an instance of his lofty method of dealing with his own son, James Hay Beattie. The coincidence is too apt, and though Washington could not tell a lie, there seems reason to believe that his biographer could.

It is odd that a book laid down upon the same lines in our own day should have had a somewhat similar success. In 1900 the late A. C. Buell published a life of Paul Jones in two volumes, which was widely read, and is said to have been for some years used as an authority in Annapolis Academy. As a naval historian Buell was an Odysseus who steered safely between the Scylla of the *Nation* and the Charybdis of the *American Historical Review*. Both these grave periodicals discussed Buell's book just as though it were serious. They did not appear to view it as a practical joke intended to teach Americans to distrust appearances, to think about the books that they read, and to consider what were their grounds for admiring the heroes of the Revolution. The story of the cabbage-seed with all its quaint and awkward language has a moral purpose, whereas Buell's John Paul Jones is a work of the imagination, which, if it were true, would not much heighten our respect for the Admiral.

Several different people have tracked Buell to his lair. Mrs. Reginald de Koven, who has since written a life of Jones, posted the book in the New York *Times* of June 10, 1906. Junius Davis, of Wilmington, North Carolina, wrote some extremely pertinent "Facts about John Paul Jones" in the *South Atlantic Quarterly;* and Charles O. Paullin has scarified Mr. Buell in the *Proceedings* of the United States Naval Institute. Apparently what Richard Grant White would have called the "slantindicular" character of the book clung to the author after it was published. Paullin tried to probe Buell during his lifetime, and got from him no more satisfaction than the statement that

> When compiling the matter for my history I never had any idea of being made a defendant in the premises, or being called upon to prove anything by proffer of original documents. . . . As a result I was careless about preserving documentary evidence. For this reason, about all I can do now is to say that those who take sufficient interest in my statements to read them must accept them as authority, so far as I am concerned, without "going behind the returns."

Buell might fairly be included in the list of record-makers—that is, makers of documentary records—for throughout the work he has not hesitated to introduce documents which never had any existence outside his own teeming brain. He mentions the "Robert Morris papers" and "Gouverneur Morris papers" as being in the New York Historical Society, although in 1900 no such collections had ever been in the custody of the Society. He refers to a printed French collection of John Paul Jones's papers which cannot be found in any library. He refers to a *Mémoire* of Jones by one Adrien de Cappelle, which also is not in any catalogue. He refers to the printed *Memorial Papers of Joseph Hewes*, but there is no such book; and to Hewes's manuscripts, but he never used the actual Hewes manuscripts, and the Hewes letters which he prints are flat forgeries. In fact, the man ought to be considered not a writer, but an inventor of books. He makes one think of Mark Twain's praise of the duck-billed platypus, so gay and so versatile: "If he wanted eggs," said Mark Twain, "he laid them."

Buell's inventions as to John Paul Jones's connection with the founding of the American navy are too long and too involved for treatment here; nor is there space to deal with those fabrications as to John Paul Jones's life in Paris, which appear to have led to the discovery and transfer of a human body to this country. It would be unfair, however, to so accomplished a liar as Buell not to admire the pattern of his embroidery in the matter of Jones's estate. The biographer attacks the problem with the same calm, matter-of-fact assurance with which one might say, "Vincent Astor inherited a fortune from his father."

Old William Jones had died in 1760, and by the terms of his will had made John Paul the residuary legatee of his brother in case the latter should die without issue; provided that John Paul would assume, as his brother had done, the patronymic of Jones. On his visit to Rappahannock in 1769, Captain John Paul legally qualified under the provisions of the will of William Jones by recording his assent to its requirements in due form.

Buell even finds in what he calls "a quaint old Colonial record," a description of the property thus acquired.

About 3,000 acres of prime land, bordering for twelve furlongs on the right bank of the Rappahannock, running back southward three miles, 1,000 acres cleared and under plough or grass, 2,000 acres strong, first-growth timber, grist-mill with flour-cloth and fans, turned by water power; mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, stables, tobacco-houses, threshing-floor, river wharf, one sloop of 20 tons, thirty negroes of all ages (18 adults), 20 horses and colts, 80 neat-cattle and calves, sundry sheep and swine, and all necessary means of tilling the soil.

This is a delightful picture to which might with equal safety be added the future Admiral, smoking a long pipe upon the veranda, while slaves converge from different directions with supplies of drinkables. There are, however, a few slight inaccuracies in this account, which have been unearthed by the diligence of Junius Davis. (1) Old William Jones never left John Paul a penny under any circumstances, and never required him to adopt the patronymic of Jones. (2) John Paul therefore never legally qualified as his heir. (3) He never inherited anything from his brother William Paul, who left all his property to his "beloved sister, Mary Young and her two eldest children." (4) Instead of 3,000 acres of land, William Jones appears at one time to have owned 397 acres which was sold in his lifetime. (5) John Paul did not inherit a mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, and negroes, because he did not inherit a square foot or a round dollar.

Buell quotes from an ethereal manuscript letter from Paul Jones to the effect that in three years he had drawn 2,000 guineas from his estate. "Of this sum 900 guineas remain on balance in my favor in the Bank of North America or in the hands of Mr. Ross." But on May 4, 1777, a genuine letter from Jones speaks of an "unprofitable suspense of 20 months (having subsisted on *50 pounds* only)"; and nothing in Jones's whole career shows such marvelous foresight as his deposit in the Bank of North America in 1776, inasmuch as that bank was not in existence till 1781!

No man ever had so complaisant a biographer! John Paul Jones lived an adventurous life as merchant-captain; as captor of the *Serapis;* as a terror to the English Channel; as Russian admiral—more came to him than to most Americans of his time, in money, in excitement, and in glory. To these advantages his biographer has liberally added an estate, without expense, either to John Paul Jones or to Buell; and a bank account before there were any banks.

Throughout this catalogue of gifted writers who transferred to history and biography talents that belong in the field of the serial novels, only one general comment may be applied: Whether they are forging documents, capturing the choice pages of previous writers, or simply letting their fancy play upon a historical problem, they are all subject to Joe Gargery's remark: "Lies is lies. Howsoever they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same."

Horatio

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

WHOEVER said all men may not be alike but all husbands are, knew a good deal about husbands. Horatio is a husband. Mine. One of his peculiarities is to ask me, if I do anything a little unusual, what on earth I did it for, in a tone I have noticed in other husbands; and when he uses that tone I never tell him. A woman doesn't always know why she does things, does not always have time to think in advance. She only knows she must do them, and thinks afterward.

Certainly that was the way I let two strange men come into our house a few weeks ago and forgot to ask them their names until they were in our best guest-room and were making themselves comfortable for a stay of some days. They told me they were delegates to the State Educational Convention then meeting in the city, and I believed them.

The papers had been full of the coming convention, and I had read of it with interest, but I had given no time or attention to the programme, to the speakers, or to the exact date of its opening, and when I saw the two men at our front door as I came up the steps, I thought they were visitors. The door was open and Slocum was standing inside, and not until he coughed did I remember I must speak.

"Did you wish"—I looked at first one and then the other—"did you wish to see me? I am Mrs. Tilghman."

"I beg your pardon." The taller of the two men smiled, a half-shy smile, and, hat in hand, drew back. "I'm afraid we've made a mistake, but we were sent here—that is, we thought we were. We are looking for a room in which we can stay during the convention. We are delegates from Fenwick County, and we can't find a room anywhere. Everything is taken. We had engaged a room on Cherry Street, but—" he hesitated—"one of our lady teachers decided to come with us at the last moment, and we gave it to her. You—you don't rent rooms, I suppose?"

Slocum's cough behind me had its usual effect, and as I turned toward him I did what I had no idea of doing before he coughed. Slocum's sense of dignity, of Horatio's superiority over all other men, and of Horatio's home as a sacred inclosure from which all should be debarred who cannot present proper credentials, will make a Socialist of me some day. He is a perfect butler and an equally perfect snob, and when he heard Horatio's wife asked if she rented rooms his powers of restraint were strained. He coughed, and at the cough I came inside the door.

"I think it's raining— Won't you come in?" I waved Slocum aside, and, motioning to the two young men, I went toward the library. As the light fell on them I noticed one was tall and slender, with a fine face of clear-cut features, and eyes that were deep-set and of a blueness that was singularly striking. They were very unusual eyes. The other man was shorter and heavier, with black hair and eyelashes and a close-clipped black mustache, and as they took their seats I saw that the younger and taller one had on no overcoat.

"I am sorry I haven't any rooms to rent," I said. Slocum was beyond hearing. "We don't rent rooms. Did you say some one sent you here?"

"We thought this was the house." The tall, blond boy laughed and looked at me with something of merriment in his eyes. "We've been sent to so many places to-day that we've gotten mixed as to directions. Some one around the corner told us some one around here would take us in, she thought. There are so many more delegates than were expected that the committee ran out of rooms before we got here. The ladies, of course, had to be placed first. We

ought to have known this wasn't the house, but we hoped it was." He laughed again, and the well-shaped lips curved into a whimsical smile. "We've walked all over town, and this was so much the—"

"But the hotels. Have you tried them? Are they full, too?" My voice was anxious. It seemed unreasonable that in a city the size of ours accommodations could not be secured.

"The hotels are too expensive. We can't afford their prices." The dark-haired man got up. "We are sorry to have troubled you, and we thank you for your courtesy. Good night."

Bowing, he turned toward the door, followed by his friend, who had bowed also, and, getting up, I, too, went into the hall. A rush of cold air as Slocum held the door open made me shiver, and looking at him I saw the young man with the beautiful eyes and merry mouth shiver also, and I spoke quickly.

"Oh, do come back!" They had reached the porch and were going down the steps. "I think we can let you have a room. You must come back, indeed you must!"

In the light which streamed out from the hall I saw the younger man hesitate, but his companion turned at once. "Thank you," he said; "we will be very glad to come. You are very good to let us. You go in, Donald. I'll go round and get the bags and bring them up." He turned to me. "I have an engagement at seven-thirty, and I am to speak between nine and ten, so there is little time left to look for lodgings." He took the number of our house, writing it in a note-book, then, lifting his hat, turned and walked rapidly down the street.

Inside the hall, Slocum was standing erect and rigid. Amazement was the emotion that filled him, but expression of emotion not being permitted, his disapproval and despair could only be emitted by wave vibrations, and, conscious of them, I turned to the boy by my side.

"I will show you your room," I said, and led the way up-stairs. As I reached the top I hesitated. To which room should I take him? A cough from Slocum decided me. I opened the door to the right, touched a button and flooded the place with light. It is a very pretty room, all rose and white, with a bath adjoining, and as its occupant looked around I heard him draw in his breath slightly.

"You are very kind," he said, shyly. "I thank you very much. I wouldn't be so tired if I were not just out of a seven weeks' spell of fever. It leaves one a bit rocky." He was seemingly twenty seven or eight, and in his face was a certain fineness that gave it distinction, also something that showed a fight which had been won; but perennial youth was there also. I was quite certain he would be nice to know.

"If there's anything you want, just ring for Slocum." With my hand on the door-knob, I hesitated. "Will you wait here for your friend?"

"If I may, please—if you do not mind." He looked at me with sudden anxiety. "I got up at five o'clock, and since I reached the city I haven't sat down except at lunch for a few minutes. We had no idea it would be so hard to get a room, and if you had not been merciful—" He steadied himself, putting his hands on the back of a chair, and through the smile on his face I saw it whiten. "If you hadn't taken us in—"

"I'm so glad I had no guests and could take you." I backed out quickly. "Good night, and don't hesitate to ring for what you want."

Half an hour later Horatio in dinner garments stood before the library fire and looked down at me. Horatio is hardly handsome, but he is very well made. About him is the security of success, of the well-being that embodies wise living and evidences a past that was plentiful in things desirable and justifies the hope of a satisfactory future. In the nine years of our life together I had never been sorry for a moment that I had married him. Yet all husbands are difficult at times, and I had an idea that this was going to be one of the times.

"Horatio," I said, "did you know we were entertaining two of the delegates to the Education Convention now going on?"

"We are doing what?" Horatio stopped the cigarette on its way to his

mouth. "We are entertaining a half-dozen at the hotel, I suppose. I sent a check for that purpose, or any other the committee preferred. It's a blamed nuisance, this continual calling for contributions to take care of and make a frolic for a lot of people who want to come to town for a few days. If they ask you for anything, tell them I've already contributed."

"Oh, I contributed too, but I'm not talking about money. Everybody gives money for the convention things. The delegates pay their own expenses, but there aren't enough rooms for the people who have come, and they can't afford to go to hotels—that is, the country ones can't. They are teachers mostly, and the salaries given the teachers in the public schools are a disgrace to the state. You've said so a dozen times. It has turned so cold, and one of them—the younger one—had no overcoat, and he's just out of a seven weeks' spell of fever, and was so tired I couldn't turn him away—I couldn't. They are up-stairs now."

"They are *what?*"

I always dislike that tone of voice in Horatio. It has that what-under-the-heavens-next sound, but I paid no attention to it. I am doubtless at times a trial to Horatio. He was brought up according to custom and convention, and I wasn't brought up at all. His family still exercises influence over him. "They are *what?*" he repeated.

"Up-stairs." I leaned back in my chair and put my feet on the footstool, regarding them closely. "If you will sit down I will tell you about it."

He did not sit down, and it took a very short while to tell what I had done. It sounded very unwise, but I wasn't sorry I had done it. That tired boy up-stairs kept me from being sorry, and Horatio's expression of half-incomprehension and half-indignation failed to affect me.

"You mean you invited two perfectly strange men to come into your house and take possession of it? Gave them your best guest-room, gave them—" Horatio's voice was as amazed as Slocum's attitude had been. Men of all classes have much in common. "What are their names?"

"I did not ask their names. I didn't care who they were. I knew they were all right by—oh, by the way one tells what people are. I let them have a room because they couldn't get one anywhere else except at the hotels, and they can't afford to go to a hotel."

"And so you took them in—strange men? How do you know they are delegates to this convention? They may be cutthroats, convicts, gentlemen crooks, or deadbeats who work on women's sympathies, for all you know. They can't stay here—that's all there's to it. I don't understand how you could do such a fool—such a dangerous thing!" Horatio threw his cigarette in the fire, and, hands in pockets, began to walk up and down the room. Horatio's weakness is strong language when he is excited or exasperated, and he would have felt better in five minutes could he have used emphasis not permitted in the presence of ladies. I knew it would soon be over, and I waited. He is really a dear, and not half as bad as he sounds.

"Where are they?" He turned to me. "I shall tell them they will have to make other arrangements. If they're delegates— But how can one tell what they are? They may be—may be—" his voice trailed uncertainly. "I thought you knew better than to take such a risk as this. Do you think I'll let you stay in the house while I am away with only the servants and two strange men privileged to come and go? They are in the rose-room, you say? I'll go up and tell them—tell them—"

"That your wife is a very foolish person who does very foolish things." I did not turn around, but, elbows on the arms of my chair, I interlocked my fingers and looked into the fire. "Tell them that she has read of something called a Golden Rule, and of a man who fell among thieves and needed a neighbor, and that she has a husband who may sometime want some one to believe in him should he be in a strange— They are up-stairs. I'll wait for you in the dining-room. I think Slocum said dinner was served."

For a moment he hesitated, then went out of the room and up the stairs. I wasn't uneasy. Horatio could bark well, but he bit nothing.

For five minutes I watched the hands

of the clock in the corner of the hall; then, concluding I might as well begin my dinner, I sat down at the table and ordered the soup, now cold, to be removed. As the roast came in, Horatio came also, but, not heeding it, he walked over to the sideboard and, putting a couple of small glasses and a couple of bottles on a tray, ordered Slocum to take it up-stairs. He did not look toward me, but at the door he hesitated. "I'll be down in a minute. That young fellow needs a drink, needs it badly. He's pretty well played out. By the way, where's that extra latch-key we keep in the hall? I can't find it."

"I'll get it." I found the key and handed it to him. "Is there anything else?"

"No, thank you—oh, yes. Do you know where that heavy overcoat of mine is? The young fellow, the one who's been sick, left his overcoat on the train. He's taking big chances to go out tonight, but he will go. A girl, I suppose. Tell Slocum to get a couple of umbrellas. Neither one thought to bring any."

I got the overcoat and Slocum carried it, with the umbrellas, to the room above. In the dining-room I again sat down and waited. To myself I smiled a little, for I knew I must not smile when Horatio came in.

As he took his seat at the table I held out a paper I had supposedly been reading, and pointed to a headline that was interesting. Through dinner we talked of everything but our unexpected guests.

There was a theater engagement, and not until our return did we mention



"WE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THIS WASN'T THE HOUSE, BUT WE HOPED IT WAS"

them. Long ago I had learned not to hurry Horatio. He is a dear man, but he needs time.

"Don't wait for me; I'll smoke awhile. Isn't that something new you have on?" He held me off. "It's very lovely." Stooping, he kissed me. "I'll be up presently."

It was his way—and I loved his way—of telling me he took it back, what he had said earlier in the evening. But what had they said to him or he to them? Certainly his surrender had been prompter than mine. I had merely given shelter, and he had given night-key and overcoat and umbrellas, and he was waiting now for them to come in. According to Horatio's code, a guest must be bidden good night, and he would not come up-stairs until these unknown guests were in.

Putting on kimono and slippers, I drew the couch before the fire in the sitting-room adjoining our bedroom, and curled up on it. Half an hour later Horatio came in. "Well," I laughed, and held out my hand. "Have you something very nice to tell me? You don't look it. Is anything the matter?"

He did not answer, but, putting on his smoking-jacket and lighting a cigar, he sat down beside me. For a moment he smoked in silence, my hand in his, then he turned toward me. "How long has it been since you heard from Noel Lanier? Where is she now?"

"Noel Lanier!" I sat up. Horatio has at times an amazing habit of asking unexpected questions, but what connection there could be between Noel Lanier, the dear little nurse that had saved my life a couple of years ago, and these two strange men with whom he had just been talking was beyond my guessing. "Noel Lanier," I repeated. "I haven't heard from her for weeks. After she came back from France with her rich patient she went to the mountains. She didn't give her address in her last letter. She said she would write again."

"Did she tell you of her engagement?"

"Engagement!" My voice was incredulous. "She isn't—surely she isn't engaged! She's got no business being engaged. She oughtn't to belong to just one man!"

"The one man doesn't agree with you." Horatio threw his cigar in the fire. "As his hostess it would hardly be tactful for you to—"

"What on earth—" I leaned forward eagerly. "You are so slow and mysterious, Horatio! What are you talking about? Who told you she was engaged? When did it happen, and who is the man? Why don't you tell me all you know?"

"I will as soon as you give me a chance, though there's little to tell. Macon, the older of your guests, while waiting for his friend to come in, told me the latter had gone to see a Miss Lanier, who had come down from Fenwick yesterday. I asked her full name, and was told of Donald Grey's engagement to her. They were to be married this winter, but that dream is off. Practically everything he had saved has been spent during his illness."

"But where is she, and why didn't she come to us? Where is she staying?"

Horatio put a piece of paper on the table. "Macon gave me her address. Of course you will see her, but I doubt if you ought to. You'll probably tell her to marry the chap, money or no money."

"I certainly will if he's as all right as he looks. Life isn't long enough to live apart from those we love. They're young and brave and—"

"Ignorant and inexperienced, and they wouldn't know what they were up against. A man has no right to ask a woman to marry him when he can't take care of her properly. Noel's head is clear and level, and she's not apt to lose it, still—"

"Still—" I got up. "I'd hate a girl whose head didn't give her heart a chance. To marry with much love and little money is not so reckless and imprudent as to marry with much money and little love. If Noel will come I will bring her here to-morrow."

But she would not come. I found her staying in a shabby little house on a shabby little street at which she could board inexpensively, and nothing I could say would make her leave. When she saw, however, that I was hurt and a bit indignant, she spoke frankly.



IT TOOK A VERY SHORT WHILE TO TELL WHAT I HAD DONE

"I wanted to come. You know I wanted to come; but you have so many guests, and I wasn't prepared to be a guest. I haven't been shopping for some time, haven't a thing new, and—"

"Did you think clothes would have made any difference to us? I shouldn't have thought that of you."

"Not to you, but it makes a terrible difference to me when I'm in other people's houses. When the new skirts are wide, and yours are narrow, and your hat is last year's, and the feathers floppy, and you know that outwardly you are not correct, your character gets as limp as your clothes. But I'm crazy to see you. I've been wanting to tell you—"

She stopped. Sudden color flamed in her face, and her fingers twisted. "I would have told you at once, but after his illness, after we knew that we could not be married for some time, a long time perhaps—"

"Get your coat and hat, and tell me about it while we drive," I said. "I know it already, but I want to hear it from you."

"Who has told you? No one had the right!" Her voice was tempestuous, and in her eyes came amazement and incredulity, and quickly she caught my hands in a tense grip. "It isn't at *your* house Donald is staying! He said he was at a Mr. Tilton's—he thought that was the name. Yet nobody but you would have taken them in. And Mr. Macon told

you. He wants to tell everybody. We can't make him stop."

"Go get your things," I said, "or we'll be late for lunch. If you start to tell me now there'll be no drive."

During the waiting I looked around the little room with its worn rug and half-dead fire, its Nottingham lace curtains that trailed on the floor, its enlarged and colored crayon portraits of departed members of the family, its bunches of dried grass and paper roses, and its fringed and figured silk lambrequin on the mantel, held down in the middle by a glass-covered wreath of wax roses, and on the ends by a piece of coral and a large conch-shell, and I wondered how even temporarily Noel could endure them. It was a strange setting for her. Every drop of her blood was artistic, and these fearful furnishings must have pricked painfully, and still she had chosen them rather than write and ask if we were alone. Frequently she had visited us, but never if we had guests. Their world and hers were far apart, and she would not come to us unless we were alone. In the trying days of my illness she had been more, far more, than a nurse, and always we kept in touch with her; but of late our letters had become more and more infrequent, and not for some time had I heard from her. She was quite alone in the world. Her parents were dead, and the near relatives—a married sister and a rather trifling brother—were too far away in distant states for her to see much of them, and her return of the affection given her was deeper perhaps because of her sense of loneliness at times. She was so quaint and quick, so dependable and untiring, so sunny natured, and yet so full of fire and of the knowledge of life, that to have her about was always a delight, and I was a bit provoked over her refusal to go home with me.

"It's very queer that Donald should be at your house." In the car she drew closer to me and slipped her hand into my muff. "Of all the houses in town, for him to have stumbled into yours! He falls on his feet always—that is, he used to. Of late, since we've been engaged, everything has gone wrong. Do you suppose"—the gay, sweet voice grew troubled—"do you suppose I've had anything to do with it? Do you believe in things like that?"

"I do not." I twisted my fingers into hers and drew her hand farther in my muff. "And now I want to know everything, and after you tell me we'll have lunch, and then you and he can have the car this afternoon while I write letters that must be mailed to-night. Begin with where you met him."

There was not a great deal to tell. They had met some months before in the mountains where he had gone to recover his health, which in a measure he had lost during a fatiguing year at the university, and where she had been nursing a trying patient. They had been thrown together in an unconventional way, and the usual processes by which love is awakened had been dispensed with. They had soon discovered that they cared for each other, and in December she had agreed to marry him. For a year he must stay in the country, in the open, and his professorship at the university was being held for him while he taught in the Fenwick High School. He had taken a position in the latter not only because it was in the mountains, but because she was there, and they wanted much to be together.

"It was pretty staggering. He's tremendously ambitious, and he was making a name for himself at the university." Noel's voice again lost its gay lilt, and her face was shadowed. "To leave his work and go to a small village was a bitter dose to get down, and for a while he balked. Then, just as he began to get interested in the school, in the pupils, in the possibilities before him, he was taken ill with typhoid fever. I was away at the time, and when I got back they had taken him to a hospital some seven miles distant, and I could do nothing—nothing."

"It was the best place for him." My voice strove to be soothing. I hate a soothing voice, but Noel's eyes were mutinous. "One can be cared for so much better in a hospital."

"That depends on the hospital. In the best of them the patient needs some one around who knows a thing or two. Had I been at Fenwick when he was taken ill I would have married him at once. Then I could have nursed him,



"IT ISN'T AT *YOUR* HOUSE DONALD IS STAYING!"

helped him. As it was, I had to stay away." With swift movement Noel turned to me. "This is such a stupid world! And I hate them, *hate them*—the silly old conventions that make a woman helpless! When I reached the hospital he was delirious, and they would not let me see him. They did not know I was engaged to him, and I could not tell them. I am so alone, I—" She hesitated and bit her lip. "For days I was tortured, tormented, and when finally the crisis was past I was limper than he. That is, inside I was, and outside I was a mechanical thing that nursed an abominable young woman because I must do something, and because I knew we'd need the money. When he came back to Fenwick he needed much care still, and I would have married him at once, but he wouldn't let me."

Noel's head went up and her gay laugh was good to hear. "What do you think of that? A gentleman refusing to

marry the girl he had once violently, humbly, insistently asked to marry him? It *is* a stupid old world, and civilization isn't yet out of the primer grade! He would not marry me because he had no money. The nurses and doctors and hospital had taken all he had saved, and when I told him I could work as well after I was married as before, he had a spasm—the kind all men have when women talk of earning money after marriage."

Getting out of the car, we went in to lunch. At the table we continued our conversation, and then I sent Noel to the convention hall to get Donald, that they might have a ride together.

I was greatly interested in the little love-affair that had so unexpectedly come across my way. Noel was inclined to be a bit defiant of custom and convention, and as intolerant of pretense and make-believe as few people I had ever known. With the abandon of her type—which gives unreservedly when it gives at all—she would go into poverty and privation, into danger or death, with no thought of shrinking if love so led, and with acute conviction I believed it best that she and Donald should be married at once if Horatio could find out some of the things I must know. That night I told him what I wanted him to do.

"I'll do nothing of the sort; of course I won't." Horatio waved his hand protestingly. "You say he's a nephew of James Armstrong Grey; that settles him socially. He was a professor of English at the university two years; that settles him intellectually; and he's now a teacher in the Fenwick High School, and in Fenwick on account of his health, which settles him financially and physically. The first two points are offset by the last two, which settles—"

"But there's nothing serious the matter with his health. He was just run down, and had fever, and will be all right in a few months, the doctor says. He has no money—there are times when I wish nobody had any—but its lack is not so serious as the lack of certain other things. His character is probably all right, or Noel would hardly care for him. Still, I want to be sure. The only way to find out is to ask a disinterested party. Noel isn't disinterested. Richard Dent knows him well, she tells me. If you wire him to-night and get the answer I want, I think they had better be married here at our house."

"You think *what?*"

Horatio's voice was a cross between unbelief and despair. Without comment I gave him a slip of paper. "This is what I want you to say. I'd like to have an answer as soon as possible to-morrow."

For some time we argued the matter, Horatio stormily insisting that I was doing a very unwise thing and that he would have nothing to do with it. No matter what sort of man Donald Grey was, he was not able to marry, his savings were gone, his salary a mere wage, and marriage would be suicidal, insane. He would not be a party to it, and, hands in his pockets, he walked up and down the room and glared at me as if I were beyond all power of understanding.

"All right," I said; "if you won't wire, I will. And they're not poor. They're rich. They have love enough to endure privation for each other, and that's not a bad account to start with. I'd marry you if you didn't have as much as Donald. If you send a night-letter, the fifty words will ask all I want to know."

He would not promise, but I knew very well the letter would be sent. I never hurry Horatio.

On the fourth afternoon of his stay Donald Grey came into the library and asked if he could see me for a few minutes. The day before we had had a long talk. Noel had told him that I knew of their engagement, and it was with the eagerness of long repression that he had unburdened his heart, let out tumultuous hopes and quivering fears, and as he talked—even if I had not heard from Richard Dent—I should have known his life had been clean and high and of good repute. As he came toward me I saw his eyes were no longer merry nor his mouth wistful, and when he took my hands his face whitened.

"You have done much for me, a stranger," he said. "Do one thing more. Tell me frankly, from a woman's view-point, would I be wicked and selfish to take Noel back with me as my wife? She is willing to go; she knows



"IF YOU SEND A NIGHT-LETTER, THE FIFTY WORDS WILL ASK ALL I WANT TO KNOW"

how much I need her, want her, and she would sacrifice herself for me, but I have no home to which to take her. The little Saeter hut we had hoped to buy, the one built by an artist fellow from up North, on Waterfall Mountain, is now beyond our getting. It was a queer little affair, a genuine reproduction of the Norwegian Saeter huts, made of logs on the outside, with grass growing on the top, and big stone fireplaces inside. A palace wouldn't have appealed to us as this bit of a mountain home appealed. That dream is over, however. There's nothing now with which—"

His teeth came down sharply on his lip, and, turning, he walked over to the window. When he spoke again his voice was bitter. "I have nowhere to take her. I tell you, Mrs. Tilghman, there's no power on earth equal to that of money. The lack of it paralyzes, humiliates, handicaps as does nothing else under the sun."

"Except the lack of love," I interrupted. "I wonder how much you and Noel have for each other."

He turned to me, his face puzzled, his eyes questioning, but before he could answer Horatio came in, and quickly he said good-night.

For some time we sat by the fire, Horatio and I, and talked of everything but that of which we were thinking. We had never said to each other that it was odd or unusual that one of the men I had so unwisely taken into the house without knowing his name should prove to be Noel's sweetheart. The thing we were interested in was what

to do about it—this situation in which we found ourselves.

"When is she going back to Fenwick?" Horatio leaned over and put a fresh lump of coal on the fire, and broke it that it might blaze. We had been talking of a bad slump in stocks.

"She was to go back to-morrow, but"—I slipped my hand in Horatio's—"she has decided to stay a few days longer. I want Donald to marry her on Saturday, and of course—"

"Want what?"

"Want Donald to marry her. I've thought it all out, and it's the only thing to be done. They need each other, love each other very much, and there's no use in waiting. His salary is wickedly small at present, but Noel is a good manager and she has saved a little money with which she can buy some furniture for the Saeter hut. That is, it is absurdly small, the price asked for the little place that to them means privacy and home, and birds and books, and flowers and fireside—means all the worthwhile things. Don't you think you could buy it for them, Horatio, and let them pay you back a little at a time as they are able?"

"For the love of Heaven!" Horatio stared at me with his "what-next" stare. "I'm not a real-estate agent, and, besides, I don't approve of Noel's marrying a man who can't care for her properly. She's had a hard life, and deserves a home in which she can rest, not a silly thing made of logs with grass growing on its top. Of course I won't buy such a place!"

"But the view from it is heavenly, and it has a nice bath-room and an adorable kitchen, she says, and the two big rooms with the stone fireplaces are all she can take care of at present. It could be their summer home for years, and a woman would rather work with the man she loves than be in a palace without him. Of course, they can board and eat soda biscuits, and have dyspepsia, and they're going to risk all three. But, you see, when I was ill, and Noel would not leave me day or night—"

"Don't — oh, don't!" Getting up quickly, Horatio turned his face away, but not before I saw it twist and whiten. He would never speak, or let me speak of the days in which there had been a long, hard fight for my life, a fight which would not have been won had it not been for Noel.

At the door Slocum was announcing dinner, and that evening there was no chance for further talk. During the next two days, Donald, Noel, and I were very busy. Now that the matter of their marriage was settled, responsibility was off them and on me, and like two joy-filled children they made their purchases for the little home with thrills of indecision and delicious delight; and I thrilled with them.

When I reached home Thursday night I found a note from Horatio saying he had been called out of town, but would be back the next evening. He did not say where he had gone, nor did I ask him on his return where he had been. I did tell him, however, the marriage would take place at twelve o'clock the next morning in the library, and that a brother of Donald's and Mr. Macon would be present. If he could come I would be glad, but if he were too busy Noel would understand.

Half an hour before the time set for the ceremony he came up-stairs and into our sitting-room. I had on a white dress and was holding Noel's flowers. "I thought you could not get back," I said. "Mr. Macon told me you had an important case this morning."

"Not get back!" He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. "If you will have these children married when they've nothing to live on but faith and love and a few pennies a week, do you suppose I am going to leave my house while it is being done? By the way"—he pulled out a large envelope and threw it on the table—"there's a little wedding-present you can give them. I can't imagine why they want such a queer-looking thing as a grass-topped hut, but if they do there's the deed for it. What on earth's the matter with you? Anybody would think you were going to cry."

"I'm not going to cry—" My voice belied my words, and, arms around his neck, I kissed him smotheringly. "You are so queer, Horatio, and I love you so!"

In Charleston

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IT was when, through an unseasonable storm of cold rain, we found ourselves housed on the Battery at Charleston that we realized ourselves in a city which was not quite like any other city, and which differenced itself from other cities more and more as our ten days of it passed. They were the first ten days of April, and that they were wet and cold in the beginning instead of bright and warm was a greater grief to the Charlestonians, who almost immediately began making us their friends, than to us; but we accepted their excuses for the weather quite as if they could have had it otherwise. The fact is that it was the same make of chill that we had been experiencing at St. Augustine during a month past without knowing that it was bad, though people there said it ought to have been indefinitely better. The winter, they said, had been very perverse; but we considered what it must have been in the North and tried not to suffer from it as much as they thought we should.

When the weather cleared at Charleston and the sun came out, the mockingbirds came out with it on the Battery. The flowers seemed never to have been in, but were only waiting to be recognized in the gardens that flanked the houses facing across the space of palmettos and live-oaks and columns and statues and busts, and burly Parrott guns glowering eastward and southward over the sea-walls. The flowers were there to attest the habitual softness of the Charleston winter, but experience of Riviera and Bermuda winters had taught me that flowers are not to be trusted in these matters. Still, I am not saying that the Charleston winter is not mild, and as for the Charleston spring, what I saw and felt of it was divine, especially on the Battery.

It is a city imagined from a civic consciousness quite as intense as that of any of the famed cities of the world, say such as Boston, and it built most of its stateliest dwellings in that place. All the old houses that front upon it are stately; on the South Battery modern houses have intruded themselves in some of the gardened spaces; but on the East Battery the line is yet unbroken. I should not know quite how to justify them in making me think of a line of Venetian palaces, but that was what they did, and the sense of something Venetian in them recurred to me throughout our ten days. Perhaps it was the sea and the sky that conspired to trick my fancy; certainly it was not the spacious gardens beside the spacious houses, nor the make of the houses, though their size, if not their shape, flattered my fond notion. Without being exactly of one pattern, they were of one general type which I found continually repeated throughout the city. A certain rather narrow breadth of stone or brick or wood abuts on the street, and as wide a space of veranda, colonnaded and rising in two or even three stories, looks southward or westward over a more or less ample garden-ground. The street door opens into the house, or perhaps into the veranda, or perhaps you enter by the gate from the garden where the blossoms of our summer paint the April air, and the magnolia shines and darkles over the coarse-turfed lawn. The garden-beds seem more meagerly covered with plants than with us, but there are roses and jasmines in every coign of vantage, and other flowers which my vocabulary fails in the names of, though I think of peach blossoms a month old, but young still, and pear buds freshly blown. Nearly all the gardens are shut in by high brick walls, and it is something fine to pass in or out by the gate of such a garden, with a light iron-work grill overhead and small globes on the high-shouldered brick



GARDEN STEPS OF THE OLD PRINGLE HOUSE

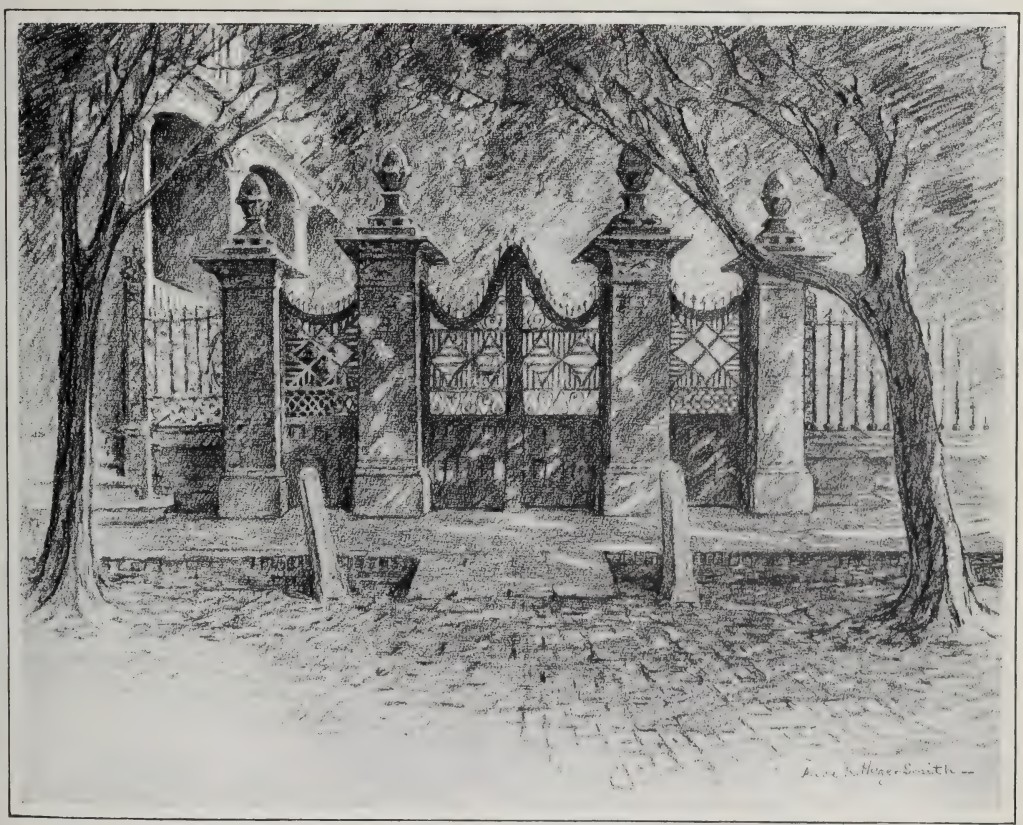
piers; and it adds I know not just what grace of experience to have one's hostess call up to the colored uncle dusting the second floor of the balcony above, "Wait a moment, Romeo," though in the play I believe it was Juliet on the balcony.

Charleston is a city of some seventy thousand people, black and white, and it covers, I should say, about as much space as Manhattan, rashly judging from what seemed our night-long drive from the railroad station to the hotel on our arrival. Probably, also, the city's extent is an illusion arising from the indefinite repetition of such houses and gardens in every quarter. There are certain distinct business thoroughfares, long, very long, stretching out in shops mostly low; but people who built their dwellings in the old time seem to have built them wherever they liked, unhampered by any dictate of fashion. There is apparently no East Side or West, as in New York; no South End or Back Bay, as in Boston; the court quarter of Charleston was where any of its proud families chose to put their houses. They lived nearly always in houses of that two-story, southward-veranda type, overlooking those spacious gardens. Wherever we walked or drove we counted such houses by scores, by hundreds; if I did not care what I said, I should say there were thousands of such houses. They looked out from their leaves and flowers over streets of modern brick or asphalt, or of primeval sand where the tire buried itself in the dust and the hoof slowed to a walk; or if they varied in this or that stateliness from the type, they did not wholly forget it, or suffer the passing stranger to forget it.

I have the feeling that the streets, whatever make they were of, were better kept than the streets of Northern towns, which have not known the impulse to purge and live cleanly given by Colonel Waring to New York. Certainly they looked neater than the streets of such a typical New England town as Portsmouth; but how they were kept so I cannot tell; the old tradition of the turkey-buzzard as the scavenger of Charleston dwindled, in my observance, to a solitary bird of the species in the street beside the Old Market. As to other matters of public cleanliness, I should say that the tobacco-chewing habit, so well-nigh extinct in the North, is still rife in the South, if one may judge by the frank provision made for it. In the shuttle-car which carries the traveler into Charleston from the

railroad junction when one comes from the South, every seat was equipped with a cuspidor quite a foot across; and a cuspidor was the repulsive convenience obtruded at frequent intervals in the waiting-room of the station when one departed. The cuspidors there were much smaller than those of the shuttle-car, but then they were filthier; and it is with very sensible relief that I turn back from them to those far more characteristic streets where I have been asking the reader to accompany me. I rather liked the sandy streets as the more frankly native, and I particularly liked that one which widened to a plaza before the vast old Aiken house, and the kindred houses of like presence which it had, as it were, willed beside it. Their variance from the prevailing type was decided, but except in this impressive group the type held its own.

The houses of that neighborhood were square rather than oblong, and they wanted the southward verandas, which scarcely happened with any of the other old houses. I have no sense of gardens beside them, but, on the other hand, the space between them had a background of the weather-worn, never-painted hovels which may have been the negroes' quarters in the time of slavery, and may still be the abodes of their poverty. Upon the whole, perhaps because I saw them almost the last of the great old houses, they gave me a strong sense of their surpassing dignity. But when we had left them I reverted with increased content to the typical houses which I think were more naturally evolved from an instinctive obedience to the conditions, climatic, civic, social. The noble mansions on the East Battery are all galleried oblongs, flanked with gardens; though one of the noblest mansions, if not the most noble, in Charleston, the beautiful old Pringle House, fronts the street, a square bulk from a narrow space fenced high with fine iron-work, and with the faltering



A GATEWAY ON LEGARÉ STREET

memory of its lovely old garden lurking away from the public eye behind it. We looked into this garden from the stairway leading to the drawing-room where we had sat a twilight moment in the presence of the young builder of the house, a blur of vague richness on the panel for which Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted him in his red coat a century and a half ago, and from which he seemed to offer us the hospitality of the mansion, though this had always descended from generation to generation in the female line, and does not even bear the founder's name.

The little moment of that intimation of character, of conditioning, was supreme in its way, as another moment was in that house in the East Battery, where I looked from the veranda and saw Fort Sumter a far-off shadow on the waters. My host pointed it out to me, his fellow-citizen of whatsoever sort, who must wish to visit with my eyes, if by no nearer approach that most venerable monument of our Civil War. But we left each other to our respective thoughts, and I leave the reader to imagine mine, for if I did not needlessly obtrude them there I will not here. No other American city has such a monument as that, but it is the only monument in Charleston which commemorates the war for and against our nationality. Her other memorials are of two sorts—one for the insurrectionary Colonies and one for the insurrectionary States. The great Chatham lifts the arms maimed by the British bombardment in enduring demand of English liberties for America; the great Calhoun from the loftiest column of the city proclaims the sovereign right of each member of the Union to nullify the Federal compact.

The pathos of the final defeat of the hopes which his doctrine instilled in his fellow-citizens is most poignant, I think, in that collection of relics and memorials which the Daughters of the Confederacy have gathered into the room over the Old Market House, and which "speak a various language" to the visitor. Whatever his feeling toward the cause which was lost, it has always the appeal of a lost cause, and the battle-shredded banners, the swords sheathed in ultimate defeat, the faded letters - home from the fields of death, the tokens of privation and self-denial steadfastly borne by the women left behind hoping and despairing, they all witness how hard it was to give up that which was taken away. If the North had failed in the war for the Union, it would still have been a great nation, but to the



THE CURVE OF CHURCH STREET



A GROUP OF SOME OF THE OLDEST HOUSES

South defeat came with a message of forbidden nationality and all hope of it; and these memorials protested against the doom with a deathless pride which one must reverence at least in the gentlewomanly presence expecting reverence. The collection of Civil War relics in the City Hall, though so intensely Confederate, we found indefinitely less moving, perhaps because there we gave our interest chiefly to the wonderful portrait of Washington by Trumbull. It is strange that this should not be popularly reproduced as the true portrait, for it shows Washington much more imaginably human and probable than the wooden visage—imperishably expressive of the artificial teeth of the greatest of Americans, if not men—which the brush of Stuart has perpetuated. Trumbull portrays him younger, in a vigorous full-length, with deep-set eyes, and a look of energy and life, and the mystery of his exhaustless patience and indomitable will.

If one accused oneself of hypocrisy one could only hope that it was a guiltless hypocrisy whenever one must seem by one's silence to share what must be the prevalent feeling for the lost cause. To this moment I do not know what the prevalent feeling in Charleston is concerning slavery. It was intimated only once, from lips that trembled with old memories in owning and affirming of the negroes, "They were slaves, but they were happy," and then one could dissent only in silence. Happy or most unhappy, their children and grandchildren prevail in Charleston by a good majority of her seventy thousand population; and I must own that their absence would be preferable to their presence in the eye seeking beauty or even gaiety. Their presence is of an almost unbroken gloom, which their complexion relieves by little or no gradation from absolute black to any lighter coloring. This is, of course, morally to be desired; but there may be the paler shadings of the mulatto, the quadroon, the octaroon, but I did not notice them, though more than once I took persons for white who would have shown to the



THE STEEPLE OF ST. MICHAEL'S

trained eye as black as the blackest of that majority now strictly segregated from the genuine whiteness. To the city which so much took my liking their color gave a cast of very loathed, yet pitied, melancholy. If they had gone about in any barbaric brightness of rags, any vivid touch of scarlet or crimson or orange, they might even have given some cheer to the street life, but their taste seemed to be for the gloomier dyes. If the garments had holes in them, and flapped in tatters here and there, it was probably not by personal or racial preference; the like happens with the poor everywhere. I have found the destitute in New York as unbeautiful and even as unpicturesque as the segregated in Charleston; poverty is always unlovely; let me be as fair as this to the bygone conditions ending in the poverty one sees in the South. If I speak here of the rude wooden balcony overhanging the pavement of a certain Charleston street where men, women, and children used to stand and be bidden off at auction by the buyers underneath, it is not to twit the present with the past in a city apparently unconscious of it. But in my impressions of that city my black fellow-creatures persist, a dreary cloud; their freedom was not animated by the smile, much less the light laughter one expects of them; only once did they show any noticeable interest in life, and that was when they stood in a crowd at one side of the street, strictly segregated from the white crowd on the other side, but equally following with it the events of the great fight in Havana between the pugilistic champions of their race and ours, as the bulletins reported them. I wish they could have pinned their pride and hope to some other champion of their race, like Booker Washington, or their great painter Lewis, or such a poet (if there is any other such) as Paul Dunbar, but these no doubt were beyond the furthest ken of the crowd listening to the disheartening news of the rounds at Havana.

In the Southern cities their race never looks fitly present, but when one meets them on the country roads, or glimpses them in the forests of pine, they seem to belong. At one place far from town where a herd of wild-looking black women-creatures were plying their axes among the undergrowth of the woods, they seemed to draw the African jungle about them, and revert in it to something native and authentic. But in the hovels of the town and the cabins of the suburbs the Southern negroes are simply a black image of the poverty which infests the world. In Charleston, indeed, this has something of the relief

which the meridional sun seems to give poverty everywhere, and I have it on my conscience to instance the black women carrying burdens on their heads as women do in Italy, and a certain quaint mammy who sounded a personal if not racial note of character by peddling vegetables in a baby-carriage as picturesque exceptions to the monotony otherwise unrelieved. I am also bound to note that the cries of the shrimp-sellers were soft and sweet, and consoled for the gloomy silence which their color otherwise kept; and the little old wrinkled black beldam, who, being hard stared at by the strangers, bobbed a curtsy to them from her threshold, did something to abridge the aloofness of her race from theirs.

Every city has its temperament, and in most things Charleston is like no other city that I know, but there were moments in her long, long streets of rather small shops which recalled the High streets of English towns. There were even moments when London loomed upon the consciousness, and in breaths of the sea air one was aware of Folkstone. But these were very fleeting illusions, and the place reserved its own strong identity, derived from a history very strenuous in many epochs. I do not know how strenuously the commercial life of the port survives, and I am rather ashamed of having tried so little to know. In the waters widening from the Batteries, South and East, vessels of not a very dominant type lay in the offing or slowly smoked across it. But the walk along the ancient wharves which I went one rather over-warm afternoon did not persuade me of a prospering traffic. The aging warehouses had been visited by many fires which left tumbled walls and tangled pipes and wires in gaps of blackened ruin. The footways were broken, and the coarse grass sprouted between the cobblestones of the wheelways. The freight-cars on many railroad tracks shut me from the piers, and there might have been fleets of commerce lying at them, for all I could see, but I doubt if there were.

Not only those fires had wrought the devastation I saw, but that earthquake which shook Charleston so terribly certain years ago had done its part, though one hears of it mostly for the harm it did to the beautiful houses among those fronting on the East Battery which so flattered my fondness with something vaguely Venetian in their keeping. The great water beyond the Battery could well have been the basin of St. Mark, with a like habit of rising and flooding the shore when the wind and tide conspire. All those beautiful houses had been washed full of the sea so many



PIAZZA OF THE OLD PRINGLE HOUSE

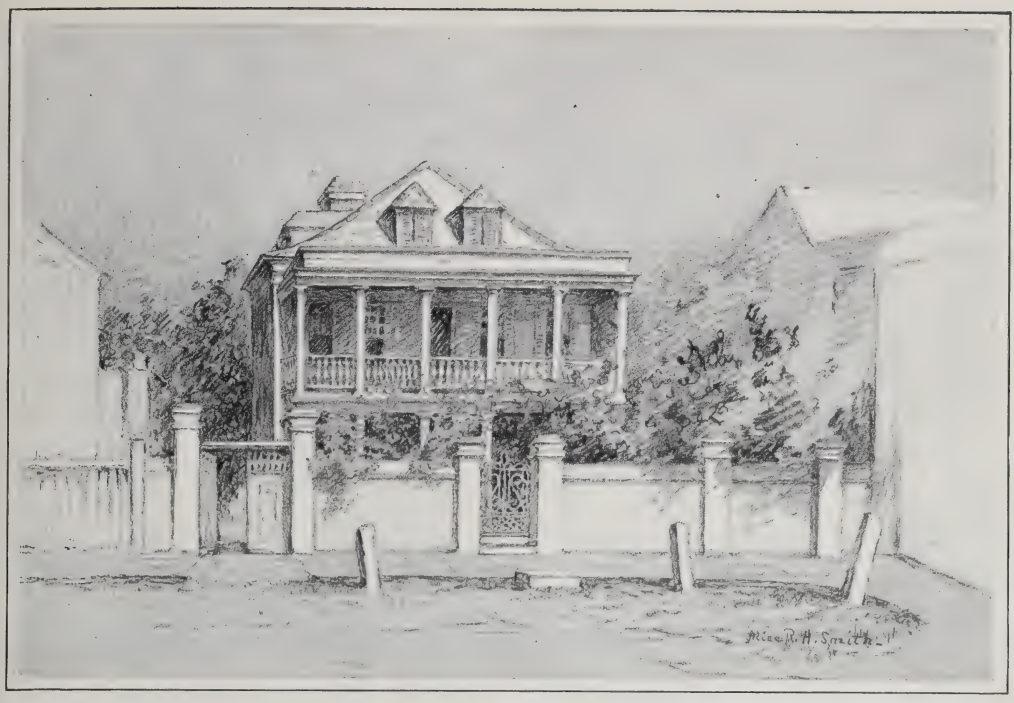
times that the dwellers in some had abandoned their lowest story to it, and had their domestic and social life above-stairs out of its reach; yet the gardens kept their perennial bloom, and the rose and jasmine garlanded the forsaken galleries of the ground floor, so often the water floor.

You must constantly take account of the galleries and the gardens if you are to sense Charleston aright. The galleries give the city its peculiar grace, and the gardens its noble extent. It is these which spread it wide over the sea-bordered plain where it stands in that proud indifference to Sides or Ends which I have noted, and I am by no means sure that the gardens or the galleries of the East Battery are the finest in the town. There are others in Legere Street and King Street and Meeting Street, not so far from the South Battery as not to be of its neighborhood; yet far from these there are other gardens in I know not what quarters which won my heart as we drove by or trundled by in the trolley-cars abounding in Charleston, as with the purpose of showing it to the stranger. There is a Belt Line most convenient for his curiosity, but I especially liked the little cars on King Street and Meeting Street, which one always found waiting at the Battery corners in a sort of Old Cambridge leisure such as our horse-cars of the eighteen sixties and seventies knew.

If I have hitherto spoken mostly of the fine old houses and the prouder streets, it is not because I look down on lowly dwellings or avert my idle steps from humble avenues. These, if they had any grace of historic decline, like Tradd Street, the home of large and little commerce in the past, took my liking as much as the ample perspectives of Broad Street with its show of handsome public edifices, and I liked passing through alleyways where the small black children glistened at the thresholds of their houses and yards in the proper effulgence of their race. I believe that in the old times the slave children and their young masters played together, but segregation seems to have ended that. The children in the paths of the South Battery were all white, and there was no note of black except in the nurse-maids, who exercised the command with their little charges which everywhere subordinates the children of the rich to the rule of the poor. The sight of one small patrician having clawed out of his mouth the diet of broken shells in which he was indulging from the pathway, while a wild clamor of reproach and menace from the nurse's tongue went up, was an example of this, probably lost upon the boy as soon as his nurse went



THE INNER GATE OF A LEGARÉ STREET GARDEN



A TYPICAL OLD CHARLESTON MANSION—THE GEORGE EVELEIGH HOUSE IN CHURCH STREET

back to her gossip with the other black nurses. She was kind, if threatening, and those paths of the Battery looked clean enough to eat. The white children played there; not so vigorously as one sees them in Central Park, nor with such a show of ruddy cheeks or sturdy limbs, but with as much of it as could be expected in a semi-tropical climate. The place is charming with its live-oaks and the mocking-birds lyrically nesting in them. I tried to surprise these in some of their orchestral moments when they could be expected to represent the whole line of local songsters, but I was never so fortunate, and I came away from the South with the Northern belief that the mocking-bird does not compare in its "melodious bursts" with our bobolink or oriole, or catbird, and might well be silent in the presence of our hermit-thrush. All the more conveniently in the silence of the mocking-bird can you read your novel in that pleasant shade, or, if you are young, live your romance, or, still better, if you are old, look on at others living theirs. In the last event you will not be abashed by those shows of impassioned affection which are so apt to embarrass the beholder in our Northern parks.

The car on Meeting Street (such an acceptable name!) took us by the beautiful old church of St. Michael's, and into a grouping of other churches, with their graveyards so old and so still beside them in the heart of the city. If you are very worthy or very fortunate it will be the Saturday before Easter Sunday when you stray into St. Michael's and find the ladies of the parish trimming the interior with sprays and flowers, and one of these may show you the more notable among the wall tablets which you have brought the liking for from English churches. St. Michael's is of a very sisterly likeness to St. Philip's Church in the architectural charm derived from their mother architecture of the Georgian churches in the Strand. These two Charleston churches seem to me more beautiful than any of the Strand churches; and St. Philip's is especially fine with the wide curve of open space before it; and precious for the Chantry bas-relief in one of its walls. But we went for our own Easter service to the perpendicular

Gothic of the Unitarian church which keeps the social eminence enjoyed by that sect in Charleston almost from the time of the break with the elder faith in Boston. The building was one of those which suffered most in the earthquake, but the fan-work of the roof has been renewed in its pleasing suggestion of Oxford; and there was I could not say just what keeping in the sermon's appeal to Tennyson and Emerson for support of the Scriptural texts of immortality which the Easter service dealt with.

The church has its traditions of a distinguished ministry from the first, and I was aware of something as authentically local in its spiritual atmosphere as in that of the ancient Huguenot church which we saw on a week-day by the kindness of the pastor. History was cumulatively present in the names tableted round the walls from the time of the first emigrations of "the Religion" which the great Admiral Coligny promoted to the time of the general exile after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their names became and remain among the foremost of the city; but many of the families once Huguenot are now of the Anglican communion, though there is still a service in French, which perhaps not all the parishioners of the church understand.

The gardens and the churches embody Charleston to the visitor's recollection, and then I suppose there remains almost as strongly with him an obscure sense of her permanence in a tradition which one of the greatest civil wars was fought to extinguish. For good and all, or for bad and all, South Carolina is politically in the Union, but in Charleston the sense of her being spiritually still in the Confederacy, rightly or wrongly, haunts the visitor. How could it be otherwise, with a people not superhuman? Yet I like to record that on the anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox, which fell on one of our ten days, the leading journal (I thought it always extremely well written) expressed in frank and manly terms a sense of Grant's delicate behavior in that affair which may well have been prevalent in the community. Still, this could have been without the reconciliation to the result which I should find it difficult to imagine. It is the fatal effect of war, and especially of internecine war, that after the hostilities the hostility abides, and the house once divided against itself cannot stand for generations as it stood before the division.

Society as we saw it a little in Charleston had the informal charm of the vast cousinship which results in a strongly localized community where people of various origins intermarry and meet one another in constant ease and intimacy. It is the charm of all aristocracies, and I suppose Charleston is and always has been an aristocracy; a commercial aristocracy, to be sure; but Venice was a commercial aristocracy. The place has its own laws and usages, and does not trouble itself to conform to those of other aristocracies. In London the best society dines at eight o'clock, and in Madrid at nine, but in Charleston it dines at four, and sups lightly at seven. It makes morning calls as well as afternoon calls, but as the summer approaches the midday heat must invite rather to the airy leisure of the verandas and the cool quiescence of interiors darkened against the fly in the morning and the mosquito at nightfall. We did not stay for any such full effect of the summer, but every day of our stay the mocking-birds increased among the young buds which pushed the old leaves from the spray of the live-oaks (to fall and send up a small, subtle, autumnal scent from the grass beneath); every morning there were more flowers in the garden-beds, more blossoms on the trellises; the wind blew softer than the day before, and something more appreciably temperamental declared itself in the advancing season.

I have always liked places with a compact history, like Florence, for instance, where you do not have to go even so far as the Arno to compass its renown, or like Siena, compacter still in the tale of its civic life; and I found this merit in Charleston, as the reader will understand better if he acquaints himself with the city's past in Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel's very interesting historical study of *The Place and the People*. After Boston, no other American city has had a civic consciousness so intense

and so continuous, and in both the very diverse causes and characteristics eventuated in colonial times, at least, in much the same social life. The Puritans and the Proprietors arrived in one city and the other at a like ideal of aristocratic ease and dignity as a proper expression of their quality, and if the Southern city was habitually the gayer, there were extreme moments of the little Northern capital when she relented almost as far. In both the ideal was aristocratic; good society was based (as it still is everywhere) upon the commonalty which consents to social inferiority, and if in Charleston there was the deeper and dismaler underworld of the slave, in Boston slavery was not yet condemned as immoral. In both the leading families ruled, but the Revolution which brought banishment to many of the leading families of Boston confirmed those of Charleston in their primacy.

The very diversity of their origin in Charleston contributes to the picturesqueness of the aspect which its society wears to the strangers. Here for once in the human story the victims of oppression did not suffer for their wrongs even in their pride; the Huguenots who fled from France found not merely refuge in Carolina, but instant worldly honor. Their abounding names are of the first in Charleston; the very names of the streets testify to their equal value in the community proud to welcome them; and the episode of their coming lends unique distinction to annals never poor in distinction. I like to think it was their qualification of the English ideal which has tended to give the Charlestonians their gentle manners. But if I am altogether mistaken in this, I like these manners better than our brusque Northern ways. I like a place where the very ticket-seller makes the question of a Pullman section an affair of social courtesy, and the telegraph-operator stays with my despatch in his hand to invoke my conjectures of the weather. In a world where to-morrow so often galls the kibe of to-day, it is pleasant to draw breath awhile where the present keeps a leisured pace which seems studied from the past, and Mid-April, such as we left in Charleston, promises to stay through the year.

The Plea

BY LOUIS DODGE

LORD, when the evening closes, and I stand
With eager, fearful hands toward heaven's far shore,
Bring me no gift of roses, as the sand
Runs out, to run again for me no more.

But give me one clear hour at close of day,
And whisper, as the darkling shadows fall,
The names of friends I lost along the way,
The faithful friends I can no more recall.

And while their names upon my lips are set,
Oh, speed the silent tides that I must stem,
That ere again I slumber or forget,
I may begin my eager quest of them.

The Wake

BY DONN BYRNE

AT times the muffled conversation in the kitchen resembled the resonant humming of bees, and again, when it became animated, it sounded like the distant cackling of geese. Then there would come a pause; and it would begin again with sibilant whispers, and end in a chorus of dry laughter that somehow suggested the crackling of burning logs.

Occasionally a figure would open the bedroom door, pass the old man as he sat huddled in his chair, never throwing a glance at him, and go and kneel by the side of the bed where the body was. They usually prayed for two or three minutes, then rose and walked on tiptoe to the kitchen, where they joined the company. Sometimes they came in twos, less often in threes, but they did precisely the same thing—prayed for precisely the same time, and left the room on tiptoe with the same creak of shoe and rustle of clothes that sounded so intensely loud throughout the room. They might have been following instructions laid down in a ritual.

The old man wished to heaven they would stay away. He had been sitting in his chair for hours, thinking, until his head was in a whirl. He wanted to concentrate his thoughts, but somehow he felt that the mourners were preventing him.

The five candles at the head of the bed distracted him. He was glad when the figure of one of the mourners shut off the glare for a few minutes. He was also distracted by the five chairs standing around the room like sentries on post and the little table by the window with its crucifix and holy-water font. He wanted to keep thinking of "herself," as he called her, lost in the immensity of the oaken bed. He had been looking at the pinched face with its faint suspicion of blue since early that morning. He was very much awed by the nun's hood that concealed the back of the head, and the stiffly posed arms and the small hands in their white-cotton gloves moved him to a deep pity.

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. "Michael James."

It was big Dan Murray, a gaunt red farmer, who had been best man at his wedding.

"Michael James."

"What is it?"

"I hear young Kennedy's in the village."

"What of that?"

"I thought it was best for you to know."

Murray waited a moment, then he went out, on tiptoe, as everybody did, his movements resembling the stilted gestures of a mechanical toy.

Down the drive Michael heard steps coming. Then a struggle and a shrill giggle. Some young people were coming to the wake, and he knew a boy had tried to kiss a girl in the dark. He felt a dull surge of resentment.

She was nineteen when he married her; he was sixty-three. Because he had over two hundred acres of land and many head of milch and grazing cattle and a huge house that rambled like a barrack, her father had given her to him; and young Kennedy, who had been her father's steward for years, and had been saving to buy a house for her, was thrown over like a bale of mildewed hay.

Kennedy had made several violent scenes. Michael James remembered the morning of the wedding. Kennedy waylaid the bridal-party coming out of the church. He was drunk.

"Mark me," he had said, very quietly for a drunken man—"mark me. If anything ever happens to that girl at your side, Michael James, I'll murder you. I'll murder you in cold blood. Do you understand?"

Michael James could be forgiving that

morning. "Run away and sober up, lad," he had said, "and come up to the house and dance."

Kennedy had gone around the countryside for weeks, drunk every night, making threats against the old farmer. And then a wily sergeant of the Connaught Rangers had trapped him and taken him off to Aldershot.

Now he was home on furlough, and something had happened to her, and he was coming up to make good his threat.

What had happened to her? Michael James didn't understand. He had given her everything he could. She had taken it all with a demure thanks, but he had never had anything of her but apathy. She had gone around the house apathetically, growing a little thinner every day, and then a few days ago she had lain down, and last night she had died, apathetically.

And young Kennedy was coming up for an accounting to-night. "Well," thought Michael James, "let him come!"

Silence suddenly fell over the company in the kitchen. Then a loud scraping as they stood up, and a harsher grating as chairs were pushed back. The door of the bedroom opened and the red flare from the fire and lamps of the kitchen blended into the sickly yellow candlelight of the bedroom.

The parish priest walked in. His closely cropped white hair, strong, ruddy face, and erect back gave him more the appearance of a soldier than a clergyman. He looked at the bed a moment, and then at Michael James.

"Oh, you mustn't take it like that, man," he said. "You mustn't take it like that. You must bear up." He was the only one who spoke in his natural voice.

He turned to a lumbering farmer's wife who had followed him in, and asked about the hour of the funeral. She answered in a hoarse whisper, dropping a courtesy.

"You ought to go out and take a walk," he told Michael James. "You oughtn't to stay in here all the time." And he left the room.

Michael James paid no attention. His mind was wandering to strange fantasies he could not keep out of his head. Pictures crept in and out of his brain, joined as by some thin filament. He thought somehow of her soul, and then wondered what a soul was like. And then he thought of a dove, and then of a bat fluttering through the dark, and then of a bird lost at twilight. He thought of it as some lonely flying thing with a long journey before it and no place to rest. He could imagine it uttering the vibrant, plaintive cry of a peewit. And then it struck him with a great sense of pity that the night was cold.

In the kitchen they were having tea. The rattle of the crockery sounded very distinctly. He could distinguish the sharp, staccato ring when a cup was laid in a saucer, and the nervous rattle when cup and saucer were passed from one hand to the other. Spoons struck china with a faint metallic tinkle. He felt as if all the sounds were made at the back of his neck, and the crash seemed to burst in his head.

Dan Murray creaked into the room. "Michael James," he whispered, "you ought to take something. Have a bite to eat. Take a cup of tea. I'll bring it in to you."

"Oh, let me alone, Daniel," he answered. He felt he would like to kick him and curse him while doing so.

"You must take something." Murray's voice rose from a whisper to a low, argumentative sing-song. "You know it's not natural. You've got to eat."

"No, thank you, Daniel," he answered. It was as if he were talking to a boy who was good-natured but tiresome. "I don't feel like eating. Maybe afterward I will."

"Michael James," Murray continued.

"Well, what is it, Daniel?"

"Don't you think I'd better go down and see young Kennedy and tell him how foolish it would be of him to come up here and start fighting? You know it isn't right. Hadn't I better go down? He's at home now."

"Let that alone, Daniel, I tell you." The thought of Murray breaking into the matter that was between himself and the young man filled him with a sense of injured delicacy.

"I know he's going to make trouble."

"Let me handle that, like a good fellow, and leave me by myself, Daniel, if you don't mind."

"Ah well, sure. You know best." And Murray crept out of the room.

As the door opened Michael could hear some one singing in a subdued voice and many feet tapping like drums in time with the music. They had to pass the night outside, and it was the custom, but the singing irritated him. He could fancy heads nodding and bodies swaying from side to side with the rhythm. He recognized the tune, and it began to run through his head, and he could not put it out of it. The lilt of it captured him, and suddenly he began thinking of the wonderful brain that musicians must have to compose music. And then his thoughts switched to a picture he had seen of a man in a garret with a fiddle beneath his chin.

He straightened himself up a little, for sitting crouched forward as he was put a strain on his back, and he unconsciously sat upright to ease himself. And as he sat up he caught a glimpse of the cotton gloves on the bed, and it burst in on him that the first time he had seen her she was walking along the road with young Kennedy one Sunday afternoon, and they were holding hands. When they saw him they let go suddenly, and grew very red, giggling in a half-hearted way to hide their embarrassment. And he remembered that he had passed them by without saying anything, but with a good-humored, sly smile on his face, and a mellow feeling within him, and a sage reflection to himself that young folks will be young folks, and what harm was there in courting a little on a Sunday afternoon when the week's work had been done?

And he remembered other days on which he had met her and Kennedy; and then how the conviction had come into his mind that here was a girl for him to marry; and then how, quietly and equably, he had gone about getting her and marrying her, as he would go about buying a team of horses or make arrangements for cutting the hay.

Until the day he married her he felt as a driver feels who has his team under perfect control, and who knows every bend and curve of the road he is taking. But since that day he had been thinking about her and worrying and wondering exactly where he stood, until everything in the day was just the puzzle of her, and he was like a driver with a restive pair of horses who knows his way no farther than the next bend. And then he knew she was the biggest thing in his life.

The situation as it appeared to him he had worked out with difficulty, for he was not a thinking man. What thinking he did dealt with the price of harvest machinery and the best time of the year for buying and selling. He worked it out this way: here was this girl dead, whom he had married, and who should have married another man, who was coming to-night to kill him. To-night sometime the world would stop for him. He felt no longer a personal entity—he was merely part of a situation. It was as if he were a piece in a chess problem—any moment the player might move and solve the play by taking a pawn.

Realities had taken on a dim, unearthly quality. Occasionally a sound from the kitchen would strike him like an unexpected note in a harmony; the whiteness of the bed would flash out like a piece of color in a subdued painting.

There was a shuffling in the kitchen and the sound of feet going toward the door. The latch lifted with a rasp. He could hear the hoarse, deep tones of a few boys, and the high-pitched, singsong intonations of girls. He knew they were going for a few miles' walk along the roads. He went over and raised the blind on the window. Overhead the moon showed like a spot of bright saffron. A sort of misty haze seemed to cling around the bushes and trees. The outhouses stood out white, like buildings in a mysterious city. Somewhere there was the metallic whir of a grasshopper, and in the distance a loon boomed again and again.

The little company passed down the yard. There was the sound of a smothered titter, then a playful resounding slap, and a gurgling laugh from one of the boys.

As he stood by the window he heard some one open the door and stand on the threshold.

"Are you coming, Alice?" some one asked.

Michael James listened for the answer. He was taking in eagerly all out-

side things. He wanted something to pass the time of waiting, as a traveler in a railway station reads trivial notices carefully while waiting for a train that may take him to the ends of the earth.

"Alice, are you coming?" was asked again.

There was no answer.

"Well, you needn't if you don't want to," he heard in an irritated tone, and the speaker tramped down toward the road in a dudgeon. He recognized the figure of Flanagan, the football-player, who was always having little spats with the girl he was going to marry. He discovered with a sort of shock that he was slightly amused at this incident.

From the road there came the shrill scream of one of the girls who had gone out, and then a chorus of laughter. And against the background of the figure behind him and of young Kennedy he began wondering at the relationship of man and woman. He had no word for it, for "love" was a term he thought should be confined to story-books, a word to be suspicious of as sounding affected, a word to be scoffed at. But of this relationship he had a vague understanding. He thought of it as a criss-cross of threads binding one person to the other, or as a web which might be light and easily broken, or which might have the strength of steel cables and which might work into knots here and there and become a tangle that could crush those caught in it.

It puzzled him how a thing of indefinable grace, of soft words on June nights, of vague stirrings under moonlight, of embarrassing hand-clasps and fearful glances, might become, as it had become in the case of himself, Kennedy, and what was behind him, a thing of blind, malevolent force, a thing of sinister silence, a shadow that crushed.

And then it struck him with a sense of guilt that his mind was wandering from her, and he turned away from the window. He thought how much more peaceful it would be for a body to lie out in the moonlight than on a somber oak bedstead in a shadowy room with yellow, guttering candle-light and five solemn-looking chairs. And he thought again how strange it was that on a night like this Kennedy should come as an avenger seeking to kill rather than as a lover with high hope in his breast.

Murray slipped into the room again. There was a frown on his face and his tone was aggressive.

"I tell you, Michael James, we'll have to do something about it." There was a truculent note in his whisper.

The farmer did not answer.

"Will you let me go down for the police? A few words to the sergeant will keep him quiet."

Michael James felt a pity for Murray. The idea of pitting a sergeant of police against the tragedy that was coming seemed ludicrous to him. It was like pitting a school-boy against a hurricane.

"Listen to me, Dan," he replied. "How do you know Kennedy is coming up at all?"

"Flanagan, the football-player, met him and talked to him. He said that Kennedy was clean mad."

"Do they know about it in the kitchen?"

"Not a word." There was a pause.

"Well, listen here, now. Go right back there and don't say a word about it. Wouldn't it be foolish if you went down to the police and he didn't come at all? And if he does come I can manage him. And if I can't I'll call you. Does that satisfy you?" And he sent Murray out, grumbling.

As the door closed he felt that the last refuge had been abandoned. He was to wrestle with destiny alone. He had no doubt that Kennedy would make good his vow, and he felt a sort of curiosity as to how it would be done. Would it be with hands, or with a gun, or some other weapon? He hoped it would be the gun. The idea of coming to hand-grips with the boy filled him with a strange terror.

The thought that within ten minutes or a half-hour or an hour he would be dead did not come home to him. It was the physical act that frightened him. He felt as if he were terribly alone and a cold wind were blowing about him and penetrating every pore of his body. There was a contraction around his breast-bone and a shiver in his shoulders.

His idea of death was that he would pitch headlong, as from a high tower, into a bottomless dark space.

He went over to the window again and looked out toward the barn. From a chink in one of the shutters there was a thread of yellow candle-light. He knew there were men there playing cards to pass the time.

Then terror came on him. The noise in the kitchen was subdued. Most of the mourners had gone home, and those who were staying the night were drowsy and were dozing over the fire. He felt he wanted to rush among them and to cry to them to protect him, and to cower behind them and to close them around him in a solid circle. He felt that eyes were upon him, looking at his back from the bed, and he was afraid to turn around because he might look into the eyes.

She had always respected him, he remembered, and he did not want to lose her respect now; and the fear that he would lose it set his shoulders back and steadied the grip of his feet on the floor.

And then there flashed before him the thought of people who kill, of lines of soldiery rushing on trenches, of a stealthy, cowering man who slips through a jail door at dawn, and of a figure he had read of in books—a sinister figure with an ax and a red cloak.

As he looked down the yard he saw a figure turn in the gate and come toward the house. It seemed to walk slowly and heavily, as if tired. He knew it was Kennedy. He opened the kitchen door and slipped outside.

The figure coming up the pathway seemed to swim toward him. Then it would blur and disappear and then appear again vaguely. The beating of his heart was like the regular sound of a ticking clock. Space narrowed until he felt he could not breathe. He went forward a few paces. The light from the bedroom window streamed forward in a broad, yellow beam. He stepped into it as into a river.

"She's dead," he heard himself saying. "She's dead." And then he knew that Kennedy was standing in front of him.

The flap of the boy's hat threw a heavy shadow over his face, his shoulders were braced, and his right hand, the farmer could see, was thrust deeply into his coat pocket.

"Aye, she's dead," Michael James repeated. "You knew that, didn't you?" It was all he could think of saying. "You'll come in and see her, won't you?" He had forgotten what Kennedy had come for. He was dazed. He didn't know what to say.

Kennedy moved a little. The light from the window struck him full in the face, and Michael James realized with a shock that it was as grim and thin-lipped as he had pictured it. A prayer rose in his throat, and then fear seemed to leave him all at once. He raised his head. The right hand had left the pocket now. And then suddenly he saw that Kennedy was looking into the room, and he knew he could see, through the little panes of glass, the huge bedstead and the body on it. And he felt a desire to throw himself between Kennedy and it, as he might jump between a child and a threatening danger.

He turned away his head, instinctively —why, he could not understand, but he felt that he should not look at Kennedy's face.

Over in the barn voices rose suddenly. They were disputing over the cards. There was some one complaining feverishly and some one arguing truculently, and another voice striving to make peace. They died away in a dull hum, and Michael James heard the boy sobbing.

"You mustn't do that," he said. "You mustn't do that." And he patted him on the shoulders. He felt as if something unspeakably tense had relaxed and as if life were swinging back into balance. His voice shook and he continued patting. "You'll come in now, and I'll leave you alone there." He took him under the arm.

He felt the pity he had for the body on the bed envelop Kennedy, too, and a sense of peace came over him. It was as though a son of his had been hurt and had come to him for comfort, and he was going to comfort him. In some vague way he thought of Easter-time.

He stopped at the door for a moment.

"It's all right, laddie," he said. "It's all right," and he lifted the latch.

As they went in he felt somehow as if high walls had crumbled and the three of them had stepped into the light of day.

Aunt Mary, Preferred

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

WHEN it was decided in family council that Ranny was to spend a week at Aunt Mary's in the country, that youth went forth, with a pocket full of ginger-snaps, to put himself in a favorable light before his fellow-boy. The farm was always referred to in matriarchal terms because Aunt Mary was father's own sister, while Uncle Abner Crane was merely a matrimonial incident. There was also a cousin of contemporary age to Ranny, but this fact was not for the general public, because the cousin was of the sex appropriate to the name of Dorothy. It was natural, therefore, that Ranny having found a victim, should say:

"I'm goin' visitin' at my Aunt Mary's in the country."

Bud Hicks, who had found a wabbly picket in Mr. Webber's front fence and was making original researches as upon a loose tooth, seemed unable to rise above mere creature wants.

"Gimme somepin' good," he said.

Ranny delivered over a ginger-snap, and they munched convivially in the June sunshine. It was a time of drowsy contentment. The dusty mills of learning were newly closed, and there were widespread unemployment and happiness. Presently upon a vagrant breeze came a whoop of the peculiar Tom Rucker quality.

"I gotta"—munch, munch—"Aunt Mary my *own*self," said Bud.

"*Yes*, ya have."

"I have, too. She lives in Manchester. Ya c'n ast my mother."

Tom Rucker approached, was fed and enlightened. The three took leisure-class postures under a tree, stomachs upon the grass, and bare feet pointing skyward.

"*My* aunt Mary," said Tom, "lives more'n a thousand miles away."

"Who said she didn't?" Ranny had an irritable feeling about the neck-band. Aunt Marys were getting too common for comfort.

Two other boys now swelled the meeting of the unemployed. The new-comers were cut off with half a ginger-snap apiece, but each claimed a full share in the universal Aunt Mary.

"Everybody's got one," said Bud. "They ain't nothin' to have."

Ranny, who was growing desperate, saw with relief an elegantly dressed person approaching sedately upon the opposite side of the street. His shoes and stockings alone would have barred him from good society, and his flowing necktie was an open scandal.

"I betcha Clarence Raleigh 'ain't got no Aunt Mary," said Ranny. "What 'll ya bet?"

"Well, mebbe not *Clarence*," Bud conceded, easily.

Surprised at a summons, the gilded youth picked his way carefully across the dusty street.

"You 'ain't got any Aunt Mary, have you, Clarence?" asked Ranny, hopefully.

"Oh no, I haven't got an Aunt Mary," replied Clarence, with unwonted spirit. "I've got two, that's all I've got!"

Aunt Mary, Common, having dropped to an imperceptible figure, Ranny saw that his only hope lay in Aunt Mary, Preferred.

"I guess proba'ly nobody's got a Aunt Mary like mine," he said.

"Good reason," replied Bud, without going into details.

"My aunt Marys are rich," said Clarence, "pretty near both of them."

Public interest presently shifted to a dog which ran upon three legs, and in the ensuing leisure Ranny resolved, while visiting, to gather up Aunt Mary's superior points as one collects horseshoe nails or bones. When he came home from the country he would show them something rather staggering.

After three days, which were long

even for June, Uncle Abner came driving a dust-colored horse, and brought, besides unimportant gifts of butter and eggs, some exciting information. His brother's boy, Fred, was now visiting his country relations and playing fast and loose with the Crane landscape.

"He's a caution—that nephew of mine," said Uncle Abner. "I suppose when the two of them get together they won't leave much of the poor old place."

It was not until boy and man and dust-colored horse had left Lakeville behind them, and mother's instructions about being nice to Dorothy and not giving any trouble had sunk to their proper place in the limbo of oblivion, that Ranny took up a question that had been giving him some concern.

"This boy, Fred—what relation is him an' me?"

A splotch of dried mud on the buggy-wheel made perhaps a dozen revolutions before Uncle Abner replied: "Well, you couldn't say he's *any* relation exactly. Course he's a cousin to your cousin Dot. Maybe we could make up a word for it. Let's see, now. How would second cousin-in-law do?"

Being second cousin-in-law to a "caution" was entirely satisfactory to Ranny. "My aunt Mary's his aunt Mary, too."

"Yes," said Uncle Abner, gently. "Yes, you're both lucky that way."

The silence that followed was a little more intimate than its predecessors. Ranny kept taking cautious glances of exploration. There was something about the eyes of this tall, lanky uncle that made him look as if he were continually scared; the little whiskery patch upon his chin was like a beard that did not want to give any trouble. Uncle Abner wore a linen duster to protect his clothes, but allowed it to flap open so that it did not do so, though permitting a fine view of a lifelike little cucumber upon his watch-chain. He sat timidly close to the end of the buggy seat and kept one foot on the step as if he would willingly get out and walk if Ranny but said the word.

Uncle Abner studied every field and cow and barn—one would think he had never been in the country before. Once he started to hum a little tune, but thought better of it. At last he spoke, in evident embarrassment: "Our farm is shaped like a piece of pie. The river curves around to make the outside crust, and it comes together toward the house."

Ranny stowed away this good news as something that might bring Aunt Mary credit in select circles. "I guess we're gonta have some pie," he said, politely.

Uncle Abner seemed to find this remark witty. For a moment it looked as though the conversation might be saved, but it went down for the third time.

"Here's where we cross the county line," said Uncle Abner at last. "Our farm begins at this fence."

Here was exciting information for the Lakeville public; Aunt Mary apparently had something to do with geography. But there was no time to go into this matter deeply, because they were in the yard now, and Aunt Mary herself was coming out to greet them. Ranny had not been able to remember exactly how Aunt Mary looked, but now her predominating plumpness, and the round face that smiled so easily, and the series of quick, hard hugs she gave a person, seemed perfectly familiar.

"Well, Dot," she said, apparently addressing the open air, "aren't you going to kiss Ranny?"

Dorothy reluctantly abandoned her hiding-place on the other side of her mother, and put her face at his disposal. The rite was performed in a sketchy fashion, and Ranny hoped that it had not been observed by the dark young stranger sitting on the edge of the porch and examining his big toe in an elaborate pretense that nobody had come.

Dorothy was the first to recover from the operation. "Come on, Fred," she called out. "We have something to show Ranny, you know." This was at once a welcome, an introduction, and a promise of a lively future.

Ranny found that while a glance at an Aunt Mary establishes her upon a familiar footing, one has to get acquainted with a girl cousin over again each time because she is always changing. Dorothy had grown, undoubtedly, but she was still of the roly-poly school of architecture, and had not yet begun to put all her energies into the produc-

ion of arms and legs. Dorothy's speech, perhaps because in her home life she was deprived of the advantages of society of her own age, was of that painful correctness affected by teachers. She was incorrigibly neat in her clothing, too. She wore shoes in the summertime (as is so often the case with girls), her stockings were never allowed to sag, or the ribbons which secured the two braids of hair, the color of well-pulled molasses taffy, to go awry.

Having put his shoes and stockings and his "other clothes" where they would give him no concern until it was time to go home, Ranny joined his dainty cousin and the dark, piratical Fred for a tour of inspection. Fred aspired toward the zenith rather than toward the horizon; he was active and strong, but he had nothing to speak of in the way of thickness. While Dorothy's smile was almost chronic and she giggled without effort, it was the solemn-faced second cousin-in-law who did the ridiculous things. Fred was more laughed against than laughing. He had a hoarse, low voice suggesting a permanent bad cold, and whenever he said anything funny he spoke in tones of deep depression, as one trying to satisfy the teacher's curiosity about the capital of North Carolina.

Although Dorothy, smiling, was an agreeable sight rather than otherwise, Ranny had a feeling of growing irritation that the "caution" was taking a too prominent part in the entertainment. Therefore, with no settled plan, he picked up a corncob and hurled it valiantly at nothing in particular.

"Watch me sling," he said, as he let fly.

"That's nothin'," said Fred, gruffly; but his own performance did not prove remarkable in any way.

"I can throw, too," said Dorothy.

What followed was one of the great surprises of Ranny's life; it unsettled one of his profoundest convictions. The soft-looking hand of a cream-whiteness which had resisted the June sun, disdaining corncobs, closed upon a stone, which with unbelievable accuracy sped straight and low to an unoffending carriage-shed.

"She—she slings like a boy!" said the



"I HAVEN'T GOT AN AUNT MARY," REPLIED CLARENCE. "I'VE GOT TWO"

astonished visitor from Lakeville. "Underhand an' ever'thing."

From that moment Dorothy was a force to be reckoned with. A girl who could throw like that could not be shunted off to play with dolls while important people went about seeing life. In fact, Ranny wondered whether the matter might not be mentioned cautiously to discreet people back in Lakeville.

Prominent among the phenomena of the farm was Jake, the hired man. Jake was apparently two kinds of hired man: subdued and silent when, with wet hair plastered down, he joined the family at their early supper, loquacious and self-confident when, before a mixed audience of three, he tyrannized over the horses and cows in the gathering dusk.

"What are you mostly, Dot," he asked, first making sure that Uncle Abner was not within earshot of the watering-trough, "a Crane or a Dukes?"

Dorothy laughed, but declined to analyze herself.

"Well, which cousin do you like best, Fred or Ranny?"

"I don't know, Jake," said the embarrassed hostess. "I like them both."



Jake slapped old Prince on the flank, and presently returned from the stable with another thirsty horse.

"OUR FARM IS SHAPED LIKE A PIECE OF PIE"

"A crane is a bird with long, skinny legs," he said, helpfully, "and dukes is a kind of people that lives in foreign countries like England and Europe."

Dorothy did not care to choose between being a long-legged bird and a foreigner. "Come on, boys," she said; "let's go to the corn-crib."

"Don't let 'em fight," Jake chuckled as they started away.

Ranny furtively sized up his distant relative, if any. Fred was undoubtedly the taller, but just the same he'd better not get smart.

"I live in Manchester," said Fred, ostensibly to Dorothy. "I bet Manchester's bigger 'n Lakeville."

"I bet it ain't," Ranny replied. They wagered several barrels of imaginary money, but came to no decision. Their common cousin tried to shift to non-controversial themes.

"Jake can lift a calf with one hand," she said. But this well-intentioned remark only started an argument as to the relative lifting powers of Cranes and Dukeses—a disagreement that lasted until Aunt Mary called out:

"Come into the house now. My goodness! it's getting dark."

It is hard enough to go to sleep, anyway, in a strange bed and with a very strange bedfellow, without having perplexing new problems to worry about. Ranny saw that the honor of the Dukes family was in his keeping. Dorothy did not seem to care much about the matter, but Jake wanted it settled, and Fred, otherwise an interesting person, was beginning to put on airs. Ranny had never upheld the honor of a family before, and did not know just how it was done. In what way the Dukeses were superior to the rest of humanity father and mother had never taken pains to explain. In his perplexity Ranny wished heartily that he was back where the Dukeses were a more common phenomenon. It was the first time he had ever left his family at home alone, and he wondered how everybody was getting along. His



"A CRANE IS A BIRD WITH LONG, SKINNY LEGS," HE SAID, HELPFULLY

wish and wonder became something of an ache. Fortunately, Fred was sleeping loudly and would never know what happened.

Whatever it was, it must have resulted in sleep, for the next thing he knew it was broad day, and the crinkly cornered eyes of Aunt Mary were laughing down upon him. "Well, Ranny. I declare, you sleep just like a Dukes. Get up, boys; breakfast is ready."

Presently there were noises in Dorothy's room, indicating that a person who slept like a Crane should stop doing so and get up.

At breakfast Uncle Abner introduced an embarrassing topic: "You weren't homesick or anything last night, Ranny?"

Fred, happily, was absorbed in the question of how much syrup a pancake would hold.

"No," replied Ranny, unconvincingly, "not hardly."

"That's good. Fred wasn't homesick the first night, either"—(squirming by the "caution")—"not hardly."

Ranny laughed with pure relief. Fred had probably cried like a baby.

The honor of the family might have rested there, while the delights of the pie-shaped farm were being investigated, but after breakfast Jake, having put on his straw hat and his other personality, took up the matter again.

"You hadn't oughta let them two cousins come here at the same time, Dot. There'll be trouble before the day's over."

Fred and Ranny glared at each other. Dorothy smoothed out her skirt and suggested that all hands go down to the river. Hostilities were averted again, but all that crowded forenoon, whether they were throwing stones into the stream which formed the crust of the piece of pie, or swinging from the hay-carrier in the big barn, or sitting chauffeur-wise upon assorted machinery in the implement-shed, or inspecting the old woods or the young lambs, the case of Crane *vs.* Dukes was with them always. Fred was constantly boasting about his prowess and that of blood relations unknown to Ranny, and yet if Ranny remarked in an inoffensive way that there was nothing especially wonderful about Cranes as compared with Dukeses, Fred got angry.

By noontime Dorothy's smile had worn very thin. Ranny heard her ask Aunt Mary, "How long are the boys going to be here?" The answer was not audible, but Dorothy's face was that of one who has just received bad news.

At the dinner-table Dorothy proposed the highest known form of entertainment. "May we go to the tile-mill this afternoon?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," Aunt Mary replied. "Be careful and don't hurt yourselves on the car."

"Or fall in the creek," added Uncle Abner.

"No, we won't," Dorothy promised on behalf of the trio.

Jake was in his harmless personality, and could do nothing but look depressed.

"Remember, Dot," was Aunt Mary's parting word, "Ranny and Fred are the visitors. Play nicely, and let them have their way sometimes."

For a season it looked as though Dorothy's trump card had won; the delights of the tile-mill (now deserted because of the exhaustion of the supply of clay) were so transcendent that rival families dwelt together in harmony. The roomy, shed-like structure, standing beside a creek at the extreme eastern edge of the farm, contained a number of little compartments that would have been invaluable for hide-and-seek purposes had there not been a higher and nobler sport at hand, namely, railroading. For down the center of the shed and out upon a low trestle through the open door ran a wooden track for a flat-car with genuine iron wheels. The motive power was the human leg, but he who pushed the car could easily drop upon his stomach from time to time and take pleasant little rides.

Dorothy was a marvel of diplomacy and self-effacement. As a working compromise she proposed the M. & L. Railroad, Manchester being the inside terminal, and Lakeville the bumper at the outer end of the trestle. The management made a point of running into this open-air city with something of a bang. Dorothy accepted an ignominious but comfortable position as a passenger, paying imaginary fares for real rides, while her troublesome cousins were alternately the noble conductor and the lordly engineer. The traveling public exhibited the proper amount of restlessness, and, no matter which city she was in, promptly wished to be transported to the other, often without abandoning her seat in the center of the car. All parties, professional and amateur, were expected to yell at bumpy places and to whoop at the terminals. Ranny had never experienced a louder or more enjoyable time.

Perhaps the edge of the diversion was beginning to grow dull, but it was Fred who brought the afternoon to ruin. It was he who conceived the hilarious idea that a conductor should be polite to ladies.

"How do, Miss Crane?" he said, gruffly, bowing as gracefully as his position on his knees at the front end of the swaying car would permit. "Where d'ye wanta go?"

"I want to go to Manchester very much."

Taking advantage of her need, the conductor said, "Ten dollars," and punched a mythical ticket. Engineer Ranny, seeing this performance, broke all speed records to Manchester in order to put his new idea into effect as quickly as possible. On the return trip Conductor Ranny made an almost fatal bow, but saved himself and asked, "How do, Mis' Dukes—"

At this point the engineer went on strike and the train stopped. "Her name ain't Dukes," said Fred. "Wha's the matter with ya?"

"'Tis, too. I guess I'm the conductor."

"'Tain't, either. Is it, Dot?"

But the traveler did not propose to become involved in the crew's disagreements. "It's no matter what my name is. I want to go to Lakeville." Dorothy affected the hopeless look of one upon whom the habit of going to Lakeville has been fastened in early life.

Fred took hold of the rolling-stock of the M. & L. Railroad as if to pull it back toward his favorite terminal, but Ranny tugged the other way. The result was the worst tie-up in the history of the line. Failing to get the train, Ranny laid hands upon outlying portions of the traveling public—more specifically, Dorothy's feet. In rebuttal Fred seized the unfortunate passenger

under the arms. The public service corporation braced its various knees against the ends of the train and pulled. Just what either of them wanted with Dorothy was not clear, but a bystander might have thought they were trying to divide their mutual cousin into her component hereditary parts.

Even a passenger will turn. The wrath which Dorothy had been storing in her batteries all day came forth with galvanic upheaval. In its broader outlines her plan seemed to be to strike Fred at any convenient place with her fists and to kick her maternal relative in the stomach. The railroaders fell back baffled; and just as things looked darkest for the M. & L. system its financial support slipped away and started for home.

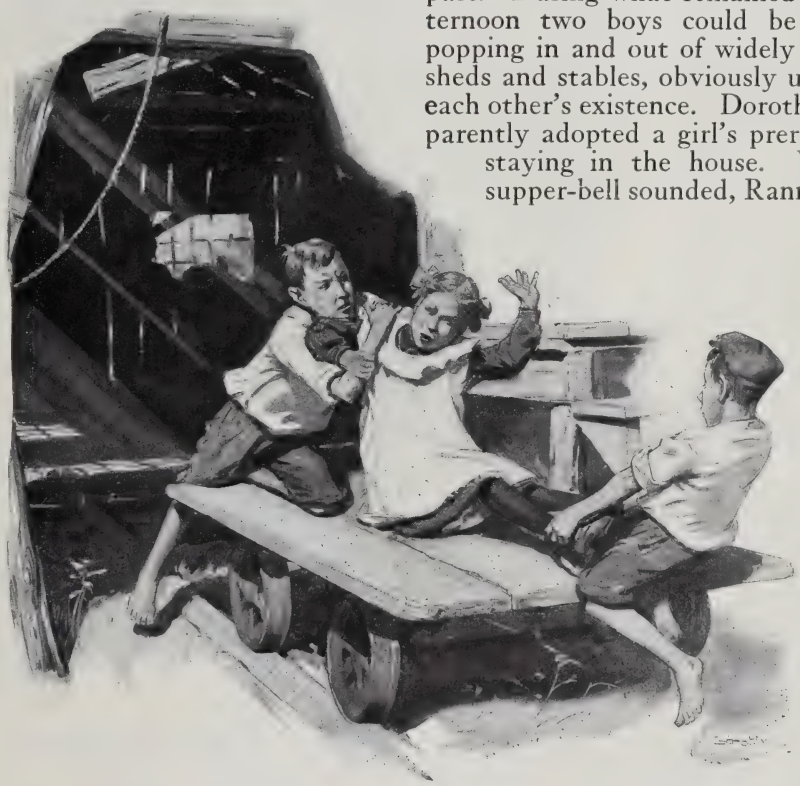
Ranny was so scandalized by this inhospitable conduct that when his breath came back his speech lost all restraint.

"Doggon 'er!" he gasped. "Her mother told 'er to play nice!"

"She hadn't oughta hit a fella in the nose," said the scion of the house of Crane.

Abandoning the bankrupt line, they set off in pursuit. The culprit had secured something of a start, but it could be seen that she was wasting time in a détour, and that clever people could cut across the low, bumpy ground nearer the creek and head her off. Fred, being a little in advance, was the one to get into the swamp and fall down. Warned by this amusing disaster, Ranny took a middle course consisting largely of blackberry brambles hostile to bare legs. When he finally emerged upon high ground Dorothy was out of sight and Fred was trying to wash off the muck at the creek without violating Uncle Abner's instructions about falling in.

Not caring for his society, Ranny went back to the house by a procedure of his own, consisting in part of tearing his trousers on a barbed-wire fence, of getting lost for a season in the edge of the woods, and finally of being frightened by a cow which had no business getting up so suddenly when a person was going past. During what remained of the afternoon two boys could be observed popping in and out of widely separated sheds and stables, obviously unaware of each other's existence. Dorothy had apparently adopted a girl's prerogative of staying in the house. When the supper-bell sounded, Ranny's body,



JUST WHAT EITHER OF THEM WANTED WITH DOROTHY WAS NOT CLEAR

slightly scratched, was in a loft over the corn-crib, but his untrammeled soul was in Lakeville with Tom Rucker and such sprightly non-relations.

That evening three strangers graced Aunt Mary's table—strangers, that is, to one another. They were addressed by their host in such terms as: "Have some more beans, Fred? You, Dot? Ranny, you're not eating." The unnatural silence finally proved to be too much for Uncle Abner. "What's the matter here, anyway? You folks had a falling out?"

Dorothy shattered another of Ranny's favorite ideas—that girls are always tattle-tales. Fred confined his gaze to edibles, and Jake shook his head as one whose worst fears have been realized. Ranny was overwhelmed with the futility of life; the remaining days of his visit stretched out bleak and endless before him. He did not speak, but out of a number of possible courses he chose the worst. The grief that was in his heart rose to his throat and clogged it up, then overflowed through his eyes. With a sob that tried unsuccessfully to be a cough he slid from his chair and left the room by the stairway door. A moment later he was gazing out the window of the guest-bedroom, but seeing nothing of any value. Presently the door opened and admitted the only admirable character for miles around.

"Won't you tell me about it, Ranny? Maybe I can straighten things out." The laughter was gone from Aunt Mary's eyes now, but there was something appealing and comforting in its place. Yet it proved hard to put the trouble into words.

"Fred says—the farm an' horses an' Dot an' ever'thing b'longs to Uncle Abner. He says Cranes is stouter 'n Dukeses—an' slings better, an' Manchester's bigger 'n Lakeville, an' he thinks he's so smart."

"I see," said Aunt Mary. "And what does Dot say about it?"

"Nothin'. We pulled her a little an' she got mad at me an' Fred an' went home." It was not for him to reveal Dorothy's unladylike act of kicking a conductor in the stomach.

"Who started the trouble about Cranes and Dukeses, anyway?"

"I—I guess it was Jake."

"Oh, I see." Aunt Mary seemed relieved at this news. "Your uncle Abner will have to give Jake a talking to."



A COW WHICH HAD NO BUSINESS GETTING UP SO SUDDENLY WHEN A PERSON WAS GOING PAST

"Uncle Abner 'd be scared."

"No, Ranny; you've made a mistake about Uncle Abner. He gets embarrassed when he has to talk to people, but he goes ahead just the same. I don't suppose there's a farmer for five miles around that Uncle Abner hasn't helped in some way."

Ranny remembered without enthusiasm yesterday's encounter with "Henry." Nothing mattered now. Aunt Mary, whom he had counted upon, had

gone over to the Crane camp and was shamelessly praising her husband.

"Your uncle Abner always was a little shy." Aunt Mary was smiling now as one who remembers something. "A long time ago, when I was a girl and your uncle was a young man, he got the habit of coming over to our house. He didn't tell anybody why he came, but I had a pretty good idea. One spring night he started over to ask me a very important question, but when he got near our gate he lost his courage and ran for the woods." Ranny dropped into the chair by the window. This was developing into a very good story. "It was very dark in the woods, but he went in farther and farther, and at last he heard a cry in the direction of the river. He followed the sound and kept answering until he reached the bank. The cry for help seemed to come from the middle of the river, which was rushing very fast, as it does in the spring. He plunged into the pitch-black water and swam toward the voice; he found a boy clinging to a snag and almost ready to let go. Abner Crane got the boy out and carried him home. The boy was about sixteen then; he was my younger brother. He's a big man now, and runs a wagon-factory, and has a boy named Randolph Harrington Dukes."

"Father!"

"Yes, Ranny. Nobody in our family ever called Abner Crane afraid after that night."

Gazing thoughtfully out the window, with his face resting upon one hand, Ranny scarcely sensed Aunt Mary's noiseless departure from the room. He was reveling in relaxed responsibility—the honor of the family had been taken care of long before he was born. He could make peace with Fred now; Dorothy could be a Crane to her heart's content. Suddenly his mind went racing over the long, dusty miles to Lakeville—for what is glory unless they know about it in the home town? A county line and a pie-shaped farm, a river and a tile-mill, and a girl that throws like a boy—these things were all very fine in their way. But the best thing about Aunt Mary was Uncle Abner.

Ranny returned from his mental wanderings to the sound of a stifled little giggle and the touch of a pair of soft hands clapped over his eyes.

"Dot!" he guessed amiably.

His cousin laughingly released him and stepped back, revealing Fred, who seemed to be struggling with impending speech. "Hey, Ranny," he said, in his low, solemn tones; "I know a fine trick we c'n play on ol' Jake."

Frost Song

BY KATHARINE WARREN

THERE fell deep frost last night,
That had been dew before.
By that same freshness they had lived upon
The flowers are stricken sore.

Blackened and sunk, they heed
No sun-warm after hours.
Alas, the touch of love's dark-changèd dew!
Alas, my flower of flowers!

The Friendly Chickadee

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE world would be rather a dull and dolorous place without a certain type of jovial person who leavens the lump in any community. Such a person my grandmother would have described as "a cheerful little body." The "cheerful little bodies" greet you with a smile, they sing or whistle at their work, they are frankly curious about your affairs and as frankly sympathetic. They belong to the limited company of the immortals who get up cheerful, who can take an interest in life before breakfast, and are still interested after dinner. Needless to say, they are in good health, and very often inclined to a certain placid and pleasant plumpness. In a word, they are the human chickadees.

Everybody who knows anything at all about birds knows the common chickadee, or black-capped titmouse, as he was perhaps more commonly called by our forefathers—the *Parus atricapillus*. And to know him is to love him. "The nightingale has a lyre of gold," the skylark pours out his melody against the blue empyrean—both made famous by generations of Old World poets. Our own hermit thrush, who is a much more skilled musician than either, with a more exquisite timbre than even the nightingale, has no classic background to sing against, and because his song reaches its perfection only in the depths of the Northern woods in June, his incomparable melody is relatively unknown; yet echoes of his prowess have reached us all. Our minor poets have celebrated his inferior cousin, the veery. The robin has almost ceased to be a bird, and become a symbol. Edward Rowland Sill has enshrined him in poetry, MacDowell in song—a wistful song quite unlike the buxom and ubiquitous bird's own domineering melody. Yet, in spite of all the poets have done, it is doubtful if any of us who dwell in the northeastern section of the United States, from Illinois to the sea, and even pretty well south along the ridges of the Alleghanies, would yield to any other bird the first place in our affections held by the little chickadee.

Other birds go south in winter—the chickadee remains. He, and he alone, is always present either about our dwellings or in the woods, every day in the year. Other birds are shy of man, save only that Pariah, the English sparrow, and even when they build nests under our very eaves they avoid human contact. But the chickadee will perch on our shoulders and eat from our hand. The instinct of other birds, when man passes through their leafy retreats, is to fly farther away. The chickadee, when he sees us coming, flits nearer and nearer inquisitively, and either tweets a soft little greeting or shouts right out his *chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee*. Other birds, even the nuthatches, seek shelter in the winter storms, but the chickadee, his black cap conspicuous in the whiteness, his feathers fluffed into a fat ball by the wind, goes buffeting through the driving snow, just as cheerful as ever, a five-inch-long epitome of indomitable good nature. He sings when all else in nature is silent. And he sings when all the woods are musical—and holds his own! He is the bird of the summer pine woods, and the snow-covered windowledge in winter, of our forests and our dwellings. One chickadee is worth a gallon of kerosene emulsion, considered utilitarianly. Spiritually, he is a tonic that makes for cheerfulness, and there are no standards of value for that.

I have observed the chickadee for many years. Indeed, during our Berkshire winters it is impossible not to observe him; he attends to that! Nor has it been necessary much of the time to stir out of the house. We welcome the first good snowfall for many reasons,

but not the least of them is because the first heavy snow brings our little black-capped, acrobatic friends into the pine hedge thirty feet from the kitchen door, and the process of forming familiar acquaintance begins. Food, of course, is the lure which attracts and holds them. Almost overarching the kitchen door-steps and one of the dining-room windows is an apple-tree. Between this tree and the pine hedge is a drive. The birds make their winter roost in the thick protection of the pines, but they use the bare twigs of the apple-tree for a daytime perch, and from this tree they descend to pick up food. Outside both the kitchen and dining-room windows we have built flat ledges eight or ten inches wide, which are kept free from snow, and on them are placed pieces of suet and sunflower seeds. Even before the snow comes, some chickadees and possibly a pair of nuthatches and a pair of woodpeckers have discovered the provender, and make periodic visits. But it requires a snowfall to drive them up to the dwelling in considerable numbers. A day after the ground is permanently covered, however, the pine hedge is alive with them, and we see their little fat, fluffed bodies twinkling in the bare branches of the apple-tree, and as we are seated at breakfast suddenly there is a flutter of wings outside the window, and a pair of bright, bead-like, marvelously intelligent eyes look in at us. If, on this first morning, we rise from the table and move toward the window, the bird will probably take flight, dropping the seed he had picked up. But in a very few days he gets over his timidity. We can come close to the window and sit with our faces not a foot from the ledge outside, while the bird will hop about selecting a seed or pecking with his tiny, sharp bill at the piece of frozen suet with loud, ringing blows.

A bird is an incredibly quick thing in all his movements. Watch a robin crossing the lawn, and you will be hard put to say whether he runs or hops, so fast do his legs move. Watch a chickadee pecking at a piece of frozen suet, and again you will be amazed at the rapidity



OTHER BIRDS GO SOUTH IN WINTER—THE CHICKADEE REMAINS

of his blows, and also at the muscular power in that tiny neck, which, under its deceptive ruff of downy feathers, can't be much thicker than your little finger. His whole body is scarce larger than your thumb. Bang, bang, bang, goes his beak—and then he suddenly stops, lifts his head, cocks a shiny, twinkling eye at you, swallows, looks around at the landscape, hops off the suet, hops on again, and—bang, bang, bang, go the blows of his beak once more. Birds are curiously jerky in their movements when they are not flying. A few rapid acts—then a pause, with a change to a fresh position for no reason that you can fathom. When a robin is hunting worms, he runs five or six feet like lightning, stops short, looks up to the sky, and then suddenly ducks his head, perhaps pulls up a worm, and goes on again. Even when he doesn't pick up any worms, he alternately runs and stands still contemplating the heavens. The chickadee hammers at suet in the same disjointed manner. But he gets what he's after. A day or two, and a pound of frozen suet will be gone—suet frozen so hard that it is all you can do to pick off a crumb with your finger-nail.
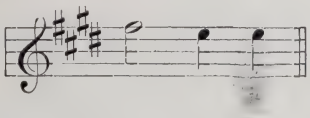


THE FIRST SNOWFALL BRINGS HIM TO OUR WINDOWS

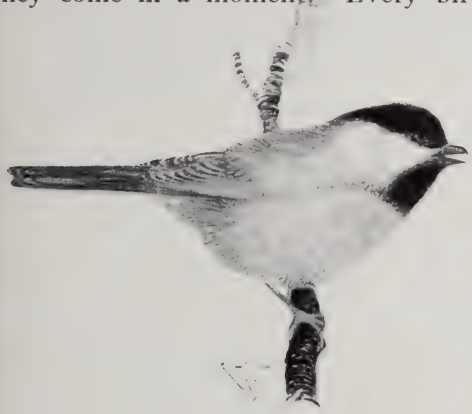
As soon as the birds have become accustomed to the house, to the dog, and to the human beings, we begin the process of coaxing them into still greater familiarity. There is always one bird braver or more friendly than the rest, possibly an old fellow who was with us last season, and sometimes he will eat from our hands several days before the others get up their courage. My wife is much more successful as a chickadee tamer than I am, possibly because she has more patience; but in the course of a long, hard winter we have frequently had a whole flock so tame that they would come not only to our hands, but to those of adults and even children visiting us.

The process is simple. My wife puts half a dozen sunflower seeds in the palm of her hand and stands under the apple-tree at the hour when the birds are most hungry. (They are comparatively hungry all the time, but early in the morning, at about our lunch-time, and again late in the winter afternoon, they make their chief meals, with innumerable snacks between.) Then she holds out her hand invitingly, looks up, and usu-

ally whistles once or twice the chickadee's song—not his *dee-dee* call, but his real song:



The chances are that several birds are already hopping and twittering in the apple-tree overhead. If they aren't, they come in a moment. Every bird



THE CHICKADEE,

has his eye on the palmful of inviting black seeds. Every bird shows unmistakable signs of excitement, hopping nearer and nearer to lower and lower twigs, till the bare tree looks exactly like one of good St. Francis's congregations. Finally, one bird, bolder than the rest, gets on the very lowest twig nearest the hand, and, like a small boy suddenly making up his mind to dive into cold water, plunges off. Very often he is terrified before he quite reaches the hand, and puts on all brakes, beating back with his wings. But the bait is too tempting. The same bird, after flying away to the pine hedge for a moment, almost invariably comes back to his perch over the outstretched hand, dives again, this time alights on a finger, snatches a seed, and is off with it into the pines. The other birds seem plainly to have been watching the outcome of his experiment, for soon after two or three others repeat the operation—a first attempt which is stopped in mid-air, and a second, braver trial which results in capturing a seed. The next day these bold leaders do not hesitate. They come at once, and after a week or two of deep snow the whole flock will have become so bold that merely to hold out a palmful of seeds at breakfast-time is to bring a steady procession of chickadees to perch one after the other on your finger.

If you hold the seed on your bare hand, the sensation of the tiny claws clutching your finger with a light yet strong grip is quite indescribable—a delicate clutch from this wild, pretty little creature of the air, this mite of puffed feathers and snapping, bright eyes which somehow warns the very cockles of your heart. Perhaps the flattery of the bird's confidence has something to do with it.

But my wife doesn't stop with calling the chickadees to her hand. After they are comparatively tame and fearless, she puts a sunflower seed between her lips, tips her face upward, and holds out her index finger as a perch a few inches from her mouth. Many of the birds will now fly down to her finger, perch there a moment looking directly into her face, then lean forward, take the seed from between her lips as though they were snatching a kiss, and fly off with it. I have seen a chickadee perch in her hair also, and reach down across her cheek for the seed. I have seen one on her finger and one on her hat-rim at the same moment, each taking a seed, for she held two in her lips. If there is only one seed, however, the well-bred little fellows never fight for it, at least



OR BLACK-CAPPED TITMOUSE

not in our dooryard, where they are sure of plenty more. They are not nearly so ready to take seeds from my lips, but once or twice they have done so. Usually, however, they draw back when they get close; and it is a pretty sight to see them put on the brakes with their wings while their bright eyes still look hungrily at the food.

The chickadees not only take food from our hands, however, but they will even come into the house to get it. I was inclined not to believe this at first, but Katie convinced me by bidding me sit quietly in the corner of the kitchen while she set out her dinner close to the door. Then she left the door open, put some seeds beside her plate, and laid a little trail of them conspicuously on the white cloth out to the end of the table. She began to eat herself, paying no attention to the birds. Suddenly there was a whir of wings, a bird entered, snatched a seed from the table, and flew out. A second bird came, a third, and soon the trail was carried off, and Katie was eating her dinner with two chickadees actually standing on the table within six inches of her plate! Once a bird hopped up on the edge of a dish of tomatoes and took a seed out of that.

Of course, there are other winter birds than the chickadees about our dwelling—nuthatches always, for you meet few flocks of chickadees without at least a pair of "devil downheads" in friendly companionship; a tree sparrow or two; and usually a pair of woodpeckers. All these birds feed on the window-ledge, but only very rarely can a nuthatch be persuaded to eat from the hand, and the others never. The occasional flocks of pine-grosbeaks do not come even to the ledge. They are shy and silent birds. But a pair of red-breasted nuthatches—smaller than the more common variety—have been with us for two winters now. They are an extremely ill-mannered and aggressive pair, too, driving off their larger cousins till they themselves have eaten their fill. At first they also intimidated the chickadees, but the little fellows soon rallied, came back with a counter offensive *en masse*, and taught the redbreasts their place.



HE MAKES LIGHT OF THE RIGORS OF WINTER

How valuable the chickadees are as insect destroyers can readily be observed by anybody who watches them. Their winter appetite is voracious, for it must require a deal of heat to keep those little bodies warm in the bleak storms and zero weather. I have seen one bird eat



WINGING CHEERILY AGAINST THE WHITENED LANDSCAPE

twenty sunflower seeds in an hour, each seed being for him the equivalent in size of an English muffin for you and me. With their short, sharp, powerful little bills they go pecking busily and incessantly all over the trees. But they are never too busy to pay attention to the passing stranger.

Not far from us there is a large country estate, with a walled garden deserted in winter. Over the wall looks an apple-tree, and as we tramp by on the snowy road we have only to pause at that point and whistle to bring a whole flock of chickadees into the branches. They are the only live things visible on the white face of nature. They come down into the low twigs quite close to us, and pretend that all they came for was to pick off eggs and scale. They hop busily about, their little bills tapping, their little eyes twinkling, and every few seconds one of them does a flip-flop to some other twig, swells up his throat, and peals out his *chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee*, exactly as if he were greeting us.

When the world is beautiful with its winter mantle, the fields white, the timbered mountains reddish-gray or amethyst, and the bare, gracefully curving blackberry stalks by a gray stone wall a lovely lavender, the chickadees are conspicuous objects, in spite of their diminutive size. They are as conspicuous as a robin on a spring lawn, and far more decorative, for their little black caps and their soft, fluffy, gray bodies, swaying on a lavender berry stalk against the snow-white fields, or perched on a roadside rail fence, or on the end of a bare twig that comes into the composition like the inevitable branch in a Japanese print, seem always to tone into the simple color scheme of winter—to fit its minor harmonies. Even in the deep woods the tiny birds become conspicuous at this season. That flock of them we saw flying over the bare fields toward the pine cover is twittering and *dee-deeing* to greet us when we arrive in the hushed naves of the forest, and one little fellow, gray against the gray bole of a giant chestnut, flutters lower like a bit of animated bark, to see who's coming.

From the fact that the chickadees remain in the North the year round, it



IN THE HUSHED NAVES OF THE FOREST

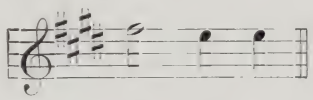
may be inferred that they are either extremely clever in securing food, like the crows, or else extremely liberal in their choice of a diet. Possibly both inferences are correct. Frozen insects and eggs from trees, weed seeds, pine seeds, and corn they can usually find for themselves, and they devour all of them. Personally, from watching their actions on apple-trees, I believe they eat oyster-shell scale. Like almost all birds, of course, they are greedy for suet; and they are very fond of sunflower and pumpkin seeds. If you will try to break a sunflower seed with your finger-nail, you will realize how strong their little bills are, for they take off the outer shell with a couple of rapid motions as neatly as you please. If you follow one of them down in the winter corn-field where a few ears have been left on the shocks, or perhaps on the ground not yet covered with snow, you will find that they drill into the kernel and extract the meat, again with the utmost neatness. In common with other birds, they must like plenty of water to drink, though I have never seen one, in spring or summer, in our bird baths. I have, however, seen their tracks about an open spring in the woods, where the pheasants also came in great numbers, and I have seen them eat ice as a thirsty dog will eat snow.

Although the chickadee is such a friendly little beggar all winter long (indeed, the season through), when he is merely engaged in the occupation of getting food and the joyous pastime of living, when breeding-time arrives he suddenly becomes highly secretive, and gets as far out of sight as possible. No doubt that is one of the reasons the species has been so successful in the fight for survival. Like the woodpecker and the bluebird, the chickadee nests in a hole. Of course they have been known to select holes close to a dwelling. Walter King Stone tells me he knew of a pair who nested in a cranny over a back-stoop not more than two feet above the heads of the passers. We now have an artificial bird-box in the apple-tree by our kitchen window, and as I write (in early May) a pair of chickadees have been hopping in and out of it for several days. But so far as we can observe they have been engaged rather in taking the sawdust out than taking any new material in. The same pair have removed material from a bluebird-box

near by, on another tree, much to our disgust, for a pair of bluebirds had looked the property over several times, and apparently were much pleased with it.

But for the most part the chickadees pick out a well-hidden and rather remote hole for their nest, sometimes in an old fence-post, more often higher from the ground, in a tree in the woods. Some writers say they excavate these holes for themselves, but I have never seen a nest in a hole which didn't appear to have been already dug. The actual nest is made of wood fiber, wool, hair, fine moss, feathers, or other soft material. They take the hair where they can get it. Thoreau, who loved the chickadees and used to watch them pecking bread out of the French-Canadian woodchopper's hand in the Concord woods, records a nest in a small maple stump which seemed to be made of bluish-slate rabbit's fur. Mr. Stone has seen a chickadee taking hair from the back of a Jersey cow for two hours. If they take hair from a cow, they undoubtedly used to take it—and perhaps still do in the deep woods—from the backs of the deer. They lay a sizable number of little white eggs, with rusty, reddish-brown spots. The young birds, when they get their feathers, are indescribably adorable; but it is not often that you will see them. The male and female birds do not differ in appearance, so it is usually impossible to determine which is the mother, except in the incubating season.

The song of the chickadee is very simple, but to many ears very beautiful in its absolute definiteness of interval. Of course, the better-known *chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee* is not its song. That is more like its college yell, into which it breaks at periodic intervals out of sheer exuberance of spirits. Neither is the song that tinkling little lisp with which it talks to you from the low twigs of an apple-tree as you pass by. Its song is the exquisitely clear whistle which is most commonly heard in spring, and which is undoubtedly associated with the love life of the bird—



Some bird writers render this whistle by two notes instead of three, and Thoreau constantly speaks of the *Phœ-be* note of the chickadee. But in five years of constant residence among the chickadees of western Massachusetts I



IN SEARCH OF FOOD IN A WINTER CORN-FIELD

have never heard one who did not break up the second tone clearly and sharply into two quarter-notes, and Mr. Stone agrees with me in this. Nor is it true that the song is confined to spring, though it is then most frequently heard. It comes occasionally out of the depths of the summer pines or the pasture hedgerows, and very often we hear it floating over the frozen fields of winter, an exquisite and a cheering note, the chickadees'

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

F. Schuyler Matthews, in his excellent *Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music*, says: "Few small birds whistle their songs so clearly, and separate the tones by such lucid intervals. The charm, too, of the chickadee's singing lies in the fact that he knows the value of a well-sustained half-note, another point which should be scored in the little musician's favor." Still another is that the chickadee so far recognizes the musical intervals of his song that he will answer those notes when you whistle them. We can go out into our yard at any hour of the day in spring—indeed, during the winter, too—and whistle a couple of times, to be answered, from near or far, by a bird. After he has once answered you, he will keep up the conversation, the musical dialogue, as long as your patience holds out, like a dog chasing a stick. Mr. Matthews records a curious thing about this performance. He has, he says, frequently persuaded the chickadee to come down to a lower pitch by setting his own whistle lower, but he has never been able to persuade the bird to go back to the original one after the descent.

While it is easy for anybody to induce the chickadee to answer his whistle, comparatively few people can imitate the timbre well enough to call the birds directly to him. The artist for this article can, however, and it is a quaint spectacle which would have delighted the good Saint of Assisi to see him with



ON THE BLACKBERRY STALKS BY A GRAY STONE WALL THE CHICKADEE IS A CONSPICUOUS OBJECT



PERCHED ON THE END OF A BARE TWIG AS IN A JAPANESE PRINT

a fat little fellow on his head, another on his hand, and still another on his shoulder actually answering the whistle directly into his mouth! The oddest part about this performance is that no matter how many birds come to the call, first into overhanging branches and then to his person, only one of them does the replying, and that bird is the only one which appears excited. He, however, is manifestly wrought up. His feathers fluff, his movements are rapid, he is conspicuously restless.

This song, undoubtedly, is connected with the mating and domestic life of the chickadees. I have records of observations which show that a bird, bringing food, uttered it, that it was answered by the mate inside the nesting-hole, and that she then appeared out of the hole and took the food. Not all of us humans summon our wives in so charming a manner!

Cheerful, happy, brave, musical little bird, whom Thoreau loved and Emerson praised!

This scrap of valor just for play
Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame my weak behavior.

Like the dog, you flatter us with your friendliness, you protect our trees, you sing of summer when the woods are bare, you put life and music into our bleakest landscapes. May your supply of sunflower seeds never grow less on hospitable window-ledges!

Constance the Parasite

BY ALICE COWDERY

AS Constance dusted the living-room she glanced at Tom in the sun-parlor, where, beyond tight-shut glass doors, haloed in spirals of pipe smoke, he pounded at his typewriter. He sat there from eight to eleven every morning with dashing fingers, disheveled hair, knitted brow, and a persistency that fascinated her while it baffled her comprehension.

Suddenly she threw down her duster and, going over to the piano, opened her music haphazardly and began to play. The noise of it pierced gradually even the abstraction of the sun-parlor. Tom, frowning, raised his head and peered in at her. She looked like a little girl, the toes of her white pumps just on the pedals. He grinned and went on with his story. The crash of the piano keys, the pound of the typewriter, continued in fearful competition for three minutes. Then, as suddenly as she had begun, Constance hurled the music from the rack and picked up her duster again.

At eleven Tom emerged, repaired the ravages of work, and started for the city, where, in the afternoons, he had a post as private secretary.

"I mustn't forget to renew our lease to-day," he said as he left Constance in the doorway.

"You want to keep always stuck in the country, do you?" asked Constance, with a gusty sigh.

"Why"—Tom stopped on the lower step and stared back at her—"I thought we'd decided to stay here for another year."

Constance leaned listlessly against the door-post and sighed again.

"Thought you liked it," said Tom, and there was a note of injury in his voice. "You suggested it."

"Not for ever."

"But I can write here better than in the city."

"*I've* nothing to do," said Constance, "for seven hours."

Tom still stared at her. "Why there's the house, and reading, and walking, and —and your tea-parties and all that—"

"Oh, that!" Constance shrugged a scornful shoulder.

Tom glanced impatiently from his watch to the incoming ferry-boat in the cove below.

"Well, if we were in the city what would you do?"

"I don't know," murmured Constance. Tom looked at her, puzzled, and ran for his boat.

"It's all right, then, is it?" he shouted back from the road. "I'm to renew it, eh?"

"Oh, renew it! I don't care," said Constance.

She roamed about the bungalow, went up into their redwood grove, and flung herself into a hammock. Seven hours until dinner and Tom's return. Always seven. Eight or nine out of the twenty-four you slept. Three or four you devoted to food and dressing. Three or four you did up all the things you had undone in the others, morning after morning. Then for the seven remaining you could sew or walk or read or see people you really didn't care about seeing. Why, it was ghastly! Or you could sit before a piano and emphasize how hopelessly execrable a player you were. Suddenly she flung herself out of the hammock. She would go home to lunch, thereby using up most of *that* day's seven hours.

There was a certain palliation, after all, she found, in being young, pretty, well dressed, in the knowledge that the general public were not quite indifferent to these attributes of herself. On the whole, it was a radiant-seeming Constance that stopped to pull the tawny whiskers of the fat cat on the family door-step, that greeted old Fong, who, grinning welcome, let her in. The little

spasm of homesickness that she always felt when she came back there was mellowing, not unpleasant.

"Mother home, Fong?"

"Old lady out," said Fong, unconscious of disrespect. Sister up-stairs."

Constance raised her voice from the foot of the stairs, but received no response.

"Fong," she whispered, confidentially, over the banisters. "Crab salad for lunch?"

Fong grinned.

"And, Fong. Lots of mayonnaise?"

Fong grunted ecstatically.

Constance, as she went up to her sister's room, was aware now of a familiar click and pound.

"Hello, Helen!" she cried; and then she added, "Good gracious! there's no escaping it—"

Her sister, without turning, waved a hand briefly, and continued to pound on her typewriter with the other. Constance stared at her back, smiling slightly.

"There," said Helen. "Was afraid I'd lose it." She gloated over the last line a moment, removed her glasses focused to writing distance, and turned about to Constance. "Hullo!" she said, blinking slightly. "No escaping what?"

Constance looked rather solemnly now at the typewriter. "Tom's goes all the morning, sometimes at night. Didn't think I'd get it here, too. Why, *everybody's* writing!"

Helen regarded her sister with some displeasure. She felt an objection to "everybody's writing." But she conquered her annoyance, or thought she did, and smiled in slight, superior manner. "There's a little difference, my dear child, between Tom's baseball stories, for instance, stories written for the mere object of giving amusement, and—er—well, in short, a problem play that aims to give *light.*"

"Oh!" said Constance. She had an idea that she prefered the certain amusement that Tom gave to the vague light that Helen might possibly disseminate. Furthermore, for Tom's sake, she resented Helen's tone of superiority. Helen was aware that behind that "Oh!" forces of argument and rebuttal were marshaling, so she added, briskly:

"You're looking awfully well, dear. Your clothes are so becoming. *I* don't have time any more to bother about such things."

Constance, still rankled by this superior attitude, surveyed her sister critically. Helen's hair was rolled about her head with one disheveled sweep from which a few straight locks straggled about her face. She had on a once handsome kimona of pale-blue, now adorned with spots suggestive of breakfasts in abstraction. Her slippers were far from what self-respecting slippers should be.

"Where's mother gone?" asked Constance after assimilating these details.

"That superficial club of hers. She said if you came over, to meet her there at three."

Constance sighed. She had successfully evaded that club hitherto. "How's father?"

"All right," said Helen, indifferently. "Plodding along."

Constance picked up the 'phone and rang her father up. As she put down the receiver there was a little mist before her eyes. "He's a dear, isn't he?" she murmured, rather wistfully. "Sounds awfully tired, his voice, though." She looked at Helen inquiringly.

"Oh, he keeps cheerful," said Helen. "Every one who works, who has some object in life, even money-making, gets tired. But it's a nice tired. I'm tired all the time now." She glanced at her typewriter. There was a hint of pride in Helen's voice. There was in it also, Constance felt, a certain undercurrent of reproof quite subtly directed toward Constance herself.

Constance took off her coat and gloves, threw them on the bed, and went over to the window. "Turners have a Pomeranian," she cried, to change the subject.

"That seems to be *her* object. That and dear Alfred." Here reproof appeared to direct itself more forcibly sisterward. Constance began to tap on the window-pane.

"Well," she said, "if she's happy—"

"No woman can be happy who just lives on a man."

Constance turned about at her sister "How do *you* know?"

"My dear child, aren't you reading at all? Not your pretty love-stories, but real things about what women are doing and thinking. Can't you feel it in the air?" Helen made a large circumambient gesture. "But perhaps," she added, thoughtfully, "it takes the more sensitive creative temperament to feel such things." She looked at Constance solemnly. "Don't you know that no woman really begins to live until she is at *least* economically independent?"

"What's that?" said Constance, an impertinent gleam in her eye.

"You don't know what economical independence means!" cried Helen, ignoring that gleam, or, perhaps because of it, interpreting as if to a child. "It means supporting herself without any man's aid."

Constance considered her sister. Helen was really almost insufferable today. "After all," she cried, suddenly, triumphantly, "*you* do. *You* live on a man. You live on father, and you have been for twenty-five years."

Helen shrugged her shoulders with that same cool superiority. "Fathers are different. They knew what responsibilities they were undertaking when they became fathers. But the point is, with other men the sex question becomes confused with that of support, and makes the whole thing degrading."

"It is not," said Constance, hotly.

Helen kept her superior calm. "Besides, I shall only be dependent on father now until I've had my play accepted."

Constance looked rather grudgingly at the papers scattered over desk and bed. "So that's why you're doing all this."

Helen smiled. "Naturally it will make me economically independent. But I'm writing a play because I must."

Constance stared at Helen reflectively again. There was something she didn't quite understand about her sister in this new phase. She had left her a happy-go-lucky person occupied with sociability and clothes, and there she sat now in a sort of irritating unbudgingness as if she said, "I shall sit here, hour after hour, day after day, writing plays; for years and years I shall sit here."

"I get breakfast and take care of our bungalow," said Constance, suddenly.

"Pooh!" said Helen. "A couple of hours' work. You bring in nothing. You give nothing to the world. It's just you and Tom—"

"Yes," said Constance, softly, "it's just me and Tom."

"Of course," Helen continued, meditatively, "if a woman is fulfiling marriage in its highest sense—producing children—I suppose, for a while, that's enough; but for two people—" Again Helen's tone was laden with cadences of reproach.

Constance glared at her sister. "I'll manage my affairs in my own way," she said, hotly.

"Just the same, *I*"—and Helen emphasized it almost viciously—"*I* would rather be in my grave than content to be a—" Before Constance's face she hesitated.

"Well, go on. Say it—"

"Parasite," said Helen, tensely.

"Parasite?" repeated Constance. "Oh, you mean mistletoe?"

Helen wheeled fiercely to her desk. At this crisis the Chinese gong in the hall below summoned sweetly to lunch.

"Helen," cried Constance, resolved on peace, "crab salad! Surprise, Fong and I planned. We never got enough unless we were alone. Remember the glorious gorges we used to have, Helen darling?"

To the warmth occasioned by this tender memory, to the touch of Constance's arm about her, Helen's strenuous aloofness melted. They went down to the dining-room. But suddenly Constance, in the midst of lunch, got up and went across into the library. She opened the big dictionary at P and read:

"Parasite: one who frequents the tables of the rich and earns his welcome by flattery." A peal of mirth came out from the library.

"What's the matter?" called Helen.

Constance, unheeding her, read further. "Parasite: a plant or animal which attaches itself to and lives upon another."

Yes, Helen's use of the word, as a word, and according to Helen's lights, was justifiable. She came slowly back to her place and continued, during intervals of crab, to meditate.

Constance's mother, in tailored mauve taffetas, her sleek gray hair crowned with a pansy toque, was presiding over affairs when Constance arrived at her club. Constance sat down as near the wall as possible.

Her mother announced the week's programme of club work. Then a young man was produced who spoke of The Influence of Japanese Art on Our Domestic Interiors. Constance planned, vaguely, to get a stunted Japanese tree for the dining-room table, but still in her consciousness the word parasite was underscoring itself.

Here were women, vastly older than herself, most of them. Were they, too, parasites? If you tried to become absorbed in Japanese art, for example, were you not still attaching yourself to and living on Tom? She made her way through the risen groups to her mother's side.

"My dear child, so glad you came," cried her mother, and introduced her copiously. "My daughter, Mrs. Parker; my other girl is a playwright now." Always her mother managed to introduce the absent Helen as a playwright. That fact undoubtedly held the moment's thrill. Her mother took her away at last in her little electric.

"I, too," mused her mother, "if I'd had the chance, at Helen's age—but there were you children." She implied vast achievements of some sort, irrevocably thwarted. "However," she continued, briskly, "to keep stimulated is the thing," and she neatly evaded two cars and a truck. "I hope you keep up your music. Do you?"

Constance shrugged her shoulders.

"You must. And you must get into some intellectual and social work. Now while I'm in office I can get you started. You could join the Browning classes and the Social Amelioration, and then on Saturdays there's a sewing-class which the younger women are conducting in the South Park slums. Just vegetating over there in the country won't keep you happy long."

Constance murmured something about thinking it over.

"I'll have to leave you at your car, dear," resumed her mother. "I've a committee meeting. Love to Tom. Now remember you're going to join us."

Constance looked after that trim mauve efficiency tooling away in her shining little car, sighed, recalled that Mila lived near, and decided that she might as well pay her a long-delayed call. There were, after all, a number of things one could do from moment to moment to keep from thinking; and if one did enough of them, hour after hour, day after day, year after year—she sighed again, took a hasty glance at herself on the vestibule of Mila's flat, and rang the bell.

A rather slovenly maid let her in. Mila stuck her head out from a room down the long hall, called to her, and disappeared. She was in the nursery. There was dampness from small garments on a tiny clothes-horse before the radiator. Two children on the floor strewn with blocks and toys were in various stages of undress. Mila was undoing a third. She was Helen's age and had been married eight years. To Constance's critical young eye she seemed older than her own mother. She had lost the color which had been her chief claim to prettiness; her loose wrapper was none too becoming. Constance regarded her with mingled pity and disgust. Conversation was intermittent, broken by admonition to the two on the floor. It was as if Mila moved in a world in which Constance was exotic, almost superfluous. Suddenly the baby reached out and grabbed Constance's lace frill in a moist fist.

"He likes the pretty, pretty lady," cried Mila. "Want to go to pretty lady a moment?"

Constance, with an apprehensive eye on her new tailored suit, took him gingerly. She had never held a baby before. She felt fearful of doing some strange damage to the baby; she felt a curious respectfulness toward its appalling helplessness; and then, as the warm little body relaxed in her arms and the deep blue eyes stared up into hers, some primal instinct of womanhood stirred in her, held her fascinated, brooding.

She handed the baby back and sprang up with the excuse of a boat to be caught. A wild impulse to escape sent her running down the steps and out of

the house. There was quick joy in movement, in the consciousness of her unhampered pace, in her beauty contrasted with the memory of Mila's distorted figure—momentary, triumphant joy singing in her. And then, as she went her way to the boat, she became conscious of the streams of women that poured out from factory and shop and office, and that rankling word "parasite" began its underscoring again. Hitherto she had taken these women for granted, but now she saw them. They were tired and dragged; they were healthy and smiling, but they did not, apparently, attach themselves to and live on others.

It was a tired and quiet Constance that greeted Tom that night at dinner.

"Been home?" asked Tom.

She nodded, and then remarked, "Helen's writing a play."

"The deuce she is!" And for some reason Tom laughed.

"She's going to be economically independent."

Constance, soothed by that first laugh, awaited another. Instead Tom said, heartily, "Good for Helen!"

Constance stared at him in quick indignation. "You think *I* ought to be economically independent?"

"You!" Tom laughed again. "What an idea!"

"Why not—if Helen—"

"You're married," said Tom, finally. "That's different."

"Helen says it's not."

"What's she know about it?"

Again this mollified Constance a bit. "I'm nearly twenty-one and I've never really worried about anything."

"Good gracious! Why should you?"

"I don't do a bit of good."

"You do *me* a lot."

Constance smiled slightly. "Oh, the house and things. But even mother thinks it time I worried, you know. Tom, I ought to—Japanese art—and votes and purposes and suffering and all those things. I'm not a bit interested in votes; I only give people dimes when they ask me for them; I *hate* clubs—I think it's impertinent to go around telling other people what they ought to do. I've just been happy with you and everything, and I've no *right* to just be happy."

"You *have*," said Tom, indignantly.

Constance went into the living-room. Tom followed her. He turned on the reading-lamp, got out his manuscript to read over his morning's work. Constance wandered to the window and stared out to where the lights twinkled in the cove below, where the rim of cities curved like a shining necklace about the bay; where a world of beings lived, purposeful, unparasitic. She turned and stared at Tom immersed in smoke, absorbed in his work, purposeful, unparasitic. She went over to the fireplace, kicked a spark from the rug, walked over to the piano, crashed down on it. Tom, frowning slightly, continued reading.

"Went in to Mila's to-day," said Constance, between crashes.

"Wonderful," reflected Tom's subconscious self, "what noise so slight a girl can make."

"It was awful—" Another crash.

"H'm? How?" murmured Tom.

"Nerve-wracking. Three under seven—disgusting—" Crash.

Tom looked up suddenly. "Children—disgusting?"

"Wet things, steaming. She looks like old Kate who does our wash—" Another crash, and then, "I can't *stand* children."

Tom removed his pipe slowly, looking over at her.

"Just a few moments—when they're clean and dressed up—not in those hideous flannel things—and then—I want nurses—tidy, smart nurses to come immediately—and take 'em away." Constance stood up abruptly, and swept her music from the stand. "I've practised years and years, and I can't even play. I'm going to bed."

He heard the door of her room shut. His manuscript lay neglected on the table. Long after his pipe went out Tom stared, motionless, into the fire.

Tom carried about with him the next day a vague impression of merry lips repressed. It was really a matter of chin, for Constance was developing the theory that if you consistently protrude that feature your character will thereby achieve aggression and purposefulness. After Tom had gone and she had eaten a sandwich for lunch, sitting medita-

tively on the kitchen table, Constance went over to the city and procured such volumes appertaining to matters of modern feminism as the librarian could suggest. Laden with these and a copious supply of milk chocolate, she turned homeward. She began her reading on the long boat-ride, exhilaratingly conscious of aloofness to the mere suburban shoppers about her chattering so puerilely. She took out a pencil from her vanity-case and underlined the more striking phrases. At home, fortified at intervals by chocolate, she continued to read until Tom's advent for dinner, when she deposited her books under the living-room couch and emerged, firm but kindly, to her immediate duties. She listened politely to Tom's account of his afternoon.

"Saw Chalmers to-day," he remarked. Chalmers used to be a fellow bank clerk with Tom. "He's got a son."

Constance raised her brows with slightly over-emphasized indifference. Tom looked at his plate in silence.

"Their income isn't nearly as large as ours, is it?" she asked, reflectively.

"No."

"And they *wanted* it?" She laid on an emphasis of extreme skepticism.

"Judging from Chalmers's remarks," said Tom, quietly, "it seems they wanted it, all right."

Constance suddenly brought a small fist down on the table. "It's all wrong," she said.

Tom looked at her in some amazement.

"Oh, I've been reading books you mightn't imagine," continued Constance. "There are too many people now in the world. Think of the slums."

Tom gulped. "Chalmers's home," he said, weakly, "is hardly a slum."

"That evades the question," replied Constance, loftily. "Population should be based on income."

"Well," said Tom, "if everybody waited until they thought they could afford to have children, precious few there'd be." He rose from the table. "Want to walk?"

"No."

Tom wandered away into the long twilight.

Constance took her book and sat down by the open window. Tom walked up and down the road before the house. Then she heard voices calling to him. She glanced out. Two children came scampering through the bushes and flung themselves upon Tom. Constance resumed her reading, but squeals of delight and the low murmur of Tom's voice interrupted it. She glanced out again from behind her curtain. Tom had settled on the top step with a child on either side. Evidently a story was going on. The little girl, the very bow on her head bristling with absorption, had her hand on Tom's knee. Suddenly Tom ended in a roar of laughter, rumpled the boy's hair, caught up the little girl under his arm, swinging her gigantically, put her down with a hug, and sent them shouting before him down the road. Constance slammed her book shut and drew the curtains.

When Tom came in she was reading with an air of calm aloofness. After a moment she raised her eyes. "It is perfectly true," she remarked. "If a woman doesn't intend to have children, then she must be economically independent or she's a parasite."

"A what?" Tom stared at her.

"Parasite: one who attaches herself to and lives on another."

Tom roared. He couldn't help it. She did look so proud and funny.

"You laugh?"

"I can't help it, you darling little, little—Parry." The very instant he had said it Tom realized his mistake. The silence hung icy. Constance picked up her book and went toward the door.

"See here," cried Tom, "you're stuffing your head with a lot of second-hand notions you don't know anything about. I'm taking care of the economic independence of this family. I'm making it the end and object of my life at present to be able to do it. I'm—" but Constance was already in the hall.

"See here," shouted Tom, desperately, after her. "You earn your *keep*, if that's what ails you."

Constance turned then with gentle dignity. "You do not understand. I do not intend to go through life a mere housekeeper."

Tom rumpled his hair violently. "Aren't things getting easier? Haven't

you a Jap now for dinner and cleaning? Why, I'm making more money all the time. This series of stuff the *Friday Night Herald's* running, and—"

"It is not entirely a question of money." There was a curious echo of Helen's lofty superiority in her tone. "It's a moral issue," said Constance, and wafted herself gently away.

It was the fatal first of the month. Tom looked up from a bill in his morning's mail. The eye that he fixed on Constance was irate. Immediately Constance knew. It was that account she had opened.

"That was addressed to me," she said.

Tom looked at the envelope again. "It was not."

"It should have been," said Constance.

Tom frowned down at the bill. "I thought," he said, with cold restraint, "we had decided not to charge."

Constance sat silent, but the eyes fixed on him were shining, and a smile was hidden at the corner of her lips.

Tom continued to stare at the bill, the muscles about his jaws working in determined self-control as he muttered: "Twenty for a hat, twelve for shoes, and ten—Good heavens!—I— See here, Constance. I'm *damned* if I get into debt again. I can't pay for these things this month." He picked up his mail and left the room abruptly. Tom was deeply hurt. He had always put his checks into the bank for her to draw on as she needed, confident of her discretion. Sudden wanton extravagance on her part was less of a hurt to him than her having gone back on their agreement.

Constance arose swiftly and followed him into the sun-parlor. "You're not going to pay for them, Tom." Her eyes shone, her voice was vibrant with excitement. "*I* am, with my very own money."

Tom faced about at her.

"That's why I got them." And Constance, with a little chuckle, perched herself on the window-ledge. "A dollar and a half an hour," she cried, "three afternoons a week—forty dollars a month. I'll settle that bill in a month."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"The minute the idea struck me I put on my things and went over to the city. And I got it."

"Got what?"

"Music pupils, the very littlest—at Miss Greggs's—my old school, you know. There was a vacancy, and I'm to give her twenty per cent. commission; and I was so excited I guess I made her think I really *could* do it—and really, Tom, I *can*, you know." She gave a quick glance at Tom's face, hesitated, and then continued a little breathlessly: "And the children will *adore* me. They love pretty clothes, and—and people—and haven't you noticed my restraint, Tom? No more wild slashes at things—scales now, études. I begin next week. You see, I didn't intend to tell you until I'd really started— Well"—her voice broke abruptly—"what's the matter?" She slipped slowly to her feet; the glow died from her face.

"What," said Tom, slowly, with intense bitterness, "must they think of *me*?"

"You!" faltered Constance.

"Great heavens!—that I can't support my wife!"

Constance opened great eyes. "Why—I never thought—"

"You never do think—of me."

"Oh!" breathed Constance before that injustice.

"And for such—" Tom pointed to the bill and turned abruptly from her.

"It's not just for those, Tom; it's—Oh, don't you *feel* it?"

"No," said Tom, and went toward the door.

"If you'd just think, Tom—"

"Oh, I'll think," cried Tom, and, snatching his hat from the hall rack, he went out of the house.

Constance saw him striding up the road. She stared out long after he had passed. His pride. That was all he cared about—his pride. She struggled manfully against tears. If she was going to plunge into economics she must first learn not to cry.

Tom burst into the room again as suddenly as he had left it. "See here," he cried, brusquely. "You're happy, are you? That's the point."

Constance gulped down a sob. "D-do I look it?" Tom ran his fingers through

his hair. "How can I be happy," she added, "if it's going to make you unhappy? How can I?"

"Never mind me," said Tom, heroically. "I'll get used to it. But you're going to be honestly satisfied—now, honest?"

"How can I tell?" cried Constance. "I was until you spoiled it." Her voice broke again.

"Never mind me, I tell you. It's work you want to do, and forty dollars more for clothes. That's it, is it?"

"I told you it wasn't all the money. It's something to do—of my own—"

Tom nodded. "Well," he said, "let it go at that."

Constance came over to him. "I'll tell everybody it's not the money, Tom," she said, wistfully.

"No," said Tom; "it's none of their darn business."

Constance stared at him a moment and smiled slightly. Then she caught at his arm and rested her cheek on his shoulder. "It's rather a muddle, life—isn't it, Tom?"

Tom kissed her abstractedly, patted the hand on his arm, murmured something about his boat, and went out again.

Constance turned from the window where she had watched his departure and opened the beginners' text-book she was to use next week. The thing seemed rather flat.

Of course, she reflected, this teaching business wouldn't content her forever. It would, however, be an opening. She wanted to do something fine, noble, for Tom. She looked about her, sprang off the couch, and then went out and got some huckleberry branches and red berries and piled them on the shelf above Tom's desk. She covered the ugly typewriter with a piece of gold brocade, and dusted carefully around his papers. As she did so her eye fell on a manuscript she had never seen before. It was called, "The Little Lost Child."

"Um—" murmured Constance, thoughtfully; and then, "silly old title." But she perched herself on the window-ledge and began to read. Suddenly she looked around her with wide, startled eyes.

It was a rather silent dinner they had that night. After it they wandered out to the veranda.

"I found a story of yours to-day I'd never seen"—Constance's voice was hesitant—"'The Little Lost Child.'"

"Oh, that!" said Tom, quietly.

"But why didn't you finish it, Tom?"

Tom shrugged his shoulder. "I don't know. Didn't imagine you'd care for it," he added, and then, "Not your sort, exactly, is it?"

Constance was silent a moment. Then she said, in a low voice, "Tom, that man who cared so—who wanted a child so—how did you know?"

Tom laid down his pipe and folded his arms on the veranda railing. "I write better than I talk, I guess," he said.

Constance's wide eyes sought his. "Then—it *was* you. You really wanted one, like that?"

"It's all right," murmured Tom; "we'll not say any more about it. It's all right."

"It's not—oh, it's not!" cried Constance, brokenly.

"Constance!"

"Let me go—alone," she cried again, and ran swiftly down the steps and out on to the road. She went blindly, unreasoningly, stopped suddenly under the oaks that hung above the cove, stared down into the silver waters, and dropped to her knees, huddled into the grass.

He had wanted, all the time, like that—Tom, on whose love she had rested the foundation of her life. He had wanted like that—Tom, who gave his strength and manhood to her service. She sprang to her feet; she heard him calling, his quick steps; she felt his arms about her, the crush of his lips on hers, and with the murmur of his voice she shook in an answering passion of tears.

Gradually she grew calmer; her eyes, rolling up past him, became aware of a dark mass above them on a scraggly oak branch.

"Look," she whispered, "mistletoe." She repeated the word softly. Strange, mystic plant high up against the moon, dark with the memories of sacrificial altars, green symbol of joy and love where home fires glowed. "Parasite!" she murmured, and laughed softly up to where it clung, white-berried, on the sturdy oak.

At Twilight

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

A SHADOW of abstraction and weariness clouded the glance of inquiry which the man, sitting before a wide, encumbered desk raised to the young girl who had just brought in several typewritten sheets of paper, and who now stood awaiting possible further service.

Then the vague query became understanding. "Nothing else to-day, thank you," he said—and added, "Good evening."

The girl answered, "Good evening, sir." She was smiling, decorously, as she turned to the door. She liked to have this office the one she came to last, at the close of the afternoon. The other two members of the firm were not wont to dismiss her with the little ceremony of speech and gravely courteous inclination of the head. And in the lingering, softened note of her own few words she hoped to convey her appreciation, her very special deference. So that Lascelles, feeling the intention, and appreciating a gentleness of bearing none too common from youth to age, smiled also, passingly, as he went back to reading over the letter he had remained to sign.

He took up his pen, changed a word on one page, interpolated another, stopped several times, referring to the notes on a pad at his elbow. Then he folded the sheets, put them into an envelope, sealing and stamping it. It was the last detail of the day's work. But though he turned his chair away from the desk, for some moments he remained without rising.

He faced the door which opened directly into the corridor, and the lights glowed, diffused, through the ground glass, with its reversed lettering of the firm name. For the last half-hour shadows had been moving across the glass, footsteps passing on the corridor tiles, the elevator gates opening and closing with metallic clink and clash. But at present everything was still except for the occasional rattling of the janitor's keys as he went about his duties.

Their own offices, he knew, were deserted. Mallock had gone, and Hyde—youngest of the firm, and usually last at his post. The latter had come, hat in hand, reporting the last phase of a piece of business, and apparently waiting to be off. Lascelles, remembering his daughter-in-law's recent speculations as to when the engagement would be confessed, had not detained him. Ordinarily he himself would have left before this, but Catherine had told him that she was going to some reception and would be out until almost the dinner hour. Always he had been more than a little disappointed if she were not at home to welcome him, but the sense of dreariness at entering the house when she was away seemed to increase as the time drew always nearer which might bring it to pass that he would thenceforth have nothing to expect save the quiet rooms with their sense of absence.

With the abrupt movement of one avoiding unpleasant thought, he stood up from his chair and crossed to the window. He looked down into the street, upon the two lines of close-pressed surface-cars, motor-cars, trucks, and teams, and the endless foot-passengers upon the sidewalks. As they passed the bright expanse of a jeweler's window opposite, he could distinguish many faces. Presently he recognized one—that of a friend who lived at the club several blocks away, and who probably was bound thither now. Lascelles reflected that he himself might go over to the Club for a while. But he dismissed the idea. It accorded too little with his humor.

The humor, certainly, was not one of cheerfulness. The day had tried him considerably. In part it was, possibly,

that he felt even more fatigue than had seemed usual of late. But over and above this, two or three matters had gone unsatisfactorily; and while, to be sure, they were of no great importance in themselves, yet to have his purposes defeated tended to lessen self-confidence. And already, of recent months, he had been conscious that self-confidence waned. More than once he had asked himself if the other members of the firm might not be beginning to feel that they were carrying dead-wood, if such guarantee of principle, integrity, and practised dealing as was lent by his name could offset the fact that in the nature of things he brought few new clients to replace those who were lost, as from time to time death took some lifelong friend. There had haunted him continually a whispering deep within his mind that the course of pride would be to withdraw while as yet his loss could occasion some true regret.

The suggestion came to him now again as he stood, his hands clasped behind him, watching all the movements of the thoroughfare below. But, once more indecisively opposing, he told himself that it would come hard to bring to an end the habits of so many years. Young men contemplated such things easily, yet when the time came they would find that one did not abandon without very genuine suffering the profession of one's youth and manhood, in which one had achieved some measure of success.

Above all, however, there was Catherine to be considered. Despite all the high hopes of the first years, and the excellent prospects of maturer life, the event had proved him unable to give his wife all that once he had planned. And though there had never been a hint of complaint—not so much, he was sure, as an acknowledged regret—she must feel it at times that she found herself obliged to do without luxuries which so many of the women of her circle accounted necessities.

A decade or two before, with standards of living more generally modest than now, her position had been regarded as enviable. Their home had been more than commonly well provided, the margin had been wide for self-gratification within what were considered reasonable limits, and there had remained besides sufficient for quite generous benefactions. But it had been the zenith of their fortunes. Others of the men he knew—a considerable number—had been able to keep on past the point of merely easy circumstances and reach the goal of wealth. A few had used methods he himself could not have adopted; but most, he believed, had conceded no point of honor. Besides these, however, there had come into the field a group of men and women who formerly would not have been accounted eligible to more than the outer confines of acquaintance, yet who now, through numbers and financial rating, were powers to be reckoned with, and could quite well do without the approbation of an elderly couple faithful to the customs and prescriptions of an obsolete order—usages which even the son of his own training, and that son's wife, disposed of as impracticable in the world one found ready to hand.

Assuredly it was not as he had meant to have it at the close of their days. And yet, though he felt a certain disappointment, it was more than offset by intense satisfaction, warming the depths of his heart, that he and Catherine had never in all the years yielded one jot or tittle of principles which many, even among those accounted fastidious, would dismiss as hyperscrupulous. The sense of integrity was worth any and all of the more material, more generally perceptible values of existence.

The janitor's keys were unlocking the door of the adjoining office. He glanced over at the big clock in the jeweler's window. Then he went to the closet, took out his coat and hat, and put them on. If they had abated those principles just a little—he pursued his thoughts as he settled the coat upon his shoulders—if, for instance, they had been willing to make the one slight concession of now and then turning their home, their hospitality, to the ends of "policy," perhaps—he smiled involuntarily—perhaps instead of going out to catch his street-car he would be starting for home in a limousine as imposing as that which Mallock had established after his highly sagacious marriage.

Taking up the letter to be posted, he opened the door and went out into the corridor. An elevator, empty of all save the operator, carried him down the short distance to the ground floor.

Out in the street the air of dusk was fresh and brisk. Even the clang of the surface-car bells and the raucous warnings of automobiles had a cheerful liveliness. The electric signs, luminous in whiteness or color, steady or changing, merged the daylight warmly with the night. It was all very bright and animating, and the people on foot walked quickly, as if on their way to meet the pleasantly anticipated. His own step quickened. Catherine would be at home by the time he reached there, would in all likelihood be watching at the window, as she had almost always watched for his return since what seemed to them both the so recent days when they had been mere boy and girl, beginning to play the delightful game of keeping house together. She would be in the hallway to meet him by the time he should have opened the door, and all would be as usual until after they should have had their dinner and have gone into the library for coffee.

But then would come the change in the habitual course of things—a change which seemed to go deeper than the mere surface event, and to the prospect of which he had found himself recurring all day, with a quite unwarrantable sense of despondency.

As a rule they would have ensconced themselves in their accustomed chairs by the fireplace, and he would have read aloud, while she would have busied herself about one of the endless successions of hemstitchings or tuckings or rufflings or embroideries, whose use and beauty he was always expected to understand and which were destined to adorn the diminutive person of the one and only granddaughter.

To-night, however, was to inaugurate a new departure—one which he had not only approved, but urged, directly Catherine, emboldened and prompted by their daughter-in-law, had laid the plan before him.

Merely because the physician's order ran that he himself must avoid night air and late hours was, as Evelyn had pointed out, no real reason for his wife to feel that she must forego at least an occasional evening of some such pleasure as this one offered at the house of old friends. Not that argument had been necessary. He had acceded at once, had insisted that she must go. She could enjoy the music for a couple of hours and come away a little early, if she chose. The children would call for her and fetch her home. As for himself, he could glance over the newspaper or the magazines for a while, and it would do him no harm to retire sooner than usual.

So the arrangement had been made. And to-night the unprecedented would befall. Catherine would go out, and he would be left at home alone. It was a little modern, no doubt, but entirely right and sensible.

As he stopped at the corner where he must take his car, he realized that he was tired and more than a bit dispirited.

The soft-toned bell of the clock in the hallway struck five as Mrs. Lascelles stood by the fireplace and, drawing off her gloves, held out her hands to the warmth. They were shapely hands, and the fine, transparent skin of age blended with the pearls, opals, and tiny diamonds of numerous rings.

It was earlier than she had expected to be at home. She had said that she would probably not return until just before the dinner hour. For she had counted upon enjoying herself more than ordinarily this afternoon; and even ordinarily she enjoyed herself very well indeed wheresoever her friends were gathered together—with strangers enough for variety and the promise of new interests. It was frivolous, perhaps, for one of her years, but there was no denying that she continued to be sociably inclined to the point of gregariousness—fond of people, liking to be with them, to have them coming and going about her. And she liked the pretty clothes and the jewels and all the trappings of festivity. The propensity did not diminish with time, as once she had taken for granted that it must. From one period of life to another, the zest of intercourse with her kind did not seem to have become less keen. People were an exhilaration, they were pleasant

and well-disposed, they brought her the bits of news she liked to hear, confided in her, sought her advice, and altogether made much of her until often she experienced almost the same sense of being charming which had made her young womanhood so delightful a memory.

And to-day the affair had been especially agreeable, the house beautiful, every one there whom she most liked. Yet she had come away an hour sooner than she had planned, and while every one was insisting that she must stay a little longer.

Why must she go? they had demanded. Was it because she meant to stop at her son's house to see the precious granddaughter? She had evaded an answer; but young Hyde had betrayed her. "Mr. Lascelles always leaves the office at a quarter to five," he had suggested, with an air of great detachment. And there had been a laugh when she had colored. It was not without satisfaction that she had seen Hyde and the girl at whose side he stood color in their turn at her quick rejoinder:

"And I can remember the time when he even found that he had to leave as early as you must have left this afternoon."

But she was quite used to all manner of banter on the score of this habit. For though in the early days of their marriage the skeptical-minded had foretold that "it would not last," yet the years, the decades, had come and gone and rarely had it failed that, as evening closed down, she was to be found at home awaiting Anthony's return. Her "sense of duty," Evelyn called it. She was conscious of a subtle pity for Will that his wife should only be able to conceive it so; but feeling how useless would be explanation, she had never attempted to make clear that it was simply "her own pleasure." For the most part she was self-accusingly aware of a certain irritation when her thoughts dwelt upon her daughter-in-law. And at present she sincerely hoped Evelyn would not find out how early she had come away this afternoon, after having gone to the length, too, of informing her husband that she meant to stay until late. It was vexatious to be for ever feeling oneself upon the defensive in these matters—to have one's little luxuries of sentiment dragged out into the crude light of the rational and analyzed in the girl's sweet, unmodulated, high-pitched voice. Evelyn was so restrictedly reasonable, so concise in thought and expression, that what she did not reckon a fact actually ceased, for the time being, to seem one. To be a fact, anything had to come within the limits of "common sense." It seemed the touchstone for all of life. One might almost have believed it her proudest spiritual possession.

But it did not do to let her thoughts take this trend. They would bring her to the verge of an antagonism she did not wish to feel. For, after all, there was nothing in fairness to be said against Evelyn. She was a nice little thing, earnest about doing the best of which she was able to conceive. And, in reality, it was very kind of her to take enough interest in her husband's mother to persuade her to do what was "for her own good," to insist that she must not settle down into a mere home-keeping old lady.

"It is not as if you didn't care for parties and plays and music and pictures, and all that sort of thing," Evelyn had argued. "Of course, if you were the kind whose interests could be confined just to your house and your husband, there would be nothing more to say. But you enjoy yourself with people, and people enjoy you. And just because the doctor has decided that Father Anthony must stay at home in the evenings is no reason whatever why *you* should have to 'regret' for every invitation that would take you out at night. It is your duty to yourself to keep in touch with things. Now this musicale, for instance—you have a real taste for music, and for once it is likely to be very good indeed. It isn't as if it were a dinner or something of that sort. Then, of course, you could not very well go alone. But in this case it would be perfectly proper, and Will and I would stop for you, and would come away early, if you liked. As for Father Anthony, I suppose he might just possibly exist without you for two or three hours. It will be good for him to miss you a little now and then. And, besides, if you keep up with the

times and are lively and interested, you can be all the more entertaining to him."

It had been entirely incontrovertible; and Will had enforced it, and the hostess had begged, and Anthony had said that of course she must go and have a good time. So the outcome had been that she was going—to have a good time.

She sighed, and stood pensive. Then, raising her eyes to the mirror over the mantelpiece and observing the wistfulness of her face, she resolutely assumed an expression of cheerfulness.

A step on the walk outside made her turn her head quickly, and she waited to hear the latch-key put into the lock. But, instead, the bell was rung. After a minute the door was opened, closed again, and the maid came bringing a box—a florist's box.

It lay on the table, opened. The transparent green paper was folded back from violets and lilies-of-the-valley. And the card she had drawn from the little envelope was that of Mr. Anthony Lascelles.

She held it in her fingers and looked at it, as if there had been more upon the smooth white surface than only the engraved name. Someway—she had not thought about his sending her flowers to-night. To be sure, he always did—always had—whenever they were to go somewhere together. But this time—it was not together.

Presently she turned away and went slowly back, seating herself on the low settee by the hearth. The scent of the flowers was already sweet in the room. And it was poignant with memories—not of one day or another, not of one or another special happening, but rather, merged and blending, of all the days and all the incidents in almost a lifetime of companionship.

That Anthony should have abided quite simply by the custom of the years meant more than only the fact of his finding time to think of her pleasure in the midst of a busy, exacting day. It meant that he, upon his part, had kept faith with the memories.

And upon her own part—?

Yet she was doing only what they all had urged, what they all had insisted was reasonable, and her duty to herself. She turned and looked over at the violets and sprays of tiny lilies in their half-removed green covering. Her eyes were on the flowers, but it was scarcely those she saw. Rather it was Anthony—Anthony as he would turn away from the door to-night, after it should have closed behind her, as he would walk back down the hall, as he would go into the library and draw up his chair before the fire, as he would take up a paper or a book and read for an hour or so, then, with the low sigh of fatigue which seemed to come so often recently, would leave his chair, turn the lights low, and go out to the stairs alone.

Even as Lascelles opened the front door and came into the house he caught the sound of his wife's voice from the direction of the recess beneath the stair-landing. It was her telephone voice, he recognized with some amusement—uncertain, nervous, raised considerably above the tones of her usual speech. The telephone had never taken its rank with her as a commonplace convenience. For a conversation to go forward as might have been expected was a cause of agreeable surprise; but such was her habitual distrust that to be called to speak across the wire was only a degree less agitating than to be driven to the necessity of calling up some one else. Usually the maid transmitted messages. So that now he wondered what matter was transpiring of importance sufficient to warrant departure from the rule. Divesting himself of his coat and hat, he went across the hallway to the drawing-room. It would have been impossible to avoid hearing what Catherine was saying, even had it occurred to him that there might be any reason why he should do so. Her words came to him distinctly. He caught the name of the hostess of to-night's affair, gathering that it was she herself who was at the other end of the line.

"Now, my dear"—it was the accent of eager explanation—"it isn't that; it isn't because I think I ought not to go. You don't understand"—almost despairingly—"nobody seems to understand. I suppose really I *ought* to go. I've let you expect me up to the very



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

THE VERY SPIRIT OF HER RESOLVE WAS IN THE QUICK LIFT OF HER HEAD

last minute, but of course that will not make any real difference. . . . Yes, oh yes! certainly I know that you *want* me. But I mean you will not be inconvenienced. And you'll forgive me. Anthony wants me to go, you know." Earnestness was making havoc of coherence. "He insisted. He thinks even now that I mean to, and you were so sweet about it, and Will urged me, and Evelyn was so determined." In the mirror above the mantelpiece Lascelles caught the glint of laughter in his own eyes. "And I know it would be only reasonable, and that it is my duty to myself. But, my dear"—the voice rose higher with anxiety to be comprehended —"what I just cannot bring myself to see is how reason and duty have anything to do with it. It is the way I *feel.* I don't *want* to go without Anthony. I should not have a nice time if I did. I should be perfectly lost and unhappy. I've been unhappy this whole week, every time I have let myself think of it. I suppose I am absurd and old-fashioned. And I dare say Evelyn will give me up completely. But it can't be helped, if it's the way I feel."

The hurrying phrases stopped abruptly, as if speech at the other end had broken in.

For all that overhearing had been unavoidable, restlessness under the sense of intrusion prompted Lascelles to remove himself beyond the range of involuntary listening. He crossed to a window at the far end of the room. The evening was gray and darkening, and the street, within sight, empty of all save two or three vague figures, which only enhanced the loneliness.

Drawing the shade again, he turned back with a sense of well-being that he was surrounded by everything familiar for many years, that there was the glow of the fire in the grate, the warm, low light of a lamp—and the scent of lilies-of-the-valley and violets.

The voice at the telephone had so dropped to the note of relief that only an occasional word was distinguishable, an expression of apology, of gratitude and appreciation. Then he caught a "good-by," and the click of the receiver being returned to its hook.

He was once more standing at his place upon the hearth-rug as his wife re-entered the room. At sight of him she started, hesitating upon the threshold. A soft flush came over her face, beneath the softening white hair; but the very spirit of resolve was in the quick lift of her head and in the light of her eyes as they met his. "Anthony"—she came to it instantly—"I may as well tell you—"

He nodded anticipation. "I know," he said.

"You heard me?" she reproached, a little aggrieved at having been betrayed into raised tones. He maintained steadfast gravity. "I don't know what you will think—" she began again. Her look was upon him, questioning doubtfully. His own, through a long moment answered, before he reached out his hand.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

FLORINDO and Lindora had come to the end of another winter in town, and had packed up for another summer in the country. They were sitting together over their last breakfast until the taxi should arrive to whirl them away to the station, and were brooding in a joint gloom from the effect of the dinner they had eaten at the house of a friend the night before, and, "Well, thank goodness," she said, "there is an end to that sort of thing for *one* while."

"An end to *that* thing," he partially assented, "but not that *sort* of thing."

"What do you mean?" she demanded excitedly, almost resentfully.

"I mean that the lunch is of the nature of the dinner, and that in the country we shall begin lunching where we left off dining."

"Not instantly," she protested shrilly. "There will be nobody there for a while—not for a whole month, nearly."

"They will be there before you can turn round, almost; and then you women will begin feeding one another there before you have well left off here."

"We women!" she protested.

"Yes, you—you women. You give the dinners. Can you deny it?"

"It's because we can't get you to the lunches."

"In the country you can; and so you will give the lunches."

"We would give dinners if it were not for the distance and the darkness on those bad roads."

"I don't see where your reasoning is carrying you."

"No," she despaired, "there is no reason in it. No sense. How tired of it all I am! And, as you say, it will be no time before it is all going on again."

They computed the number of dinners they had given during the winter; that was not hard, and the sum was not great: six or seven at the most, large and small. When it came to the dinners they had received, it was another thing; but still she considered, "Were they really so few? It's nothing to what the English do. They never dine alone at home, and they never dine alone abroad—of course not! I wonder they can stand it. I think a dinner, the happy-to-accept kind, is always loathsome: the everlasting soup, if there aren't oysters first, or grape-fruit, or melon, and the fish, and the entrée, and the roast and salad, and the ice-cream and the fruit nobody touches, and the coffee and cigarettes and cigars—how I hate it all!"

Lindora sank back in her chair and toyed desperately with the fragment of bacon on her plate.

"And yet," Florindo said, "there is a charm about the first dinner of autumn, after you've got back?"

"Oh, yes," she assented; "it's like a part of our lost youth. We think all the dinners of the winter will be like that, and we come away beaming."

"But when it keeps on and there's more and more of our lost youth, till it comes to being the whole—"

"Florindo!" she stopped him. He pretended that he was not going to have said it, and she resumed, dreamily, "I wonder what it is makes it so detestable as the winter goes on."

"All customs are detestable, the best of them," he suggested, "and I should say, in spite of the first autumnal dinner, that the society dinner was an unlovely rite. You try to carry it off with china and glass, and silver and linen, and if people could fix their minds on these, or even on the dishes of the dinner as they come successively on, it would be all very well; but the diners, the diners!"

"Yes," she said, "the old men are hideous, certainly; and the young ones—I try not to look at them, poking things into the hollows of their faces with spoons and forks—"

"Better than when it was done with knives! Still, it's a horror! A veteran diner-out in full action is certainly a

hideous spectacle. Often he has few teeth of his own, and the dentists don't serve him perfectly. He is in danger of dropping things out of his mouth, both liquids and solids: better not look! His eyes bulge and roll in his head in the stress of mastication and deglutition; his color rises and spreads to his gray hair or over his baldness; his person seems to swell visibly in his chair, and when he laughs—"

"Don't, Florindo! It *is* awful."

"Well, perhaps no worse than the sight of a middle-aged matron tending to overweight and bulking above her plate—"

"Yes, yes! That's dreadful, too. But when people are young—"

"Oh, when people are young!" He said this in despair. Then he went on in an audible muse. "When people are young they are not only in their own youth; they are in the youth of the world, the race. They dine, but they don't think of the dinner or the unpleasantness of the diners, and the grotesqueness of feeding in common. They think—" he broke off in defect of other ideas, and concluded with a laugh, "they think of themselves. And they don't think of how they are looking."

"They needn't; they are looking very well. Don't keep harping on that! I remember when we first began going to dinners, I thought it was the most beautiful thing in the world. I don't mean when I was a girl; a girl only goes to a dinner because it comes before a dance. I mean when we were young married people; and I pinned up my dress and we went in the horse-cars, or even walked. I enjoyed every instant of it: the finding who was going to take me in and who you were; and the going in; and the hovering round the table to find our places from the cards; and the seeing how you looked next some one else, and wondering how you thought I looked; and the beads sparkling up through the champagne and getting into one's nose; and the laughing and joking and talking! Oh, the talking! What's become of it? The talking, last night, it bored me to death! And what good stories people used to tell, women as well as men! You can't deny it was beautiful."

"I don't; and I don't deny that the forms of dining are still charming. It's the dining itself that I object to."

"That's because your digestion is bad."

"Isn't yours?"

"Of course it is. What has that got to do with it?"

"It seems to me that we have arrived at what is called an *impasse* in French." He looked up at the clock on the wall, and she gave a little jump in her chair. "Oh, there's plenty of time. The taxi won't be here for half an hour yet. Is there any heat left in that coffee?"

"There will be," she said, and she lighted the lamp under the pot. "But I don't like being scared out of half a year's growth."

"I'm sorry. I won't look at the clock any more; I don't care if we're left. Where were we? Oh, I remember—the objection to dining itself. If we could have the forms without the facts, dining would be all right. Our superstition is that we can't be gay without gorging; that society can't be run without meat and drink. But don't you remember when we first went to Italy there was no supper at Italian houses where we thought it such a favor to be asked?"

"I remember that the young Italian swells wouldn't go to the American and English houses where they weren't sure of supper. They didn't give supper at the Italian houses because they couldn't afford it."

"I know that. I believe they do, now. But—'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' and the fasting made for beauty then more than the feasting does now. It was a lovelier sight to see the guests of those Italian houses conversing together without the grossness of feeding or being fed—the sort of thing one saw at our houses when people went out to supper."

"I wonder," Lindora said, "whether the same sort of thing goes on at evening parties still—it's so long since I've been at one. It was awful standing jammed up in a corner or behind a door and eating *vis-à-vis* with a man who brought you a plate; and it wasn't much better when you sat down and he stood over you gabbling and gobbling, with his plate in one hand and his fork in the other. I was always afraid of his dropping things into my lap; and the sight

of his jaws champing as you looked up at them from below!"

"Yes, ridiculous. But there was an element of the grotesque in a bird's-eye view of a lady making shots at her mouth with a spoon and trying to smile and look *spirituelle* between shots."

Lindora as she laughed bowed her forehead on the back of her hand in the way Florindo thought so pretty when they were both young. "Yes," she said, "awful, awful! Why *should* people want to flock together when they feed? Do you suppose it's a survival of the primitive hospitality when those who had something to eat hurried to share it with those who had nothing?"

"Possibly," Florindo said, flattered into consequence by her momentary deference, or show of it. "But the people who mostly meet to feed together now are not hungry; they are already so stuffed that they loathe the sight of the things. Some of them shirk the consequences by frankly dining at home first, and then openly or covertly dodging the courses."

"Yes, and you hear that praised as a mark of high civilization, or social wisdom. I call it wicked, and an insult to the very genius of hospitality."

"Well, I don't know. It must give the faster a good chance of seeing how funny the feeders all look."

"I wonder, I *do* wonder, how the feeding in common came to be the custom," she said, thoughtfully. "Of course where it's done for convenience, like hotels or in boarding-houses—but to do it wantonly, as people do in society, it ought to be stopped."

"We might call art to our aid—have a large tableful of people kodaked in the moments of ingulfing, chewing, or swallowing, as the act varied from guest to guest; might be reproduced as picture postals, or from films for the movies. That would give the ten and twenty cent audiences a chance to see what life in the exclusive circles was."

She listened in dreamy inattention. "It was a step in the right direction when people began to have afternoon teas. To be sure, there was the biting and chewing sandwiches, but you needn't take *them*, and most women could manage their teacups gracefully."

"Or hide their faces in them when they couldn't."

"Only," she continued, "the men wouldn't come after the first go off. It was as bad as lunches. Now that the English way of serving tea to callers has come in, it's better. You really get the men, and it keeps them from taking cocktails so much."

"They're rather glad of that. But still, still, there's the guttling and guzzling."

"It's reduced to a minimum."

"But it's there. And the first thing you know you've loaded yourself up with cake or bread-and-butter and spoiled your appetite for dinner. No, afternoon tea must go with the rest of it, if we're going to be truly civilized. If people could come to one another's tables with full minds instead of stomachs, there would be some excuse for hospitality. Perhaps if we reversed the practice of the professional diner-out, and read up at home as he now eats at home, and—No, I don't see how it could be done. But we might take a leaf from the book of people who are not in society. They never ask anybody to meals if they can possibly help it; if some one happens in at meal-times they tell him to pull up a chair—if they have to, or he shows no signs of going first. But even among these people the instinct of hospitality—the feeding form of it—lurks somewhere. In our farm-boarding days—"

"Don't speak of them!" she implored.

"We once went to an evening party," he pursued, "where raw apples and cold water were served."

"I thought I should die of hunger. And when we got home to our own farmers we ravaged the pantry for everything left from supper. It wasn't much. There!" Lindora screamed. "There *is* the taxi!" And the shuddering sound of the clock making time at their expense penetrated from the street. "Come!"

"How the instinct of economy lingers in us, too, long after the use of it is outgrown. It's as bad as the instinct of hospitality. We could easily afford to pay extra for the comfort of sitting here over these broken victuals—"

"I tell you we shall be left," she retorted; and in the thirty-five minutes they had at the station before their train started she outlined a scheme of

social reform which she meant to put in force as soon as people began to gather in summer force at Lobster Cove.

He derided the notion; but she said, "You will see!" and in rather more time than it takes to tell it they were settled in their cottage, where, after some unavoidable changes of cook and laundress, they were soon in perfect running order.

By this time Lobster Cove was in the full tide of lunching and being lunched. The lunches were almost exclusively ladies' lunches, and the ladies came to them with appetites sharpened by the incomparable air of those real Lobster Cove days which were all cloudless skies and west winds, and by the vigorous automobile exercise of getting to one another's cottages. They seized every pretext for giving these feasts, marked each by some vivid touch of invention within the limits of the graceful convention which all felt bound not to transcend. It was some surprising flavor in the salad, or some touch of color in appealing to the eye only; or it was some touch in the ice-cream, or some daring substitution of a native dish for it, as strawberry or peach shortcake; or some bold transposition in the order of the courses; or some capricious arrangement of the decorations, or the use of wild flowers, or even weeds (as meadow-rue or field-lilies), for the local florist's flowers, which set the ladies screaming at the moment and talking of it till the next lunch. This would follow perhaps the next day, or the next but one, according as a new cottager's claims insisted or a lady had a change of guests, or three days at the latest, for no reason.

In their rapid succession people scarcely noticed that Lindora had not given a lunch, and she had so far abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the others' lunches that she had half forgotten her high purposes of reform, when she was sharply recalled to them by a lunch which had not at all agreed with her; she had, in fact, had to have the doctor, and many people had asked one another whether they had heard how she was. Then she took her good resolution in both hands and gave an afternoon, asking people by note or 'phone simply whether they would not come in at four sharp. People were a good deal mystified, but for this very reason everybody came. Some of them came from somebody's lunch, which had been so nice that they lingered over it till four, and then walked, partly to fill in the time and partly to walk off the lunch, as there would be sure to be something at Lindora's later on.

It would be invidious to say what the nature of Lindora's entertainment was. It was certainly to the last degree original, and those who said the worst of it could say no worse than that it was queer. It quite filled the time till six o'clock, and may be perhaps best described as a negative rather than a positive triumph, though what Lindora had aimed at she had undoubtedly achieved. Whatever it was, whether original or queer, it was certainly novel.

A good many men had come, one at least to every five ladies, and as the time passed and a certain blankness began to gather over the spirits of all, they fell into different attitudes of the despair which the ladies did their best to pass off for rapture. At each unprogrammed noise they started in a vain expectation, and when the end came, it came so without accent, so without anything but the clock to mark it as the close, that they could hardly get themselves together for going away. They did what was nice and right, of course, in thanking Lindora for her fascinating afternoon, but when they were well beyond hearing one said to another: "Well, I shall certainly have an appetite for my dinner *to-night!* Why, if there had only been a cup of the weakest kind of tea, or even of cold water!"

Then, those who had come in autos gathered as many pedestrians into them as they would hold in leaving the house, or caught them up fainting by the way.

Lindora and Florindo watched them from their veranda.

"Well, my dear," he said, "it's been a wonderful afternoon; an immense stride forward in the cause of anti-eating—or—"

"Don't *speak* to me!" she cried.

"But it leaves one rather hungry, doesn't it?"

"*Hungry!*" she hurled back at him. "I could eat a—I don't know what!"

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

COMMERCIALISM is easily a term of contempt, but it justly claims a virtue of its own, an estimable value and validity. The poets of an older world had no quarrel with that of their time. The same faith and heroism which inspired their song had first moved the tent, filled the sail, and built the walls of cities, before poetry could ever have been, or any form of art. In all these ways the soul of man had found him, and he the soul in things.

Our present twentieth-century economy—so much of it as is not going on to a martial accompaniment—suggests nothing in us, or in the scene before us, that recalls ancient, medieval, or even comparatively modern ideals. We seem to have wholly committed ourselves to a vast and soulless mechanical scheme.

Yet it is in the fullness and spontaneity of this commitment that our ultra-modern excellence lies. The most definite outward symbol of human progress is the Machine. Nothing is more directly associated with spiritual dynamics than mechanics. Those machines, for the most part so simple as to be mere implements, except for the vehicle on land or sea, which were related to the old scheme of human business, including war as a part of that business, were as mystically invested as a Freemason's outfit. It needed but three more inventions to complete and, we might say, wind up that old-fashioned commercialism which was bound up with the old faith and heroism, and which so easily wins and holds the poet's favor—printing, the mariner's compass, and gunpowder. That of printing was the most significant, not only as making immediately effective the revival of the old learning for the benefit of the few, but for the office it was to serve in the general diffusion of knowledge, new and old, among the people, helping to establish a new kind of social solidarity.

All together, these inventions sufficed for the consummation of one distinct order of progress and for the preparation of what is truly the modern scene, in which another order prevails—one that has turned a point, showing a change of direction, and the consummation of which is yet afar off. Less than two centuries have passed since that turning-point was clearly manifest. It was that point when history began to be mainly concerned with movements and policies expressing popular expectations and aspirations. But our retrospect of this comparatively brief period does not disclose a volume of pent-up energy forcing its outlet, with premeditation of its course and its goals. Rather we behold a ready and waiting will and intelligence emerging with an ever increasingly eager activity at every prompting of opportunity. These promptings have been due chiefly to the disclosure of nature's secrets by modern physicists and chemists in researches primarily disinterested, but quickly converted into those mechanical inventions which have developed a new commercialism through means as subtle as the old mechanical leverages were obvious.

The methods of research and invention are occult to the multitudes who avail of their benefits, and who are mostly inept at the organization which makes them available and which enters as an all-important factor into the whole scheme; but eliminate the inexpert mass, and every distinctive feature falls into insignificance, and we revert to that old social order, conservative, leisurely, and picturesque, in which the accelerations of recent progress would have seemed impertinent and offensive, and our most ingenious inventions would have been preserved only as useless toys.

When we say that we have committed ourselves whole-heartedly to the so conspicuous and complex mechanical scheme of our time, we have in view the new type of social solidarity which

it connotes and the unrealized possibilities of which still lie in the lap of evolution.

Nothing essential in the older humanism has been destroyed in this transformation scene, though in the changed conditions another humanism seems to have arisen—one not exclusive; fluent because of the infinitely multiplied channels open to it; and having the mastery of a service claimed and abundantly permitted. Progress—call it material (which must include the mental), mechanical, or what we will, and with whatever denunciatory accent—is an indispensable condition of creative social evolution, which finds its amplitude of permission only when progress is of the whole and for the whole. Every term by which qualitative excellence was expressed in the old scheme—heroism, dignity, distinction, leisure, tolerance, good manners—is subject to transvaluation in the new, with an added respect for quantitative increase, especially for the surplus of wealth, achieved mechanically and through expert organization. That conception of social justice which is becoming effective against the exploitation of humanity is perfected only through a solidly collective Public Opinion.

The human soul finds and fills a larger room in this modern scheme, as indeed it must in order to give vitality and significance to the otherwise bewildering foreground. The ideals it has foregone have given place to other, clearer, more hopeful and inspiring, holding in their reality more of miracle. Its manners, too, have such reality that they need not be imposing, after the old fashion. Out of the whole complex business it will bring a new simplicity.

The "soulless" machine stands out in our foreground in bold contrast with its soulful mission. The soulless corporation seems a combination quite contradictory to the sympathetic co-operation which is inevitably its issue. In like manner the pecuniary measure of motive, while contrasting with a disinterestedness possible only to beings without appetite, is practically, as determining the choice of careers, and as an incentive to emulation for greater excellence as well as to competition for profit, a means of general social benefit and of an immense accumulation of altruistic reserves. Yet it is only three generations ago that it was a detraction of a gentleman's dignity to "go into trade" or to receive a pecuniary reward for writing. The author's acceptance of aristocratic patronage was sufficiently consistent with a lingering system of feudalism to be respectable.

The mechanical production of literature is a part of our modern commercialism. The invention of the power-press was the natural sequel to that of the locomotive. That of the telegraph, followed so soon by international use through the cable, though it marked but the beginning, seemed to complete the scientific system for the acceleration and unlimited extension of communication. A new era for literature was opened by these permissive conditions.

But literature, unlike other products mechanically multiplied and extensively distributed, is in its very content the immediate communication of thought and feeling, informing, inspiring, and entertaining. It is the conservator of the creations of past genius, both of those which have taken a literary form and of those which must be pictorially reproduced; and these are open to all in cheap and accessible forms, and more and more availed of with the ever-increasing culture of the people.

Periodical literature, because of the conditions which permitted its emergence and which have become imperative in its diversified specialization, must confine itself to meeting the contemporaneous tastes and desires of the people. This is true also of the great majority of books written in this era, including fiction not serially published. The art of prose writing has been perfected through its spontaneous appeal to millions of intelligent readers. Purging itself of pedantry and vain glosses, it has gained in reality and charm. The realism, in the true meaning of the term, in the fiction of this era has come through this appeal and its exacting requirements—exacting in the line of reality, fidelity, sincerity.

Wood-engraving, which, as an interpretative art, is almost coeval with the use of type, and the capabilities of which

were sufficient in the middle of the last century to permit the emergence of this Magazine as a popular illustrated periodical, became an important auxiliary to every literary feature of it. A generation later, through generous rivalry between the older magazine and another that had entered the same field, this art reached its golden age—and then almost entirely disappeared from magazine literature. Just at this point the invention of the mechanical photo-engraving process, because of the scientific exactitude it had attained in the reproduction of the draughtsman's work, line for line, and yet at a comparatively small cost, suddenly relegated the wood-engraver to almost complete oblivion, chiefly because the black-and-white artist, who had achieved an equal distinction, naturally preferred the fac-simile reflecting his own originality to an interpretation, however brilliant, which reflected the originality of the engraver. This plea, reasonable in itself and in the interests of art, was accepted by the very magazines which had so especially cherished and promoted the art of wood-engraving, paying often for an engraving twice as much as for the original drawing. But in both of these magazines the master wood-engraver still found a considerable scope for his art in a field peculiarly adapted to its most original interpretation—that of the reproduction of the most significant of the paintings of all times, including our own. Our readers, who for several years have enjoyed and appreciated Mr. Henry Wolf's wonderful interpretations in this field, one in almost every number of the Magazine, have already, in their hearts at least, tendered him their congratulations on his reception of the recent award of the grand prize in etching and wood-engraving at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

This award is a victory of wood-engraving, by the hand of a master, over every mechanical graphic process. The New York *Times* writer, in announcing the award, speaks justly of Mr. Wolf's "passionately exact interpretation," and it is true that the photo-engraved plate has always had to receive something of this touch of human art for a completely satisfactory result—for a relief from the rigidly scientific exactitude. Yet the improvements of the purely mechanical process have been such as to permit not only an unlimited expansion of its benefits, but a marvelous excellence of quality, as attested in current illustrated journalism.

It is certainly a matter of congratulation that literature, open to all even on its highest levels, in books and in periodicals, maintains the continuity of art at the same time that it cherishes new forms of art, so that the older excellence remains alongside with the new.

Perhaps the most striking, certainly the most novel, application of a scientific mechanical invention is that to which the cinematograph has been put in these early years of the twentieth century. To the seriously minded the first suggestion of its marvelous possibilities was in the line of its educational use. Instead of a verbal exposition of the most elusive processes of Nature—those of crystallization, for example—people, of all ages, were to behold these processes as actually going on. Descriptive chemistry and every branch of science were to have the benefit of this new realism, based on scientific exactitude—such a benefit as surgery had already received from X-ray photography.

This high function has not been foregone, but it has been held in abeyance, as an allurement to the popular imagination, by the more attractive capabilities of the invention for the entertainment of all classes—this community of enjoyment being, sociologically, its most interesting feature. Lying apparently beyond the reaches of literature and of the established order of stage representation, it has drawn within its charmed circle the cleverest of short-story writers and the brightest stars of the theatrical firmament. Its realism has outdone that of ultra-modern fiction. Its ethical uses outrival those of every other form of representation, as appealing to the average sensibility; it has even been employed recently to quell a riot. It serves as a most convincing illustration of the many virtues of modern mechanicalism, not the least of which, in this case, is the capacity for so vast and varied entertainment.

Mr. 'Possum's Sick Spell

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ONCE upon a time, said the Story Teller, something very sad nearly happened in the Hollow Tree. It was Mr. 'Possum's turn, one night, to go out and borrow a chicken from Mr. Man's roost, and, coming home, he fell into an old well and lost his chicken. He nearly lost himself, too, for the water was icy cold and Mr. 'Possum thought he would freeze to death before he could climb out, because the rocks were slippery and he fell back several times.

As it was he got home almost dead, and next morning was sicker than he had ever been before in his life. He had pains in his chest and other places, and was all stuffed up in his throat, and very scared. The 'Coon and the Crow, who lived in the Hollow Tree with him, were scared too. They put him to bed in the big room downstairs, and said they thought they ought to send for somebody, and Mr. Crow said that Mr. Owl was a good hand with sick folks, because he looked so wise and didn't say much, which always made the patient think he knew something.



MR. OWL LOOKED AT HIS TONGUE AND FELT HIS PULSE

So Mr. Crow hurried over and brought Mr. Owl, who put on his glasses and looked at Mr. 'Possum's tongue, and felt of his pulse, and listened to his breathing, and said that the cold water seemed to have struck in, and that the only thing to do was for Mr. 'Possum to stay in bed and drink hot herb tea and not eat anything—which was a very sad prescription for Mr. 'Possum, because he hated herb tea and was very partial to eating. He groaned when he heard it, and said he didn't suppose he'd ever live to enjoy himself again, and that he might just as well have stayed in the well with the chicken, which was a great loss and doing no good to anybody. Then Mr. Owl went away, and told the Crow outside that Mr. 'Possum was a very sick man, and that at his time of life and in his state of flesh his trouble might go hard with him.

So Mr. Crow went back and made up a lot of herb tea and kept it hot on the stove, and Mr. 'Coon sat by Mr. 'Possum's bed and made him drink it almost constantly, which Mr. 'Possum said might cure him if he didn't die of it before the curing commenced.

He said if he just had that chicken made up with a good platter of dumplings he believed it would do him more good than anything, and he begged the 'Coon to go and fish it out, or to catch another one, and try it on him, and then if he did die he would at least have fewer regrets.

But the Crow and the 'Coon said they must do as Mr. Owl ordered, unless Mr. 'Possum wanted to change doctors, which was not a good plan until the case became hopeless, which would probably not be before some time in the night. Mr. 'Coon said, though, there was no reason why that nice chicken should be wasted, and that as it would still be fresh he would rig up a hook and line and see if he couldn't save it. So he got out his fishing-things and made a grab-hook and left Mr. Crow to sit by Mr. 'Possum until he came back. He could follow Mr. 'Possum's track to the place, and in a little while he had the fine fat chicken, and



IN A LITTLE WHILE HE HAD THE FINE FAT CHICKEN

came home with it and showed it to the patient, who had a sinking spell when he looked at it, and turned his face to the wall and said he seemed to have lived in vain.

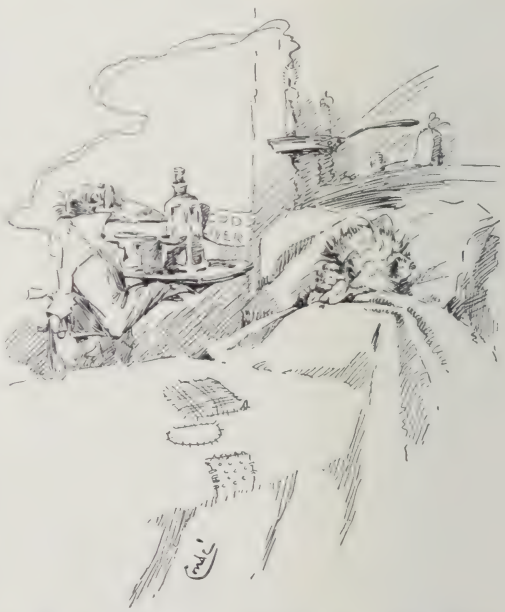
Mr. Crow, who always did the cooking, said he'd better put the chicken on right away, under the circumstances, and then he remembered a bottle of medicine he had once seen sitting on Mr. Man's window-sill, outside, and he said while the chicken was cooking he'd just step over and get it, as it might do the patient good, and it didn't seem as if anything now could do him any harm.

So the Crow dressed the nice chicken and put it in the pot with the dumplings; and while Mr. 'Coon dosed Mr. 'Possum with the hot herb tea, Mr. Crow slipped over to Mr. Man's house and watched a good chance when the folks were at dinner and got the bottle, and came back with it, and found Mr. 'Possum taking a nap and the 'Coon setting the table, for the dinner was about done and there was a delicious smell of dumplings and chicken, and Mr. 'Possum began to talk in his sleep about starving to death in the midst of plenty. Then he woke up and seemed to suffer a good deal, and the Crow gave him a dose of Mr. Man's medicine, and said that if Mr. 'Possum was still with them next morning they'd send for another doctor.

Mr. 'Possum took the medicine and choked on it, and when he could speak said he wouldn't be long with them—he could tell by his feelings that he would never get through this day of torture, and that he wanted to say some last words. Then he said that he wanted the 'Coon to have his Sunday suit, which was getting a little tight for him, and would just about fit Mr. 'Coon, and that he wanted the Crow to have his pipe and toilet articles, to remember him by. He said he had tried to do his best by them since they had all lived together in the Hollow Tree, and he supposed it would be hard for them to get along without him, but that they would have to do the best they could. Then he guessed he'd try to sleep a little, and closed his eyes, and Mr. 'Coon looked at Mr. Crow and shook his head; and they didn't feel like sitting down to dinner right away, and pretty soon when they thought Mr. 'Possum was asleep they slipped softly up to his room to see how sad it would seem without him.

Well, they had only been gone a minute when Mr. 'Possum woke up, for the smell of that chicken and dumpling, coming in from Mr. Crow's kitchen, was too much for him. When he opened his eyes and found that Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow were not there, and that he felt a little better—perhaps because of Mr. Man's medicine—he thought he might as well step out and take one last look at chicken and dumpling anyway.

It was quite warm, but, being all in a sweat, he put the bed-sheet around him to protect him from the draughts, and went out to the stove and looked into the pot, and when he saw how good it looked he thought he might as well taste of it to see if it was done.



MR. CROW SAID IF MR. 'POSSUM WAS STILL WITH 'EM THEY WOULD SEND FOR ANOTHER DOCTOR



WHEN THE DUMPLING WAS GONE HE FISHED UP A LEG AND ATE THAT

So he did, and it tasted so good and seemed so done that he got out a little piece of dumpling on a fork, and blew on it to cool it, and ate it, and then another piece, and then the whole dumpling, which he sopped around in the gravy after each bite. Then when the dumpling was gone he fished up a chicken leg and ate that, and then a wing, and then the gizzard, and felt better all the time, and pretty soon poured out a cup of coffee and drank that, all before he remembered that he was sick abed and not expected to recover. Then he happened to think, and started back to bed, but on the way there he heard Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow talking softly in his room, and he forgot again that he was so sick and went up to see about it.

Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow had been quite busy up in Mr. 'Possum's room. They had looked at all the things, and Mr. Crow remarked that there seemed to be a good many which Mr. 'Possum had not mentioned, and which they could divide afterward. Then he picked up Mr. 'Possum's pipe and tried it to see if it would draw well, as he had noticed, he said, that Mr. 'Possum sometimes had trouble with it, and the 'Coon went over to the closet and looked at Mr. 'Possum's Sunday coat and pretty soon got it out and tried on the coat which wouldn't need a thing done to it to make it fit exactly. He said he hoped Mr. 'Possum was resting well after the medicine, which he supposed was something to make him sleep, as he had seemed drowsy so soon after taking it. He said it would be sad, of course, though it might seem almost a blessing if Mr. 'Possum should pass away in his sleep without knowing it, and he hoped Mr. 'Possum would rest in peace and not come back to distress people, as one of the 'Coon's own ancestors had done a good while ago. Mr. 'Coon said his mother used to tell them about it when she wanted to keep them in nights, though he didn't really believe in such things much any more, and he didn't think Mr. 'Possum would be apt to do it anyway, because he was always quite a hand to rest well. Of course, any one was likely to *think* of such things, he said, and get a little nervous, especially at a time like this—and just then Mr. 'Coon looked toward the door that led down to the big room, and Mr. Crow he looked toward that door, too, and Mr. 'Coon gave a big jump and said, "Oh, my goodness!" and fell back over Mr. 'Possum's trunk.

And Mr. Crow he gave a big jump, too, and said, "Oh, my gracious!" and fell back over Mr. 'Possum's chair.

For there in the door stood a figure shrouded all in white, all except the head, which was Mr. 'Possum's, though very solemn, its eyes looking straight at Mr. 'Coon, who still had on Mr. 'Possum's coat, though he was doing his best to get it off, and at Mr. Crow, who still had Mr. 'Possum's pipe, though he was trying every way to hide it; and both of them were scrabbling around on the floor and saying, "Oh, Mr. 'Possum go away—please go away, Mr. 'Possum—we always loved you, Mr. 'Possum—we can prove it."

But Mr. 'Possum looked straight at Mr.



THERE IN THE DOOR STOOD A FIGURE SHROUDED ALL IN WHITE

Crow, and said, in a deep voice, "What were you doing with my Sunday coat on?"

And Mr. 'Coon tried to say something, but only made a few weak noises.

And Mr. 'Possum looked at Mr. Crow and said, "What were you doing with my pipe?"

And a little sweat broke out on Mr. Crow's bill, and he opened his mouth as if he were going to say something, but couldn't make a sound.

Then Mr. 'Possum said in a slow voice, so deep that it seemed to come from down in the ground, "*Give me my things!*"

And Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow said, very shaky: "Oh y-yes, Mr. 'Possum. W-we meant to, a-all the t-time."

And they tried to get up, but were so scared and weak they couldn't; and all at once Mr. 'Possum gave a great big laugh, and threw off his sheet and sat down on a stool and rocked and laughed, and Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow realized then that it was Mr. 'Possum himself, and not just his appearance, as they had thought. Then they sat up, and pretty soon began to laugh, too, though not very gaily at first, but feeling more cheerful every minute, because Mr. 'Possum himself seemed to enjoy it so much.

Then Mr. 'Possum told them about everything, and how Mr. Man's medicine must have made him well, for all his pains and sorrows had left him, and he invited them down to help finish up the chicken which had cost him so much suffering.

So then they all went down to the big room, and the Crow brought in the big platter of dumplings, and a pan of biscuits, and some molasses, and a pot of coffee, and they all sat down and celebrated Mr. 'Possum's recovery. And when they were through, and everything was put away, they smoked, and Mr. 'Possum said he was glad he was there to use his property a little more, and that probably his coat would fit him again now, as his sickness had caused him to lose flesh. He said that Mr. Man's medicine was certainly wonderful, but just then Mr. Rabbit dropped in, and when they told him about it he said of course the medicine might have had some effect, but that the dumplings and chicken caused the real cure. He said there was an old adage to prove that—one that his thirty-fifth great-grandfather had made for just such a case of this kind. This Mr. Rabbit said was the adage:

> If you want to live for ever,
> Stuff a cold and starve a fever.

Mr. 'Possum's trouble had come from catching cold, he said, so the dumplings were probably just what he needed. Then Mr. Owl dropped in to see how his patient was, and when he saw him sitting up, and smoking, and well, he said it was wonderful how his treatment worked, and the Hollow Tree people didn't tell him any different, for they didn't like to hurt Mr. Owl's feelings.

A Winged Doubt

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

MY Mother said, "Now hurry, Ted, and run along up-stairs,
And get the pretty nightie that Little Sister wears!"
But I was orfle busy with my bran'-new spinning-top.
I love my Little Sister, but I didn't want to stop;
I only had a little time—the clock was striking seven—
But Mother said, "If you're not kind, she'll fly right back to heaven!"

And now I'm spanked and sent to bed—I'm sure I don't see why!
I wish I wasn't seven, and much too old to cry!
When I was six 'twas diff'rent; but now, you see, I don't.
I only asked a question—I didn't say, "I won't!"
I only asked, "If she can fly to heaven, so highty-tighty,
Then why can't Little Sister fly up-stairs and get her nightie?"



The Backslider

More Problems

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

OH, see the creepy, crawlly things
A-rolling down the window-pane!
As soon as they are gone away
They start and come right back again!
I never see them when the Sun
Is shining with his yellow eye,
But only when the big gray clouds
Have covered up the nice blue sky.

The Go-cart will not come to take
Me riding by the bright green grass,
Where Grown-ups they smile down on you
And peer in at you as we pass.
And somebody that people call
A Gram'ma goes 'way off to get
A great big, funny, round "umbrell,"
So's some one else won't get "all wet."

And who they call a Gram'pa turns
Around and waves his hand at me,—
They tell me I must wave mine back;—
I watch him far as I can see.
But just before the Sandman comes
The door bangs loud in the front hall,
And Somebody is in the room,—
Somebody big and strong and tall,

That picks me right straight off my chair
And hugs me in an overcoat
Until I make a little sound
Down somewhere in my tiny throat;
And then the Sweetest Voice I know,—
It says, "Don't smother her, Bob dear!
Take off that dripping overcoat,"
And then,—I think it's very queer,
He puts me right down in my chair,
And they forget there is a Me.
It is a very funny world,
But I'm as happy as can be!



"Well, I made two thousand dollars this month, enough to pay all my debts."

"What kind of car are you going to buy with it?"

Up To Date

THERE is an old-fashioned Kentuckian, well-known as a horse-lover, who has never been able to reconcile himself to the advent of the automobile.

"The trail of the serpent is over everything," he remarked, not long ago. "I went into a little shop to buy candy for some children. The shopkeeper sold me a lot of old-fashioned peppermint hearts bearing printed mottoes. I took them home, thinking that I had found the very candy that used to gladden my heart when I was a child. I looked for the old-time mottoes. The first heart read:

"'Dear, I'll ask you to be mine
In taxi number ninety-nine.'

"The second read:

"'In an auto run by gasolene,
Fly with me, my love, my dream.'"

In Fit Condition

GEORGE was so proud that he had learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer that, after being told by his mother one day that his face was very dirty and needed washing, he came back with it shining and said, "Now, how about repeating the Lord's Prayer?"

Super-Dentistry

MISS W.: "Mrs. B. is to read a paper before our club this afternoon on Transcendentalism. Tell me something about it. What does it mean?"

Miss C. "What is the word?"

Miss W. repeated it—"Transcendentalism."

Miss C. "Say it again, please. What is the last part of it?"

Miss W. "Transcendentalism—Dentalism.

Miss C. (*triumphantly*) "Dentalism? It has something to do with teeth, of course.'



TRAVELER: *"Isn't this train pretty late?"*

STATION-MASTER: *"Yes, she is a bit behind, mister, but we're expectin' her every hour, now."*



"My dear, they say he is the cleverest man here—a genius, in fact."
"Absurd. He doesn't even fox-trot."

She Needed Help

A STANCH Presbyterian lady was attending a meeting of the Presbytery in her own church. With great interest in the matters before the assembly, she was seated amid the visiting delegates near the front part of the church, where not a motion or step proposed by the body could escape her observation.

About this time she was approached by an usher, who, in a quiet and confidential voice, informed her that her presence was required outside the church.

Woman-like, she, being overwhelmed by her imaginings, *knew* something *dreadful* must have happened, for surely — so she reasoned—no one would call her from her position in the midst of the assembled delegates except for serious cause.

So overcome was she by the shock of her emotions that she almost fainted, but restrained herself sufficiently to enable two members to assist her from the pew and lead her to the church door, when the pastor, in sympathy with a devoted member of his church, remarked:

"As Sister B—— is apparently in great trouble, it may not be amiss for those present to join me in prayer on her behalf."

Whereupon heads were bowed and the pastor led in prayer.

Meantime, the distressed lady reached the outside porch, where she was met by a colored man. Holding his hat in one hand and bowing low as he approached, he said, "Missis, de washerwoman is done sont yer clo'es home, an' she say she 'bleeged ter hav' de money!"

A Persuaded Prisoner

THERE is a deputy-marshal in Mississippi who does not permit any such trifles as extradition laws to stop him in the performance of his duties.

When a certain term of court was about to begin a man who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. The deputy-marshal went after him. The next day he telegraphed the judge:

"I have persuaded him to come."

A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner tied up snugly with a clothes-line. The latter looked as if he had seen hard service.

"Why, Jim," said the judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia?"

"No, sir. Part of the way I drug him, and when we come to the Tallapoosa River he swum."



"Y'un'erstan', Nora—what I'm tellin' yer's strickly between you an' me."

Frenzied Finance

A THRIFTY farmer approached the stamp-window at the village post-office. "Hev ye got eny postage-cards?" he drawled.

"Yes."

"How much be they?"

"One cent apiece."

"Card and stemp both?"

"Yes."

"Never sell 'em six for five cents?"

"Never. Postal-cards are always a cent apiece straight."

"Wall—then—I'll take—one."

Not Needed

ONE day a young colored woman came to the rectory during the rector's absence, and said that she had come seeking work; and by way of explanation added, "Dey tol' me ter come ter de house what was kep' by de man what run de church whar dey don' hafter hav' any 'ligion ter git in."

"This is the place!" the rector's wife replied.

High Intelligence

A GENTLEMAN who had been stopping at one of the Back Bay hotels in Boston, upon entering a taxi to go to the station discovered that he had left a small box behind. Calling one of the bell-boys, he told him to go to Room 234 as quick as he could and see if he had left a small box on the dresser, and to hurry, as the train went in five minutes.

The boy entered the hotel, rushed up the stairs, and was back in two minutes, all out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted; "you left it, sir!"

Simple Faith

THE Methodist minister in a small country town was noted for his begging propensities and for his ability to extract generous offerings from the close-fisted congregation, which was made up mostly of farmers. One day the young son of one of the members accidentally swallowed a ten-cent piece, much to the excitement of the rest of the family. Every means of dislodging the coin had failed and the frightened parents were about to give up in despair when a bright thought struck the little daughter, who exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, I know how you can get it! Send for our minister; he'll get it out of him!"

An Example

TEACHER: "Mary, give and illustrate a rule for the use of capital letters."

MARY: "All names of Deity should begin with a capital letter, as—*Democrat*."

The New Geography

THE lesson of the juvenile class in geography was about zones, and the teacher asked George what zone he lived in.

"The parcel-post zone," was the prompt reply.



Painting by Howard E. Smith Illustration for "To the Home of Pierre"

A PEACEFUL SENTRY OF WHITE-MANTLED HILLS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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An Interview with Napoleon's Brother

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. BY JAMES K. PAULDING

With Introduction and Editorial Comment

BY JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

WRITTEN in a cramped hand, in faded ink, upon the shiny, square, gilt-edged paper that used to be in vogue for the writing of sermons, the sheets bound together with a bit of narrow pink ribbon, the little manuscript now for the first time printed has lain long on a dusty shelf in an old safe in the country. Whatever objections there might have been to its publication at an earlier day have long been removed with the principal actors in the nearly forgotten scene it so vividly evokes. Two of these—the Marquis of La Fayette and Joseph Bonaparte, quondam King of Naples and King of Spain, styling himself at the time of this recital Count of Survilliers—have passed to their respective niches in history, whence they cannot easily be dislodged by any evidence now discovered or discoverable. The third—the writer of the memorandum—is less secure of his niche, although widely known in his day as a writer of fiction and political satire in the little group of early New York *littérateurs* who were proud to recognize Washington Irving as their chief. James K. Paulding, who was later on Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Van Buren, held at the time of the interview he describes the post of Naval Agent at New York—an office appreciated by him, as he is frank to admit, for the unrivaled opportunities it afforded for the indulgence of his pet vice of scribbling. At the time when Joseph Bonaparte came to see him he was occupying a house in Whitehall Street which had fallen to the share of his wife upon the death of her father, Peter Kemble, shortly before—"the house," he writes Irving (abroad at the time), "which we have so often haunted," and he adds, "If living in a great house constitutes a great man after the fashion of New York, a great man am I, at your service."

Lafayette's final visit to the United States, undertaken as the guest of the nation upon invitation by President Monroe, began with his landing in New York on August 15, 1824, and lasted until September of the following year. Joseph Bonaparte had come in 1815, after the failure (if it was actually attempted) of the plan ascribed to him to take the place of his brother Napoleon on the war-ship bound for St. Helena, and was then living in considerable style and luxury at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey.

With these few words of necessary introduction, the little manuscript may be

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left to speak for itself, the editor reserving such comment as may still be called for until the conclusion of its testimony. It is inscribed simply:

INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH BONAPARTE

On the return of La Fayette from his tour through the United States, I dined with him in a large company at my brother's, who was at that time Mayor of the city of New York. Among the guests were the late Cadwallader D. Colden and John J. Morgan, then a member of Congress, and many others whose names it is not worth while to specify.

The conversation at table turned on the political situation of France, on which subject Mr. Colden, who sat near La Fayette, requested information of the General, professing at the same time his inability to comprehend it. La Fayette then entered very frankly into the state of political parties in that country, the Republicans, Carlists, and, lastly, the Orleans party, to which, said he, "I belong." It will be recollected that during his progress through the United States, La Fayette had uniformly announced himself a Republican, and knowing as I did that the Orleans party had no pretensions to an affinity with Republicanism, this frank avowal excited my surprise at the time and often recurred to my recollection. I thought I must have misunderstood the General, and, meeting Mr. Morgan shortly afterward, took occasion to compare notes with him. His recollection perfectly corresponded with mine, and he was equally surprised at the inconsistency of La Fayette's public with his private declarations.

At this period General Charles Lallemand had established a seminary in the city for the education of boys, and my eldest son was one of his scholars. This produced an intimacy between the General and myself. He occasionally dined with my family, and borrowed money which he never repaid. One day after dinner, when no one else was present, the conversation turned on La Fayette, and I then related what he had said at my brother's table.

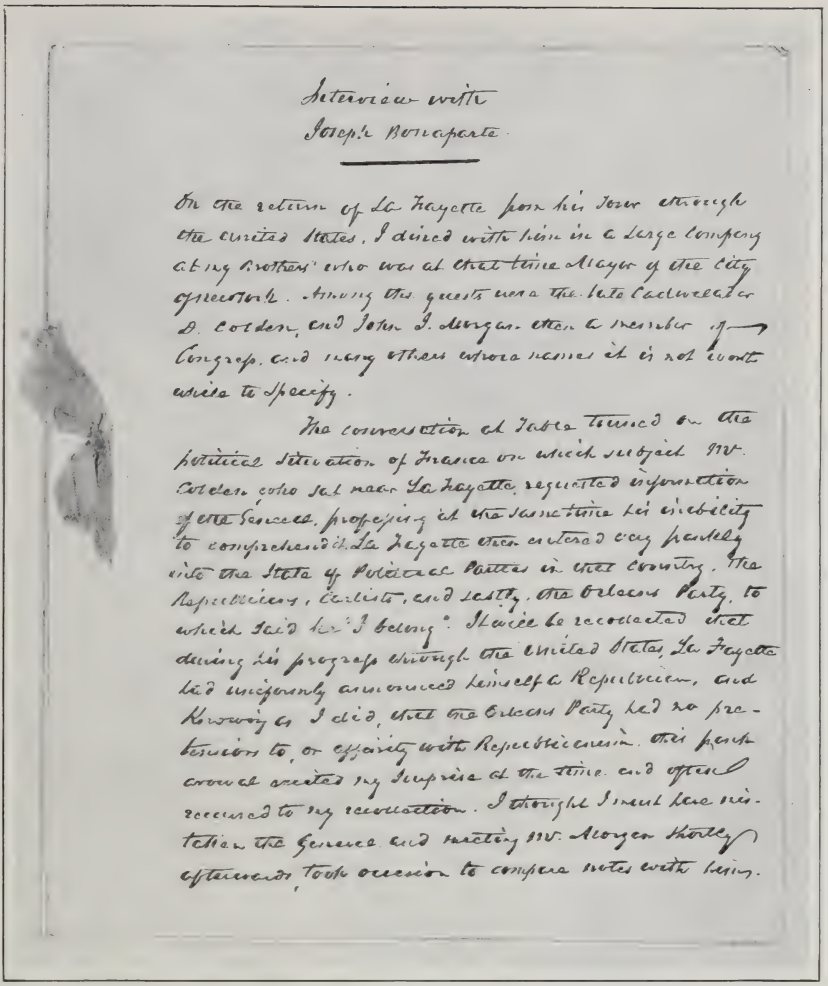
Lallemand appeared exceedingly surprised and begged me to repeat the conversation, which I did very circumstantially. He made no reply, fell into a reverie, and soon afterward left me.

Not long afterward I was somewhat surprised at receiving a message from Joseph Bonaparte expressing a particular desire to see me, and requesting that I would designate the hour for an interview at my house. I complied with his wish, and about twelve o'clock the next day he came alone. After the usual compliments, he proceeded to state the object of his visit. Lallemand had communicated to him the declaration of La Fayette at my brother's table, and Joseph had called to ascertain if the statement was correct. Perceiving that I was a little surprised, he added, "I will afterward tell you my reason for particularly wishing to know."

I complied with his request, and he then gave me the following curious details:

He stated that not long after La Fayette came to this country he paid him a visit at his château in New Jersey, and while there had requested a private interview, in the course of which he pronounced France to be on the eve of a revolution which would be fatal to the Bourbon Dynasty, and distinctly and positively proposed to Joseph that if he would advance him two millions of dollars he would make his nephew Napoleon King of France.

"I confess," continued Joseph, "that I did not believe him at the time. I knew the situation of France was precarious, but had no idea that the revolution was so near at hand, or that La Fayette had the power to direct it so completely as has since appeared. Besides, I had not at my disposal the means he required, for, though rich, the support of various members of my family, together with the perpetual application of my brother's exiled friends, left me little beyond my necessary personal expenses. This last was the reason I gave for declining the proposal. It seems, however, that at the moment he was announcing himself to the people of the United States as a Republican, and at your brother's table as an adherent of the Duke of Orleans, he made me the offer of placing my nephew on the throne of France for the sum of two



Interview with
Joseph Bonaparte.

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FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE PAULDING MANUSCRIPT

millions of dollars. I have long believed La Fayette devoid of faith, and now I am satisfied. Future events may give great importance to my knowledge of his character."

In my answer I gave him to understand very distinctly that in complying with his request I had no intention of casting the slightest imputation on the character of La Fayette, of whose offer to him I was till now entirely ignorant; that the General was so intimately associated with our Washington, and had borne so prominent a part in the attainment of our independence, that no circumstances could ever induce me to become an instrument in casting the slightest imputation on his name. Joseph assented to this with a bow, but I thought he looked rather disappointed, and our subsequent conversation let me, as I thought, into the secret of the principal object of his visit.

I soon perceived that he cherished a deep enmity to La Fayette, whom he considered the great enemy of his brother Napoleon. He proceeded to tell the origin of the General's opposition, which he denied was founded on any attachment to Republican institutions, but the details are too long to be inserted here. It must suffice to say that Joseph directly accused him of being the great cause of the surrender of Paris, the abdication of Napoleon, and the subsequent degradation of France. He asserted that La Fayette as [vice-] president of the [Chamber of Deputies] took the op-

portunity presented by the critical situation of Napoleon during the siege of Paris to use all his interest and effort for the purpose of crippling his power at the precise period when the Romans would have created a Dictator. This he asserted was the decisive cause of the surrender and abdication. Perceiving new restrictions continually proposed for the limitation of that power which should then have been absolute, he despaired of final success, and yielded not so much to the allied armies as to the fetters of La Fayette and his party in the [Representative Assembly]. Most unquestionably history justifies these assertions, for it distinctly appears that such was the course pursued by the party of which La Fayette was the head. Of his motives, God alone can judge. It was assuredly no time to propose restrictions when nothing but a Dictator could save the state.

Our interview lasted upward of three hours, in the course of which Joseph became not only warm, but eloquent on the subject of his brother, although he spoke but indifferent English and I was ignorant of French. He denied that Napoleon was a tyrant. He was the creature of necessity, and his ambition was imposed upon him as a solemn, imperative duty. He stood forth the regenerator of the age and was placed in a situation where to prevent everything from going backwards it was necessary to be always going forward. The institutions which he had established in France by his absolute will were yet highly favorable to the freedom and happiness of mankind and especially [to] the people of France who at that moment were in the enjoyment of rights denied to the rest of Europe. Napoleon was therefore an object of extreme jealousy, of bitter, enduring hate, for he had broken the great Arch of Legitimacy—he had humbled Kings and exalted the People. His existence and his power were incompatible with the safety of ancient abuses, and hence he knew that no permanent repose could be enjoyed by Europe unless the old established despotisms were so humbled as to be acquiescent, or their systems so modified as to associate harmoniously with that which he had established in France. In short, he well knew that all the great powers of Europe were either secretly or openly united against him and that his son could never reign in peace unless the enemies of France were absolutely subdued into acquiescence beforehand. His latter wars, though apparently offensive, were not so in reality, since they were only to disarm enemies who, as plainly appeared in the end, were only waiting for an opportunity to wield them to his destruction.

"My brother," concluded he, "would during the years of his undisturbed reign have been glad of repose for the remainder of his life. But his position and his destiny would not permit. It seems that a great martyr was necessary to lead the way to the freedom of Europe, and none more illustrious than my brother could have been selected from the race of mankind."

There was a fine bust of Napoleon by Canova in the room, and while Joseph was thus vindicating his brother with eloquent, affectionate enthusiasm, I thought I never saw a more striking likeness than between the two. Joseph was dressed very neatly, but very plainly, in a blue coat and pantaloons and white waistcoat. He had gradually become exceedingly animated, having at length risen from his chair, and, standing directly in front of the bust, could scarcely refrain from tears as he vindicated that most extraordinary of men whose character, actions, motives, and destiny will probably remain subjects of unceasing doubt, inveterate controversy. To me it appears that the future history of the world will demonstrate that, with the exception of Washington, he has done more for the liberties of mankind than any other man that ever lived. Whether such was his object, or whether he was only an instrument of Providence in bringing about eventually results which he neither desired nor anticipated, is more than belongs to human sagacity to decide.

Joseph spoke with contempt of the pretended private conversations, secret motives, and still more secret interviews of Napoleon with different persons, most especially his brothers, which had been laid before the world in history and memoirs. Among others he instanced a

particular account of the interview between himself and Napoleon when the latter sent for him from Naples to Bayonne in order to make him King of Spain, in which the writer had detailed the very words that passed between them.

"How should these people know anything about the matter?" said Joseph. "There was nobody present but ourselves; I have never opened my lips on the subject, and, as to my brother, he never told anything that was not necessary to be known. To show you how much of the matter was known by this writer, I will tell you exactly how it was. You may recollect I was at that time King of Naples. The people were quiet, I may say happy, under my government, and, as for myself, I had no ambition to occupy any other throne. In this state of things I was sent for by my brother and set out for Bayonne without in the least suspecting his object. On my arrival he conducted me to his private closet, and, being a man of few words and little ceremony, abruptly said, 'I have sent for you, Joseph, to make you King of Spain.'



JAMES K. PAULDING
Secretary of the Navy during Van Buren's Administration

"I replied I had no wish to be King of Spain, or to exchange a quiet, peaceable throne to reign over a people who could only be governed by force, even by their own legitimate sovereigns. I begged him therefore to excuse me and named some of his most distinguished marshals in my stead. But my brother objected. 'Europe,' said he, 'is accustomed to see my brothers made kings, and will acquiesce in your elevation to the throne of Spain not only because you are already a king, but because you are my brother. The monarchs of Europe who occupy their hereditary thrones, seeing that I have only a certain number of brothers, will perceive that I cannot make more than a certain number of kings without going out of my own family, and will therefore submit to their elevation, but if I once begin with my marshals they will not know where I mean to stop, and will combine against me as an absolute measure of self-defense. You must go, Joseph.'

"'But who will you make King of Naples?' asked I.

"'Murat—he is my brother-in-law.'

"I consented at last most unwillingly, and this was all that passed between us."

Several things occurred in this long interview which convinced me that Joseph looked anxiously, if not confidently, to the elevation of his nephew, young Napoleon, to the throne of France, and that preliminary measures were at that time going on. I took occasion to express my sincere regrets at the course

pursued by the Imperial Court toward this devoted youth, who was little less than a state prisoner, a victim to the jealous, dastardly policy of Austria and her allies. Joseph showed me a letter which, being in cipher, he interpreted for me, from which it appeared that the agents of the Napoleon party in France



JOSEPH BONAPARTE

had at length succeeded in opening a correspondence with the young man, who, however, died not long after, and this, I imagine, put a final stop to all the hopes of the Bonaparte family in France. Not long after this interview Lallemand had received permission to return to France, and on his departure was charged with important communications which he betrayed to Louis Philippe, for which he was made a Peer of France and Governor of the important frontier post of Strasbourg.

When Joseph left me, the impression on my mind was that had he not been Napoleon's brother he would have passed for a very remarkable man.

I had almost forgot to mention that the conversation having incidentally turned toward his château at Bordentown, he mentioned as the principal reason for choosing that situation a conversation with Napoleon, I think immediately, or not long after, Napoleon's return from Russia. They were alone together, and his brother, laying a large map of the United States on a table, said:

"Joseph, it is very probable that the time is not distant when you and I will be forced to seek an asylum in the United States. Come, let us look out the best spot."

After a careful examination they decided that the most desirable place was somewhere between the Delaware and Hudson in the state of New Jersey. Napoleon was destined to a slow and painful sacrifice, but Joseph found refuge in the United States, and was governed in his selection of a home by the recollection of the prophetic interview with his brother.

J. K. P.

The meeting between Lafayette and Joseph Bonaparte referred to in the "Interview" occurred at Bordentown on the 26th of September, 1824. The General was under obligations to Napoleon's brother, if only of a very general and little personal nature. Joseph had been the negotiator of the Treaty of Campo Formio, under which Lafayette had obtained his release from an Austrian dungeon. Furthermore, he had been the guest of Joseph at Mortefontaine on the occasion of the signing of the new treaty between France and the United States, likewise negotiated by Joseph. It was natural that he should turn aside from his triumphal progress to greet his distinguished compatriot now that their respective positions were to a certain extent reversed. The visit is mentioned by Lafayette's secretary, Levasseur, who, however, describes it only on its external, spectacular side—the people from the surrounding country swarming over the grounds of Point Breeze to get a look at Lafayette, and obtain, perhaps, for themselves or their children a blessing or other mark of recognition from the illustrious Friend of Liberty. Joseph, the secretary tells us, was good-natured about it; indeed, he was liberal at all times in allowing the public access to his estate, and was accustomed in particular to receive the people of Bordentown at a great display of fireworks each Fourth of July.

The private conversation between the two men occurred in the study before dinner, and is related in substance by Charles Jared Ingersoll, Bonaparte's

friend, in his *History of the Second War between the United States and England.* Lafayette, according to this statement, began by saying that he regretted the part he had taken in the restoration of the Bourbons; their dynasty could not endure, as it clashed too much with national sentiment; every one was now convinced that the Emperor's son would be the best representative of the reforms accomplished by the Revolution. A donation of two million francs (not dollars) by Joseph, to be placed in the hands of a committee to be named by Lafayette, would be sufficient to place Napoleon II. on the throne within two years' time. Joseph declined the proposal, partly because of shortness of funds, partly because he mistrusted Lafayette's ability to carry it out. Ingersoll adds:

> Joseph and Lafayette parted on the kindest terms, which were never interrupted, although six years afterward they differed as much as ever on Lafayette's last, and again unfortunate, instrumentality in the attempt to restore a Bourbon monarch.

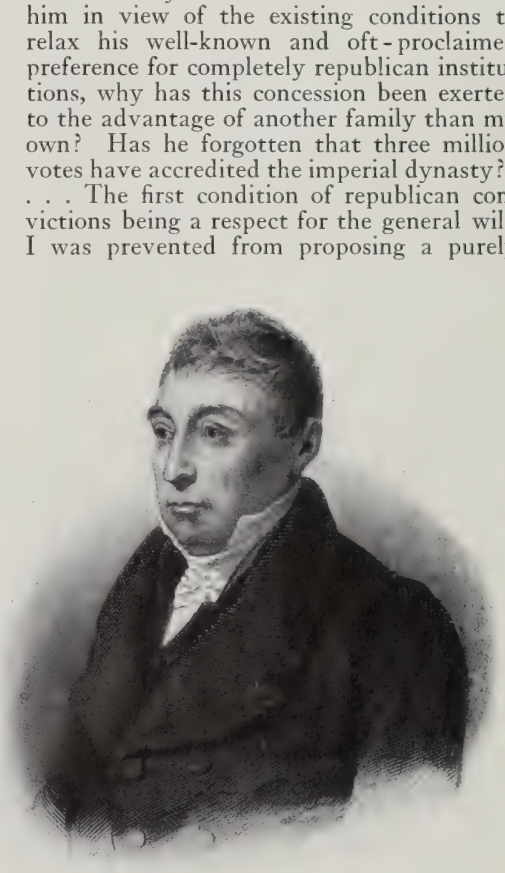
Two discrepancies—neither of them very important—may be noted in the accounts of the interview given by Joseph to Ingersoll and Paulding respectively. One concerns the sum mentioned, which is obviously due to a misunderstanding; the other is the omission in the interview with Paulding of any mention of a committee to have the custody of the proposed fund. No one acquainted with Lafayette's character, however—particularly with his reputation for lavish generosity and disinterested giving—could for a moment entertain the hypothesis that the General was proposing a bribe. Almost at this very time he declined the gift of $200,000 and a township of land, voted him by Congress, and discouraged the efforts undertaken in several of the states to offer him money.

There remains the question of Lafayette's sincerity, which, despite Ingersoll's assertion of their continued friendship, was evidently gravely compromised in Bonaparte's eyes at the time of his visit to Paulding.

Was Lafayette a Republican, an Orleanist, a Bonapartist, or more simply a believer in constitutional liberty, ready to take advantage of any party to secure an advance in the general direction of his ideals? The subsequent correspondence between himself and Bonaparte sheds considerable light upon this question.

Immediately upon hearing of the Revolution of 1830, Joseph wrote to Lafayette as the Frenchman who best knew his thoughts, taking occasion at the same time to express entire confidence in his character. Lafayette replied with every evidence of affection and esteem, as well as with considerable frankness.

> You have been disappointed in me during these latest happenings [he writes], not because I had committed myself to you or to anybody else, but you have said to yourself, "Since Lafayette has felt it incumbent on him in view of the existing conditions to relax his well-known and oft-proclaimed preference for completely republican institutions, why has this concession been exerted to the advantage of another family than my own? Has he forgotten that three million votes have accredited the imperial dynasty?" . . . The first condition of republican convictions being a respect for the general will, I was prevented from proposing a purely



THE MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE
At about the time of his last visit to the United States



VIEW NEAR BORDENTOWN FROM THE GARDENS OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE'S ESTATE
[From a contemporary print.]

American constitution, the best of all in my eyes; to have done so would have been to disregard the voice of the majority, to risk civil strife, and to invite a foreign war. If I was mistaken, it was at least against my constant inclination, and supposing that I was actuated by a vulgar ambition, even against what would have been called my own interest. A popular throne in the name of the national sovereignty, surrounded by republican institutions—that is what we considered practicable. . . .

I might confine myself to saying that your dynasty was dispersed, . . . but I owe to your friendship my full and frank opinion. The Napoleonic system has been radiant with glory, but stamped with despotism, aristocracy, and servitude, and if there be a combination that could make these scourges tolerable and almost popular in France (which God forbid!), it would be a return of the imperial régime. Besides this, the son of your immortal brother has become an Austrian prince, and you know what the cabinet of Vienna is. There, my dear Count, in spite of my personal feelings toward you, you have the reasons which have prevented me from desiring the re-establishment of a throne whose constant tendency toward ancient errors was demonstrated during the Hundred Days.

This was in 1830. May it have been that in 1824—six years earlier—Lafayette, while holding the same opinion, was in doubt whether Louis Philippe or the young Napoleon was more likely to provide the liberal monarchy of which the French nation had need, and, in the throes of that doubt, inclined now to the one side, now to the other?

To understand this position one has to remember that the name "Republic" in France was laden still with recollections of the Terror; that at no time between the close of the great Revolution and the later years of the reign of Louis Philippe would it have entered the region of practical politics to propose a revival of the republican régime. Lafayette himself had recoiled from participation in the later governmental stages of the earlier republic; conserving his theoretical principles, he had subsequently held aloof from both the Empire and from the Bourbon monarchy he had helped to restore. In America he might reasonably and justly describe himself as a Republican; to a group of friends at a private table in a discussion of contemporary French politics he might well refer to the Orleanist party as the one to which he "belonged" in the sense that he was compelled to act with its representatives. In the privacy of Bonaparte's study was he betrayed by the good feeling of the moment—the

sympathetic atmosphere of old France in the middle of his dust-laden journey—into a profession of the other alternative? Or did he only mean to sound Joseph as to the lengths he was prepared to go in an attempt to restore his nephew to the throne? Lafayette's biographers all describe him as impulsive and prone to give his confidence on insufficient grounds.

To Ingersoll Joseph writes on January 2, 1831, that he has sure information that Lafayette proposed the exclusion of the Bourbons in the preceding July, and was willing to assent to the proclamation of young Napoleon, but yielded, after a defense lasting thirty hours, to the arguments of those who wanted the Duke of Orleans. In another letter, written in the following March, he admits, however, that Lafayette has informed him that in his (the General's) opinion the Duke of Orleans alone was in a position to prevent war, and Joseph hints his belief that Lafayette was duped again. Ingersoll says:

> Joseph always held that on several great conjunctures Lafayette misjudged French interest, welfare, and glory; once by his flight from the head of the French army in 1792; again by his acquiescence in the Bourbon restoration of 1815; and a third time when he helped the Duke of Orleans to the throne: all calamities for his country.

That this was Joseph's final judgment we may well believe. It is not incompatible with a belief in Lafayette's integrity, which, although shaken for a moment at the time of his visit to Paulding, was in all probability quickly reestablished, as witness his reply to the letter of Lafayette last quoted:

> I am convinced that on this occasion, too, you have acted as you judged yourself bound in conscience to do. Please believe, my dear General, that I am full of esteem, gratitude, and friendship for you, against wind and tide.

That it will also be the verdict of history it may be going too far to assert, yet historians are agreed that Lafayette was more remarkable for his qualities of heart than of head. "A political ninny," Napoleon called him, in one of his outbursts, "the eternal dupe of men and things." But Taine, taking note of it, writes:

> With Lafayette and some others one embarrassing detail remains, namely, proven disinterestedness, constant solicitude for the public good, respect for others, the authority of conscience, loyalty, and good faith; in short, pure and noble motives.

"A weak man," again he has been called, "overridden by the abstract principles he professed." But it is not a characteristic of weakness to remain faithful throughout a long career in troubled times to a single ideal, no matter how abstract. Matched by the standard of public men in France who passed from Bourbon to Bonaparte and back again within a space of a few months, he appears a model of consistency. That he was venal, nobody has ever asserted. That he was ready upon more than one occasion to sacrifice himself and his possessions for the cause of liberty is amply admitted. If he contemplated for an instant lending his influence to a renewal of the Empire, it must have been in acceptance of the dictum announced by Joseph himself—"Individual families have duties to perform in their relation to nations, but nations alone have rights to exercise." The claim of Napoleon's son, on this theory, rested upon his proclamation by the deputies in 1815, and was valid only until the nation made another choice.

Wedding-gifts

BY ALICE BROWN

CYRUS HOLT, a tall, light-colored man something over thirty, stood in his little front garden watering the Canterbury-bells. He had slow, deft movements like a clumsy dog taught to do clever tricks. But his tricks were all useful ones, though they sometimes seemed to him tiresome because nobody cared whether he did them or not. He lived alone in the little gray shingled house, and did over old furniture in the shop behind. Touring-cars stopped often at his gate, and ladies loved to talk with him. If he had traded on his charm, he might have sold out his shop as fast as he filled it; but that elaboration of business had never occurred to him.

Cyrus not only bought and repaired furniture, but did his own cooking and kept the house neat. He never told how bitterly he hated all the sweeping and washing that went to fulfilling the old traditions his mother had kept up even through her illness, because he had a feeling she might get wind of such disloyalty, wherever her spirit lived, and perhaps be hurt by it. But sometime, he thought, he should shut the door and turn the key upon all the exacting tasks that lay in wait for him there. This would be after Annie Lincoln's marriage, and the marriage came to-morrow. As he watered the Canterbury-bells he looked down on them worshipfully, all of them snow-white, standing in a chaste perfection, holding their scalloped cups up to the light. He had been sprinkling them for a long time, half in absent habit, and the drops lay thickly on them, and the ground about them was black with richness. His garden had never looked so happy and prosperous as this year, and yet this was the year when he felt himself done with it for ever.

"You've got an elegant-lookin' patch there," came a woman's voice from the gate. It was an old voice with seams and cracks in it, yet always a thrill like perpetual laughter.

Cyrus knew who she was: old Huldy Lincoln from the Ridge. She was Annie's cousin of some distant degree, and she had walked over to the wedding. He had heard the neighbors speak of her coming, laughingly, yet with tolerance. They knew she was half a gipsy, and the wedding was to be a proper one. The aunt and uncle who had brought Annie up, and half pushed, half cajoled her into accepting Joel Brewster, were forehanded folks, and they would not be over-pleased to see an awkward old relation stumbling into their gala-day. Joel Brewster might not be pleased. He was the storekeeper, and his first wife had been a Tappan and brought him money.

Cyrus set down his watering-pot and went along the path. Huldy was resting her strong brown hands on the gate, while her keen eyes sought here and there in the garden with the professional gaze of one who also has built up a thing of beauty and knows the pitfalls in the way. She was a muscular, broad woman between sixty and seventy, dressed in dark-blue gingham of the thickness often devoted to men's shirts, and Cyrus, who had thought of Annie's wedding until he had got nervous over every detail, wondered whether Huldy would not spoil the picture if she had no clothes but these.

"I never see such poppies in my life," she said.

"Too bad they wilt so quick, ain't it?" Cyrus answered. "They're all right if you leave 'em on the stem, but if you cut 'em, where be they?"

"You can plunge the stems into hot water."

"Yes, so the papers say. But I can't say 's I take much stock in it. What I'd like," he said, in a burst of confidence, "would be to have hunderds of



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland Engraved by Nelson **Demarest**

HIS GARDEN HAD NEVER LOOKED SO HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

'em in vases 'round the room for Annie's weddin'. I couldn't think of anything 'twould light it up so. But you can't resk it. One and another wilts, and that spiles all the rest."

She glanced sharply at him. "You goin' to the weddin'?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I've heard Annie say consid'able about you," she continued. "That week she come over to the Ridge to see me she couldn't talk about nobody else, your flower-garden and all. But if I hadn't known ye I should ha' thought, the way she spoke, you were an older man."

"That's it," said Cyrus, gravely. "I s'pose Annie would think of me that way. When mother and I come back here to live, Annie didn't seem no more 'n a little girl to me. I s'pose I seemed as old again to her as I be. I used to watch her, and kind of wait for her to grow up, and fust thing I knew she was goin' to marry Brewster."

"Yes," said Huldy. "I shouldn't wonder if they kind of egged her on."

"Well," said Cyrus, angrily, "that's neither here nor there. The weddin's to-morrer, and next day she'll be gone."

"Yes," said Huldy, taking her hands off the gate, "that's so. Well, I must be gittin' along. If I don't step lively I sha'n't git home 'fore night."

"Ain't you goin' to stay to the weddin'?"

"Law, no. I'm no hand for weddin's. I'd ruther set down on the front steps with a bowl o' bread and milk and hear the whippoorwill. But I've got a little mite of a present for Annie, and I'm goin' to put it into her own hands. You want to see what 'tis?"

Cyrus did want to see. She thrust a hand into her long pocket and pulled up the bottom of it in her search. When she brought the hand out, she opened it—a broad, brown, serviceable member—and showed him two ten-dollar gold-pieces.

"I've had 'em laid up for most eight year," she said, "toward buryin' me. But I got thinkin' of Annie t'other night when I set eatin' my supper on the steps, and I says, 'Some o' the Lincolns 'll bury me and be glad to. And I'll tell Annie to lay these by and say nothin' about 'em till she wants to run away from Brewster, and mebbe they'll buy her a ticket some'er's.'"

Cyrus stepped forward hastily and opened the gate, as if he would pursue her and her thoughts to their last conclusion. "Do you know anything ag'inst Brewster?" he demanded.

"Not the leastest thing in the world."

"Then what makes you think she'll want to run away?"

"Law, 'most everybody does," said Huldy, calmly. "From time to time, that is. But they git over it, and bymeby they quiet down for good. Only I kinder set by Annie. She's a delicate little thing, and if she wanted to go I guess 'twould break her heart to find she couldn't. So you ain't goin' to give her no poppies?"

"No," said Cyrus, "but I'm goin' to give her these."

He swept his arm toward the Canterbury-bells, and Huldy nodded at them, as if she acknowledged their perfection.

"Yes," said she. "That's more like it."

Cyrus did not finish watering the garden. He watched her tramping down the road, and then went back to his tract of Canterbury-bells and stood looking at them with a grave consideration. He knew how wonderful they were; yet now at the last he debated whether there could be anything more to do to crown their perfectness. But there was no last care to show them, and he turned back to the house. On the step he paused, with the feeling that some one was looking at him. There was no sound, but his senses told him he was not alone. There in the orchard path, half screened by the great lilac bush, she stood, Annie Lincoln in her light dress, the sun on her yellow hair. It seemed to him he could not get to her quickly enough, though he crossed the garden in long strides. It was not like Annie, really. It was like the ghost of her. As he came, he did not see her moving away from him, but at his call she returned to her place behind the bush.

"Why, Annie!" he said; and that was all he could say for a moment. "Where you goin'?"

She stood staring at him as if she hardly knew what she might allow herself to answer, and he thought he had never

seen her look so strange. She was fair and delicate, but her eyes were a dark, deep brown, and now they seemed larger than ever, the pupils wide and black.

"Where you goin'?" he repeated gently. It seemed to him he should have to reach over the fence and touch her arm to recall her from her trance.

"To get some brakes," she answered.

"What for?"

"They want 'em—for to-morrow"

"For trimmin'?"

"Yes. They're goin' to trim the house."

"You run back home," said Cyrus. He felt compassion for her, she seemed so tired and frail. Yet she was strong and healthy, really. This state was like the withering of a lovely flower. "I'll get 'em for you and bring 'em in the mornin'."

"No, no," she said. Now she looked terrified. "I'd ruther go. I want to get away a spell."

Cyrus could understand that. He could fancy Aunt Sarah charging about the house, talking cake and decorations, and Uncle Timothy clumping in and out, silent but ponderous.

"All right," said he. "You go along down to the spring, and set there a spell and hear the brook runnin'. But don't you worry about the brakes. I'll fetch you a whole cartload in the mornin' while the dew's on 'em."

She turned away, but she looked back at him. "Good-by!" she called.

Cyrus put his hand on the fence, to leap it and hurry after her. But that would startle her and do him no good. So he stood staring, and the sound of her last word beat on in his ears until he had to answer it.

"Don't you say that word, Annie. There's no such word betwixt you and me."

She stopped, and their eyes met sadly. Then she smiled in a strange way. "Yes," said she, "I guess there is. If this ain't good-by, I don't know what good-by is."

Now she went on, and Cyrus leaped the fence and followed her. She walked rapidly down the lane and he walked beside her.

"Annie," said he, "you sick?"

"No," she answered, looking down and hurrying on. "I guess I'm well enough."

"They 'ain't been worryin' you?"

"No. Oh, no."

"I s'pose you're tired out," said Cyrus, bitterly. "Sewin' on things and beatin' up cake. It's no way to start out bein' married. They've worked you like a dog."

Annie stopped and seemed to recover herself. She even smiled a little. "There, Cyrus," she said. "You turn about and go back home. I'll run along and set a minute by the spring."

She looked strangely lonely and unfriended, yet he could not think of anything to do to help her.

"Don't you want"—he hesitated—"don't you want I should go with you?"

"No," said Annie, quickly. "I couldn't bear it."

"All right," said Cyrus.

But as he turned away from her it came to him suddenly that he must see her again before the morning. "You comin' back this way?" he called.

"No," said she. "I shall go through the medder."

Cyrus, walking rapidly back, turned once to look at her. She, too, was walking fast, and in a moment she crossed the little rise and he had lost her. Then he went into the house and shut the door behind him, not to be tempted to go out to follow her or even to look again at the Canterbury-bells. But while he did the tasks he hated, setting out his supper on the scoured table—though he had no mind to eat—he heard some one at the door, and hurried toward it. The latch lifted, and Huldy stepped in with a little nod that did for ceremony.

"Look here," said she; "when you goin' over there with your blooms?"

"In the mornin'," Cyrus answered, pulling out a chair for her.

"Well, then, you see 'f you can see Annie, and you give her what I showed you, unbeknownst."

Again she plunged her hand into the deep pocket and brought out the two gold-pieces. Cyrus felt an unreasoning excitement.

"Why didn't you give 'em to her?" he asked.

"I never see her," said Huldy. "I guess they didn't want I should. They said she'd gone off some'er's. I knew I shouldn't git home 'fore midnight if I waited any longer, an' I come away."

"I see Annie not twenty minutes ago," said Cyrus. "She went down through that lane and she's goin' back through the medder. You take the cart-path an' foller her. That's what you do."

Huldy stood a moment, thinking. "Well," said she, "I dunno' what I'm goin' to foller her for. You better do it yourself, come to that."

"No, I can't. 'Tain't my place. But you go, Huldy. You go."

"I dunno' what for."

Cyrus did not know either, but he felt she might understand that look in Annie's eyes. "You go," he repeated. "You do it. You find out—"

"What be I goin' to find out?" Huldy asked him.

"Find out how she feels about it."

"'Bout her weddin'?"

"Yes."

"There ain't many girls can tell how they feel about their weddin'," said Huldy, shrewdly. "I guess it's all a dream."

"Yes," said Cyrus. "That's it. That's the way she looked. As if she's in a dream."

Huldy glanced at him sharply. "Well," said she, "what kind of a dream? Good or bad?"

"I don't know," said Cyrus. "She didn't look hardly—right."

Huldy had sunk into the chair, and now she rose and stood for a moment looking down at her stout shoes.

"Well," said she, "I guess I'll chance it. I can give her the gold-pieces, and she needn't say anything if she don't want to. Which way 'd you say she went?"

Cyrus opened the door for her. He felt an unreasoning haste.

"You go down the lane," he said. "Then there's the cart-path. You foller that and 'twill bring you to the spring. I'd go with you, but I guess you'll make out better alone."

But some one else was striking into the lane—Joel Brewster, walking fast, his head high, and whistling. He was a heavy man, with a close, grizzled beard, and bags under his eyes, and to Cyrus he had looked more and more unpleasant as the wedding-day came near. Brewster was a man who was always driving fast, bent on business and in haste about it. But now his haste was joyous, and, strangely, it did not become him. It was a distinct shock to hear him whistling. He nodded at the two.

"Seen anybody goin' this way?" he called.

Cyrus did not answer, and Brewster hardly waited.

"I guess I know where to find her," he said. "Her uncle seen her turn in here."

He went on, and Cyrus watched him and hated his heavy shoulders. Yet his own shoulders were as broad, only they had muscle without fat. Huldy was watching, too.

"That him?" she asked.

"Yes," said Cyrus.

"Well, then, I'll be moggin' along home. I guess if anything could been done we'd better done it afore now. An' mebbe you couldn't, anyways. That kind of a creatur's hard to git away from. Sometimes a girl's bewitched. But you give her the money, quick as ever you can."

Again she drew forth the gold-pieces, but somehow he did not want to take them into his hand. They seemed to be the price of something that should not be sold. But he remembered then that they were to be the price of Annie's deliverance if she needed it. Huldy seemed to understand. She went to the window, slipped up the screen, and laid them on the sill.

"There!" said she. "In the mornin' you give 'em to her and tell her right out what I said. Tell her they're to run away with, if she wants to go."

Cyrus came awake. "I'll see to it," he said. "Now you come in and have a cup o' tea and I'll harness up and carry you along home."

"No," said Huldy. "'Bleeged to you, but I'd ruther by half walk."

Cyrus followed her to the gate. "Why," said he, "it's a matter o' ten mile."

"I know it," said Huldy; "but it's moonlight, and good goin' all the way. Besides, I kinder feel as if you'd better hang 'round here. It's borne in on me,

and when I have them feelin's I give in to 'em. Anyways, you set down an' think it over, an' when you hand her the money you speak up and tell her what it's for."

Cyrus watched her away through the dusk and then went into the house and stood a moment in the front room looking at the gold-pieces on the sill. He thought of wrapping them in a little packet for Annie's hand, but there was time enough for that, and he went off into the kitchen and left them lying there. After he had eaten hastily and as a matter of habit, he cleared away his supper, and the night was before him like a wall. Cyrus had thought a good many times of this one night, the last before Annie Lincoln's marriage. After it, he knew, he could not be the same again. When she walked out of the neighborhood into another man's house she would have shut a door behind her, and he would be left in a strange state he did not like to think of, in the emptiness she had left. But the night was even more strange than he had fancied it. Perhaps Huldy had helped make it so, with her uncompleted errand and her dark talk of men and women who wanted to get away. He sat down in his arm-chair in the kitchen and bent forward over his folded hands in a throbbing misery. The moon came up and the whippoorwill sang, and there were scented waves of dampness, and it seemed to him the hours would never pass. He was not thinking either about Annie or his lack of her. He was only merged into a flooding life where everything is pain. It seemed to him he had sat there half the night when the clock struck and startled him. He counted, and could not believe himself, for it was only ten. And at the last quivering stroke somebody beat upon the door. But she did not wait for him to come. She called him over and over.

"Cyrus! Cyrus! You there?"

At the instant of her calling he was at the door, but it seemed to him that it was long enough for them to find her and drag her away from him. There she was, a slender figure in her light dress the moonlight turned to mist. Her hair was in one long braid, and it looked like silver. Cyrus put out his hand and drew her in and shut the door behind her. Then he shot the great bolt, though when he slept there alone he never thought of fastening it at all. But the sound of the bolted door was reassuring to her, he knew, though she seemed not to notice it, for she fell to crying.

"Come in here," said Cyrus, guiding her into the living-room. "I'll get a light."

His passion of the hours before had hardened into a calm. He felt not like a lover, but a fighting man.

"No, no," said she. "Not in there. They'll see me through the window."

"'D they know you're comin'?"

"No. They think I'm abed. I was goin'. I'd got my hair braided. But I dressed me again and come."

"Nobody 'll see you in the kitchen," said Cyrus. "I'll pull down the curtains."

She went with him obediently, but when they stood in the broad track of moonlight from the kitchen window he turned and looked at her. He had forgotten the lamp and all the quiet sanities he meant to weave about her.

"What is it?" he asked her. "What made you come?"

In the last minutes she had cried violently, so that now she caught her breath in sad after-gasps, trying hard to still them. "I was afraid," she said.

Cyrus understood. But he felt he had to understand a little more. "What made you?" he asked her. "If you're afraid now, why wa'n't you afraid before?"

She was silent a moment. He could hear her catch her breath.

"It's to-morrow, Cyrus," she said. "Don't you know 'tis? And I'm afraid."

Cyrus felt he could not let her leave anything unsaid. "You knew 'twas goin' to be to-morrer," he reminded her. "You've been walkin' right along toward it."

"But he come down there," she said—"down into the woods right after I left you. I was standin' by the spring. I guess I was cryin'. Not like this, but I was cryin'. I see him, and 'fore I knew what I was doin' I started to run. And he run, too. I heard his steps behind me. And he ketched me up and kissed me. That's all, Cyrus. I can't bear it. I'm afraid."



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland

HE HEAPED HER ARMS WITH THE CANTERBURY-BELLS

"Hadn't he ever kissed you?"

"Once, on my cheek. And I got away. I thought he'd see I didn't like it. But now, somehow, he don't care. I can't bear it, Cyrus. I'm afraid."

They stood there silent for a moment, hearing the clock tick and the stress of each other's breath. Cyrus seemed to himself calm enough, because he had to be. He was thinking hard; although he knew what he meant to do, he was sure it must be done in the right way. He had no faith in his own power of speech, and yet she had to see things as he saw them. But as he debated over words, he put out his hands and drew her to him, and they stood there, his arms about her, and she did not shrink from him. Cyrus bent his cheek to hers.

"Annie," said he, "are you afraid?"

He was holding her lightly, but she did not stir, and he asked his question over.

"No," said she.

"Then," said Cyrus, "you kiss me, and see if you're afraid."

She did it so obediently that he was sorry for her. She touched his heart in a way that hurt him.

"Annie," said he, "what made you come here to me to-night?"

"I told you. I'm afraid."

"Yes," said Cyrus, "but what made you come to me? There's the minister. He'd stand by you. What made you come right straight to me?"

She had not thought of reasons. That made it all the better. But she withdrew from him a little and her voice was troubled. "Hadn't I ought to come?"

He snatched her back into his arms. "Yes," he said. "You'd ought to come, and you'd ought to stay. And you'd ought to come before. I'd ought to made you."

"You've been real good to me," said Annie. "Only I guess you thought I was nothin' but a little girl. And I thought if you ever liked anybody 'twould be somebody older 'n' better 'n' me."

"Now," said Cyrus, "you listen to me. I'm goin' to leave you here—"

"No, no," she cried. "Don't you leave me, Cyrus."

He led her to the chair where he had begun his vigil, and put her into it. Then he knelt beside her and kept his arms about her while he talked. "You sit right here like a good girl, and I'll go and harness up."

"But you can't take me anywheres they wouldn't get me. I've no place to go to."

"We'll overtake your cousin Huldy—"

"Has Huldy been here?"

"She didn't stop long. I guess your folks never encouraged her. She left you some money in case you wanted to run away—"

"How'd she know?" asked Annie.

"She knew more 'n I did," said Cyrus. "And now she's footin' it home, and if I hadn't been half crazed I should 'a' harnessed up then and took her. But 'twas well I didn't, or I should 'a' missed you. You'd 'a' knocked at the door and found me gone."

"Yes," said Annie. "She'd take me in. Maybe she'd find me somethin' to do."

"She'll take you in," said Cyrus, "but she won't find you anything to do. You're comin' back here, Annie. You're goin' to live with me. Ain't you goin' to live with me?" Her hand on his shoulder held it a little tighter. "We'll be married in less 'n a week," said Cyrus. "Soon 's ever I get this house cleared up for you to come into."

Annie laughed a little. "Why," said she, "it's neat as wax."

"You think so?" asked Cyrus, hopefully.

"I certain do."

"Then if it suits you, it suits me. And when I've seen you into Huldy's house and the door locked behind you, I'll come back here and tell your folks where you be, and if they want a weddin' tomorrer they'll have to scare up some kind of a bride, for this one's mine. Now you wait."

He left her sitting in the great chair and went out to harness. When he had finished and tied the horse at the gate, he came in again, knowing he should find her there, and yet afraid, her presence seemed so inevitable a part of this strange night. There she was, a still, white figure, waiting. She called to him.

"Cyrus, you sure you want me to?"

He was getting his coat out of the

front hall, and she heard the opening of a bureau drawer.

"Here," he said, returning, "here's somethin' for you to put over you."

He wrapped it about her, and Annie felt the silky texture.

"Why," said she, "it's your mother's white embroidered shawl. Once she showed it to me."

"You've got to go in white," said Cyrus. His hands trembled as they drew it close. "Mother had it when she walked out a bride. Here's somethin' else." It was the two gold-pieces, and he closed her hand upon them. "You keep tight hold of 'em, and when we overtake Huldy you can give 'em back to her."

"Yes," said she. "I don't want to take Huldy's money."

"She give it to you to run away with," said Cyrus. "I guess you won't need it now."

Midway down the garden path he stopped beside the poppies. "Only to think," he said, "I talked about givin' you poppies to trim up with. I wanted to have the house look gay. But I guess we can be gay enough now. You wait a minute." He went on to the Canterbury-bells, took out his knife and cut stalk after stalk. He heaped her arms with them, and when he had put her in the wagon he laid a pile of them at her feet. "There," said he, "that's somethin' like!"

The Heretic

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"THEN," said my Angel, "I leave you!"
"So!" whispered my Devil, "I come!"
But my lips framed no regretting;
I stood struck dumb.

With pathos the angels would grieve you;
With threats the devils would fright.
Man travails within, begetting
A god of light.

Now though all Heaven bereft me
Of flowers and music's sound,
Now though all Hell, to win me,
Flamed red around,

Only one thing was left me,
One only since time began:
To speak the truth that was in me
And play the man.

To the Home of Pierre

BY HOWARD E. SMITH

A RELENTLESS wind blew the snow in wraith-like forms across long, barren fields into my face, and my eyes pained under the blasts. My lungs seemed withering in the cold, and my heavy socks and boots, although buried deep in hay and robes, could not keep the cold from penetrating to the very arteries of my feet. Whenever Pierre spoke, his words were scurried away by the wind, and for fear my endeavor to catch the escaping remarks would derange the protecting robes he had tucked about me at the railroad station, I seldom asked him to repeat. So we rode on, listening to the hum of the wind and the creaking snow beneath us.

Mile after mile the road took us on over hills blown nearly bare of the ever-shifting snow, down into gullies where drifts towered above us and where saplings had been erected in the expanse of snow to mark our way. The white was so intense I could not keep my eyes open. On either side of the road treeless fields stretched away to a black forest. Over the forest rose the cheerless Laurentides, and over all a gray January sky. Only the tops of parallel fences broke the uniform whiteness, marking the lots of land given to each habitant in the days of the Old Régime by the Seigneur when he was lord of the land. The lots were originally very long and narrow, and as their narrower sides faced the road, the houses were brought close together for protection and sociability. I could hardly realize that I was on the very outskirts of civilization and that the distant forest was almost pathless to the silent Arctic. To have stepped over the fence would have been to step out of civilization.

The road seemed the only street of an endless village. One would have been at a loss to determine where a township began or ended. Only the churches marked the parishes. They were covered with tin, which, though unpainted, was without rust or discoloration, owing, I fancy, to the clear, dry air of Canada. They were substantial constructions, always built of stone. The older ones were of decided Norman design—the sharp, tall tower surmounted by a cock, long, sloping roof, and little windows.

One huge church with two tall towers stood on an imposing knoll in a parish that seemed poorer than the others. Between the towers stood a bronze figure of St. Paul glistening like gold against the leaden background of sky. The church looked new, and I asked Pierre if it had been constructed long.

"No, monsieur. Three year ago eet was begun, that church. Eet is not bad for a poor parish in three year, *n'est-ce pas?*" he added, with an admiring cant of his head.

Surely I could not but marvel at the love of these humble folks for the church to which they had so generously laid down of their worldly goods for the promise of peace *en haut* and the quiet mind on earth.

The houses bordering the road were set at whatever angle to the road pleased the builder's fancy. They were usually built of stone and plaster, one story high. Often each side of the house was of a different color, but white plaster softened by the rigors of the climate prevailed. A *galerie*, or piazza, raised high enough above the ground to allow for windows beneath, and a shady place for dogs in summer, ran the entire length front and back. They were without railings, and the long, overhanging eaves served them as roofs. The roofs were pierced with dormer windows, reminiscent of Normandy, and were surmounted with smoking chimneys.

The wood they consume in a winter's time must be appalling, especially to those who have to cut it—and one does

not hear the ceaseless chug of a motor-driven saw in these parts. The only implement I saw in use was a blade with a bent limb for a frame, like the one Noah built the ark with. But that it served its purpose was evident in the towering piles of fragrant wood stacked near the houses. Beside the pile some one was usually wielding the saw or piling the newly cut pieces. In fact, this occupation of gathering and cutting of firewood was the only one I saw indulged in.

Occasionally we passed sleds laden with uncut wood from near-by forests, or laden with what appeared to be a pile of furs and blankets, but as the sled came opposite, the top of the shapeless mass would bow toward us with, "*Bon jour,*" and I would notice two eyes glistening under the folds of a blanket.

The road we were on was not new to me. Often when the song-sparrow was on the wing and the sound of rushing waters filled the air I had gone over it with my creel and flies. I knew each little village and the long hilly slopes where the horses stopped to blow, giving me opportunity to gaze leisurely on the panorama of undulating wilderness and the streams I was to whip, glistening through its depths. Nature then chattered with delightful abandon, but now she seemed lofty and resentful of my approach. The trees cracked in the cold, the ice boomed in the rivers, and the wind hissed at us from the treetops.

I began to weary of the endless houses and the parallel fences and to long for the warmth of Pierre's fireside.

"How far are we from St. Jean?" I asked at length.

"*Pardon, mais, le monsieur* he does not know how far eet ees when he has come so many tame on top of this road?"

"Yes, Pierre, I do know, but I want to hear you say it's only one mile more."

"You want me say one miles. *Eh, bien, mais,* you just say some tame ago that one miles make two miles een wintertame, *n'est-ce pas?* So excuse, monsieur, eef I go to say we have two miles *encore,*" he said, smiling and show-



EVERY HEAVY SNOW-FALL MAKES WORK FOR PIERRE



THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK

ing his strong, broad teeth. "*Mais, voyez-vous*, there is the church now," he added, reassuringly.

The road turned and we began to descend into a little valley where the force of the wind was broken. There at the bottom was the village clustering about the old church. The bell was ringing Angelus. The gray, wind-swept roof of the church was lost in the gray sky behind it, but the golden cross on the apex of the spire shone brilliantly. Twilight was settling over the scene, and I could look at it without hurting my eyes. How different the place looked under its heavy blanket of snow! The river that reflected the old mill of the Seigneur in the summer and mingled its voice with the wind in the black forest above it in a melody of joy and gladness was now silent and white-bound in ice.

The road we were on was simply the continuation of the only street St. Jean possessed. As we descended toward the village the houses became more numerous. Here and there a habitant was busy at the all-important wood-pile, and a few black figures were on their way to church. This winter twilight contrasted strangely with those of summer, when Baptiste sits tilted back in his home-made chair and plays his violin to the whir of his wife's spinning-wheel, when the sound of song comes from the returning laborers over the fields and the trout play in the black pool at the foot of the chute. Now a horse with shaggy belly stood knee-deep in the snow before the general store. His blanket, partly off, flapped in the wind. His head drooped. The wind played in his unkempt mane. He was the picture of dejection. A wolfish dog rushed at us with a snarl, but retreated at the sound of Pierre's stout whip. This was St. Jean.

The house of Pierre was once the house of the Seigneur. It was similar in design to the others in the village, but



EVERY HOME RECEIVED BENEDICTION FROM HIS HANDS

larger and more massive. Two huge chimneys dominated the roof. I was surprised to see a French flag at a window.

"*Le drapeau* is for the Allies," Pierre explained. "We found eet in the house. Eet was the Seigneur's long tame ago. When the war come we make patriotic."

The welcome from Pierre's folks was as warm as the kitchen air that embraced me when the old mother opened the door to greet me.

"*Bien, bien*," she said. "Come in and warm yourself. You must have feet of ice. *Mon Dieu!* but you look cold!"

The spacious kitchen was alive with children of all ages, from a tot staring at me uncertainly over a slice of bread generously spread with molasses, to a young lady lighting a lamp on the table. All eyed me curiously from behind chairs or from that most popular hiding-place of children, mother's skirts. The floor of the room was yellow. Bright strips of hand-woven carpet ran the length of it. Countless little rugs, which all the girls are taught to make in spare moments, were scattered about. The walls were tinted blue. The ceiling was low and timbered. On an end wall, near the table, hung a large wooden cross, and by it a sampler into which were woven the words "*Dieu me voit.*"

I settled into a chair beside Pierre's father and the curé, who had dropped in to greet me, while madame and Marie prepared the supper.

The curé was a fair example of the black-robed guides of these simple people. For twoscore years he had ministered to his isolated parish. Every door was open to him and every home had received benediction from his hands. And those same hands were not solely for turning the leaves of prayer-books. I remember with what pride he once showed me a little vegetable-garden behind the *presbytère* which he had planted and tilled with an ardor that made evident his keen belief in a future crop of pease, beans, and carrots. His gray hair was shaggy. His chin was small but decidedly firm. His smile was pleasant, but never grew to the magnitude of laughter. His gray eyes squinted

as he listened. His knowledge of the world was limited, but his years of contact with the innermost experiences of his parishioners had given him a keen appreciation of life. His answers to my questions were often surprisingly naïve, but occasionally as cunning as a lawyer's. Soon the twilight grew to night, and the large lamp on the table cast its orange glow over the room and the long table filled with steaming dishes.

"You have a large family, madame," I remarked, as they gathered about the table.

"*Oui, monsieur*, we are sixteen. It is a good gift to *le bon Dieu, n'est-ce pas?*" she said, turning toward the curé.

"*C'est vrai, mon enfant.* It is. There is no better gift than that of another child to His kingdom."

I could not but remember that the law also had encouraged large families by passing a bill at Quebec giving ten acres of land to any family having, from that time forth, twelve or more children, and how in two years the law was repealed because the demand on those ten-acre lots was in excess of the supply.

"How do you have partridge at this season?" I asked Pierre, as I tasted some game he had passed to me. "I thought—"

"Those are prairie-chickens," interrupted the priest, smiling. "I know the law forbids shooting partridge now, but you see the bird is very accommodating; he has two names—one for the open season and the other for the closed. Pierre has much of the *coureur de bois* about him. He spends much time in the bush for meat for the table, and when one hunts and fishes for part of one's livelihood, game laws are seldom thought of. Perhaps we can forgive Pierre, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Madame patiently fed the upturned mouths with countless bowls of pea soup and portions of bread till their hunger was appeased and little heads began sinking in slumber upon the table.

The meal was over, and we were moving the chairs from the table when there was a loud stamping on the piazza. The door opened and a youth stepped into the light of the room. He was much excited, and his eyes were red and swollen from crying.



A DOMESTIC INDUSTRY

"*Monsieur, le curé,*" he gasped, removing his dogskin cap at the same time, "mother is dying. You will come *tout de suite?* Father sent me. I have the carriole to fetch you. Will you come?"

"Certainly, my son," he answered, rising; "but you will drive me first to the church."

"*Bon soir, monsieur,*" he said, extending his hand to me; "I must go now, but I hope to see you at mass to-morrow."

"Will he have to go far?" I inquired of madame when they had gone.

"Only four miles, but the cold is very terrible. It makes even a strong man wince. It is Madame Gagnon who is going to die," she explained, making the sign of the cross. "Poor woman, she was always working, always knitting or making something for others. It is always of consumption that one dies. One wastes away like the snow of spring till it is no more. And it is in the springtime when all the birds come back and the wind of the south plays on the eaves that many die of it. *C'est bien triste.*"

"Had she many children, madame?"

"She was blessed with twenty, monsieur."

Suddenly I heard the sound of a distant bell. "What is that?" I inquired.

"Eet ees the leetle bell of the curé," Pierre replied in a reverent whisper, and fell to his knees beside his chair.

He drew a rosary from his pocket and mumbled a prayer. Madame went to a shelf where a dim red light burned before a cheap image of St. Antoine and got her rosary. Tears were on her worn face. The sound of the little bell grew distant, and only the moaning of the wind and the muttering of prayers broke the strange stillness. I looked from the kneeling figures to two little girls fallen asleep with their heads on the table, then back to the kneeling figures. A strange feeling of lonesomeness came over me.



HERE AND THERE A HABITANT WAS BUSY AT THE ALL-IMPORTANT WOOD-PILE

"The curé," Pierre continued, rising from his knees, "he always carry that bell when he goes to give the last sacrament to the dying. He ees now gone to that boy's house who was just een here. Always when we hear that bell we know that somebody goes to die. We pray for his soul and we pray for *le curé*. If we are on the road we make way for heem, because he goes fast sometame to reach the house before the person make the last portage. Sometame I am all warm on the bed and I hear that leetle bell. Outside there ees beeg hurricane of wind and snow like now, and the cold eet ees terrible on the face. Never min', I get out on my knees by my bed and pray *le bon Dieu* for to help *le curé* out there on hees carriole. Eet ees all right on the sommertame when the stars all shine *en haut* and the balsams smell sweet on the air; *mais sapré*, when the snow is high *comme çà* on top of the road and the *éclairon* dance on the north — that is, well, different."

My chamber that night quite satisfied any desire for quaintness I had. The large bed was coeval with Cartier, I fancy. At its head hung a wooden cross and a green bottle with a spruce spray in it.

"What is this, madame?" I asked, lifting it from its peg.

"That is holy water for your safekeeping through the night." Whereupon she sprinkled me and invoked the protection of the Trinity on me.

The bed occupied most of one side of the room. A stove stood in an aperture in the opposite wall, heating two rooms at once. A fretful child in the adjacent room made the aperture a thing not to be desired. But the crooning voice of its mother soon hushed the child with an old lullaby that awoke pleasant memories. I must have felt its soporific effect, too, for I soon was oblivious of my surroundings in a dream of Normandy, while the madame continued singing:



SHE WAS ALWAYS KNITTING FOR OTHERS

"Do, do, l'enfant, do,
L'enfant dormira tantôt,
Fais do, do, Colas mon petit frère,
Fais do, do, tu auras du gâteau.
Maman est en haut qui fait le gâteau;
Papa est en bas qui casse le bois."

When I awoke it was Sunday. The sun was up. The wind had abated and the air was so clear that the distant

Laurentides looked close at hand. There was a bustle through the house. When I descended to the kitchen, a general scrubbing was in process—the washing of faces and the greasing of boots. Pierre's father was laboring with an ancient razor before a small mirror he had balanced on a window-sill. Marie's hair was in little knots all over her head—to make it look curly when she did it up, she informed me. The old mother was the only one on whom Sunday had as yet made no effect, save in accelerating her movements and in increasing the labor of her willing hands. The task of preparing the children for mass was no small one, and began long before she was *endimanchée* herself.

When our little procession started for mass the bell was ringing. The village street was alive with neighbors from far and near, all going toward the church. Sleds loaded with families creaked past us. The women's white faces contrasted strongly with the rough, colorful skin of the men. All conversation was subdued, and nearly all were dressed in black or gray, relieved only by bright sashes.

But after mass the scene was very different. All was lively. Little knots of habitants lingered in the road, gesticulating in good French fashion. The snow was blinding under the strong sun. Gossips here were just as busy as in any part of the world. Neighbors raced one another down the road at a speed that caused the pedestrians to jump to the roadside. In short, Sunday after mass was a holiday.



PIERRE

The curé greeted me on the steps.

"You had a cold ride last night," I said.

"Yes, but I like that sort of thing. That is real life. The combating of nature for the service of *le bon Dieu* is not only my duty, but my great pleasure. It is a task, often, but it is a small cross compared to that of His. I greatly enjoy the open country—the invigorating air, and all that. And what wonderful air we have here. But, *hélas!* the women will not have of it. The men work much in the open air, chopping and tilling the soil, but their '*créatures*' pass their lives in overheated houses where the air is vile and stagnant. They even bring the hens and geese into their houses when the cold is too intense. Under such conditions there is naturally much consumption. In fact, the doctor has told me that the mortality from that dread disease is greater here than in any other locality in America. *C'est bien triste, monsieur.* My people willingly believe me in things spiritual, but when I speak of their bodily condition they do not listen."

That evening the kitchen was full of Pierre's neighbors sitting about in their Sunday clothes. Pierre's father took an old violin from a cupboard and began to play. I expected to see the rugs and *catalonne* rolled back and a dance begin, but nobody began, so I asked a rosy-faced girl if they did not dance in St. Jean.

"No, monsieur," Pierre interrupted, in his childish desire to exhibit his knowl-



Drawn by Howard E. Smith Engraved by C. E. Hart

THE RETURN FROM SUNDAY MORNING MASS

edge of a language the others could not understand; "we dance not much here, though we like much the dance. The curé he does not like eet. When we want dance we just go to the next parish, where there is one new curé who say eet ees all right if eet ees not *le dimanche*, and there we make dance. But we make good tame here the same. We play games and sing, and make love sometame, *n'est-ce pas?*" he added, turning to the rosy-faced girl again.

But the neighbors of Pierre were too fond of rhythm not to express it. A melodious drone soon started that augmented into song:

"*Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,*
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête. . . ."

They beat time with their feet till the house shook, and they sang with an enthusiasm that even surpassed that of the fiddler, and with a noise that made his instrument inaudible at times. There was an attempt at unison, but the pitch was at variance. The songs were mostly sad and melodious, as folk-songs are the world over; but, unlike most folk-songs, they contained little that was indigenous. They seemed but scions of another land, so strongly reminiscent of France were they.

Later, when the visitors were gone and the house was still save the cracking of the kitchen floor as it cooled, I lay gazing out of my window. There was no light in the village save the pale moonlight, making mysterious shadows under the balsams. The houses stood half buried under the silent snows. Across the bare white fields came the song all habitants love:

"*À la claire fontaine*
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné. . . ."

The song seemed curiously foreign to the crisp sky and the withering cold. It seemed to issue from the night like a ghost of former times, replete with the mysteries that compose the folk-song.

I could not help but think of the remark an Alsatian once made to me: "Where the French language has once taken root, it never is forgotten."

The Return

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MOTHER! I am your child!
Born of you—kin to your wilderness. Take me to rest
Here, in the balsamy nave of your mountainous breast!

Mother, long have I played.
All your domain was my playing-ground, highland and vale;
Treetop and stream were my playmates, and billow and gale.

Mother! Sing me to sleep.
Soft as the voice of the fir shall my slumber-song be,
Deep as the organ that tones in your thunderous sea.
Let me lie down.



The One and the Other

BY V. H. CORNELL

THERE were a woman and two small children in the light farm-wagon; the man was walking beside it, driving the horse. The wagon was new and painted a bright green, with its name in red letters on the side. It was loaded mainly with farm and garden implements, also brand-new, the long handles of a hoe and rake fresh from the hardware-store strongly in evidence. The day was a warm one in early spring; the horse drawing the wagon was sweating, and the man walking was continually wiping his face with a soiled but very fine linen handkerchief. Something distinctly incongruous was conveyed by the turnout as a whole, for, disputing place with the cultivator and shining-pointed plow, were a couple of brown leather suit-cases whose style and quality suggested both fastidiousness and money; and although it was a dusty country road over which they were traveling, the clothes and general appearance of the woman and children riding in the high spring seat of the wagon spoke eloquently of the town.

Unmistakably there was in the small family that air of breeding which goes with the enjoyment of wealth and leisure. The woman was young, dark-haired, with a bright, imperious look in her small-featured face; when her eyes rested upon her husband, they softened to tenderness and submission—a submission which brought a shade with it.

The man's straw hat was pushed back from a forehead that was fair, thin-skinned, and delicately veined like a child's, with clustering rings of hair hardly darker than a deep yellow showing above it. He had a habit of brushing back these rings with an annoyed gesture; they seemed to him to impart a trivial look, though they had rather the effect of a halo above a face peculiarly

adapted to the wearing of one. A not-too-reverent college friend had once dubbed Gilliland the "Beloved Disciple," and the name was not without its significance, both as regarded physical attributes and because of other things—those ideas and actions which had caused him at last to become a marked figure in his world, and given him a notoriety from which he instinctively shrank.

The marriage of this pair had been one of which the girl's father, a man of financial standing and sound money principles, had strongly disapproved. The appealing personality had not blinded him to the erratic strain—the "socialistic" tendencies—in his would-be son-in-law.

"In five years he'll have given away his last dollar!" had been his quite unheeded warning to his high-spirited, determined daughter—but it was six before he saw her finally walk out from the luxurious home which her wealthy young husband had built for her, to follow him into voluntary poverty and exile.

"Do come and get in, Clyde!" she said now, as he stopped the horse on a long up-grade, setting his foot with a blithe assumption of assisting the brake between two spokes of a wheel. "Don't you know you're tired out?" There was a barely perceptible note of impatience in the clear voice, and it showed, too, in a slight frown which brought the dark, finely penciled eyebrows near together.

"No; but I've got to have some different shoes"—he looked down at his modish footgear with a whimsical disgust—"some real farmer shoes that are used to walking over the good earth."

She knew that with this he covered the discomfort, perhaps even the pain, that he was undergoing. "Please—Clyde!" She put out her hand entreatingly, and then lifted the smaller child into her lap to make room on the seat beside her. With a mock-earnest air he placed a small stone behind the wheel he had been holding, then came and stood at her side, putting one arm around her. She drooped a little toward him, a gesture full of pathos. Because her life had been proud and bright and gay, with very little thought of other lives entering it—because she had been little touched by the cry of human need—it was something that she had turned her back upon it all, and had learned to listen to that human cry at his desire.

"Let me get down with you a few minutes, then," she said, suddenly; "I hate this old high seat!"—but her open look of yearning to be in his arms relieved the words of actual complaint.

"It's a nice new seat," he corrected her, gently, but lifted out the two children, depositing them on the grass at the roadside, then helped her over the wheel and to the ground beside him. She immediately laid her head on his shoulder and made him put both arms tightly about her.

"Now—you see," she said, "how I'm hindering us! You didn't have me properly converted; I've no light yet on seeing you trudge along beside the wagon." A little of the old imperious demand showed itself. "That horse can pull you!"

He smiled, and his face was striking in the beauty of its smile—an unusual, spiritual beauty. His wife's heart skipped a beat; it had never lost the trick of it when he looked like that—a look which in her eyes made the halo around his head a plainly visible thing. There was nothing through which she would not have followed him with that smile to command her, yet in the peculiar selflessness—some might indeed have called it selfishness—that was in him, he was not even aware of this dominance he had over her.

"As soon as we get to the top of the hill," he promised, and the tender love in his face as he kissed her reconciled her anew, as it had been ever reconciling her—that, and her own self-abnegating love, which always sprang so swiftly to meet it.

"You're actually pale from being so tired!" she persisted, even after the embrace, "and it's that I can't bear. I don't mind letting the other things go, but I've got to keep you, you know." There was anxiety in her look; her lips even quivered a little. Under its warmth his face did show a noticeable pallor, and there was plainly more spirit than vigor in a body which, beautifully formed otherwise, was a shade too thin.

Gilliland had been a very rich young man in the beginning. His father had



"DO COME AND GET IN, CLYDE!" SHE SAID

been Gilliland the multimillionaire, who, with less foresight in dying than he had shown in living, had left this son in the early twenties in possession of a fortune which in itself would have made him a noteworthy figure, but which in its remarkable disposition threw him into the lime-light of a hardly less than nation-wide interest.

Sunday supplements the country over told the story of this "young man who had great possessions," yet who gave these to feed the hungry and clothe the poor; who sought out the homeless and wretched in the great cities and gave them land to till and a rooftree beneath which to shelter; and who, as an example of brotherhood, and to teach his doctrine by deed as well as word, himself learned to plow the soil and lived in a little house at the side of the road.

With Gilliland the thing was real and vital. Always there had been within him that passionate sense of kinship with humanity; always the cry of those of his brothers who were in want and misery had been sounding in his ears. It had ever been a burden to him that he had more than others—a burden that others must toil for bread while he did not toil. That was why he had been walking beside the wagon this warm spring day; henceforth, if another must sweat, whether man or beast, so must he.

He had had, not many weeks since, his Vision—that vision of the great earth-mother, and of all her wandering, sorrowing children returning to lay down their heads upon her broad, kindly bosom. It had been one that had thrilled and enthralled him. For he might be only the first—after him might be others, many others, upon whom it might also shine. And instead of cities congested with the wretched and suffering of humanity, might be millions of little homes over which the good sky bent—the "peaceful place at evening."

Yet in his own eager springing forward to walk in the light that had burst upon him he had not remembered that to her who must walk with him it might be less illuminating—that she might be only obediently keeping beside him in ways that she did not know.

As the two stood at the roadside they caught the sound of a motor, and a big roadster came easily up the long hill they had been climbing. Though they were but a few hours out from the city, and but a little while removed from the time when their garage had housed their own cars, so entirely had they accepted their changed existence that the motor,

at their first sight of it, had an effect upon them as of something unfamiliar and novel. But in the next instant Rose Gilliland made a startled exclamation:

"It's John Dering!" she said, and turned with a nervous little laugh to her husband. "Let's hide!"

The sensitive face of Gilliland changed also, but he said: "No; I don't feel like crawling under the wagon." Then, more seriously: "I'm ashamed to have that cowardice, that dread of people—of being thought ridiculous. This picture"—he made a gesture that included the heavy-limbed horse standing at rest with relaxed muscles, and the nearer landscape—an orchard in full bloom, a field of green springing grass and browsing cattle—"this picture is not ridiculous!"

"I hate to have it be John Dering," murmured his wife. But if there was within her an acute consciousness of how the "picture" would present itself to the man in the car, she gave no visible hint of this. Instead, moving forward with her husband as the car came up and stopped, she had all the look of one proudly and joyously content.

"Why — hello!" greeted the man. "Gilliland! And Mrs. Gilliland!" He drew off his glove and reached to shake hands with the two. "And both the little Gillilands!" There was a suggestion of mockery, though look and tone were cordial.

"And the horse and wagon!" supplemented she, brightly smiling. Dering, who had once asked her to marry him, said to himself that there was "bluff" in words and smile. They were not spontaneous, as, for instance, had been the light dismissal in her manner when she had upon that occasion told him: "I don't think of you in that way at all. I never could." Now, intercepting his glance toward the green-painted wagon-box from which the hoe and rake handles protruded, she added, "And all the things to dig in the ground with!"

"So I see!" His look, seemingly lightly amused, went from one to the other of the pair. "It's the carrying out of the 'Back to Nature' idea, isn't it?"

Gilliland seemed to shrink a little from the question in Dering's way of asking it. On a face whose expressions were read as easily as words on a printed page, that "dread" of which he had spoken showed plainly. With his characteristic gesture he reached to brush the damp rings from his white forehead, a faint tinge of embarrassment showing through the whiteness. For Dering was not one who had a sense of accountability toward the world—even if it were a world in need; and here, in his mocking presence, Gilliland, too receptively organized, had to resist the encroachment of a feeling that what he had thought, what he had dreamed, what he had done, was childish folly.

But all at once he did resist it. For it was not folly—not unless the Vision, the Inspiration, were naught; unless that greatest Teacher, that greatest Inspiration of all time, had been false, an impostor. It was not folly, this burden for humanity which had been laid upon himself—not folly, his anxious seeking for the best way in which to answer the human cry. An inner assurance took the place of his doubts, and with it there came into his face its look of spiritual beauty.

"'Back to nature' is a perfectly good phrase," he said, answering Dering, "and expresses a perfectly good idea." He spoke in the slightly whimsical tone his wife so well knew, which thinly covered his deeper feeling. "At least we hope to demonstrate such a fact." With the use of the "we," he glanced toward her; she accepted it by a kind of ineffable look cast upon him. But to the observer in the car it was quite clear that it was the man, and not the idea, she would live or die for.

"Things are as they seem, of course—" Dering spoke after something of a pause. He added, with a coldness which held a suggestion of contempt, "They never seemed like that to me, however."

Unlike his wife, Gilliland felt the coldness most, and had an instant of what was almost self-reproach for his happiness in possessing the woman the other man had desired. He felt it a barrier to brotherhood standing between himself and this other, and just for the moment it came accusingly to him, that even his love hindered his emulation of that Life, the greatest ever lived among men, which had taught brotherhood, and had known poverty.

Dering drew on his glove and laid his hands on the steering-wheel. "The best luck I can wish you," he said, with at least an appearance of friendliness, "is that you will soon get tired of your experiment and come back to town and live like Christians. That is," he added, easily, but with a certain look at Gilliland, "if you have anything left to live on!"

"The 'if' is pertinent," said Gilliland, as though something in him demanded the truth—as though it were, in a sense, a confession of faith with him. His wife made a slight but significant movement of consent, of unity, which did not escape the other.

"As bad as that!" The tone was of light indifference, but the glance which rested a moment upon Rose Gilliland was not light—a keen glance out of a face that had none of the beauties of the other man's. Its coloring was rather on the negligible order; it had been indeed wholly negative to Rose Hallowell in those days when her heart had already begun to turn toward the golden-haired Gilliland. It was a face of force, none the less, full of a hard, material intelligence—the money-maker's face more than the love-maker's. He was a few years older than Gilliland, of better physique; to the eyes of the woman he had once tried to win he had, by contrast, a look of coarseness, almost of repellence.

On the point of starting his car he turned back to the pair at the roadside. "By the way"—he looked from Gilliland to his wife and children, then at the empty, leather-cushioned seat behind him—"if you're going on in my direction, I'd be glad—"

She shook her head, giving him her brilliant smile. "Thank you just as much—but I'll stay with the wagon!" The three laughed a little constrainedly. "Come and see us demonstrate the simple life, though," she added, with a cordiality that seemed real. "Clyde, tell him just exactly where—that is, if he



"IT'S THE CARRYING OUT OF THE 'BACK TO NATURE' IDEA, ISN'T IT?"

knows himself!" she said in a smiling aside to Dering, who knew she would have him believe that her ignorance of what lay before her was the most charming idea she could have imagined.

Gilliland looked after the car as it went out of sight over the top of the hill. "I think I ought to have put you in with



THERE WERE MANY HAPPY HOURS FOR THE CHILDREN

him," he said, in a troubled, regretful voice. "He could have set you down right at the door."

"Only I don't want him to set me down at the door!" she repeated after him; "I want *you* to!" His face lighted, but in the next instant she was in his arms, sobbing. "Oh, Clyde! I'm tired —I'm bad—I'm—everything! I don't want to be away off out here in this lonesomeness—with this horse and wagon! I want to be in our own car—with you—going home to our own house!"

"We *are* going home to our own house," he gently reminded her; but she cried, rebelliously:

"Let's stop playing this new, hard way, Clyde—dearest—that nobody else plays! Let's just go back and play the old way—like all the rest—the way we know! I don't know this way"—he felt her shudder in his arms—"I'm like a child in the dark, Clyde. Take us home, dear, please; take us home!"

"Darling," he said, and held her close, pleadingly. And all at once penitence swept through her.

"Oh, I'm not fit to belong to you! I ought to have belonged" —with sudden scorn for both— "to John Dering! I'm just fit for that—just fit for the life of selfish e a s e; not fit for anything high and fine like"—he laid his fingers over her lips, but she pulled them away and finished— "like y o u! O n l y I've got you!" In the broken laughter which came with the words was a joy of possession that superseded e v e r y t h i n g, compensated for everything. "I'll try to do better, dearest," she promised with that sweet humility which from her he only could command, and raised her lips for his kiss of forgiveness. "I'll try to remember better what life is for; that it is only to help and comfort; that we must only live for others. But you see, I'll just have to backslide a few times—and repent and be forgiven!" She put up one slim hand, stroking h i s cheek with infinite tenderness, and smiling, with a love that was beautiful in its passion of giving, into his suddenly clouded eyes.

"Just now I feel like asking you to forgive me," he said, slowly.

"Never!" she cried, happily, and called to the two children picking windflowers in the grass at the roadside. "I'm all rested now, dearest. Are you? Let's hurry and get to our own house, so we can unpack our nice new lamps and get them all ready to light when dark comes!"

And just before dusk Gilliland stopped the tired horse and helped his wife and children out of the wagon before a little, low house with a small front yard, and by and by lights shone from its windows.

There were dandelions in the short young grass in the door-yard; these the Gilliland children picked and made into chains, sitting on the low door-stone in the plain gingham "jumpers" which their mother's unaccustomed hands had washed and ironed. Also the two young philanthropists sat on this door-stone on some moonlit and starlit nights, with the short, white path that cut the yard in halves, running out to the country road, and each had thoughts not shared by the other.

There was a large apple-tree at one side of the path, and here the two children had a rope swing, and spent many happy hours while their mother, indoors, kept the new lamps bright and poured oil into them, sometimes with tears running in with the oil. For it could not have been otherwise with one of these two demonstrators, and there were backslidings and rebellions, with the sorrows of repentance and the sweetness of forgiveness to follow. And there were doubts for the other, moments when the Inspiration failed and the Vision receded, moments when faith turned to unfaith, and joyous enthusiasm to the stone in the breast.

A good deal of the passion of living was wrought out in the little house by the roadside—both while the experiment lasted and after. For there was the irony of it all: that, as an example, it came neither to one nor the other—neither the doubt nor the Vision was justified. With all that went into it, with all the love and high courage, all the faith and all the works without faith, it proved nothing, demonstrated nothing. It merely ceased—suddenly, prematurely, tragically.

Out in his hay-field, pitching forkfuls of the cut grass into the green-painted wagon in the blistering sun, while his wife in her print gown, and with the thought of him in her heart, hurried the midday meal and his children played in the door-yard, Gilliland felt a sudden giddiness seize him. He thought of sunstroke, and started to stagger toward the house. But half an hour afterward some passers on the country road noticed the horse standing and the half-filled wagon, and then saw that something was lying beside it.

They carried him into the little house, and his wife, with fierce, despairing energy, rushed all that the city had of science and skill to his aid. She prayed that he might be spared to her; on bended knee besought Heaven to forgive those times when she had thought it hard—when she had been unwilling to live the life for others—when she had wanted her own life, wanted its ease and comfort, wanted to be happy and gay as she had once been, and to forget a world that was calling to her in its travail and its pain. She passionately promised never even to wish to forget again, never to be, for the briefest space, unwilling again; but she was not called upon to fulfil these promises.

Gilliland gave her a conscious moment at the last—opened his eyes upon her with the loved, familiar smile. There was a beauty in it, and in the transparent face upon the pillow with the frame of almost golden hair bordering it, that was now, indeed, more of spirit than of flesh. Out of the blackness of his hours of unrecognition it pierced her heart with a surpassing ecstasy—made the moment heaven. It was all that he could give in return for all that he had taken and was taking.

During all the following hours and all that took place in them, Rose Gilliland went on living in that dying smile as though it were the reality and all the rest a dream. When it finally passed—when, the night after Gilliland's burial, she woke from the warm and happy sleep into which it had lulled her, and found it gone and the cold fingers of her desolation clutching at her heart, she sprang up from her pillows, and her wild cry of anguish and of terror rang startlingly and fearfully through the little house.

It had not been unexpected, and for hours, before opiates would take effect, they held her with gentle force while she thought they were trying to keep her from finding the smile again—while their loving hands were to her but the icy hands of that desolation from which she struggled with mortal fear to flee. Afterward, when with pitiful resignation she knew herself overtaken, she only moaned monotonously:

"You left me—you left me!" It was

as though she dumbly accused. "You took from me the glad, unthinking, joyous life—you made me bear with you the world's burden—and then—you left me!"

It seemed to her that with Gilliland's death her own life had died. She saw figures and faces about her, saw her children still run in and out of the open door, heard their voices in their play under the apple-tree or up and down the white path running out to the road—but saw and heard with unreality over it all. All the reality lay back of that day when they had brought him across the field in the burning sun to her anguished, stricken arms.

To a lingering presence of him she clung as weeks passed, persistently refusing to leave, even for a day, those places which had known him, lest, returning, she should find that hovering ghost of him gone and this one spot empty of him as all the rest of the world was empty. To suggestions made by her father and mother and those others back in that world from which Gilliland had taken her, that the chapter of life pertaining to the "little house" was closed, she listened wonderingly, a little anger showing through the wonder.

"Did you think," she asked, her heart hardening toward them, "that what he taught me I would so easily forget? Was what he lived and died for so little—did you think it could mean so little—to me?" Yet for all this passionate loyalty, when sometimes she heard those voices telling of sin and want and need to which, with Gilliland at her side, she had learned to listen, she turned from them with a weak gesture of helplessness.

"I cannot—all alone!" she cried, as though she reproached them for calling, and gradually they spoke from farther away, and more faintly.

She did not now pour oil into the lamps, nor do any other of those tasks she had taught herself to perform; and sometimes she remembered disquietingly how she had let this burden, too, slip from her shoulders. But to this also she cried weakly, "I could not—all alone!"

Summer and autumn wore into winter, and now she could not see Gilliland in the bare, brown fields which had never known his living presence. Nor inside the little house, with fires burning upon the hearth and the cold rain driving against the window-panes, could she keep that lingering sense of him. And still she refused to say that the chapter was closed—still cheated her heart with denial of its own emptiness. And the exorbitant-priced specialist who was watching the course of what, to her family and friends, was her "unnatural grief" for Gilliland, encouraged the hope that it would now soon wear itself away. Meanwhile, she might be more and more surrounded with such things as should bring the old habit of life insensibly back to her.

Still there came faintly to her ears at times those calling voices—the human cry—piercing the shut doors of the little house and the shut doors of her heart; but she still weakly denied them. And when something seemed to whisper that in closing her heart to these she lost what she had possessed of him who had taught her to hear them, she had only the one answer, "I was too desolate, too alone!" She clung now to this desolation as she had clung at first to that lingering presence, and as often as those devices of watchful love constantly thrown about her seemed to be having an effect—as often as one gray day passed less grayly, she turned from them back to her grief, crying, remorsefully, "Oh, I am forgetting you—I am forgetting you!" And it was on a day like this, when the pain of forgetting was more bitter than that of remembering, that, for the first time since her carelessly given invitation, John Dering found his way out to the little house.

She could not have dreamed that there had been no one hour of her passionate grief for the one man over which the intention of the other had not rested. That stamp of hardness upon Dering's face was not an untruthful index; he had wasted few thoughts of pity or compunction on the man who had, as he viewed it, made a false play and been taken out of the game. As the rules demanded, he had stood aside and seen this other preferred, but there was in him none of that sense of "brotherhood" which might have made him even momentarily regretful that those same rules now worked for and not against himself.



JOHN DERING FOUND HIS WAY OUT TO THE LITTLE HOUSE

Not knowing, Rose Gilliland welcomed him even eagerly, for he brought back to her memories a freshness that had been fading. His face did not seem to her now to wear its look of derision, and the clasp of his hand as she gave him hers seemed to have a warmth and kindliness she had never before associated with him.

"It was good of you to come," she said; and a mistiness gathered over her eyes.

He carried away with him two pictures: one, the face of Gilliland's wife as it had been on that day whose memory he had thus revived in her; the other, the face of Gilliland's widow. With the two before him, he felt for a moment a dangerous anger toward the man, dead though he was, who had brought upon her a grief which had so ravaged and devoured her.

With her, for days afterward, the thought of his visit could cause that warm, sweet memory to return. It could bring back the dusty road with its long up-grade, and Gilliland walking beside the wagon, wiping his moist brow or tossing back the damp rings of hair, or smiling the loved, thrilling smile. And there would be the orchard and the patient horse standing, and the presence of Dering, which was an alien presence. And her own rebellion and new, passionate surrender, and the tender companionship of the remainder of the journey and of the home-coming at dusk. She was blind to one pregnant fact—that in all of this something of Dering himself mingled; that because he had revivified for her the memory of the dead she thought of him, the living, with a greater kindness and nearness than she had ever thought.

She began now to say, "With the coming of spring it will all come back," and to look forward to the return of that season as though it could indeed bring back what was gone—him who was gone.

Spring did revive her memories. And sometimes it all swept back upon her—the unbearable longing, the pain that was like physical pain in the breast. The children at play under the blossoming apple-tree or picking dandelions in the door-yard might bring it, or the oil-lamp sending its rays out into the warm, soft dusk; or travelers on the dusty road, or some spot in field or garden which bore a special reminder of Gilliland. But though the memories came, that nearness, that something that was himself,

for which she had waited, did not come. Sometimes in its stead was the vague feeling that she had stepped over some line, and she tried to take the step back, but found the point to which she would have returned blurred, indistinguishable.

Frequently, since that first visit—or so he had told her—some business interest of Dering's had brought him into the vicinity of the little house. The two children, Hal and little Gilbert—named by his mother so that she could call him "Gillie" after his father—had begun to anticipate these visits, which generally meant a short motor ride when he was leaving. Gillie had once momentarily startled his mother by coming to stand at her knee and remarking without preface of any sort, "I like Mr. Dering."

With the two little boys as allies, he had one day overcome her opposition and carried the three of them off for a long ride across country. It was a glorious, sapphire-tinted morning, and brought a color into Rose Gilliland's now habitually colorless face, and a hint of the old vivacity.

"Look at mamma!" Hal exclaimed, joyously marveling at the transformation; and Dering, glancing back from his driver's seat, had for a moment in his face what was like the pleased gratification beaming from the child's, but intensified. Without quite analyzing his look, it angered her.

"You *want* me to forget!" she cried out to him in sudden stormy accusation; then remembering what import her words might have carried, smitten all at once with a commingling of alarm, self-reproach, and resentment, "That is the constant effort of every one—to make me forget instead of helping me to remember!"

Dering replied with a generality: "To forget and be forgotten seems to have been the history of the world," but to her inner sense it was as though he had audibly added, "Why should you think it could be different with you?"

She wanted to cry, "But *he* was different! Oh, you must know that—even you!" but some conviction that Dering did *not* know—would never wish to know and never submit to knowing—kept her silent. Nevertheless, that look she had seen upon his face, and that unspoken question, "Why should it be different with you?" performed some subtle office for Dering. Sitting with him there before her driving the car, his broad, well-groomed back in line with her vision, there began unconsciously to pervade her a more concrete sense of him than she had earlier had.

But the day's victory was not wholly to the living. Motoring by a changed route homeward, they rolled down in the late afternoon, after a climb over hills that inclosed it like sentinels, into a wide valley dotted with farm-houses which, as they had observed them from the crest, showed a curious likeness one to another.

"It looks like a colony of some sort," commented Dering, and the next moment had a sudden conviction which made him regret the words.

An air of content, of well-being, seemed to brood over the valley. As they rolled slowly along the main road, traversing its length, they seemed by some form of magic to have trundled out of an ordinary world down into a pastoral of peace — that same content seemed to emanate from even the barnyard fowls, from the cattle in the pastures, from children playing by the roadsides.

In a field whose brown furrows ran straight down to the grass-bordered highway, the face of a man plowing brought to Gilliland's widow, as he stopped to watch the car as it passed, some sudden sharp reminder. Almost in the same breath she knew what it was, and where Dering had unwittingly brought her. This "Peaceful Valley" had been the first of Gilliland's experiments in returning homeless wanderers to the bosom of the waiting earth-mother, and the man plowing was one who, with five others from these farms, had begged the privilege of bearing the body of their benefactor to its last resting-place.

Like a gushing forth of imprisoned torrents was her flood of returning memories. "Oh, you see"—she leaned eagerly forward, her face illuminated—"he isn't dead—he lives! He lives in these happy homes—in the hearts of these whom he blessed—whom he lifted. Oh, he lives! he lives!" But Dering knew that this, too, would pass.

To her own heart she said, "I have not been worthy of him"; and remembered the lessons of toil and sacrifice he had taught her, those lessons she had said could not be unlearned—and had then forgotten. If only she had not forgotten! If only she had gone on working and striving and helping, even though he were dead and she worked and helped alone. If only she had choked back her grief and remembered the griefs and burdens of others; if she had kept that world's burden which he had borne, and so have kept him—his spiritual presence. She had failed! She had been selfish in her grief for him, and so had lost him! She had let it slip from her shoulders. Oh, she must find it again, that world's burden, and bear it; and then he would come back—his nearness would come back. But now, without his guidance, she could not again find it.



"I LIKE TO LIVE HERE"

When little Gilbert Gilliland had been twenty-four hours in his grandfather Hallowell's big, handsome house in town, he came and stood at his mother's knee, and looked up into her face with the observation, "I like to live here."

"You, too," she said in the voice that seemed at once queer and sad to him; "you too, Gillie!"

She had tried at first to view it all impersonally and unrememberingly, as if she were but a brief sojourner whose vision was fixed elsewhere—had tried, indeed, to keep that vision fixed elsewhere. But as days went by, and that not wholly specious illness of her mother's which had at last lured her away from the little house by the road seemed to make her continued presence in her girlhood's home not less than a daughterly duty, gradually the old familiarity of it all stole back upon her. It was a home of polished surfaces, of the shine of glass and silver and rich tints of rugs and tapestries. And as the old wontedness of these grew, imperceptibly to herself, the reality of the "little house"—of all her years with Gilliland—receded.

Here in the place which had seen the beginning and growth of her love for him, visions of him in his young, enhaloed, spiritual-eyed beauty passed before her, and she saw these, not so much with the brooding eyes of the woman who had possessed and tragically lost, as with the vague gaze of youth wrapped in its unknowing, happy dreams.

Here, too, in the old surroundings, with the old conceptions of life daily before her, between herself and that great outside humanity she had once learned to call her own, the old barrier began to rise. And as day by day it rose higher, so day by day drifted farther the actuality of him for whom there had been no such barrier.

Ordered to the seashore for her convalescence, Mrs. Hallowell had availed herself of an invalid's privilege and in-

sisted upon being accompanied by her daughter and her two grandchildren; and on one of his first days at the expensive watering-place, little Gilbert Gilliland, dressed in the pink and perfection of style prescribed for the four-year-old at a fashionable beach, detached himself from a group of other children who, similarly attired and watched by their respective nurses, were industriously dipping up sand in buckets and pouring it out again, and ran over to where his mother was idly watching the bathers in the surf.

She, too, was appareled in the approved manner; those soft, faint touches of color allowed the smart young widow in her second year of mourning lightened and lent artistic value to the tragedy shadowed forth by the still young, proudly sad face, a face whose look in these days registered scorn as well as tragedy—scorn for it all, scorn for herself.

"I like to do this," Gillie announced without preamble, showing her his bucket and spoon and indicating the group he had left. She let her somber eyes, with the heavy lines of brows above them, follow his gesturing arm, and, after what he thought was a long minute:

"I'm glad you do, Gillie," she said, "for it's what we're all of us going to do all the rest of our lives—probably. Do you remember"—she caught him to her suddenly and held him in a grip that hurt—"do you remember how we used to draw the water up out of the well—and pour oil in the lamps? Do you, Gillie?"

He wriggled away from the passionate clasp. "I like to do this now," he insisted, and she let him trot off to join the others.

Her father and John Dering came down together for the week-ends. They were engrossed in business, yet Dering found time to keep Rose Gilliland constantly reminded of himself—of his ultimate hope. He seemed to her at times to fill her horizon entirely, and there was in her breast now and then a frightened fluttering, like the fluttering of something trapped—caged.

They were sitting one night at dinner; the mirrored walls of the brightly lighted hotel dining-room reflected the white tables sparkling with glass and silver, an orchestra played softly behind a wall of palms, and the air was fragrant with hothouse flowers. Here and there were other diners, some of them elaborately dressed. Dering was in evening dress; his vigorous type of face and figure showed to advantage in the high lights and by contrast with the other faces and figures. Some part of Rose Gilliland was conscious of this even while she saw the harshness, the forbidding look, coupled with keenness, which protected Dering from the beggar on the street, for instance; which gave no invitation to "ask and receive."

She had been passively watching the gay, careless diners, herself an aloof, somber figure, upon whose face to-night those world-shadows which had crept over its brightness seemed to rest heavily; and had been thinking, as one thinks in a dream, of the human needs which all this waste and extravagance might have relieved. She leaned suddenly across the table toward Dering.

"*He* could not eat," she said in a low voice full of memory, "if another was without bread." Seeing for the moment with other eyes, an army of gaunt, hungry faces seemed to her to fill the brilliantly lighted room, hovering over the tables, peering from behind unconscious diners. "Could you," she asked, "could any of these others, be like that? Could you feel as he did, the want and woe in the world—give as he gave?"

Dering showed in his reply that he had not seen that hungry-eyed army. "What he gave," he said, and used an unwontedly personal and direct manner toward her, "he took from those to whom it rightly belonged—from his wife—from his children. You have been mistaken," he continued, with no attempt at softening the words, "It was *you* who gave—he who took. You gave him your all"—his look did not spare her—"gave him even the guardianship of your soul. But he gave himself to a world with which you had nothing to do." Something seemed suddenly to stir behind the hard mask of his face. "Had you given in half such measure to me—"

A hunted look sprang instantly to her eyes.

"Forgive me!" he said, as if in brief

dismissal of a subject she herself had opened. But she cried then, in low, impetuous tones:

"You are unfair—he gave! Even his life—" She seemed to dwell upon the thought as something infinitely precious. "He gave even his life for others."

"He gave it for an idea. And he gave you heaviness for lightness—mourning for gladness—"

"Oh, you shall not!" she interrupted, and threw her hands out swiftly as if to make them a barrier against the words. For they ran even as at times some of her own thoughts had run. "You will never understand—you could not—but he *loved* the world—humanity—"

"I could love my own," said Dering, and some slight but arresting emphasis in the words, in his manner of speaking, made her turn and gaze at him as though seeing his face newly; or as though a hand, invisible but authoritative, had been raised bidding her listen. At times, during the remainder of their stay at the seaside, when she greeted Dering or looked into his face, she received the same impression.

Back in town, she began, strand by strand, to pick up the old threads of life, partly with reluctance, but not wholly. For days together she lived in the present alone, a present, it must be acknowledged, superior to that grievously mourned past, if one excepted what had been the mainspring of it all. But one question still at times intruded: What if at the first she had been strong instead of weak? If she had kept that burden Gilliland had taught her to bear, instead of relinquishing it? Even yet, sometimes, she tried to call back the old regret that she had not kept it—tried to call back the old passion of love and longing; but, save for rare and quickly passing moments, reality seemed to have gone—it seemed too late. And sometimes, half realizing toward what a new current her life had set, she tried to cry, "Forgive me!" as though she cried it to Gilliland—to his living self; but she could neither feel his reproach nor his forgiveness. It was as if he had utterly passed away from it all.



"TO-NIGHT IS A KIND OF ANNIVERSARY WITH ME," HE SAID

When, for the second time, the fields around the deserted and forgotten "little house by the side of the road" were lying wintry and bare, Dering asked her to marry him. He had dined at the Hallowell home as had become his triweekly habit, and during dinner had talked over with her father an action of a late manufacturers' league meeting in which both were interested. Her mother, suffering from a light recurrence of her summer's illness, had not come down, and soon after dinner her father excused himself to go up and sit with her. At the first landing they heard him give a laugh and call out, encouragingly, "Run, run! fast as you can!" obvi-

ously to one of his grandsons, for there came a moment later the patter and scamper of bare feet down the wide, polished stairs, and a little pajama-clad figure came into view, casting bright, roguish glances backward at a nurse in pursuit.

"He likes to do that!" said Dering, in an amused tone to Gillie's mother as they hurried out to the foot of the stairs, and then, with a quick movement, blocked a sudden attempt at capture on the part of the nurse. "Only over my dead body!" he warned her in a voice which made the child who had taken refuge behind him tingle with delicious terror and anticipation. "That is," he appended, turning to the mother with a look of inquiry, "unless there are different orders from headquarters."

"No," she said, smiling and lightly amused also. Just for the moment nothing awakened in her. She made an enchanting picture as she stood there in her rich setting and in the full flush of womanhood and motherhood—a picture emphasized by little Gillie, sidling out from behind Dering toward her. Both children resembled her, having the same darkly penciled brows, the same bright, imperious look in their delicately featured faces. The face of their grandfather, as he went on to the floor above after witnessing the little scene from the landing, expressed satisfaction; it was all as it should be. But it was not quite the same with his daughter when, after the sleepy Gillie had been taken upstairs by the nurse, Dering came over to stand beside her.

"To-night is a kind of anniversary with me," he said, looking down upon her, "and I thought I would keep it by repeating what makes it such. Eight years ago—about now"—he glanced toward the little musically ticking clock—"I first asked you to marry me. You have known that I meant to ask you this again?"

"Yes," she said, and looked at him openly. It was as though her heart were quite bare to him, as indeed it was. Something reminiscent came suddenly into her face and a little smile to her lips that was almost, but not quite, satirical. "I once told," she said—"you can think whom—that I ought to have belonged to you. That I was only fit for your life; only fit"—she indicated the room, its costly furnishings and beautiful effects—"for this life of luxury and selfish ease. It was on a day that you will not, probably, remember, but we were resting by the roadside and you had come by in your car and offered to take me in with you. And after you had gone on, because just for a moment I had been—regretful—"

"I was very unhappy at leaving you there that day. I had a sense of trouble, or of suffering, waiting for you. Of course, I thought of a different kind of trouble—hardship, disillusion—things like that that might come. I wanted to snatch you away from it."

"Are you telling me," she asked—and had a sudden recollection of him as he had seemed that day, half amused, half hostile, with the mask of conventional friendship spread over all—"are you telling me that you were thinking of me—unselfishly, like that—then?"

He ignored any quality of wondering unbelief. "I have always thought of you more or less unselfishly," he said; "I always shall, I suppose."

It came to her with the effect of a shock that with that literal, commonplace manner he was speaking the literal truth—that he had thought of her in that way, carried her in his heart in that way, all those eight years. And all at once she knew why those other words of his—"I could love my own"—had been so arresting, had so stirred her. It had been from their intrinsic, their even simple truth. Whatever he was to others, it would be thus that he would always be to—his own.

Suddenly she cried, brokenly, "Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" Yet even with the words she extended her hands toward him—slim, beautiful hands, from which every imprint of that brief "life for others" had been effaced. But when she felt his close clasp around them, and knew that in another moment his arms— "You are unfair—" she just breathed, the breath in her breast quickening, half with what he had hoped to awaken. "He could not defend himself—or—or me! If he could come back—"

"He cannot," he said.



SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES IN A FIELD OF DAISIES

The Ways of the Woodchuck

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE piece was entitled, if I remember rightly, "Webster's First Case," and it was in the Fourth Reader—or maybe the Fifth. Anyway, there was a picture showing the young Daniel making an eloquent gesture in front of his father, while brother Ezekiel stood by with a woodchuck in a trap. "Zeke," it seems, had caught the 'chuck (which was a highly commendable thing to do according to New England standards), and was about to put it to death when Daniel took pity upon its dumb helplessness and appealed for its life. Father Webster was called in as judge, and he was so moved by the future senator's pleading that he finally exclaimed, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

I don't know if this story is included in the Readers any more; probably not. But in my boyhood it made a great impression. It was far easier, in fact, to appreciate the eloquence which could persuade a New England farmer to spare a woodchuck than to appreciate the eloquence of the Bunker Hill oration as declaimed by Wesley Sanborn! There



HIS BURROW USUALLY COMMANDS A WIDE PROSPECT

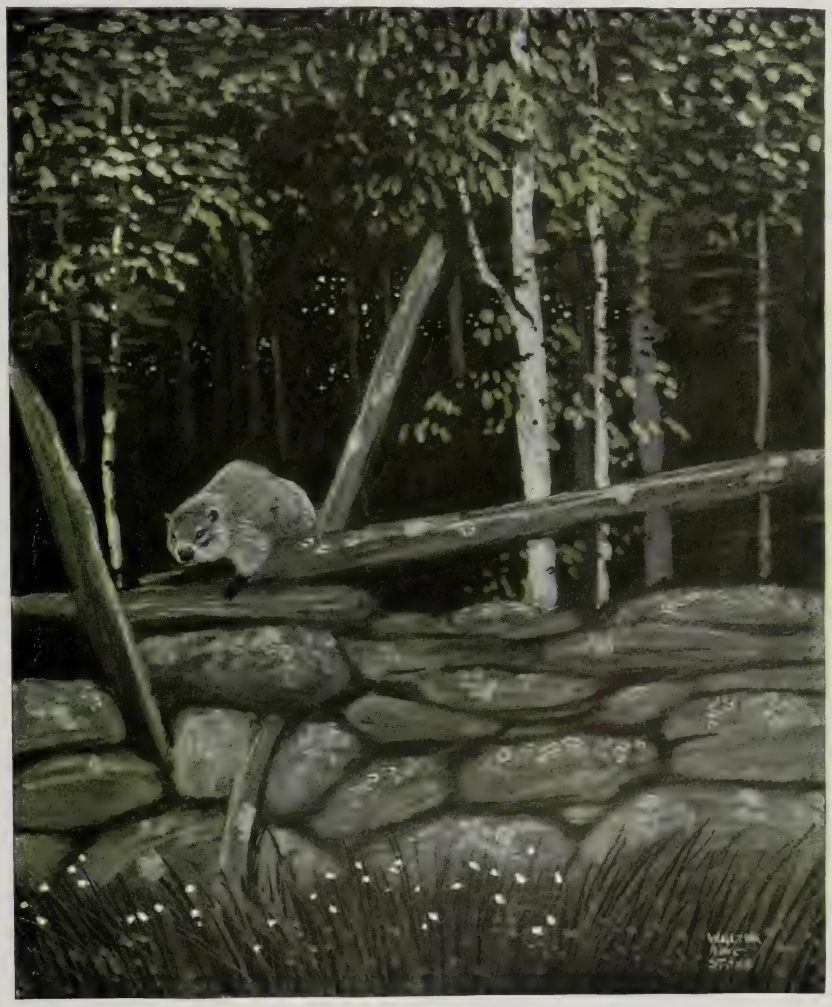
wasn't a youngster of us but hunted woodchucks, and those who lived on farms did it as a regular part of the chores—the only really enjoyable part. We all were familiar with the habits of this rodent; we knew his powers for destruction; we had been brought up to regard him as an enemy of agriculture and a proper subject for extermination. Not one of us could have persuaded *his* father to spare a 'chuck. So that story, above all others, prepared our minds for a just appreciation of Webster's genius.

Times have changed now, and Readers with them. The story of Webster's first case has no doubt gone the way of "Kentucky Belle" and the rest of the Civil War ballads. But the woodchuck hasn't changed a bit, neither has he been exterminated. He still burrows in field and pasture and wood, he still suns himself on a stump in the clearing, he still eats the hearts from the farmers' cabbages, and he still comes out of his hole on Candlemas day to look at his shadow and make an annual "weather story" for the urban newspapers—as "Mr. Woodchuck" in most journals, as "Mr. Ground-hog" in those published in New York, where blueberries are called huckleberries, and doughnuts, crullers. "Mr. Ground-hog came out of his hole this morning and saw his shadow, so we are in for six weeks more of winter," says the afternoon paper on February 2d. You have an odd vision of a dirty, black muzzle nosing up in front of the City Hall and taking a squint at the Woolworth Tower. And then you smile—smile to think how this humble rodent of our fields, and this homely superstition about him which grew up in our pioneer country, have power to persist and get talked about on the front pages of our newspapers in our busiest cities, and in brazen defiance of our scientific weather bureau. Surely, "Mr. Ground-hog" has not been forgotten. He is our surest reminder of those early days when America was a land of agricultural pioneers.

Just as the potato-bug was a North American native which didn't originally live on the potato-vine, so the woodchuck was a native mammal which didn't burrow in pastures, orchards, and gardens, and live on vegetables, but in the glades, or even the depths of the forest, where he lived on a less succulent diet. Here the early settlers found him, and named him woodchuck, the *chuck* being, it is said, a Devonshire term for little pig. How long it was before the woodchuck found, in turn, the gardens of the early settlers is not recorded, but judging from his present-day fearlessness

even in the face of the most persistent persecution, it could not have been long before he began to tunnel in the clearings and to eat the vegetables of the Pilgrim Fathers, taxing their patience and putting to a severe test their rigid restrictions on denunciatory expletives. And the woodchuck has been with us ever since, and ever since he has been putting the patience of men to the trial.

The woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*)—known also as the ground-hog, and less frequently as the Maryland marmot—is a heavy, thickset, short-legged animal, which grows to a full length of about two feet. In color it is a grizzly yellow, varied with black and rust. It has black feet, the furry hair stopping short at the wrists like the sleeves of a jersey, and a rather short, bushy tail. It ranges from New England to Georgia, and westward to North Dakota, and it has cousins of the marmot family in the colder North and in various parts of the West. Its best-known characteristic, of course, is its burrowing propensity and its long, winter hibernation. If the author of *Alice in Wonderland* had been an American, the sleepy Dormouse would undoubtedly have been a woodchuck. "It stuffs on vegetables all summer, and sleeps all winter"—that might be a summary of what a great many people know about the woodchuck. But, like most summaries, it would do him a grave injustice. As a matter of fact, he



YOU WILL SEE A SHREWD FACE AND FAT BODY UP ON THE WALL

is well worth studying more closely, and a closer study will show that he isn't half such a fool as he looks sometimes when you see him sitting on his haunches in a field of daisies and clover, or curled up in a lazy ball in the sun.

In the first place, the 'chuck is a good fighter, considering his waddling build and his avoirdupois, and while he usually fights on the defensive, standing off his foe till he can get back to his burrow, he often shows a generalship in retreat that would do credit to Sir John French. When he cannot get back, he stands right up and makes a brave scrap of it, like his much smaller distant cousin, the muskrat. Last winter a party of us saw a muskrat crossing a snowy meadow, and as we were on snowshoes we easily surrounded him. Put thus at bay, he sat up on his long hind-legs and snarled. He stood off two young dogs by biting their noses, and then, when one of the men in the party poked him, he sprang right over the blade of the snowshoe and sank his long teeth through moccasin and woolen stocking into the wearer's little toe. A cornered 'chuck will act in much the same way, and a green dog usually has good cause to remember his first encounter. I have seen an adult fox terrier corner a woodchuck against a steep bank where there was no escape, and fight for a full hour before he killed it. The terrier looked as if he had fallen into a pot of red paint when the battle was over. A larger dog, of course, makes quicker work of it; but even the larger dogs, when once they are wary, respect this apparent ball of waddling fat, with teeth like chisels hidden in its black muzzle, and close in on it by a spring from above, if possible. Wise 'chuck dogs have been known to hunt in couples—one in the open, keeping the prey's attention fixed, while the second sneaks in from behind and does the actual killing.



A FAVORITE HAUNT IS THE NETWORK OF ROOTS AT THE BASE OF A HUGE TREE

Against a large dog, of course, the poor 'chuck has little show, but often with half a chance to get back to his hole he can stand off a small dog and make good his retreat. His method is simple, and is based on the fact that the dog's instinct is to circle, like a boxer sparring for an opening. When the dog is between him and his hole, the 'chuck bares his teeth with a squeaky snarl and lunges at his antagonist. When the dog is on the off-side, he backs away toward his hole just as far and as fast as he can, but never ceasing to face the dog. In this way the 'chuck will progress, by alternate rushes and backings, till suddenly the surprised terrier sees his



GREEN MEADOWS, DAISY-STARRED, INVITE THE WOODCHUCK FROM HIS LAIR

foe disappear into the yellow earth, and any attempt on his part to follow results in a sorely nipped nose. Woodchucks will also go up a tree to escape a dog, if the occasion offers. A small tree, with thick, low branches, is within their capacity to climb, and they will climb it for ten feet if sufficiently hard pressed.

It may be that some of their ability to fight comes from practice in mating-time, as well as from their rodent instincts. The woodchucks mate early in the spring, and battles between males are frequent, if we may judge from the squeaks and angry sounds which come across the fields from the vicinity of their burrows. These battles last until the unsuccessful rival is driven out of the immediate neighborhood. Following such squeals once, we crested a slight

ridge in the pasture, and saw one 'chuck pursuing another down the slope toward the river-bank. The victor stopped, apparently satisfied, when his rival went over the edge, and started to return. Then he suddenly spied us, and also the young collie with us. We were by this time walking toward him, so he flattened



A DENIZEN OF THE DEEP WOODS

out on the ground and played dead. The pup went up to investigate. Being a young, trustful, innocent pup, without knowledge of evil, he put down his muzzle to smell, and lifted it again instantly with a sharp yip of pain. But being a collie, he maintained his dignity. He immediately became absorbed in the contemplation of a tree on the river-bank, toward which he moved sedately, as if that had been his objective all the while. He paid no further attention to the woodchuck.

But we did. We drew close, and the 'chuck rose on his toes, with back slightly arched like a cat, and with hair and tail bristling, too. He bared his teeth and made an angry, snarling sound—and then suddenly bolted forward in a bee-line for the female in our party. She forgot everything but first principles, screamed and ran. The 'chuck passed over the exact spot where she had stood, went on several rods, and disappeared down a hole under a stone. Evidently he knew women; he expected her to get out of the way!

We now investigated the defeated rival, who had disappeared over the river-bank, which was at this point a sharp escarpment of clay loam, perpendicular at the top and sloping a little six feet below at water-line. Sure enough, beneath the overhang of grass, squatted cowering on the mud, was the other woodchuck, looking up at us with bright, terrified eyes as we lowered a stick to poke him into the water. He was evidently extremely loath to take to the stream, but the stick was insistent, and after futilely snapping at it several times, once getting such a grip that he almost pulled it out of our hands, he finally fell into the water, where he turned tail to the shore and swam rapidly to the other side, climbed out, shook himself, scrambled up the bank, and ran clumsily, but swiftly, away in the grass.

The woodchuck shows strategy, too, not only in his fighting, but in the construction of his defensive works, his burrow. If you will take careful note next summer, on your walks, of all the woodchuck holes you come across, you will probably be surprised to find in

how many cases the animal can secure an outlook of considerable radius either from the mouth of the hole or a point conveniently near it. It may be in the open pasture, when it is more likely to be on a slope than in a hollow, thus securing both outlook and better drainage. It may be among rocks, but within easy distance of some peak which commands a prospect. It may be in the woods, in or under a fallen log, but the 'chuck can climb the log to look about. It may be among the scrub growth by an old stone wall, and you will say, "Ha, here is an exception!" But do not be too hasty. Some day, passing the spot, you will see a shrewd face and a fat body up on the wall. The woodchuck "digs in" like a modern army. But, like an army, he also puts his trenches where they can command the approaches.

There is a good deal of dispute, and considerable conflict of evidence, regarding the attitude of the mother woodchuck toward her young. It is generally stated that she turns them out at a very early age into a cruel world, to forage for themselves; there are even stories recorded of mother 'chucks who pushed up their young, one by one, to the mouth of a burrow to appease the dogs who were trying to dig a way in. This is certainly a reprehensible line of conduct, but, fortunately, there are compensating records of maternal devotion. My most recent record is the testimony of a Yankee farm boy who is a mighty hunter before the Lord (and behind His back as well, for he hunts on Sunday). Using nothing but rusty traps which he never touches with his bare hands, he has covered the outer wall of his father's barn with skins nailed up to dry, the biggest always eliciting from visitors the comment, "That must 'a' bin a hefty one!" Fred says that the other day he caught a baby 'chuck in one of his traps, and when he came up to the hole, on his regular tour of inspection, the mother was trying to get the little fellow out, and she refused to desist even when he was within striking distance. He could have killed her with a stick, he says, from which I infer that he had no stick, for it would require the combined eloquence of Daniel Webster, Demosthenes, and William Jennings Bryan to persuade Fred to spare a woodchuck!



A TROPHY OF THE CHASE

When the baby 'chucks are no bigger than rats they go out from the burrow, and will often scatter to a considerable distance, either feeding or sunning themselves in little balls. That is the



SUNNING HIMSELF IN LAZY CONTEMPLATION OF THE LANDSCAPE

time to catch them. The mother, on the approach of danger, rushes to the hole and emits a shrill squeal like a whistle—a sound closely resembling that of the whistling marmot. Then the little balls unwind and come scurrying home. Your object is to get to the hole first and bag them as they rush by. In my woodchuck hunting days there was sometimes a boy who could imitate the mother's whistle, just as there was sometimes a boy or man who could call the quail up to him. This boy invariably had a box in his back yard in spring, full of young 'chucks, for the superstition never died that the "Bird and Pet Store" would buy them for twenty-five cents apiece, in spite of the fact that it never did. To catch them he would crawl stealthily to a spot behind and over the entrance to the burrow, and wait patiently till the entire family were off feeding. Then he would whistle, and as the young came scampering for the hole (regardless of the fact that the mother had, perhaps, been feeding beside them), he would capture one or two with his bare hands before they could escape into the ground. Once two boys I knew collected thirty young 'chucks, mostly in this fashion, and were hopeful of making their fortune. But as the animals grew, and no offer of purchase came, and the neighborhood learned of the menace, parental pressure, reinforced by community sentiment, brought about a wholesale slaughter.

There used to be more excitement than you might suppose in our woodchuck hunts, for a shotgun is of little use against their thick hides and thicker skulls, so we had to use rifles. In those days high-power twenty-two's with soft-nosed expanding bullets were unknown. We used to read of magazine rifles, to be sure, but they were only things to dream about. We hunted with ancient smooth-bores fitted for percussion caps and loaded from the muzzle. I can well remember the old bullet-mold, a Revolutionary relic, in which I used to make ammunition. It was much like a pair of pincers in shape. Scrap lead, secured from all legitimate and some illegitimate sources, was melted down in an iron pot on the kitchen stove, and poured into it, one bullet at a time. Powder was

carried in a genuine powder-horn, stopped with a whittled wooden plug worn dark and smooth. We estimated the charge by fingers, measured on the ramrod. And how those heavy old guns kicked against our youthful shoulders!

To get a proper shot at a woodchuck required some manœuvering. He had, if possible, to be outwitted. I remember particularly one place where the holes were thickest, forming almost a woodchuck settlement, like a prairie-dog town. It was on the banks of a swale which curved like a long, thin sickle-blade through a fertile meadow. This meadow was always under cultivation, and accordingly the 'chucks burrowed into the banks of the bordering swale, often between the roots of the sycamore and sassafras trees in such a way that the hole could not be made larger by a dog. Sallying forth from these holes, one family could easily eat all the turnips or cabbages for a space of two or three rods. When twoscore families were at work, it is easy to see the extent of their destruction. But it wasn't easy to shoot them while they were feeding, because at the approach of danger they would scamper into their holes. Consequently we resorted to strategy.

Our method was as follows: Carrying our guns nonchalantly, we would stamp along directly over a hole where we had seen a 'chuck enter, whistling or talking as if we had no idea of hunting. Then, when we had passed the hole a good thirty feet, we would suddenly stop and noiselessly and cautiously face about. Very frequently a muzzle would be poking up out of the hole, for as soon as the danger is past the 'chuck has a habit of sticking his head out to take a sniff of his enemy. Then we would blaze away. Often we would fire anyhow, aiming into the sand or grass at the hole mouth, on a chance. The boy who had the most skins tacked up on the barn door at the end of a season, or at least the most tails, if he was too lazy to skin his prey, was something of a hero. I cannot now remember what we ever did with the skins after they were cured. I fancy that there was a superstition that the "fur man" would buy them, just as the "Bird and Pet Store" was going to buy the baby 'chucks.

On the upland farms, and especially in the pastures bordering the woods, another method was to stalk up to the feeding-ground behind trees, and wait patiently for a shot at some fat fellow sitting on his haunches in the sun eating a juicy clover tuft or peeping over a stone which commanded the view but threw his body sharply against the sky. The boy with a wise dog, as well as a gun, of course had an advantage always. The dog could start up the game in the grass, and sometimes head him off from his burrow, though the 'chucks do not, as a rule, go far afield after food. They make their holes close to where the feeding is good. It was possible, too, to kill a woodchuck without a gun or a trap. You accomplished this by "playing statue"—if you saw the 'chuck out of his hole and also knew where the hole was or could see it. You began by walking stealthily toward the burrow, being careful each time the animal looked at you or showed any alarm to stop stock-still and remain so till he lowered his head and resumed his feeding. Then you sneaked forward again. If you finally succeeded in reaching a point between him and his hole, you sprang at him with a club, and then ensued an exciting five minutes which combined all the athletic excellences of field hockey, golf, baseball, sprinting, carpet-beating, and sometimes football.

I cannot refrain here from telling again my grandfather's story of his woodchuck, a foxy old fellow who lived down back of the house near the bank of the Ipswich River, and ate cabbages insatiably while defying all guns and traps. My grandfather and his brother Tom decided finally to drown him out, so they waited till they knew he was in his hole, and then while one boy stood guard with a stick the other boy began to haul buckets of water from the river and dump them down the burrow. Watching and hauling by turns, they became weary at last, and hid under a near-by bush to rest. Presently they saw old Mr. 'Chuck poke his head out and look all about. Not seeing them, he emerged from his hole, trotted down to the river-bank, and took a long drink!

Grandfather used to assure me that they never did get that woodchuck.

Although the woodchuck has so readily adapted himself to changed conditions, abandoning his wild harvesting for more succulent cultivated vegetables, grasses, and clover, by no means all of the woodchucks even to-day live on the fat of the land. A neighbor of mine, who has a large orchard of dwarf apple-trees, takes his rifle whenever he visits it, because the 'chucks are such a pest, tunneling under the very roots of the little trees and eating not only the clover crop sowed between the rows, but also the tender bark of the trees themselves. But, on the other hand, I came upon an abandoned clearing in the woods the other day, where once, to be sure, a house had stood, but where man had reaped not, neither had he sown, for at least a generation—and sitting on the mossy door-step of the vine-filled cellar-hole was a big woodchuck! He dove off at my approach, and disappeared down his hole, not twenty feet away. His was a considerable house, there being three rear entrances instead of one, or sometimes two, as is more common, and the total length of the burrow must have been at least fifteen feet. There were no vegetables in this clearing, and only a few wild apples—seedlings, no doubt, from cultivated trees now long dead. The grass was long, and little, clearly marked paths radiated out from the mouths of the burrow in all directions through it. Probably clover, berries, and, without doubt, apples in autumn constituted the bulk of this fellow's diet.

There are still woodchucks, too, who live in the real forest, frequently in hollow logs, though I have found their holes again and again under a stone beneath a big pine or hemlock, or under the network of roots at the base of a huge hardwood. They are much leaner and more active than their fellows of the fields and pastures, for they get less food and more exercise, and usually they appear rather grayer in color. Their natural enemies must be far less numerous than in the old days. In fact, the foxes and the hawks are about the only enemies they have left, except, of course, man; and man doesn't trouble them much in the deep woods. The foxes will even try to dig them out, and the hawks pounce upon the young when they are running about, both in the woods and even around the farms. Yet the genuine forest-dwellers are probably far less numerous than of old.

I fear it must be confessed that the woodchuck's god is his belly, and he thinks more highly of easy feeding than he does of woodland freedom. He gravitates by instinct toward the mown clover, the turnip-fields, the apple-orchards. He considers man his best friend as well as his worst enemy. Like the rabbit, he is strictly vegetarian, and that has enabled him to survive—not only to survive, but to survive in great numbers—while one by one his ancient and more powerful enemies of the forest have been exterminated. Even the foxes are few now. He might be almost safe in the deep woods, but he prefers the richer rewards of danger, and though man fights to exterminate him, man also provides him with such a vastly increased food-supply that extermination seems impossible. The story of the woodchuck is a paradox.

Of course, too, another powerful factor in his survival is his hibernating habit. Taking to the cover of the warm earth before even the early November snow flies (and very often, I feel sure, the 'chucks go back to the woods to dig in for the winter, where the ground does not freeze so deep, for I have more than once excavated a pasture hole which had been inhabited all summer, only to find it empty), the 'chuck does not have to worry about the lean season. He goes to sleep as fat as a butter-ball, wrapped in warm, thick, furry skin, and he isn't due to wake up till February 2d, when he has to rouse himself to make a weather story. After that he is at liberty to go to sleep again, though he rather cat-naps, as you and I do after we have been waked of a morning by the birds. He doesn't come up for good, as a rule, till the snow is gone and the earth is softened, but there is plenty of evidence that he makes occasional trips to the surface.

For instance, I find this entry in my diary for February 23d:

On snow-shoes this afternoon, across the golf-links, where a weasel had preceded me, to the slope of mowing where the toboggan-slide has been built. Here there were innumerable squirrel tracks from tree to tree, and

a woodchuck had come out of his hole since yesterday, boring up through two feet of snow by a six-inch tunnel. He had made a dirty yellowish track for ten feet, and then gone down into a second bore, evidently into the rear entrance of his house. He must have crossed this path several times to track so much yellow earth upon it, but there was not a single sign that he had taken a step off the path. It was as if he had come up for exercise in his door-yard, as my father, in bad weather, used to go out and tramp back and forth on the veranda.

You might suppose that he would have been lean and hungry, and would naturally have gone after some of those raspberry shoots above the snow near by which the rabbits had been nibbling. But he had not done so, and if you had seen him the chances are he would not have appeared particularly emaciated. The truth is, he was probably too fat when he went to sleep!

The boys still hunt woodchucks as they used to do, for the 'chuck is their especial prey. Not long ago I came upon a barn hung with more than a hundred tails, the proud trophies of the chase for three seasons of a boy not yet in long trousers. Later I saw him and another boy, and a barking, joyous, alert collie, starting off over a stone wall and across a pasture after woodchucks. They were armed with an ancient gun and a perfect arsenal of rusty old steel traps. They were talking in subdued but excited tones, laying their plans deeply. Scraps of their conversation floated back for a moment—the beginnings of sentences, trailing off into indistinguishableness: "Aw, yes, le's go—!" "Say, what say if we—" and the like mysteries. A boy, a gun, a dog—and a woodchuck! What memories came back to me! I saw green meadows daisy-starred, and pasture slopes and the gleam of birches, and caught again the scent of raspberries in the sun, and heard across far fields the hot cicada-whir of a mowing-machine; and in my heart I felt once more the ancient thrill as a 'chuck was sighted. Here, to be sure, before my bodily eye, were meadows and pastures, and no doubt berries grew by the garden wall—but not the same berries. *I* was not starting out on the hunt. I was not plotting a Napoleonic campaign against a crafty enemy. I was neither huntsman nor adventurer. A woodchuck by a pasture stump a simple woodchuck was to me, and it was nothing more. I grew rather peevishly pensive at the thought. I wanted to be a boy again. I resented "the light of common day." I always want to be a boy again when I see the youngsters after woodchuck. It is the keenest present-day reminder that any of us can have of the simpler, more earthy and artless delights of youth in the America of a vanishing generation.

American Aphorisms

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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AT the beginning of an address which John Morley delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute nearly thirty years ago, he told his hearers that he had often been asked for a list of the hundred best books, and that he had once been requested to supply by return of post the names of the three best books in the world. "Both the hundred and the three are a task far too high for me," he confessed; and then he declared that he would prefer to indicate what is "one of the things best worth hunting for in books"—the wisdom which has compacted itself into the proverb, the maxim, the aphorism, the pregnant sentence inspired by "common sense in an uncommon degree." Morley asserted that the essence of the aphorism is "the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying"; and he added that it ought "to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other."

The lecturer did not provide a definition of the lofty, searching aphorism which should serve to distinguish it from the humbler proverb; and yet the distinction is perhaps contained in this last quotation, since the democratic proverb tends toward the truism, whereas the more aristocratic aphorism inclines toward the enigma. Lord John Russell once called a proverb "All men's wisdom and one man's wit"; and proverbial wisdom appeals at once to the mass of mankind, whereas the less universal truth, packed into the subtler aphorism, is likely to demand a little time for consideration before it can win its welcome. In fact, the more keenly the maker of an aphorism has peered into the inner recesses of human nature, the less likely is his maxim to attain immediate acceptance from the multitude, who are optimistically content to see only the surface of life, and who prefer not to probe too deeply into the fundamental egotism of man. So it is that the swift apprehension of some of the shrewdest of La Rochefoucauld's sayings might almost be made to serve as a test of intelligence and of knowledge of the labyrinthian intricacies of the human soul.

We may easily find ourselves quarreling over the veracity of an aphorism, whereas a proverb is almost indisputable; it proves itself as simply and as instantly as the assertion that two and two make four. This immediate obviousness of a proverb does not prevent it from being irreconcilable with another proverb stating the equally obvious opposite. "Penny wise and pound foolish" may seem to contradict "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." But, after all, the contradiction is only apparent, since it takes both of these sayings to contain the whole truth that we must be careful in little things, no doubt, but we must also be able to discern boldly the moment when little things must be sacrificed for greater things. More than one humorist has seen fit to poke fun at this peculiarity of proverbial wisdom without any impairment of the authority of either of the contradictory assertions.

The maxim we may trace to its source and tag with the name of its maker, but the proverb is not individual, even if it must have been minted by one man's wit. "Penny wise and pound foolish" might have been uttered in any age, and it is only the modern expression for a rule of conduct inherited from the remotest past. An equivalent phrase must have been uttered soon after the development of articulate speech; and we may be assured that it was almost as familiar to the cave-dwellers as it is to

us. It did not have to be transmitted by inheritance from the dead languages to the living; it sprang into being by spontaneous generation in every tongue, ancient and modern. By the very fact that it is of universal validity, and therefore of universal utility, it is to be found in every land, in every language, and in every age.

The maxim, on the other hand, is more frankly individual; it is due not to the wisdom of the many, but only to the penetrating wit of one; and therefore it is often racial, revealing the tongue and the era of him who first put the piercing thought into apt words. So it is likely to have local color, a flavor of the soil in which it grew. Some of the aphorisms of Confucius may be universal, no doubt, but others—and not a few of them—are essentially Chinese; and I cannot help feeling that I discover a Roman quality in the saying of Marcus Aurelius, that "The best way to get revenge is to avoid being like the one who has injured you." This is not only Roman; it seems to have also an individual liberality disclosing a truly imperial mind.

Many of the maxims of the caustic La Rochefoucauld are marked with the time and place of their making—the France of the aged Richelieu and of the youthful Louis XIV. When the French observer asserted that "You are never so easily cheated as when you are trying to cheat somebody else," he is declaring a truth which might have been uttered by Aristophanes, by Molière, or by Mark Twain, a truth upon which are established the schemes of the green-goods men and the gold-brick operators in New York in the twentieth century; but when he tells us that "Virtue would not go far if vanity did not keep it company," there we can detect the Frenchman of the seventeenth century. It is true that Sainte-Beuve credits La Rochefoucauld with large imagination—not a frequent possession of the French—finding evidence for this in another of these maxims, "We cannot gaze fixedly at the sun, or at death." But most of these searching and scorching sentences are directly due to a disenchantment which envenoms La Rochefoucauld's scalpel; and this disenchantment was the result of a recoil of that social instinct which is a predominant French characteristic.

Of course, among the mass of French aphorisms there are a host which lack local color. When Madame de Boufflers suggested that "The only perfect people are those we do not know," she was making a remark that might have been uttered by an Italian or by a Spaniard. When the Spanish Gracian declared that "The ear is the area-gate of truth, but the front-door of lies," he was saying something that might have been said by an Englishman or by a Roman. And when Bacon asserted that "Extreme self-lovers will set a house on fire an it were but to roast their eggs," the wording is British, but the thought is one that might readily have occurred to a Frenchman, and which might be easily paralleled in the pages of La Rochefoucauld.

There is little that is significantly Oriental in this specimen of the wisdom of the East: "If you censure your friend for every fault he commits, there will come a time when you will have no friend to censure." A Frenchman could very well have said that, although he might have phrased it more felicitously. On the other hand, many of the sayings of Nietzsche we could not well credit to an inquisitor of any other nationality or of any other century. "There are two things a true man likes—danger and play; and he likes woman because she is the most dangerous of playthings." That is one of them, and there is another: "All women behind their personal vanity cherish an impersonal contempt for Woman." And yet even in Nietzsche we may find now and again a sentence which might have been set down on the tablets of that lonely stoic, Marcus Aurelius: "A slave cannot *be* a friend, and a tyrant cannot *have* a friend."

The perennial commonplaces of observation are reincarnated in every generation, born again, century after century, in every quarter of the globe, since man himself changes only a little, even though mankind has ever the delusion of progress. It was an unknown but a most modern American who was once moved to the biting accusation against

certain of his contemporary countrymen that they sought "first, to get on, then to get honor, and finally to get honest." Nevertheless, this bitter gibe was anticipated by the old Greek poet Phokylides, who expressed his wish, "first to acquire a competence, and then to practise virtue." John Fiske once wrote an essay to indicate a few of the many points of resemblance between the Athenians of old and the Americans of to-day; and we need not despair of yet finding a Greek wit who had already dwelt on that disadvantage of "swapping horses while crossing a stream" which Lincoln once pointed out with his customary shrewdness.

It is perhaps because of their superior social instinct that the French are the modern masters of the maxim; and even if we who speak English are more abundant and more adroit in aphorism than those who speak German or those who speak Italian, we must confess our constant inferiority to those who speak French, a language that lends itself to epigram because it has been suppled to the needs of its makers, the race most distinguished among the moderns for their intelligence, as the Athenians were among the ancients. And of the two peoples who have English for their mother-tongue, we Americans, despite our superficial and superabundant loquacity, seem to be able to achieve the sententious at least as often as the British. Lincoln was a master of the compact and pregnant phrase; so was Emerson before him, and so was Franklin a century earlier.

In his autobiography Franklin tells how he utilized "the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days" in the almanac (which he issued annually for twenty-five years, and which was the basis of his own comfortable fortune) to contain "proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue—it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of these proverbs, 'it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.'" Most of these proverbs were borrowed from "the wisdom of many ages and nations," as Franklin himself acknowledges, but not a few of them seem to be due to his own witty wisdom; and that just quoted appears to be one of these. Taken as a whole, the sayings of Poor Richard range rather with the lowly proverb than with the more elevated and more incisive aphorism; and Morley chose to dismiss them with curt contempt as "kitchen maxims about thrift in time and money." Yet the saying about the empty sack rises a little above the level of the kitchen maxim; and so does that other which declares that "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." One of Franklin's biographers records that when Paul Jones, after his victory in the *Ranger*, went to Brest to await the new ship which had been promised him, he was tormented for months by excuses and delays despite his appeals to Franklin, to the royal family, and to the king himself. Then at last he chanced to pick up *Poor Richard*, and the saying just quoted hit home. He took the hint, "hurried to Versailles, and there got an order for the ship which he renamed in honor of his teacher, *Bon Homme Richard*."

Emerson gives us "golden nuggets of thought," so Mr. Brownell suggests; but he does not mold them into beads and link them into necklaces. His essays lack unity, except that of theme and of tone; and his sentences are, as he himself confessed, "infinitely repellent particles." No one of his essays is artistically composed, and every one of his sentences is sufficient unto itself, with a careful adroitness of composition of which he alone in his time had the secret. He is master of the winged phrase, barbed to flesh itself in the memory. In his sentence there is not only meat, but meat dressed to perfection, cooked to a turn, and not lacking sauce. "No writer ever possessed a more distinguished verbal instinct, or indulged it with more delight," to quote again from Mr. Brownell; Emerson "fairly caresses his words and phrases and shows in his treatment of them a pleasure nearer sensuousness, perhaps, than any other he manifests."

None the less is it difficult to detach from his pages the exact maxim as we find it in Bacon and La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues. Emerson's thoughts are elevated and often subtle, but they

do not often fall precisely into the form of the aphorism. He tells us that "the man in the street does not know a star in the sky"; but that is not quite a maxim, even if it escapes being a truism. He asserts that "It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time"; but that can hardly be called an aphorism, wise as it is and incisive. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that Emerson is wholly devoid of malice—the malice that edges La Rochefoucauld's shafts which sting into our consciousness. Emerson has few delusions about the ultimate infirmities of mankind, but he is never malevolently pessimistic. He is clear-eyed, beyond all question, and yet he remains optimistic. In most maxim-makers there is a spice of ill-will, a taint of hostile contempt; and Emerson is ever free from ill-will, from contempt, and from hostility.

In no department of the American branch of English literature is our benevolent optimism more pervadingly manifested than in our humor. American humor is likely to be good-humored; even our satires are not cruelly savage, and our epigrams rarely have a poisoned dart at the tail of them. Our friendliness has prevented most native fun-makers from focusing their gaze on the meaner possibilities of that selfish egotism of which we on the far side of the western ocean have our full share. It is not a little surprising, therefore, that the greatest and most liberally endowed of our later humorists, Mark Twain, should have taken to the making of maxims as disenchanted as those of Marcus Aurelius, although not as acrid as those of La Rochefoucauld. It was toward the end of his career, when he stood pleasantly conspicuous on the pinnacle of his fame, abundantly belauded and sincerely beloved, that his indurated sadness, his total dissatisfaction with life, found relief in chiseled sentences to be set beside the sayings of Epictetus.

Consider this: "Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first benefactor of our race: he brought death into the world." Note how the same thought is brought forward again in this: "Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved." And yet another twist is given to this thought in a third saying: "All say, 'How hard it is that we have to die'—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live."

Those who knew Mark Twain intimately were well aware of the despairing sadness that darkened his last years. He was wont to don the cap and bells to appear before the public; but in private, or at least when he was alone and lonely, he sat down in sackcloth and ashes. He had always had the melancholy which is likely to underlie and to sustain robust humor, and his melancholy was even more intense and more astringent than that of Cervantes or Molière, although either of these might well have anticipated this saying of their belated brother in fun-making: "The man who is a pessimist before he is forty-eight knows too much; the man who is an optimist after he is forty-eight knows too little." But it may be doubted whether either the Spaniard or the Frenchman would have penned the assertion that "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you: this is the principal difference between a dog and a man." Here we discover not mere pessimism, but stark misanthropy. There is a sounder philosophy in another of his sayings: "Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have some one to share it with."

Quite possibly a majority of casual readers, finding these dark sayings scattered through the bright pages of a professional funny-man, did not feel called upon to take them seriously, and might even have accepted them as merely humorous overstatements intended to provoke laughter by their evident exaggeration. Those casual readers may have discovered no essential difference between the annihilating blankness of the opinions just quoted and utterances avowedly caustic—such as the assertion that "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives." Yet even in this saying the playful twist serves only

to hide from the hasty the solemn warning it disguises.

It is the mark of the superior humorist that he arouses thought as well as laughter; and George Meredith held this to be the test of true comedy of the loftier type. Many a wise man has worn motley that he might win a smiling welcome for his message. When "Josh Billings" was amusing us with his acrobatic orthography, a critic in one of the literary reviews of London was sharp enough to see that the misfit spelling was only an eccentric costume put on to compel attention, like the towering plumes of the quack doctor's hat; and this critic, by stripping off this incongruous cloak borrowed by "Josh Billings" from "Artemus Ward," removed him from the company of the mere newspaper jest-manufacturers and promoted him to the upper class of more penetrating maxim-makers. Professor Bliss Perry recently remarked that the tone of many of the apothegms of "Josh Billings" is really grave, and that often the moralizing might be by La Bruyère.

To the "Josh Billings" who frankly fellowships with "Artemus Ward" we may credit this paragraph: "There iz two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins" —a bold, whimsical absurdity, which has served its purpose when it provokes the guffaw it aims to excite. But it is to the shrewd observer who is to be companied with La Bruyère that we must ascribe the statement—here deprived of its undignified disguise of queer orthography — that "When a fellow gets going down-hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion." That is an echo from Greek philosophy; and here is another saying, in which Professor Perry finds the perfect tone of the great French moralists: "It is a very delicate job to forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimation, and in yours, too." Perhaps it may be well to cite a third equally felicitous in its phrasing and equally acute in its content: "Life is short, but it is long enough to ruin any man who wants to be ruined." These are all assertions of universal veracity, even though they lack any specific American tang.

Local color is lacking also in the motto Washington Allston had painted on the wall of his studio: "Selfishness in art, as in other things, is sensibility kept at home." It is absent also from Thomas Bailey Aldrich's declaration that "A man is known by the company his mind keeps." And it is wanting again in John Hay's distich:

> There are three species of creatures who when they seem to be coming are going,
> When they seem to be going they come: diplomats, women, and crabs.

By the side of these may be set two of Mr. E. W. Howe's "Country Town Sayings": "When a man tries himself, the verdict is usually in his favor"; and "Every one hates a martyr; it's no wonder martyrs were burned at the stake." Yet even in these remarks from the rural West there is but little flavor of the soil. Perhaps this American savor can be detected a little more plainly in three of the sayings which Mr. Kin Hubbard credits to his creature, "Abe Martin," and which he tries to endow with the unpremeditated ease of the spoken word. One of them is to the effect that "Nobuddy works as hard for his money as the feller that marries it." Another calls attention to the fact that "Nobuddy ever listened t' reason on an empty stomach." And a third asserts that "Folks that blurt out jist what they think wouldn't be so bad if they thought."

There is a homely directness about these rustic apothegms which makes them far more palatable than the strained and sophisticated epigrams of the characters of Oscar Wilde's plays, who are ever striving strenuously to dazzle us with verbal pyrotechnics. The labored contortions of the London Irishman seem to have a thin crackle when we compare them with these examples of rustic shrewdness sprouting spontaneously on the prairies. And in the aphorism, as in every other kind of literature, the fact is more important than the form, the content is more significant than the container.

Mr. Swift's Romance

BY MARIE MANNING

SWIFT took his place at the driving-wheel of the big limousine, pulled a chauffeur's cap well about his ears, and drew on his gauntlets with a feeling of satisfaction. Doing something for himself again restored a balance which had not been proof against a fortnight's intrusive servility. Since his return to New York, two weeks before, he had been waited upon, fetched and carried for, by a race that seemed to have sprung into existence during the years of his exile. Their national costume was livery, their native language founded on some variation of the verb "to thank," and their catlike tread and general aspect seemed to Swift the result of an evolution of obsequiousness.

As a South American capitalist whose much-heralded advent to New York had been duly chronicled in the daily papers, Swift had had more than his share of attention from these gentry and would gladly have paid them liberally to escape their intrusive fawning. The hotel with its spectacular splendors, its liveried dolls, the desultory air of patrons drifting through suites and lobbies, spoiled his vision of New York—the old New York he had been dreaming of getting back to for twenty years.

His spirits rose like a school-boy's as he turned the big car into a side-street that led to Fifth Avenue. He was still young enough at thirty-eight to enjoy the acclamation of his return to the city that had cast him off penniless in his youth. Like another Rastignac, he had shaken his fist at the inhospitable Babylon, and vowed to make her acknowledge him. Then he had gone below-decks and wheeled an iron barrow, heaped with coal, back and forth to the raging maw of the ship's furnace. A humble beginning, but he had come back spectacularly rich. He had kept his promise.

Even now, with everything that money and success could give, he could not bear to think of his wretched, thwarted youth. After his father's failure and death, the family attorney—perhaps as a sort of conscience fund—had agreed to educate him with his own son, Stuart Rokeby. Swift's dominant personality had easily made him a leader among his school-fellows, when it developed that young Rokeby had been entertaining the school with tales of the older Swift's rascally bankruptcy, and that the captain of their football team might be selling papers on street corners if it had not been for the generosity of his father.

Men beginning to be middle-aged still tell of the great fight they saw as "prep" boys that Saturday afternoon, on the ball-field in Westchester, when there had been no meddling masters present to interfere with the rude justice of a boy's code. They still remember Rokeby's shivering denial followed by admission; then the challenge, their close crowding to see that the thing was well done, and the quick, bloody triumph of the fight that had all gone the poor boy's way. Swift had slept on a park bench that night, and in the morning offered his services as a stoker on a steamer bound for a South American port.

His first youth was gone, but his zest for life was unabated. In those bitter years when the struggle to live had been cruelest he had not noticed that youth was passing while he struggled with hands, muscles, and brute strength for the little and the little more that had made the small beginning of his great fortune.

He wondered what had become of his old enemy Rokeby. How had the world treated him? No—how had Rokeby treated himself? The world was not a green-grocer, with a pair of scales, weighing, weighing different-sized portions

and different qualities for a long line of waiting customers. Man was still a forager, and he got pretty much what he was entitled to. Rokeby would, of course, be rich, very rich—confound Rokeby!—it was curious how the feeling of antipathy had survived after all these years, the feeling that Rokeby had robbed him of his youth.

He had a bitter feeling of being greatly in arrears with living; the balance of his ledger showed a debit on the flesh-and blood side; there had been in his life no gentle, mothering comradeship such as he had dreamed of. Life in the Argentine had not been favorable to romance.

To-night he was as keen about the dinner to which he was going and its sentimental possibilities as a girl in her first season. It was all part of the delayed great adventure—the adventure he had dreamed of, which had never come. He was dining with the Hammertons on the north side of Washington Square, people he had met two years ago when business had called him to London, and he remembered with pleasure their easy, comfortable hospitality.

The fog that had hung over New York since the late afternoon had thickened, and made the driving of the big car a problem of nice calculation. Swift regretted having given his chauffeur a holiday—there was little fun in this slow, tedious crawling. He turned off Fifth Avenue to avoid a block ahead, and was uncertain of the identity of the street, but it appeared through the fog to be the usual brown-stone, high-stooped affair of which middle New York is composed. Objects became misshapen and exaggerated through the misty pall that seemed to be settling down more heavily every minute. Swift slackened speed and crawled toward Madison Avenue; he had no desire to begin his New York experiences with an accident and a session in a police court.

He was not more than a few doors from the end of the street when he made out a ghostly object in front of him. It seemed to float ahead in the fog, pause, then turn and come toward him. It appeared too diaphanous and unsubstantial for a flesh-and-blood creature, and the way it seemed to move without effort up one of the high stone stoops, then float down again, was positively uncanny. Swift had always cherished a forlorn hope of encountering some day a genuine spirit; and the apparition floating, and pausing, then again taking up its course—not unlike a wounded seabird trying to fly—interested him to the point of investigation.

He shoved his car a little and took up his station directly under the street lamp, by which his phantom would have to pass if it held to its course eastward. On it came, and to Swift, watching breathlessly, it seemed to have developed a more definite purpose; at least there was no further pausing and wavering, no more fluttering returns to the high-stooped house in front of which he had first noticed the apparition. Opposite his car the figure paused and emerged from the nebulous state in which Swift had first observed it. The direct rays of the street lamp seemed to print it, like a photographic plate exposed to the sun. And it proved to be not a phantom, but a woman dressed entirely in white—gown, wrap, shoes, even the gauzy scarf that fluttered from her head and entirely concealed her face was white.

Swift's feeling was one of distinct disappointment; his ghosts always acted this way; they never did pan out, were never worth writing about to the Society for Psychical Research. The figure came close to the machine and addressed him: "Chauffeur, would you have time to take me about a mile from here? I shall be very late for an engagement if I walk. I haven't any money with me to pay you, but you may have this fan It's worth a good deal—"

Her voice was all that troubadours and poets have sung of women's voices from the beginning; it was rather deep, beautifully modulated, and there was a little catch in it somewhere, as if she might have been crying.

"I shall be very pleased." Swift got down from the driver's seat and swung open the door of the car. The address she gave him was the Hammertons', the house where he was going to dine, on the north side of Washington Square.

Twenty years of knocking about queer quarters of the globe had not robbed



"I THOUGHT A SHEPHERD WAS SOME ONE WHO WENT ABOUT WITH SHEEP"

Swift of a certain old-fashioned conventionality, especially where women were concerned; and the adventure in which he found himself involved—from sheer amazement at the woman's request, rather than from inclination—had provided him with an emotion equally compounded of distaste and frank curiosity.

She was apparently, like himself, a dinner guest of the Hammertons', which, according to his criterion, ought to have been a key to her social standing. And yet, he had discovered her wandering about the wet streets alone, frankly confessing she had not the price of her cab fare, and asking a strange man to take her to her destination. Was it a wager —one of those curious manifestations of

hardihood that women of position sometimes undertake for "a lark"? Or had the Hammertons been deceived, and were they entertaining anything but an angel unawares? In all probability, when she discovered that she and Swift were dining at the same house, she would attempt to carry off the situation with a high hand. She'd spar and make hard, varnished epigrams, and perhaps wind up by taking the entire table into her confidence, confessing it was a wager or that she had lost her last cent at bridge. Then some one would tell him that this was Miss So-and-so, who was very advanced and amusing; he had met the type often on business trips to Europe. He thought it neither advanced nor amusing.

His reflections were cut short by a glimpse of the Washington Arch looming white and substantial out of the fog; he swung the car west and drew up at the Hammertons' door. As he helped her out he noticed by the side-lamps on his machine that she had drawn the gauze scarf entirely over her face; she was as secure from recognition as a woman of the Orient.

"Thank you very much," she said, and made a dash up the Hammertons' steps. Swift followed. At the sound of his footsteps she turned and withdrew her hand from the bell. She faced him, a veiled figure of protest. Then, as if in acknowledgment of the big, determined bulk of the man, she cowered away from him as far as the limits of the vestibule would permit.

"Oh, you mustn't come here!" she panted. "You don't understand. I'm not—" She broke off with a nervous laugh. "Yes—I forgot to give you my fan. Do take it, please. It will more than pay you," and then, as Swift made no attempt to move: "Take it, please. Some one will be here in a minute."

"Thank you," his voice was rather chilling in its deliberation, "but I so seldom use a fan, and my taking yours to-night might embarrass you. You see, I happen to be dining with the Hammertons myself."

The door opened, and a moment later he was wondering what it had cost her to relinquish the head-scarf to which she had clung so tenaciously. They entered the drawing-room almost together. Swift's eager concern regarding her was so great that he almost overdid his lack of interest; his eyes were everywhere but in her direction, while she, now that further concealment of identity was no longer possible, seemed to await from him some special look or word. He went through his social ritual without a glance at his late companion. He and his hostess had their usual little thrust and parry, which terminated, as usual, with victory in the lady's favor. Mrs. Hammerton had lived so long abroad that she had rather forgotten the American habit of thorough and conscientious introduction; her roof, she felt, was a sufficient introduction to those dining beneath it, and with a word here and there she let her people find themselves.

It was several minutes before Swift got his eagerly sought opportunity. Then, in one quick, devouring look, he snatched his inventory. His first impression was of a certain dryad quality, as she stood with one arm resting on the mantelpiece; a length of line and an adolescent suppleness of body helped the impression even more than her amazing youthfulness, for this hardened exponent of the unconventional could hardly have been twenty years of age. At close range she was really lovely—a creature all big gray eyes and black lashes. What Swift could not understand was the droop of the red mouth: why hadn't it taken the lines of happy contentment that ought to have been its birthright? The gown that had appeared so ghostly in the fog now proved in the lamp-light to be some diaphanous, creamy material, veiling green; this and the chaplet of myrtle-leaves in the loosely blown undulations of her light hair reinforced the wood-nymph semblance.

His hostess led him over to the girl and said something in her quick staccato, which presently he discovered to be one of Mrs. Hammerton's social foot-notes; she was summing him up to the dryad as "a shepherd, though apparently he's left his pipe in South America." This pleasantry had reference to a paltry few hundred miles of sheep-range in the Argentine, where Swift grazed his flocks of merinos. He waited eagerly for some counter biographical annotations re-



"I BELIEVE YOU ARE A PRINCESS IN THE TOILS OF AN OGRE"

garding the girl, but in a moment Mrs. Hammerton had glided away, leaving him ignorant of her very name.

The dryad stared frankly, Swift thought, as she might have stared at a strange uncle, or a friend of her father's who specialized in something she thought "queer."

"Are you really a shepherd, or is that just another of the strange things people say to each other at dinner-parties? I'm rather hopeless at that sort of thing."

Did this confessed naïveté mask some covert subtlety of purpose? A girl capable of asking for a "lift" in his car might be supposed to be quite equal to the dinner game. She was young; of that there could be no doubt. But youth and age seemed to have changed places during Swift's absence; the débutantes had become sophisticated, the middle-aged women ingénues. On the surface she was still the bewildered dryad, with wind-blown hair, and eyes that seemed to reflect the cool depths of some shaded forest pool—eyes unseared by electric light, late hours, and tense living.

It was with the intention of entrapping her into some word of identification that he said, with mock resignation, "Yes, I am only a shepherd, but you flattered me by taking me for a chauffeur."

She smiled with a delightful air of being convicted, "But I thought a shepherd was some one who went about with sheep."

"And haven't I qualified to-night by gathering up a ewe-lamb strayed from the fold?" He looked at her searchingly, expecting the dryad look to fade into the answering gleam of a woman who knew the seamy side of things generally; but a moment later he was absurdly glad at the persistence of the dryad, who still maintained her baffling air of having just wandered from Arcady.

"So you did, but so much happened to-night I'm afraid I'm rather vague about everything."

Dinner was announced, and she floated in ahead of him in her green-and-white draperies, as much an object of interest and mystery as when he first

saw her wandering about the foggy streets alone. A moment later they were sitting in adjoining chairs at the table and he was considering some facile expression of gratitude at this latest dispensation of fate, when, with appalling literalness, she anticipated him with, "What did you think of my asking you to bring me here?"

Swift evaded her question by saying: "When I first saw you wandering about in the fog, I thought you were a ghost. I was delighted. 'Now,' I said, 'I shall have my chance to write to the Society for Psychical Research.' People always appear to have such a bully time with their ghosts, in those reminiscences, so when I found you were a girl I was a little disappointed—just at first."

"Disappointed in a girl who would ask such a favor?"

"You wrong me. I—er—may have wondered where was mamma, or the chaperon, or Aunt Jane, and why they had all taken a simultaneous holiday."

She did not answer this, and Swift, to hide the awkwardness of the pause, continued: "I've told you I am a shepherd, but you haven't told me anything about yourself. I believe you are a princess in the toils of an ogre—" He didn't finish; the dryad was fading literally before his eyes. The woman who remained in her place was white—she had the expression of one who has looked on the Medusa.

To Swift, full of concern at the pain he had thoughtlessly inflicted, it seemed ages before she pulled herself together and, in a voice struggling with the dry wrench of a sob, said: "I came here tonight to try and forget about myself. Your curiosity is, I suppose, perfectly legitimate— Well, after dinner I'm adrift. I haven't any home to go to."

"You don't know what you're saying—" He turned, and in consternation saw that the cheek nearest to him was wet; more tears had gathered on the lower lashes, brimmed, and fell. Apparently no one else had noticed. Some of the diners, especially those who were resigned to putting on weight, were lost in a keen, if elegantly restrained, appreciation of gastronomics; some were playing at temporary fate with the occupants of adjoining chairs. Swift dared not speak for fear she would lose what control she had, and yet never had he been swayed so absolutely by sympathy. He remembered, as if it were yesterday, the despair of his own desolate youth, and the black thoughts he had brought to the park bench after his pitiful triumph over the younger Rokeby.

He was conscious of a curiously painful sense of spectatorship. Was it going to be one of those modern tragedies where every hand is paralyzed by the decorous sense of not intruding? His brain was like a brightly lighted building, full of messengers running back and forth with futile suggestions. He ought to be able to evolve something. . . . And then he became aware that the woman on his right was repeating something, that she had said the same thing to him twice. He struggled like one in a nightmare to hear. The lady, it would seem, aiming casually over the world of dinner talk, had picked her bull's-eye and fired twice: Did he like Tschaikowsky?

At that moment he could not have told whether Tschaikowsky was a new type of motor, a comic opera, or a brand of cigarette. His wits were whirling in a sort of dervish dance, in which he was conscious of but one thing—that the girl next him was in some terrible distress to which he had unintentionally added.

But the Tschaikowsky lady would have her pound of attention; she had been marooned by the man on her other side, and she simply declined to abandon Russian music as a plank to Swift. Slowly his wits came back to him; he burned his bridges: Yes, he liked Tschaikowsky.

The lady knew her subject so glibly that he strongly suspected her of having written a paper on it for a woman's club. She took the long combinations of Russian consonants as an Irish hunter takes stone fences. Swift, regarding the girl, considered and dismissed plan after plan. Should he speak to Mrs. Hammerton? No; the girl was the one to speak to their hostess, if she felt it was the thing to do. He remembered now that he hadn't caught her name when Mrs. Hammerton had brought them together with her own particular casualness. It might help, perhaps, if he knew some of

her people. His eyes searched among the silver about her plate for the identifying place-card; yes, there it was—Sylvia Conrad.

He ought to be capable of devising something, and yet ingenuity failed him at every turn. "This is sheer madness!" He could not remember whether he had thought it, or if in his abstraction he had spoken aloud. The Tschaikowsky lady settled the question: Yes, she often felt that way herself about the uncomprehending way Russian music was received in the United States.

"Ah, Russian music!" Swift muttered in despair. What did he care about Russian music, or anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—but for the tears he had cost this girl! His exultant return to the city that had cast him off penniless twenty years before now seemed a tinsel sort of triumph, a bit of spectacular luck that might have happened to any one. He had so confidently expected the worst, as far as the girl was concerned; he had brought all the dismal sophistication of his world buffeting to bear on what he called "her case," and she was just a poor, bewildered child trying to stand up against the thing he had tried to stand up against in his own youth.

She was young and she was unhappy, even as he had been. The picture of his own youth again confronted him—the loneliness, the ache of the young body too weary to find refreshment in sleep, the bitterness of the untried soul that feels every hand against it. The girl was passing through the ordeal he had survived. What had been her wandering, forlorn thoughts to-night when he had first seen her, flitting ghostly and undetermined, like a sea-bird trying to fly with a broken wing.

And this was the quarry he had tried to corner, trap into admissions. He had been the usual male, with a fowler's eye for a pretty woman, and a cave-man's simple psychology. He stole a glance at the girl and decided that the man on her right was an irritating ass: that fatuous manner of having come into his own was insufferable. His efforts to interest her were too eager, too lacking in poise, to be in good taste. And why the deuce, Swift asked himself, was *he* taking it like that, with the unreasoning fury of the outraged male?

And then, in one apocalyptic flash of perception, he was overwhelmed with the discovery that she had again created the magic that he had thought dead with the illusions of adolescence. And he knew his interest in her was the wonderful impulse that people call love. If she'd only marry him then and there, cut the Gordian knot that way. Let him take her back with him to South America—to "a peak in Darien." The cause of her plight, whatever it was, counted not a feather's weight with the miracle of his love. He waited with patience, for the man next her to stop his everlasting story, even as the amazing consonantal flights of his own Tschaikowsky person seemed for the moment to have flagged. He had made up his mind as to what he would say when he could again claim her attention. There was nothing eloquent about it, none of the well-turned things people say to each other on the stage and in books, but in his own blunt fashion he was prepared to tell her that he was absolutely to be counted on in the emergency, whatever it was.

His belief in his destiny, even in the days when he had fed a furnace in the bowels of a ship, was supreme. It amounted to a superstition; and never had his faith in his own star been greater than when he awaited his opportunity to again claim the girl's attention and suggest his daring solution of her difficulties. But a woman opposite, with a fixed, silly smile, forestalled him with a question to the girl that for a second seemed to throw the table into a sort of dumb panic. Leaning forward, the smiling woman said:

"I have been hearing such interesting things. May I offer my felicitations?"

For the fraction of a second every eye at the table flew involuntarily to the girl and was as quickly averted, as the social sense working automatically applied the brakes in a perilous situation. Then every one talked with well-simulated zest.

Swift was too astounded to rush into the general babble with which the table came to the rescue, and the hand that



WAS THIS THE THING HE HAD BURDENED HIMSELF WITH HATING ALL THESE YEARS

groped for his wine-glass was none too steady. "A peak in Darien" seemed to have settled itself, he reflected, and relaxed limply in his chair. It was unbelievable that it could have affected him so deeply—a girl he had been unaware of twenty-four hours ago.

A moment later, when her eyes met his, he was immensely relieved to recognize in them a return to the dryad aspect. There was no trace of the emotion with which she had received his unfortunate pleasantries, or of the hopeless shriveling that the tactless woman's inquiries had produced.

The higher pitch of talk which the ill-timed question had evoked had not yet subsided, and under cover of it Swift took occasion to say to the girl: "Forgive me if I seem intrusive, but my only thought is to serve you. Let me beg you to reconsider your decision. You must go back to your home."

She spoke as if from behind a mask, not once catching his eye, "The only conditions on which I can return make it impossible."

At that moment Mrs. Hammerton gave the signal to the women and they filed out of the dining-room. The men drew their chairs closer together, and Swift listened to their talk in an agony of impatience that neither tobacco nor wine could mitigate. He awaited his opportunity, and pounced squarely on his host with the question, "Who is Sylvia Conrad?"

"She'd be a case for the society for the prevention of cruelty to ingénues if there was such a thing. We protect cats, dogs, horses, children, sailors, and the grass in public parks, but poor mar-

riageable girls must fend for themselves. Her father, in his dotage, married some spectacular impossibility—might have been a snake-charmer, lion-tamer, or a Quakeress that had grown tired of wearing drab. No one knew her, so no one could say. Old Ned died, and his polychrome widow bolted through his very considerable fortune and every penny of the girl's. Now she—the variegated widow—is hunting a chimney-corner for herself by trying to make the girl marry an awful rotter; the fellow's positively nutty. You ought to run away with her, Swift—"

"I made up my mind to do that some time ago."

When they rejoined the women in the drawing-room, Swift found the dryad a little apart from the rest, toying with the fan which she had offered him as the price of her journey down-town. It was not until he noticed that some of the others were preparing to go that he found courage to say:

"You did not tell any of these people that you had thought of not going back to your home to-night?"

"No."

"Good; that 'll save explanations. I'll tell Mrs. Hammerton that I'll take you home on my way up-town. Some of them are going now; we'd better follow."

His kindly peremptoriness had the effect of crystallizing her wandering, unhappy thoughts into a semblance of form. For weeks they had been drifting, shaping and unshaping themselves at the approach of each fresh calamity, like seaweed drifting with the tide.

At the curb he held the door of his car open for her. She hesitated a moment, then begged: "Please let me sit with you in front. I love the air, and we can talk. You see," she said, as they turned into Fifth Avenue, "I did not burn my bridge; I still have my latch-key."

"Suppose you tell me about the Bluebeard chamber that latch-key opens. You dislike this man your stepmother wants you to marry?"

"Why, how did you know?"

"The inevitable little bird."

"Dislike is too mild a word. Can you imagine a man so weak, so repulsive as to seem utterly unworthy of the great big splendid hate he inspires. He is so smiling, so fatuous; he just waits with that horrid, silly grin. Sometimes I feel it's no use contending against them any longer."

"You want to get over that feeling immediately."

"Oh, but you don't know, you don't know—and there is the wish-bone of that chicken!"

"Where, in Heaven's name, is the wish-bone of a chicken, and what's it got to do with the case?"

"I pulled the wish-bone of a chicken to-day at lunch, and coming up-stairs—there he stood."

"Well, did you expect him to sit when he saw you?"

"You don't understand. When you're a girl and pull the wish-bone of a chicken and get the long end, you marry the first man you meet."

"Cheat your horoscope, fool your fortune, make it the second man. I'm the second man, am I not?"

"Yes; but don't you know how they always say on the stage and in stories, when they mean to be funny, 'This is so sudden'? I'd hate it to be funny. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, 'This is so sudden' stopped being funny to me years and years ago. I venerate the ancient saw as I would my grandmother, but neither of them can prevent me from marrying you."

"This is the house," she answered, abruptly.

It was one of those high-stooped, brown-stone affairs, the typical New York house of better days, ending ingloriously as a boarding-house. The girl opened the front door, and two figures darted toward her from the dingy splendors of the drawing-room, as if the business of awaiting her return had snapped the last shred of patience between them. But when the looming bulk of Swift directly behind her was disclosed, they fell back again on their fastness of tarnished gilt and opulent upholstery.

As Swift entered the room his faculties for the moment were wholly occupied with the figure of Miss Conrad's stepmother. Her complexion, done in shades of American Beauty, was too good to be true; so were the pearls in

her ears and the rings thick on her fingers. Her gown was both vivid and daring; a strange selection for a duenna, reflected the man from South America. His glancing impression supplied all that the girl had left unsaid; it completed the sordid picture that might have been fresh from the cynicism of Hogarth's pencil.

How had the girl managed to keep that wood-nymph quality in such an atmosphere? How had she kept her dewy freshness, her faith, and her sense of humor, that flashed out bravely, be tween the buffeting of such a fate?

"Mamma, this is Mr. Swift. He brought me home from the Hammertons'. I've told him all about—everything."

"I'm afraid it's rather late to bring a stranger into a family discussion. Mr. Rokeby and I have quite made up our minds that everything is settled."

"Rokeby! Rokeby!" Swift boomed in his big voice. "What Rokeby?"

He strode to the window, and the limp fat man standing there found himself, a second later, beneath the light of the chandelier. Swift looked fixedly at the weak, flaccid contours of the other man's face. Dissipation, ineptitude, mental infirmity, all flew their signals. Was this the thing he had burdened himself with hating all these years? It was as absurd as hating a rag doll or the wax figure that bore a wig in a hair-dresser's window. Somehow he felt defrauded; the object of his fine emotion was such a poor wretch.

Rokeby stood leering at them all, the grin indicative of amiable purpose making him even more unattractive. Evidently he cherished no animosity over the "prep"-school chastisement. He had even recalled it with a certain pride when he read in the papers of the triumphant return of Swift, the Argentine capitalist, who had run away from school and shipped as a stoker.

"Haven't seen you, Swift, since the historical thrashing. Fear it didn't make the usual nobler and better man of me. Ask Miss Conrad. She's not partial to me."

Swift would have given a good deal to repeat the thrashing, but he compromised by walking the floor. Was he dreaming, or was he seeing a revival of a Sardou play? His meeting with the girl, their going to the same house to dinner, this shambling wreck confronting him out of the past—had all these things happened, or was he just a little mad? And then he felt a furtive little tug at his sleeve; the dryad was beside him. She had followed him in his floor-pacing, and, now that they were the room's length away from the other two, she said, softly, under her breath:

"Is it true? Did you really thrash him?"

"I did."

"Good! That changes everything. Sudden or not, I'll marry you."

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XV

HAVING slept soundly till after eight in the morning, Thor woke with an odd sense of pleasure. On regaining his faculties he was able to analyze it as the pleasure he had experienced in having Claude tugging at his arm. It meant that Claude was happy, and, Claude being happy, Rosie would be happy. Claude and Rosie were taken care of.

Consequently Lois would be taken care of. Thor turned the idiom over with a vast content. It was the tune to which he bathed and dressed. They would all three be taken care of. Those who were taken care of were as folded sheep. His mind could be at rest concerning them. It was something to have the mind at rest even at the cost of heartache.

There was, of course, one intention that before all others must be carried out. He would have to clinch the statement he had made, for the sake of appeasing and convincing Claude, concerning Lois Willoughby. It was something to be signed and sealed before Claude could see her or betray the daring assertion to his parents. Fortunately, the younger brother's duties at the bank would deprive him of any such opportunity earlier than nightfall, so that Thor himself was free for the regular tasks of the day. He kept, therefore, his office hours during the forenoon, and visited his few patients after a hasty luncheon. There was one patient whom he omitted — whom he would leave henceforth to Dr. Hilary.

It was but little after four when he arrived at the house at the corner of Willoughby's Lane and County Street. Mrs. Willoughby met him in the hall, across which she happened to be bustling. She wore an apron, and struck him as curiously business-like. As he had never before seen her share in household tasks, her present aspect seemed to denote a change of heart.

"Oh, come in, Thor," she said, briskly. "I'm glad you've come. Go up and see poor Len. He's so depressed. You'll cheer him."

If there was a forced note in her bravery he did not perceive it. "I'm glad to see you're not depressed," he observed as he took off his overcoat.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm going to die game."

"Which means—"

"That there's fight in me yet."

"Fight?" His brows went up anxiously.

"Oh, not with your father. You needn't be afraid of that. Besides, I see well enough it would be no use. If he says we've spent our money he's got everything fixed to make it look so, whether we've spent it or not. No, I'm not going to spare him because he's your father. I'm going to say what I think, and if you don't like it you can lump it. I sha'n't go to law. I'd get the worst of it if I did. But neither shall I be bottled up. So there!"

"It doesn't matter what you say to me—" Thor began, with significant stress on the ultimate word.

"It may not matter what I say to you, but I can tell you it will matter what I say to other people."

Thor took no notice of that. "And if you're not going to law, would it be indiscreet to ask what you are going to do?"

Bessie forced the note of bravery again, with a flash in her little eyes. "I'm going to live on my income; that's what I'm going to do. Thank the Lord

I've some money left. I didn't let Archie Masterman get his hands on all of it—not me. I've got some money left, and we've got this house. I'm going to let it. I'm going to let it to-morrow if I get the chance. I'm getting it ready now. And then we're going abroad. Oh, I know lots of places where we can live—*petits trous pas chers;* dear little places, too—where Len 'll have a chance to—to get better."

Thor made a big resolution. "If you're going to let the house, why not let it to me?"

She knew what was coming, but it made her feel faint. Backing to one of the Regency chairs, she sank into it. It was in mere pretense that she said, "What do you want it for?"

"I want it because I want to marry Lois." He added, with an anxiety that sprang of his declaration to Claude, "Do you think she'll take me?"

Bessie spoke with conviction. "She'll take you unless she's more of a fool than I think. Of course she'll take you. Any woman in her senses would jump at you. I know I would." She dashed away a tear. "But look here, Thor," she hurried on, "if you marry Lois you won't have the whole family on your back, you know. You won't be marrying Len and me. I tell you right now because you're the sort that 'll think he ought to do it. Well, you won't have to. I mean what I say when I tell you we're going to live on our income—what's left of it. We can, and we will, and we're going to."

"Couldn't we talk about all that when—?"

"When you're married to Lois and have more of a right to speak? No. We'll talk about it now—and never any more. Len and I are going to have plenty—plenty. If you think I can't manage—well, you'll see."

"Oh, I know you've got lots of pluck, Mrs. Willoughby—"

She sprang to her feet. With her hands thrust jauntily into the pockets of her apron she looked like some poor little soubrette, grown middle-aged, stout, and rather grotesque, in a Marivaux play. She acted her part well. "Pluck? Oh, I've got more than that. I've got some ability. If you never knew it before, you'll see it now. I've spent a lot; but then I've had a lot—or thought I had; and now that I'm going to have little—well, I'll show you I can cut my coat according to my cloth as well as the next one."

"I don't doubt that in the least, and yet—"

"And yet you want us to have all our money back. Oh, I know what you meant yesterday afternoon. I didn't see it at the time—I had so many things to think of; but I caught on to it as soon as I got home. We should get it back, because you'd give it to us. Well, you won't. You can marry Lois, if she'll marry you—and I hope to the Lord she won't be such a goose as to refuse you!—and you can take the house off our hands; but more than that you won't be able to do, not if you were Thor Masterman ten times over."

He smiled. "I shouldn't like to be that. Once is bad enough."

Her little eyes shone tearily. "All the same, I like you for it. I do believe that if you hadn't said it I should have gone to law. I certainly meant to; but when I saw how nice *you* were—" Dashing away another tear, she changed her tone suddenly. "Tell me. What did your mother say after I left yesterday?"

Thor informed her that to the best of his knowledge she hadn't said anything.

Bessie chuckled. "I didn't leave her much to say, did I? Well, I'm glad to have had the opportunity of talking it out with her."

"You certainly talked it out—if that's the word."

"Yes, didn't I? And now, I suppose, she's mad."

Thor was unable to affirm as much as this. In fact, the conversation, since Mrs. Willoughby liked to apply that term to the encounter, had induced in his stepmother, as far as he could see, a somewhat superior frame of mind.

"Well, I hope it 'll do her as much good as it did me," Bessie sighed, devoutly; "and now that I've let off steam I'll go round and make it up. Now go and see Len. He'll want to talk to you."

Thor intimated that he would be glad

of a minute with Lois, to which Mrs. Willoughby replied that Lois was having one of her fits of bird-craze. She was in the kitchen at that minute getting suet with which to go up into the woods and feed the chickadees. Good Lord! there had been chickadees since the world began, and they had lived through the winter somehow. Bessie had no patience with what she called "nature-fads," but it was as easy to talk sense into a chickadee itself as to keep Lois from going into the woods with two or three pounds of suet after every snow-storm. She undertook, however, to delay her daughter's departure on this errand till warning had been given to Thor.

Up-stairs Thor found Len sitting in his big arm-chair, clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown. He was idle, stupefied, and woebegone. With his bushy, snow-white hair and beard, his puffy cheeks, his sagging mouth, and his clumsy bulk he produced an effect half spectral and half fleshly, but quite pathetically ludicrous. His hand trembled violently as he held it toward his visitor.

"Not well to-day, Thor," he complained. "Ought to be back in bed. Any other man wouldn't have got up. Always had too much energy. Awful blow, Thor, awful blow. Never could have believed it of your father. But I'm not downed yet. Go to work and make another fortune. That's what I'll do."

Thor sympathized with his friend's intentions, and, having slipped down-stairs again, found Lois in the hall, a basket containing a varied assortment of bird-foods on her arm.

When she had given him permission to accompany her, they took their way up Willoughby's Lane, whence it was possible to pass into the woodland stretches of the hillside. The day was clear and cold, with just enough wind to wake the æolian harp of the forest into sound. Once in the woods, they advanced warily. "Listen to the red-polls," Lois whispered.

She paused, leaning forward, her face alight. There was nothing visible; but a low, continuous warble, interspersed with a sort of liquid rattle, struck the ear. Taking a bunch of millet stalks from her basket, she directed Thor while he tied them to the bough of a birch that trailed its lower branches to the snow. When they had gone forward they perceived, on looking round, that some dozen or twenty of the crimson-headed birds had found their food.

So they went on, scattering seeds or crumbs in sheltered spots, and fixing masses of suet in conspicuous places, to an approving chirrup of *dee-dee*, *chick-a-dee-dee-dee*, from friendly little throats. The basket was almost emptied by the time they reached the outskirts of the wood and neared the top of the hill.

Lois was fastening the last bunch of millet stalks to a branch hanging just above her head. Thor stood behind her, holding the basket, and noticing, as he had often noticed before, the slim shapeliness of her hands. In spite of the cold, they were bare, the fur of the cuffs falling back sufficiently to display the exquisitely formed wrists.

"Lois, when can we be married?"

She gave no sign of having heard him, unless it was that her hands stopped for an instant in the deft rapidity of their task. Within a few seconds they had resumed their work, though, it seemed to him, with less sureness in the supple movement of the fingers. Beyond the upturned collar of her coat he saw the stealing of a warm, slow flush.

He was moved, he hardly knew how. He hardly knew how, except that it was with an emotion different from that which Rosie Fay had always roused in him. In that case the impulse was primarily physical. He couldn't have said what it was primarily in this. It was perhaps mental, or spiritual, or only sympathetic. But it was an emotion. He was sure of that, though he was less sure that it had the nature of love. As for love, since yesterday the word sickened him. Its association had become, for the present, at any rate, both sacred and appalling. He couldn't have used it, even if he had been more positive concerning the blends that made up his present sentiment.

It was to postpone as long as possible the moment for turning round that Lois worked unnecessarily at the fastening of her millet stalks. They were not yet secured to her satisfaction when, urged

by a sudden impulse, he bent forward and kissed her wrist. She allowed him to do this without protest, while she knotted the ends of her string; but she was obliged to turn at last.

"I didn't know you wanted to be married," she said, with shy frankness.

He responded as simply as she. "But now that you do know it—how soon can it be?"

"Why are you asking me?" Before he had time to reply she went on, "Is it because papa has got into trouble?"

He was ready with his answer. "It's because he's got into trouble that I'm asking you to-day; but I've been meaning to ask you for years and years."

She uttered something like a little cry. "Oh, Thor, is that true?"

The fact that he must make so many reservations impelled him to be the more ardent in what he could affirm without putting a strain on his conscience. "I can swear it to you, Lois, if you want me to. It began as long ago as when I was a youngster and you were a little girl."

She clasped her hands tightly. "Oh, Thor!"

"Since that time there hasn't been a—" He was going to say a day, but he made a rapid correction—"there hasn't been a year when I haven't looked forward to your being my wife." He allowed a few seconds to pass before adding, "I should think you'd have seen it."

She answered as well as a joyous distress would let her. "I did see it, Thor—or thought I did—for a while. Only latterly—"

"You mustn't judge by—latterly," he broke in, hastily. "Latterly I've had a good deal to go through."

"Oh, you poor Thor! Tell me about it."

Nothing would have eased his heart more effectively than to have poured out to her the whole flood of his confidence. It was what he was accustomed to doing when in her company. He could talk to her with more open heart than he had ever been able to talk to any one. It would have been a relief to tell her the whole story of Rosie Fay; and if he refrained from taking this course, it was only because he reminded himself that it wouldn't "do." It obviously wouldn't "do." He was unable to say why it wouldn't "do" except on the general ground that there were things a man had better keep to himself. He curbed, therefore, his impulse toward frankness to say:

"I can't—because there are things I shall never be able to talk about. If I could speak of them to any one it would be to you."

She looked at him anxiously. "It's nothing that I have to do with, is it?"

"Only in as far as you have to do with everything that concerns me."

Tears in her eyes could not keep her face from growing radiant. "Oh, Thor, how can I believe it?"

"It's true, Lois. I can hardly go back to the time when, in my own mind, it hasn't been true."

"But I'm not worthy of it," she said, half tearfully.

"I hope it isn't a question of worthiness on the one side or the other. It's just a matter of—of our belonging together."

It was not in doubt, but with imploring looks of happiness that she said, "Oh, are you sure we do?"

He was glad she could accept his formula. It not only simplified matters, but enabled him to be sincere. The fact that in his own way he was quite sincere rendered him the more grateful to her for not forcing him, or trying to force him, to express himself insincerely. It was almost as if she divined his state of mind.

"Words aren't of much use between *us*," he declared, in his appreciation of this attitude on her part. "We're more or less independent of them, don't you think?"

She nodded her approval of this sentiment as her eyes followed the action of her fingers in buttoning her gloves.

"But I'll tell you what I feel as exactly as I can put it," he went on. "It's that you're essential to me, and I'm essential to you. At least," he subjoined, humbly, "I hope I'm essential to you."

She nodded again, her face averted, her eyes still following the movements of her fingers at her wrist.

"I can't express it in language very different from that," he stammered,



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"LOIS, WHEN CAN WE BE MARRIED?"

"because—well, because I'm not—not very happy; and the chief thing I feel about you is that you're a kind of—of shelter."

He had found the word that explained his state of mind. It was as a shelter that he was seeking her. If there were points of view from which his object was to protect her, there were others from which he needed protection for himself. In desiring her as his wife he was, as it were, fleeing to a refuge. He did desire her as his wife, even though but yesterday he had more violently desired Rosie Fay. The violence was perhaps the secret of his reaction—not that it was reaction so much as the turning of his footsteps toward home. He was homing to her. He was homing to her by an instinct beyond his skill to analyze, though he knew it to be as straight and sure as that of the pigeon to the cote.

There was a silence following his use of the word shelter—a silence in which she seemed to envelop him with her deep, luminous regard. The still, remote beauty of the winter woods, the notes of friendly birds, the sweet, wild music of the wind in the treetops, accompanied that look, as mystery and incense and organ harmonies go with benedictions.

"Oh, Thor, you're wonderful!" was all she could say, when words came to her. "You make me feel as if I could be of some use in the world. What's more wonderful still, you make me feel as if I had been of use all these years when I've felt so useless."

It was in the stress of the sensation of having wandered into far, exotic regions in which his feet could only stray that he said, simply, "You're home to me."

She was so near to bursting into tears that she turned from him sharply and walked up the hill. He followed slowly, swinging the empty basket. Her buoyant step on the snow, over which the frost had drawn the thinnest of shining crusts, gave a nymphlike smoothness to her motion.

Having reached the treeless ridge, she emerged on that high altar on which, not twenty-four hours earlier, he had sunk face downward in the snow. The snow had drifted again over his footprints and the mark of his form. It was drifting still, in little powdery whirls, across a surface that caught tints of crimson and glints of fire from an angry sunset. It was windy here. As she stood above him, facing the north, her figure poised against a glowering sky, her garments blew backward. Even when he reached her and was standing by her side, she continued to gaze outward across the undulating, snow-covered country, in the folds of which an occasional farm-house lamp shone like a pale twilight star.

"You see, it's this way," he pursued, as though there had been no interruption. "When I'm with you I seem to get back to my natural conditions—the conditions in which I can live and work. That's what I mean by your being home to me. Other places"—he ventured this much of the confession he had at heart—"other places have their temptations; but it's only at home that one lives."

He took courage to go on from the way in which her gloved hand stole into his. "I dare say you think I talk too much about work; but, after all, we can't forget that we live in a country in the making, can we? In a way, it's a world in the making. There's everything to do—and I want to be doing some of it, Lois," he declared, with a little outburst. "I can't help it. I know some people think I'm an enthusiast, and others put me down as a prig—but I can't help it."

"I know you can't, Thor, and I can't tell you how much I—I"—she felt for the right word—"I admire it."

He turned to her eagerly. "You're the only one, Lois, who knows what I mean—who can speak my language. You want to be useful, too."

"And I never have been."

"Nor I. I've known that things were to be done; but I haven't known how to set about them, or where to begin. Don't you think we may be able to find the way together?"

She seemed suddenly to cling to him. "Oh, Thor, if you'd only make me half as good as you are!"

Perhaps the ardor with which he seized her was the unspent force of the longing roused in him by Rosie. Perhaps it blazed up in him merely because

she was a woman. For two or three days now his need of the feminine had been acute. Did she minister to that? or did she bring him something that could be offered by but one woman in the world? He couldn't tell. He only knew that he had her in his arms, with his lips on hers, and that he was content. He was content, with a sense of fulfilment and appeasement. It was as if he had been straining for a great prize and won the second—but at a moment when he had expected none at all. There was happiness in it, even if it was a quieter, staider happiness than that of which he now knew himself to be capable.

"You're home to me, Lois," he murmured as he held her. "You're home to me."

He meant that though there were strange, entrancing Edens on which he had not been allowed to enter, there was, nevertheless, a vast peace of mind to be found at the restful, friendly fireside.

"And you're the whole wide world to me, Thor," she whispered, clasping her arms about his neck and drawing his face nearer.

CHAPTER XVI

ON leaving Lois and returning homeward, Thor met his brother at the entrance to the avenue. They had not spoken since the preceding night. On purpose to avoid a meeting, Claude had breakfasted early and escaped to town before Thor had come down-stairs. In the glimpse Thor had caught of his younger brother as the latter left the house he saw that he looked white and worried.

He looked white and worried still under the glare of street electricity. As they walked up the driveway together Thor took the opportunity to put himself right in the matter that lay most urgently on his mind. "Lois and I are to be married on one of the last days of February," he said, with his best attempt to speak casually. "She wants to work it in before Lent, which begins on the first day of March. Have scruples about marrying in Lent in their church. Quiet affair. No one but the two families."

Claude asked the question as to which he felt most curiosity. "Going to tell father?"

"To-night. No use shilly-shallying about things of that sort. Father mayn't like it; but he can't kick."

Claude spoke moodily: "He can't kick in your case."

"We're grown men, Claude. We're the only judges of what's right for us. I don't mean any disrespect to father; but we've got to be free. Best way, as far as I see, is to be open and above-board and firm. Then everybody knows where you are."

Claude made no response till they reached the door-step, where he lingered. "Look here, Thor," he said then, "I've got to put this thing through in my own way, you know."

Thor didn't need to be told what this thing was. "That's all right, Claude. I've got nothing to do with it."

"You've got something to do with it when you put up the money. And what I feel," he added, complainingly, "is that my taking it makes me look as if I was bought."

"Oh, rot, Claude!" Thor made a great effort. "Hang it all! when a fellow's in—in love, and going to be married himself, you don't suppose he can ignore his own brother who's in the same sort of box, and can't be married for the sake of a few hundred dollars? That wouldn't be human."

It was not difficult for Claude to take this point of view, but he repeated, tenaciously, "I've got to do it in my own way."

"Good Lord! old chap, I don't care how you do it," Thor declared, airily, "so long as it's done. Just buck up and be a man, and you'll pull it off magnificently. It's the sort of thing you've got to pull off magnificently—or slump."

"That's what I think," Claude agreed, "and so I'm"—he hesitated before announcing so bold a programme—"and so I'm going to take her abroad."

"Oh!" Thor gave a little gasp. He had not expected to have Rosie pass out of his ken. He had supposed that he should remain near her, watch over her, know what she was doing and what was being done to her. He was busy trying to readjust his mind while Claude stammered out suggestions for the payment

of Rosie's proposed dowry. It was clear without his saying so that he hated doing it; but he did say so, adding that it made him feel as if he was bought.

Thor was irritated by the repetition. "Let's drop that, Claude, if you don't mind. Be satisfied once for all that if you and Rosie accept the money it will be as a favor to me. I'm so built that I can't be happy in my own marriage without knowing that you and—and she have the chance to be happy in yours. With all the money that's coming to me, and that I've never done any more to deserve than you have, what I'm setting aside will be a trifle. As to the payments, I'll do just as you say. The first quarter will be paid to Rosie on the day you're married—when there'll be a little check for you, for good luck. So go ahead and make your plans. Go abroad, if you want to. Dare say it's the best thing you can do."

To escape his brother's shamefaced thanks Thor passed into the porch. "I'm not going to tell any one about it till I'm ready," Claude warned as he followed.

Thor turned. "Of course you know that father's on to the whole business."

"The deuce he is!"

"Father told me. How did you suppose I knew anything about it?"

"So that's it! Been wondering all day who could have given me away. That's Uncle Sim's tricks. Knew the old fool had his eye—"

"It was bound to come out somehow, you know, in a little village like this. Natural enough that Uncle Sim should want to put father wise to a matter that concerns the whole family. I thought I'd tell you so that you can take your line."

"Take what line?"

"How do I know? That's up to you. The line that will best protect Rosie, I suppose. Remember that that's your first consideration now. I only want you to understand that you can't keep father in the dark. I should say it was more dignified, and perhaps better policy, not to try."

An hour later Mrs. Masterman was commenting at the dinner-table on the pleasing circumstance that invitations to Miss Elsie Darling's party had come for the entire family. There were cards not only for the two young men, but for the father and mother also. Since both the older and the younger members of society were included, it was clear that the function was to pass the limitations of a dance and become a ball.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Masterman was superior to this form of entertainment. It was the one above all others that reminded them that they belonged to society in the higher sense. They dined out with tolerable frequency; with tolerable frequency their friends dined with them. As for the afternoon teas to which they were bidden in the course of a season, Mrs. Masterman could scarcely keep count of them. But balls came only once or twice in a winter, and not always so often as that. A ball was a community event. It was an occasion on which to display the fact that the neighborhood could unite in a gathering more socially significant than the mere frolicking of boys and girls. Moreover, it was an opportunity for proving that the higher circles of the village stood on equal terms with those of the city, with the solidarity of true aristocracies all over the world.

On Mrs. Masterman's murmuring something to the effect that Claude would go to the ball, of course, the young man mumbled words that sounded like, "Not for mine." The mother understood the response to be a negative, and replied with a protest.

"Oh, but you must, Claudie dear. It 'll be so nice for you to meet Elsie. She's a charming girl, they say, after her years abroad." She concluded, with a wrinkling of her pretty brow, "It seems to me you don't know many really nice girls."

She had been moved by no more than a mother's solicitude, but Claude kept his eyes on his plate. He knew that his father was probably looking at him, and that Thor was saying, "Now's your chance to speak up and declare that you know the nicest girl in the world." Poor Claude was sensible of the opportunity, and yet felt himself paralyzed with regard to making use of it. In reply he could only say, vaguely, that if he had to go he would have to go,

and not long afterward Mrs. Masterman rose.

The sons followed their parents into the library, pausing to light their cigarettes on the way. By the time they had crossed the hall the head of the house had settled himself with the evening paper in his favorite arm-chair before the slumbering wood fire. Mrs. Masterman stooped over the long table strewn with periodicals, turning the pages of a new magazine. Thor advanced to a discreet distance behind his father's chair, where he paused and said, quietly:

"Father, I want to tell you and mother that I'm engaged to Lois Willoughby. We're to be married almost at once—toward the end of next month."

There was dead silence. As far as could be observed, Masterman continued to study his paper, while his wife still stooped over the pages of her magazine. It was long before the father said, with the seeming indifference meant to be more bitter than gall:

"That, I presume, is your answer to my move with regard to the father. Very well, Thor. You're your own master. I've nothing to say."

Before Thor could explain that it was only the carrying out of a long-planned intention, his stepmother looked up and spoke. "I *have* something to say, Thor dear. I hope you're going to be very happy. I'm sure you will be. She's a noble girl."

Her newly germinating vitality having asserted itself to this extent, she stood aghast till Thor strode up and kissed her, saying: "Thank you, mumphy. She is a noble girl—one of the best."

The example had its effect on Claude, who had stood hesitating in the doorway, and now came toward his father's chair, though timidly. "Father, I'm going to be married, too."

His mother uttered a smothered cry. Masterman turned sharply.

"Who? You?"

The implied scorn in the tone put Claude on his mettle. "Yes, father," he tried to say with dignity. It was in search of further support for this dignity that he added, in a manner that he tried to make formal, but which became only faltering, "To—to—to Miss Rosanna Fay."

Masterman shrugged his shoulders and returned to his newspaper. There were full three minutes in which each of the spectators waited for another word. "Have you nothing to say to me, father?" Claude pleaded, in a tone curiously piteous.

The father barely glanced round over his shoulder. "What do you expect me to say?—to call you a damn fool? The words would be wasted."

"I'm a grown man, father—" Claude began to protest.

"Are you? It's the first intimation I've had of it. But I'm willing to take your word. If so, you must assume a grown man's responsibilities—from now on."

Claude's throat was dry and husky. "What do you mean by—from now on?"

"I mean from the minute when you've irrevocably chosen between this woman and us. You haven't irrevocably chosen as yet. You've still time—to reconsider."

"But if I don't reconsider, father?—if I can't?"

"The choice is between her and—us."

He returned to his paper; but again his wife's nascent will to live asserted itself, to no one's astonishment more than to her own. "It's not between her and me, Claude," she cried, casting as she did so a frightened glance at the back of her husband's head. "I'm your mother. I shall stand by you, whoever fails." Her words terrified her so utterly that before she dared to cross the floor to her son she looked again beseechingly at the iron-gray top of her husband's head as it appeared above the back of the arm-chair. Nevertheless, she stole swiftly to her boy and put her hands on his shoulders. "I'm your mother, dear," she sobbed, tremblingly; "and if she's a good girl, and loves you, I'll—I'll accept her."

Masterman turned his newspaper inside out, as though pretending not to hear.

Thor waited till Claude and his mother, clinging to each other, had crept out of the room, before saying, "I'm responsible for this, father."

There was no change in the father's attitude. "So I supposed."

"The girl is a good girl, and I couldn't let Claude break her heart."

"You found it easier to break mine."

"I don't mean that, father—"

"Then I can only say that you're as successful in what you don't mean as in what you do."

"I don't understand."

"No, perhaps not. But it would be futile for me to try to explain to you. Good night."

Thor remained where he was. "It isn't futile for me to try to explain to you, father. I know Rosie Fay, and you don't. She's a beautiful girl, with that strong character which Claude needs to give him backbone. He is in love with her, and he's made her fall in love with him. It wouldn't be decent on his part or honorable on ours—"

The father interrupted wearily. "You'll spare me the sentimentalities. The facts are bad enough. When I want instructions in decency and honor I'll come to you and get them. In the mean time I've said—good night."

"But, father, we *must* talk about it—"

Masterman raised himself in his chair and turned. "Thor," he said, sternly, his words getting increased effect from his childlike lisp, "if you knew how painful your presence is to me—you'd go."

Thor flushed. There was nothing left for him but to turn. And yet he had not gone many steps beyond the library door before he heard his father fling the paper to the floor, uttering a low groan.

The young man stood still, shifting between two minds. Should he go away and leave his father to the mortifying sense that his sons were setting him at defiance? or should he return and insist on full explanations? He would have done the latter had it not been for the words, "If you knew how painful your presence is to me!" He still heard them. They cut him across the face—across the heart. He went on up-stairs.

As he passed the open door of Mrs. Masterman's room he heard Claude saying: "Oh, mother darling, if you knew her, you'd feel about her just as I do. When she's dressed up as a lady she'll put every other girl in the shade. You'll see she will. After she's had a year or two in Paris—"

Thor entered the room while the mother was crying out: "Paris! Why, Claudie dear, what are you talking about? How are you going to *live?*—let alone Paris!"

"That's all right, mother. Don't fret. I can get money. I'm not a fool. Look here," he added, in a confidential tone, winking at Thor over her shoulder, "I'll tell you something. It's a secret, mind you. Not a word to father! I'm all right for money *now*."

She could only repeat, in a tone of mystification, "All right for money now?"

Claude made an inarticulate sound of assent. "Got it all fixed."

"Oh, but how?"

"I said it was a secret." He winked at his brother again. "I shouldn't tell even you, only you've been such a spanking good mother to back me up that I want to ease your mind."

She threw an imploring look at her stepson, though she addressed her son. "Oh, Claude, you haven't done anything wrong, have you?—forged?—or embezzled?—or whatever it is they do in banks."

"No, mother; it's all on the square." Because of Thor's presence he added: "If it will make you any the more cheerful I'll tell you this, too. It's not going to be my money; it 'll be Rosie's. Strictly speaking, I sha'n't have anything to do with it. She'll have—about *five thousand dollars a year!* When it's all over—and we're married—you can put father wise to that; but not before, mind you."

"But, Claudie darling, I don't understand a bit. How can she have five thousand dollars a year, when they're as poor as poor? And she hasn't a relation who could possibly—"

He, too, threw a glance at Thor. "She may not have a relation, but she might have a—a friend. Now, mother, this is just between you and me. If you hadn't been such a spanking good mother I shouldn't have told you a word of it."

"Yes, but, Claude! Think! What sort of a friend could it possibly be who'd give a girl all that money? Why, it's ridiculous!"

"It isn't ridiculous. Is it, Thor? You leave it to me, mumphy."

"But it is ridiculous, Claudie dear. You'll see if it isn't. No man in the world would settle five thousand dollars a year on a girl like that—without a penny—unless he had a reason, and a very good reason, too. Would he, Thor?" she demanded of her stepson, whom she had not hitherto included. She continued to address him: "I don't care who he is or what he is. Don't you agree with me? Wouldn't anybody agree with me who had his senses?"

Thor's heart jumped. This was a view of his intentions that he had not foreseen. Fortunately he could disarm his stepmother by revealing himself as the god from the machine, for she would consider it no more than just that he should use part of his inheritance for Claude's benefit. He might have made the attempt there and then had not Claude done it for himself.

"Now you leave it to me, mumphy dear. I know exactly what I'm about. I can't explain. But I'll tell you this much more—it 'll make your mind quite easy—that it's all on my account that Rosie's to have the money." He gave his brother another look. "If she didn't marry me she wouldn't get it. At least," he added, more doubtfully, "I don't think she would. See?"

Mrs. Masterman confessed that she didn't see—quite; but her tone made it clear that she was influenced by Claude's assurances, while Thor felt it prudent to go on his way up the second stairway.

CHAPTER XVII

THERE was both amazement and terror in Rosie's face when, at dusk next day, Claude strolled down the flowery path of the hothouse. Since Thor had turned from her, on almost the same spot, forty-eight hours previously, no hint from either of the brothers had come her way. Through the intervening time she had lived in an anguish of wonder. What was happening? What was to happen still? Would anything happen at all? Had Claude discovered the astounding fact that the elder brother was in love with her? If he had, what would he do? Would he go wild with jealousy? Or would he never have anything to do with her again? Either case was possible, and the latter more than possible if he had received a hint of the degree in which she had betrayed herself to Thor.

As to that, she didn't know whether she was glad or sorry. She knew how crude had been her self-revelation, and how shocking; but the memory of it gave her a measure of relief. It was like a general confession, like the open declaration of what had been too long kept buried in the heart. It had been a shameful thing to own that, loving one man, she would have married another man for money; but a worse shame lay in being driven to that pass. For this she felt herself but partly responsible, if responsible at all. What did she, Rosie Fay, care for money in itself? Put succinctly, her first need was of bread, of bread for herself and for those who were virtually dependent on her. After bread she wanted love and pleasure and action and admiration and whatever else made up life—but only after it. She was craving for them, she was stifling for lack of them, but they were all secondary. The very best of them was secondary. Only one thing stood first—and that was bread.

Undoubtedly her frankness had revolted Thor Masterman. But what did he know of an existence which left the barest possible margin for absolute necessity? What would life have meant to him had he never had a day since he first began to think when he had been entirely free from anxiety as to the prime essentials? Rosie couldn't remember a time when the mere getting of their pinched daily food hadn't been a matter of contrivance, with some doubt as to its success. She couldn't remember a time when she had ever been able to have a new dress or a pair of boots without long calculation beforehand. On the other hand, she remembered many a time when the pinched food couldn't be paid for, and the new dress or the pair of boots had come almost within reach, only to be whisked aside that the money might be used for something still more needful. In a world of freedom and light and flowers and abun-

dance her little soul had been kept in a prison where the very dole of bread and water were stinted.

She had never been young. Even in childhood she had known that. She had known it, and been patient with the fact, hoping for a chance to be young when she was older. If money came in then, money for boots and bread, for warm clothes in winter and thin clothes in summer, for fuel and rent and taxes and light, and the pay of the men, and the innumerable details which, owing to her father's dreaminess, she was obliged to keep on her mind—if money were ever to come in for these things, she could be young with the best. She could be young with the intenser happiness that would come from spirits long thwarted. It might never now be a light-hearted happiness, but it would be happiness for all that. It would be the deeper, and the more satisfying, and the more aware of itself, for its years of suppression.

To her long experience in denial Rosie could only oppose a heart more imperiously exacting in its demands. Her tense little spirit didn't know how to do otherwise. From lines of ancestry that had never done anything but toil with patient relentlessness to wring from the soil whatever it was capable of yielding, she had inherited no habit of compromise. In them it had been called grit; but a softer generation having let that word fall into disuse, Rosie could only account for herself by saying she "wasn't a quitter." She meant that she could neither forego what she asked for, nor be content with anything short of what she conceived to be the best. Could she have done that, she might have enjoyed the meager "good time" of other girls in the village; she might have listened to the advances of young Breen the gardener, or of Matt's colleague in the grocery-store. But she had never presented such possibilities for her own consideration. She was like an ant, that sees but one object to the errand on which it has set out, disdaining diversion.

And if it had all summed itself up into what looked like a hard, unlovely avariciousness, it was because poor Rosie had nothing to tell her the values and co-relations of the different ingredients in life. For the element that suffuses good-fortune and ill-fortune alike with corrective significance she had imbibed from her mother one kind of scorn, and from her father another. She knew no more of it than did Thor Masterman. Like him, she could only work for a material blessing with material hands, though without his advantages for molding things to his will. He had his advantages through money. Since all things material are measured by that, by that Rosie measured them. The matter and the measure were all she knew. They meant safety for herself and for her parents, and protection for Matt when he came out of jail. How could she do other than spend her heart upon them? What choice had she when the alternative lay between Claude and love on the one side and on the other Thor, with his hands full of daily bread for them all? With Claude and his love there went nothing besides, while with Thor and his daily bread there would be peace and security for life. She asked it of herself; she asked it, in imagination, of him. What else could she do but sell herself when the price on her poor little body had been set so high?

She had spent two burning, rebellious days. All the while she was cooking meals, or setting tables, or washing dishes, or making beds, or selling flowers, or pruning, or watering, or addressing envelopes for the monthly bills, her soul had been raging against the unjust code by which she would have to be judged. Thor would judge her; Claude would judge her, if he knew; any one who knew would judge her, and women most fiercely of all. But what did they know about it? What did they know of twenty-odd years of going round in a cage? What did they know of the terror of seeing the cage itself demolished, and being without a protection? Did they suppose she wouldn't suffer in giving up her love? Of course she would suffer! The very extremity of her suffering would prove the extremity of her need. Passionately Rosie defended herself against her imaginary accusers, because unconsciously she accused herself.

Nevertheless, Claude's sudden appearance startled her, though the set of his shoulders towering through the dusk transported her to the enchanted land. Here were mountains, and lakes, and palaces, and plashed marble steps, and the music of lutes, and banquets of ambrosial things to which daily bread was as nothing. Claude brought them with him. They were the conditions of that glorious life in which he had his being. They were the conditions in which she had her being, too, the minute she came within his sphere.

She passed through some poignant seconds as he approached. For the first time since her idyl had begun to give a new meaning to existence she perceived that if he renounced her it would be the one thing she couldn't bear. She might have the strength to give him up; for him to give her up would be beyond all the limits of endurance. She put it to herself tersely in saying it would break her heart.

But he dispelled her fears by smiling. He smiled from what was really a long way off. Even she could see that he smiled from pleasure, though she couldn't trace his pleasure to his delicious feeling of surprise. If she had ceased to be a dryad in a wood, it was to become the Armida of an enchanted garden. She could have no idea of the figure she presented to a connoisseur in girls as from a background of palms, fern-trees, and banked masses of bloom she stared at him with lips half parted and wide, frightened eyes.

Submitting to this new witchery in the same way as he was yielding to the heavy, languorous perfumes of the place, Claude smiled continuously. "The fat's all in the fire, Rosie," he said, in a loud whisper, as he drew nearer; "so we've nothing to be afraid of any longer."

It was some minutes before she could give concrete significance to these words. In the mean time she occupied herself with assuring him that there was no one in the hothouse but herself, and that in this gloaming they could not be seen from outside. She even found a spot—a kind of low staging from which foliage plants had recently been moved away—on which they could sit down. They did so, clinging to each other, though—conscious of her coarse working-dress—she was swept by a shameful sense of incongruity in being on such terms with this faultlessly attired man. She did her best to shrink from sight, to blot herself out in his embrace, unaware that to Claude the very roughness, and the scent of growing things, gave her a savage, earthy charm.

He explained the situation to her, word by word. When he told her that their meetings were known to his father, she hid her face on his breast. When he went on to describe how resolute he had been in taking the bull by the horns, she put her hands on his shoulders and looked up into his face with the devotion of a dog. On hearing what a good mother Mrs. Masterman had been, her utterances, which welled up out of her heart as if she had been crying, were like broken phrases of blessing. As a matter of fact, she was only half listening. She was telling herself how mad she had been in fancying for an instant that she could ever have married Thor—that she could ever have married any one, no matter how great the need or how immense the compensation. Having confronted the peril, she knew now, as she had not known it hitherto, that her heart belonged to this man who held her in his arms for him to do with it as he pleased. He might treasure it, or he might play with it, or he might break it. It was all one. It was his. It was his and she was his—to shatter on the wheel or to trample in the mire, just as he was inclined. It was so clear to her now that she wondered she hadn't seen it with equal force in those days when she was so resolute in declaring that she "knew what she was doing."

And yet within a few minutes she saw how difficult it was to surrender herself, even mentally, without reserves. She was still listening but partially. She recognized plainly enough that the things he was saying were precisely those which a month ago would have filled her soul with satisfaction. He loved her, loved her, loved her. Moreover, he had found the means of sweeping all obstacles aside. They were to be married as soon as possible—just as soon as he could "arrange things."

Thor and his mother were with them, and his father's conversion would be only a matter of time. These assurances, by which all the calculations of her youth were crowned, found her oddly apathetic. It was not because she had lost the knowledge of their value, but only that they had become subsidiary to the great central fact that she was his—without money or price on his side, and no matter at what cost on hers.

It was only when he began to murmur semi-coherent plans for the future, in which she detected the word Paris, that she was frightened.

"Oh, but, Claude darling, how could I go to Paris when there's so much for me to do here?"

It could not be said that he took offense, but he hinted at reproval. "Here, dearest? Where?"

"Here where we are. I don't see how I could go away."

"But you'd *have* to go away—if we were married."

"Would it be necessary to go so far?"

"Wouldn't it be the farther the better?"

"For some things. But, oh, Claude, I have so many things to consider!"

"But I thought that when a woman married she left—"

"Her father and mother and everything. Yes, I know. But how can I leave mine—when I'm the only one who has any head? Mother's getting better, but father's not much good except for mooning over books. And then"—she hesitated, but whipped herself on—"then there's Matt. He'll be out before long. Some one must be here to tell them what to do."

He withdrew his arms from about her. "Of course, if you're going to raise so many difficulties—"

"I'm not raising difficulties, Claude darling. I'm only telling you what difficulties there are. God knows I wish there weren't any; but what can I do? If it were just going to Paris and back—"

"Well, why not go—and come back when we're obliged to?"

In the end they compromised on that, each considering it enough for the present. Rosie was unwilling to dampen his ardor when for the first time he seemed able to enter into her needs as a human being with cares and ties. He discussed them all, displaying a wonderful disposition to shoulder and share them. He went so far as to develop a philanthropic interest in Matt. Rosie had never known anything so amazing. She clasped him to her with a kind of fear lest the man should disappear in the god.

"I'll talk to Thor about him," Claude said, confidently. "Got a bee in his bonnet, Thor has, about helping chaps who come out of jail, and all that."

Rosie shuddered. It was curiously distasteful for her to apply to Thor. She felt guilty toward him. If she could do as she chose, she would never see him again. She said nothing, however, while Claude went on: "Thor's a top-hole brother, you know. You'll find that out one of these days. Lots of things I shall have to explain to you." He added, without leading up to it. "He's engaged to Lois Willoughby."

Rosie sprang from his arms. "What? Already?"

She was standing. He looked up at her curiously. "Already? Already—how? What do you mean by that?"

She tried to recapture her position. "Why, already—right after us."

She reseated herself, getting possession of one of his hands. To this tenderness he made no response. He seemed to ruminate. "Say, Rosie—" he began at last, but apparently thought better of what he had meant to say. "All right," he broke in, carelessly, going on to speak of the wisdom of leaving the public out of their confidence until their plans were more fully matured. "Thor's to be married about the twentieth of next month," he continued, while Rosie was on her guard against further self-betrayal. "After that we'll have Lois on our side, and she'll do a lot for us."

By the time Claude emerged from the hothouse it was dark. Glad of the opportunity of slipping away unobserved, he was hurrying toward the road when he found himself confronted by Jasper Fay. In the latter's voice there was a sternness that got its force from the fact that it was so mild.

"You been in the hothouse, Mr. Claude?"

Claude laughed. In his present mood of happiness he could easily have an-

nounced himself as Fay's future son-in-law. Nothing but motives of prudence held him back. He answered, jestingly, "Been in to see if you had any American beauties."

"No, Mr. Claude; we don't grow them; no *kind* of American beauties."

Claude laughed again. "Oh, I don't know about that. Good-night, Mr. Fay. Glad to have seen you."

He passed on with spirits slightly dashed because his condescension met with no response. He was so quick to feel that Fay's silence struck him as hostile. It struck him as hostile with a touch of uncanniness. On glancing back over his shoulder he saw that Fay was following him watchfully, like a dog that sneaks after an intruder till he has left the premises. Being sensitive to the creepy and the sinister, Claude was glad when he had reached the road.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE provision that for the moment he was to lead his customary life and Rosie hers made it possible for Claude to attend the ball by which Mrs. Darling drew the notice of the world to her daughter. He did so with hesitations, compunctions, reluctances, and repugnances which in no wise diminished his desire to be present at the event.

It took place in the great circular ball-room of the city's newest and most splendid hotel. The ball-room itself was white-and-gold and Louis Quinze. Against this background a tasteful decorator had constructed a colonnade that reproduced in flowers the exquisite marble circle of the Bosquet at Versailles. An imitation of Girardon's fountain splashed in the center of the room and cooled the air.

Claude arrived late. He did so partly to compromise with his compunctions and partly to accentuate his value. In gatherings at which young men were sometimes at a premium none knew better than he the heightened worth of one who sauntered in when no more were to be looked for, and who carried himself with distinction. Handsome at any time, Claude rose above his own levels when he was in evening dress. His figure was made for a white waistcoat, his feet for dancing-pumps. Moreover, he knew how to enter a room with that modesty which prompts a hostess to be encouraging. As he stood rather timidly in the doorway, long after the little receiving group had broken up, Mrs. Darling said to herself that she had never seen a more attractive young man —whoever he was!

She was glad afterward that she had made this reservation, for without it she might have been prejudiced against him on learning that he was Archie Masterman's son. As it was, she could feel that the sins of the fathers were not to be visited on the children, especially in the case of so delightful a lad. Mrs. Darling had an eye for masculine good looks, particularly when they were accompanied by a suggestion of the thoroughbred. Claude's very shyness—the gentlemanly hesitation which on the threshold of a ball-room has no dandified airs of seeming too much at ease—had this suggestion of the thoroughbred. Mrs. Darling, dragging a long, pink train and waving slowly a bespangled pink fan, moved toward him at once.

"How d'w do? So glad to see you! I'm afraid my daughter is dancing."

There was something in her manner that told him she had no idea who he was—something that could be combined with polite welcome only by one born to be a hostess.

Claude had that ready perception of his rôle which makes for social success. He bowed with the right inclination, and spoke with a gravity dictated by respect. "I'm afraid I must introduce myself, Mrs. Darling. I'm so late. I'm Claude Masterman. My father is—"

"Oh, they're here! So lovely your mother looks! Really there's not a young girl in the room can touch her. Won't you find some one and dance? I'm sorry my daughter— But later on I'll find her and intro— Why, Maidie, there you are! I thought you'd never come. How d'w do, dear?"

A more important guest than himself being greeted, Claude felt at liberty to move on a pace or two and look over the scene. It was easy to do this, for the outer rim of the circle, that which came beneath the colonnade, was raised by



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE HAD BECOME THE ARMIDA OF AN ENCHANTED GARDEN

two steps above the space reserved for dancing. The *coup d'œil* was therefore extensive.

A mass of color, pleasing and confused, revolved languorously to those strains of the Viennese operetta in which the waltz might be said to have finished the autocracy of its long reign. The rhythm of the dancers was as regular and gentle as the breathing of a child. In glide and turn, in balance and smoothness, in that lift which was scarcely motion, there was the suggestion of frenzy restrained, of passion lulled, which emanates from the barely perceptible heave of a slumbering summer sea. It was dreamy to a charm; it was graceful to the point at which the eye begins to sicken of gracefulness; it was monotonous with the force of a necromantic spell. It was soothing; it also threw a hint of melancholy into a gathering intended to be gay. It was as though all that was most sentimentally lovely in the essence of the nineteenth century had concentrated its strength to subdue the daring spirit of the twentieth, winning a decade of success. Now, however, that the decade was past, there were indications of revolt. On the arc of the circle most remote from the eye of the hostess audacious couples were giving way to bizarre little dips and kicks and attitudes, named by outlandish names, inaugurating a new freedom.

Claude stood alone beneath one of the wide, delicate floral arches—a spectator who was not afraid of being observed. In reality he was noting to himself the degree to which he had passed beyond the merely pleasure-seeking impulse. In Rosie and Rosie's cares he had come to realities. He was rather proud of it. With regard to the young men and young women swirling in this variegated whirlpool, as well as to those who, wearied with the dance, were sitting or reclining on the steps, where rugs and cushions had been thrown for their convenience, he felt a distinct superiority. They were still in the childish stage, while he was grown to be a man. To the pretty girls, with their Parisian frocks and their relatively idle lives, Rosie, with her power of tackling actualities, was as a human being to a race of marionettes. It would be necessary for him, in deference to his hosts, to step down among them in a minute or two and twirl in their company; but he would do it with a certain pity for those to whom this sort of thing was really a pastime; he would do it as one for whom pastimes had lost their meaning and who would be in some sense taking a farewell.

The music breathed out its last drowsy cadence, and the whirlpool resolved itself into a series of shimmering, subsidiary eddies. There was a decentralizing movement toward the rugs and cushions on the steps, or to the seclusion of seats skilfully embowered amid groups of palms. Dowagers sought the rose-colored settees against the walls. Gentlemen, clasping their white-gloved hands at the base of their spinal columns, bent in graceful conversational postures. A few pairs of attractive young people continued to pace the floor. Claude remained where he was. He remained where he was partly because he hadn't decided what else to do, and partly because his quick eye had singled out the one girl in the room who embodied something that was not embodied by every other girl.

When first he saw her she was standing beside the Girardon fountain in conversation with a young man. The fact that the young man was his friend Cheever brought her directly within Claude's circle and stirred that spirit of emulation which five minutes earlier he thought he had outlived. The girl was adjusting something in her corsage, her glance flying upward from the action of her fingers toward Cheever's face, not shyly or coquettishly, but with a perfectly straightforward nonchalance which might have meant anything from indifference to defiance.

Claude knew the precise moment at which she noticed him by the fact that she glanced toward him twice in rapid succession, after which Cheever glanced toward him, too. He understood then that she had been sufficiently struck by him to ask his name, and judged that Billy would treat him to some such pardonable epithet as "awful ass," in order to keep her attention on himself. In this apparently he didn't

succeed, for presently they began to saunter in Claude's direction. The latter stood his ground.

In the knowledge that he could endure scrutiny, he stood his ground with an ease that plainly roused the young lady's interest. With her hand on the arm of her cavalier she sauntered forward, and, swerving slightly, sauntered by. She sauntered by with a lingering look of curiosity that seemed to throw him a challenge. Never in his life had Claude received such a look. It was perhaps the characteristic look of the girl of the twentieth century. It was neither bold nor rude nor self-assertive, but it was unconscious, inquiring, and unabashed. For Claude it was a new experience, calling out in him a new response. The response was like a sound hitherto unrecognized among the chords of his æolian harp.

It was a rule with Claude never to take the initiative with girls of his own class, or with those who—because they lived in the city while he lived in the village—felt themselves geographically his superiors. He found it wise policy to wait to be sought, and therefore fell back toward his hostess with compliments for her scheme of decoration. He got the reward he hoped for when Mrs. Darling called to her daughter, saying:

"Elsie dear, come here. I want to introduce Mr. Claude Masterman."

So it happened that when the nineteenth century was putting forth a further effort with the swooning phrases of the barcarolle from the *Contes d'Hoffmann*, adapted to the Boston, Claude found himself swaying with the twentieth.

They had not much to say. Whatever interest they felt in each other was guarded, taciturn. When they talked it was in disjointed sentences on fragmentary subjects.

"You've been abroad, haven't you?"

"Yes; for the last five years."

"Do you like being back?"

The answer was doubtful. "Rather. For some things." Then, as though to explain this lack of enthusiasm, "Everybody looks alike." She qualified this by adding, "You don't."

"Neither do you," he stated, in the matter-of-fact tone which he felt to be suited to the piquantly matter-of-fact in her style.

It was a minute or two before either of them spoke again. "You've got a brother, haven't you? My father's his guardian or something."

Assenting to these statements, Claude said further, "He couldn't come to-night because he's going to be married on Thursday."

"To that Miss Willoughby, isn't it?" A jerky pause was followed by a jerky addition: "I think she's nice."

"Yes, she is; top-hole. So's my brother."

She threw back her head to fling him up a smile that struck him as adorably straightforward. "I like to hear one brother speak of another like that. You don't often."

"Oh, well, every brother couldn't, you know."

They had circled and reversed more than once before she sighed: "I wish I had a brother—or a sister. It's an awful bore being the only one."

"Better to be the only one than one of too many."

More minutes had gone by in the suave swinging of their steps to Offenbach's somnolent measures when she asked, abruptly, "Do you skate?"

"Sometimes. Do you?"

"I go to the Coliseum."

Claude's next question slipped out with the daring simplicity he knew how to employ. "Do you go on particular days?"

"I generally go on Tuesdays." If she was moved by an afterthought it was without flurry or apparent sense of having committed an indiscretion. "Not every Tuesday," she said, quietly, and dropped the subject there.

When, a few minutes later, she was resting on a rug thrown down on the steps, with Claude posed gracefully by her side, Archie Masterman found the opportunity to stroll near enough to his wife to say in an undertone, "Do you see Claude?"

Ena's answer was no more than a flutter of the eyelids, but a flutter of the eyelids quite sufficient to take in the summing up of significant, unutterable things in her husband's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Militant Moment of Lou Grey

BY MADGE JENISON

OTAMAR rose, advanced with a flagging step across the waxed floor, and, with a stony expression of countenance something like a tomb designed to endure forty centuries, invited Lou Grey Morton to dance. Lou Grey bowed with a great tossing of skirts, and placed her hand within his arm. Her odd little serious face was a study. They joined the line of other children.

"We sure did have a great time about my pink shirt last year, didn't we?" Otamar offered his acquisition, glancing at it and striving to make the most of it.

Lou Grey assented. The subject of shirts died on the air. Otamar searched himself for more ingratiating matter in the way of conversation.

"Say, once I swallowed a fly," he panted.

If he had been the dry transparency of ether, Lou Grey could not have surveyed him more impersonally. Otamar's heart became ice—an aching ice such as it turns into in the anteroom of a dentist's. Oh, why is there so little humanity in girls? Why couldn't she inquire "How big?" like a boy? Fate took him by the hair.

"Get out and get under," caroled the music. The lesson began. Monsieur Alvar Boncourt capered up and down the line of his junior assembly with a snap of castanets. Lou Grey glided and pirouetted like a little silken antelope. Malvina Thompson kicked and whirled, her thick bronze braids floating on the air, her thick ankles, encased in pink silk, coming and going in the scene. Denis Fitzhugh neatly advanced and retreated. Plum and Pink tittered at the end of the line, and nudged each other whenever it was possible to accomplish this diversion. Otamar returned Lou Grey to her seat without attempting to resuscitate the stricken conversation.

"Guess I'll go home," he murmured to Confucius, his brother, who had not essayed the dance this time, and awaited him under the lee of the musician's stand.

"Mother won't let you," objected Confucius, never an imaginative person.

Otamar admitted to himself that this was unquestionably true. His eyes sank to his feet. He did not want to look at his feet, but his subconscious mind returned to them miserably. They were clad in a very handsome pair of those shoes known among elderly gentlemen as Congress gaiters—a present from his uncle Eli Random. Uncle Eli was not exactly a social spirit. He had bought these shoes for a wedding six years before and never worn them since. Six years is long enough for any shoe. At the end of that space he had suggested to his sister-in-law that they seemed about Otamar's size. They were incorporated into Otamar's wardrobe.

Mrs. Carpenter, sitting beside Mrs. Morton in the line of mothers, explained fluently as Otamar and Lou Grey marched by, her theories of children's dress. She thought their demands and tastes should be kept very simple. She thought they should not be allowed to grow self-conscious about clothes.

"I just buy the best English serge by the bolt and have all their clothes made at home," she informed her listener—"a little seamstress who comes in by the day. Yes, and in the summer they all wear overalls. Angelica France is fitted out with what is handed down from Otamar and Confucius. If the two eldest had been girls and the youngest a boy, I should have dressed him in girl's clothes. I am trying to keep their outlook simple as long as I can."

Nancy Morton glanced at Mrs. Levering Carpenter, herself dressed to the lines in pale-blue embroidered with cut steel, and a gray Velasquez hat drawn level with her clear, elegant brows.

"Simple!" she commented to herself, hotly. "I think it's monstrous."

Mrs. Levering Carpenter was one of those ladies who are dominated by that bright turbulence of the blood which we know as temperament. She was beautiful, witty, gifted, volatile, and inclined to make ideas amuse her. She liked modeling one year, doing Woman's Trade Union League and strikes the next, and courses at the university on how to write a play the year after. She liked riding fast and late, and strolling into her lovely drawing-room half an hour after all her guests had arrived for a luncheon or dinner, to toss her gloves on the piano and go out to table without taking off her hat. Such antics she relieved by the gaiety of her discourse and the superiority of that same modeling, of those same hats, rooms, dinners, and plays. The plays always had a fawn in them, vine leaves, a leopard-skin, and a speech that told you a few things about love. They were innocent enough; they helped Ferry Road to amuse itself without going into the divorce courts, but when they dealt with life stuff they became more questionable. Otamar and Confucius had suffered torments of shame from their names alone. They had had every sort of experiment tried on them. They had been fed upon nuts. They had done hot plunge, cold plunge, dry rub. Mrs. Carpenter always said that she intended to bring them both up as plumbers. She knew the professions, she said, and what they were. Plumbing for Otamar and Confucius! It was highly improbable that they would be plumbers. But the clumsy, abashed, sensitive boys had suffered torments of shame from her experiments on them.

They had sat darkly watching the other fellows scud for Malvina. Malvina was a bouncing person in pink satin with swansdown on the bottom of it. She was the belle of the class. The world belongs to the young lady who is easy socially whatever her outlines and taste in dress may be. Denis Fitzhugh scudded by for Genevieve Stacey.

"Come along, Chinese," he tossed back to Otamar as he darted in front of Plum.

"Select a young lady, Master Random," chirped Monsieur Boncourt in passing. Otamar rose and selected Lou Grey. He selected Lou Grey because she was clever. He knew that she was the cleverest little girl on Ferry Road.



MRS. CARPENTER EXPLAINED FLUENTLY HER THEORIES OF CHILDREN'S DRESS



"SELECT A YOUNG LADY, MASTER RANDOM," CHIRPED MONSIEUR BONCOURT IN PASSING

There was, besides, a deep persistence in the boy which was some day to make him as good a man as his father, the famous surgeon. Lou Grey was considering the little cut buckles on her slippers with gratification. Otamar slapped his heels together and jerked himself suddenly forward from the hips in front of her chair. Lou Grey lifted her sweetmeat of a nose just a hair and shook her head. Otamar stared at her. He had no "appreciative mass" for a rebuff of such decision. It was not done in the junior assembly of Ferry Road. He rapped his heels together more emphatically. With a look to chill steel, Lou Grey repeated her regrets. Otamar retreated, gasping, his freckles standing out, his ears aflame.

Nancy Morton, across the room in the line of mothers, half rose in her chair. Her astounded gaze, under which this scene had happened to enact itself, came to her neighbor. But Mrs. Levering Carpenter was not remarking the two sweet lambs. She was telling Eleanor Quinn that of course Matisse is always experimental—it is a constant attempt to get away from mere presentment. Nancy Morton dropped back in her chair. She did not interview Lou Grey on the question of urbanity in social intercourse until the latter was curled up against her arm on the way home.

"I didn't wa-a-ant to dance with him, mother," returned Lou Grey uneasily when the matter of Otamar was broached.

"But why not, dear?" asked Nancy Morton, drawing her daughter up a little closer.

"Oh, mo-o-other, he is so-o-o-o ugly, and he has such awful sho-o-oes," wailed Lou Grey, succumbing suddenly to the nervous strain of her adventure.

Nancy Morton suppressed a human

smile and remained a mother. She prepared to rear a more catholic sympathy in her child.

"But, dear, of course you must dance with Otamar even if he has funny shoes. His father and mother are family friends, and he will probably be one of your friends always. And, besides, dear, it isn't the kind of shoes a little boy wears; it is the kind of—of—ah—of little boy he is—yes. It is very kind of Otamar to ask you, I am sure."

Lou Grey's eyelids hung at half-mast. But her face assumed an expression which Mrs. Morton knew well. This expression Nancy Morton always characterized as "just like her father." She knew herself to be confronted by neither defiance nor battle, but siege. She produced her big guns.

"Lou Grey, do not let me have to speak of this again," she said, decisively. "You are never again to refuse to dance with either Otamar or Confucius. Remember what mother says. Whenever either Otamar or Confucius Carpenter ask you to dance with them, you are to dance with them. Do you understand mother? You are never again to *refuse* to *dance* with either Otamar or Confucius." She had the manner of setting Lou Grey down upon eternal granite with an emphasis to make that small person's teeth rattle.

The closing assembly of Mr. Alvar Boncourt's junior class the following week was, as everybody said, utterly charming. Lou Grey, it appeared, was more utterly charming than any of the rest of it. Her elders said so. "Extraordinary "rattled about her like hail. Lou Grey had herself burst into a howl of dismay when she confronted in her mother's pier-glass a reflection of the latest thing in children from the Rue Capucines.

"Oh, I wish my aunt hadn't never gone to Paris!" had been her comment on that city of revolutions. The judgment of her peers was with her. They stood about the dressing-room contemplating her with their fingers in their mouths.

Otamar watched her from afar across the ball-room. He had never seen any one look so queer except himself and Confucius and Angelica France. A community of misery seemed established between Lou Grey and himself. Perhaps it was an impulse of gallantry, or perhaps he saw a weakness in the enemy's wall. Mrs. Morton, following him vaguely, cleaving space across the ball-room, saw him obeisant before Lou Grey. Lou Grey's nerves were undoubtedly shaken. She appeared to speak. Mrs. Morton saw him recoil as from the shock of an exploding shell. He literally bounded into the void of the gleaming floor, purple to the gills. Mrs. Morton skirted the ball-room, took the hope of the Mortons by the arm and led her to the dressing-room.

"Lou Grey, what did I tell you?" she inquired, decisively. "I told you—You understood me perfectly—"

Lou Grey fastened upon her mother the glance which precedes tears. "I didn't refuse to dance with him, mother," she faltered. "I didn't re-e-fuse. I just looked at him and I said, 'You skunk!'"

While Otamar was drowning his mortification in the frappé-cup, and hesitation waltzes were floating out on the select twilight of Ferry Road, Fate was already throwing the shuttle toward the former in one of those extraordinary chances which make character and destiny so unauthoritative. The property-owners' association of Ferry Road had opposed this preferment of Otamar with all the thunder of its wealth and influence. It had held mass-meetings; it had thrown its pressure upon campaign committees and ward bosses. It did not want a baseball park upon its horizon. But property, though almost omnipotent, sometimes gets up too late in the morning to keep everything in order. When the boys let fly the shades of their bedroom the morning after the closing assembly, they saw in the drizzle of a weeping morning that four gangs of workmen were being distributed about the open stretch of land which lay behind their barn.

This open land had been the home of Otamar's soul for eight years, ever since he began to have a soul. He stood watching with feelings of irreparable loss "the cave" disappear on the shovel of a damp, deliberate Italian. A squad

of men with axes appeared on the edge of "the grove." Having reached that stage of his toilet where one may go out in the open, he pushed up a window carefully to avoid reminders from Fräulein in the next room that he would be late for school, and stepped out on the roof of the back gallery. He returned almost pale.

"Say, Con, it's a pipe!" he addressed that ally of his fortunes. "We can see all the games from off there for nothing."

"For nothing!" echoed Confucius, considering the incredible. "Oh no, surely not for nothing." Confucius, it may be, was not one of those who run ahead of facts. The two boys stood at the window with chins thrust out.

"Now, Master Otamar, you'll be late for—" Otamar seized his collar from Fräulein's hand and began to grapple with it.

"Say, Fräulein, do you think the White Sox 'll get in the world series this year? Where's my lid, Fräulein?"

"I do not know, Master Otamar. You usually keep it on the floor in the hall closet, do you not?"

Otamar went off down-stairs whistling in a tone to split tin.

The great moment was eight-forty.

"Hello, fellows!" he observed as he joined Plum and Pink and One-a-Minute and Denis Fitzhugh at the Road. "Say, what d'ye think? Con and I can see all the league games for nothing."

The entire company faced him instantly and by a single movement.

"How?" demanded One-a-Minute, glaring. "Na-a-aw, you can't, either," he decided. "Nobody can see baseball games for nothing."

Otamar assumed a rigid jaw. "I say we can," he returned.

"How can you?" inquired Plum Cornelius, in whose make-up there was a good deal of civilization.

"Off our back gallery. The top of it. Where we tried to hang Pink that time."

Pink looked depressed. A dead silence followed.

"That's grand, ain't it, Ot?" inquired Plum, respectfully, when the idea had struck the bottom of his mind. "You going to ask anybody for the first game?"

That afternoon, when they tramped up to Otamar's room and lined up along the top of the gallery, "the grove" already lay a leafy, supine heap upon the horizon. One end of a diamond was being rolled where it had formerly waved and secreted Indians. Bleachers were rising along the opposite end. It was unbelievable, but it was true. The great league games—Chicago to New York—belonged to Otamar and Confucius.



"OH, I WISH MY AUNT HADN'T NEVER GONE TO PARIS!"

It developed that all the fellows had always liked Otamar and Confucius, however they may have appeared superficially to be the marks for persiflage. The sobriquet "Chinese" fell into disuse.

"Ot's 'bout the nicest fellow on the road, I think, don't you?" ruminated Denis Fitzhugh to Pink, as they skirted the Morton barn the night after Otamar had placed himself at the head of Ferry Road junior society.

A great deal of conjecture was passed about anent the invitations to the first game. The mother of plumbers decreed that only four could be issued for each.

"We're always going to have you, Plum," Otamar knighted his pal one night when they returned from overlooking the works. Plum would gladly have laid him down and died for Otamar at that moment.

Confucius was soft. He yielded promptly to the heaviest pressure. One-a-Minute and Junior Stacey, seatmates at school, were his immediate choices. But at one o'clock on the day of the game Otamar's second place was still at large. It had been a good week for Otamar. He had the works out of two alarm-clocks, two boxes of rubber bands, five keys, and a Boy Scout knife with five blades to show for his conservatism. A row of candidates hung along the front wall when he came out from his luncheon, ready for any partiality which he might feel moved to indicate.

"You know me, Ot—Ot, you know me," urged the flower of Ferry Road, seeking to stay his glance.

Denis Fitzhugh strolled upon the horizon. "Hello, Ottie! Can I come over?" he inquired blandly, scrutinizing the line along the wall.

"Naw, you can't," retorted Otamar. "'Ud you give me the loan of that book you were reading in Nature study yesterday? Naw, you wouldn't. Why did you call me a one-eyed pig? Pink, I wanta speak to you." Pink presented himself with the alacrity of a stone from a sling.

All through those enchanting spring afternoons, the favored of Otamar and Confucius walked up and down the edge of the Carpenters' back gallery, biting their nails, waving their caps, and shrieking their suggestions to the heroes of the great national spectacle. Sometimes the maiden moon came out and stood waiting against the east before the game was over. Fräulein would begin to appear in the window.

"Now, Master Otamar, it is time for you to dress for dinner."

"Yes'm. I'll be in in a minute, Fräulein —Hi! hi! Slide her across, Kelly! Watch him, Marty! He's



LOU GREY'S NERVES WERE UNDOUBTEDLY SHAKEN

stealing it! Watch him!" Otamar's voice became humid with tears.

"Master Otamar—"

"Aw, Fräulein, can't you wait a minute? Can't you see I'm coming?"

"Master Otamar, your father is here. You will be late."

"Aw, Fräulein, shut up. Sting it! It's the last inning."

"Otamar!"—his mother's voice.

"Yes'm—yes'm—I'm coming. I don't want any dinner—yes'm."

Otamar cultivated the gate-keeper. It developed that if you found a foul ball you could go in free and have a reserved seat. One Friday afternoon late in May when Otamar had finished a reconnaisance for such prizes, he hung very thoughtful astride the back fence looking at a black spot in his future.

An hour before, the headmaster of the Fleetwood School for Boys had informed him that he was an honor to said school, that the aim of the school had always been to encourage the most thorough scholarship, and finally that he had won the medal for best work in mathematics during the preceding year. Otamar did not in his own person deeply care for medals. He cared as yet deeply only for dogs, keys, chocolate—any style—motors, baseball, and swimming under water. He had experienced in the presence of the Reverend Alexander Fleetwood a temporary elation reflected from a retired clergyman rooting for his school. But almost immediately with the entry of his honors into his ears it had occurred to Otamar what he was let in for. He was let in for those clothes. He would have to walk up to the platform and back to his seat in a suit of blue serge made by a squinty little seamstress, and a pair of Congress gaiters style of 1910. Hanging on the back fence watching the Stacey's cat stalk afternoon tea, Otamar's soul sickened and died and rose again to conquest. He evolved a plan which proved that he would not be a plumber.

"Mother, could we have all the fellows for the game a week from Saturday?" he hazarded at dinner, two probable partisans, his father and Aunt France, being present. "I thought maybe 'cause I got that medal you'd let me have all the fellows."

Mrs. Carpenter had been talking "Third Renaissance is to be in America" all afternoon, and she felt exalted.

"What do you think, Levering?" she consulted her lord absently. "I'm always so afraid they may push one another off."

"I think Otamar is going to be President of the United States, and you would do well to ingratiate yourself with him now," replied Dr. Carpenter, his deep, weary eyes resting on his boy. "Have Peacock put up chicken wire around the gallery and make it safe, if it isn't now. Another go of mutton, France?"

Aunt France was a quiet old aunt—she was thirty-eight—who lived in Philadelphia and came to visit twice a year. She was a good sort. She smiled at Otamar.

"May I present the hero with enough of his favorite ice-cream to serve the party that afternoon?" she inquired.

Mrs. Carpenter roused herself and did the handsome thing. "Why, of course. That will be very nice. I will have Draga serve a little supper after the game. Would you like that, dear? Do you want to have girls, too—a supper and girls?"

"I want to have a supper," piped Angelica France from her folds of damask, hearing herself referred to.

Otamar changed color slightly across his forehead and nose with surprise. But with the flexibility of the gifted mind he seized the unexpected. "Yes'm; girls, too. I'd like to have a supper and girls." He considered Confucius with speculation through the remainder of the meal.

That night he might have been found about ten o'clock under the bed, laboriously printing—with the help of his tongue, a plumber's candle, and an abandoned fountain-pen—the following sign:

Big game—June 4. See it from Otamar Carpenter's gallery. Tickets only 40c.—girls 10. There will be duff. Anybody who tells on this, I will rock him out of my yard, every time he ever comes there again, and I'll see him dead before I let him come to another game.

Yours sincerely,
Otamar Carpenter.

That underground world where children live buzzed and hummed with the acerbity of this document, but it did not betray him. Every one who bought a ticket swore to eat a cup of dirt if he told. There were several sessions in Denis Fitzhugh's shanty about the innovation of having girls. They get dizzy on high places, girls do—and hurl themselves off sometimes to their deaths. Plum suggested that each of them ought to be tied to somebody.

"I won't have Angelica France tied to me," Confucius put himself on record promptly.

The day was clear, the game very fast, the ice-cream very toothsome. Fourteen boys and six girls enjoyed these benefits. The girls refused to be tied to anybody. They walked along the edge in the most terrifying manner. Women are the devil.

Otamar, when the last guest had gone and he was alone at last, regarded his esoteric gains with satisfaction. As co-holder of the working plant, Confucius had to be conceded a third. Otamar extracted that third from the spool-box and placed it in Confucius's moist, extended hand. Then he went to his room, extracted a large, precarious-looking package from his tool-chest, stole out of the side-door, and started down the alley toward the evening star. When he had run two blocks, he slowed up. He walked at his leisure to the end of the Ferry Road pier. A young lady was sitting there reading *vers libre* and looking out at the moon coming up. Otamar waited until she had gone off down the beach. Then he opened his package and threw those hated shoes as far out as he could into the lake. Having watched them disappear upon the uncharted sea, he sent after them a coat made of the best English serge—collar a failure—and a pair of knickerbockers—same bolt of serge, same little seamstress—and walked briskly home and went to bed.

It was the middle of the following week before he could project the next move of his affair.

"I can look for linoleums for you this afternoon, Irene, if you like," he heard his aunt France say to his mother one morning at breakfast. "I'm going in after luncheon."

Otamar was taking a bath in an orange. He ceased to double-quick this dainty. "Mother, can I go in with Aunt France?" he importuned in a muffled tone.

"Of course not—and miss school!" returned his mother, with the air of suppressing scandal.

You could always depend on Aunt France.

"I could go in quite as well to-morrow if you wanted him to go, Irene," she said to her sister-in-law.

"Aw, please, mother! I want to go in. I won't do anything. I like to ride. I just want to go in. I want to buy a Christmas present."

Mrs. Carpenter dwelt upon him. It was certainly a little premature for such ardor over Christmas shopping. But she yielded that point. "Yes, you could go in to-morrow if Aunt France will wait," she assented. "If you could find anything brown and white, France—and the pattern not absolute sugar."

Otamar assisted his companion in and out of the machine the next morning with a gallantry which would have ingratiated a leopardess. Aunt France had a nose for children, and she had glanced at him thoughtfully from time to time as they went in.

"Do you want me to help you, dear, or did you wish to do your shopping alone?" she inquired at the door of the store, making marks on her list.

"I want to go alone, please, Aunt France. I'd rather do it alone—yes'm, I want to go alone." Otamar's manner for Christmas shopping in June was a study. Aunt France went on marking off, with a faint smile on her lips.

"Very well, then," she said. "Meet me at the ribbon counter in an hour."

Otamar waited until she had disappeared down the aisle. Then he strolled over to the elevator. He got himself past the sporting-goods department, including a track suit displayed on a figure. He remained over half an hour in the shoe department. He came away looking startled. What can one buy for four dollars and thirteen cents—the proceeds of a league game at reduced rates? One can buy only shoes. Otamar appeared at the ribbon counter markedly preoccupied. It is impossible to receive

a mathematical medal in your underwear and a pair of pumps, however *au fait* the latter may be, but he had furnished the model, and Heaven would have to do the rest or work out some alternative plan for the disposition of that medal. Aunt France considered him speculatively as they drove out.

It took Otamar three days to pass the frontier which stands between duplicity and sin. But in his slow, patient, scientist's brain rebellion had fermented and it would not down. He had passed the point where debate over good and evil goes on.

Any one who was late in boarding the nine-eighteen train the following Wednesday morning might have seen him getting in at the end of the last car at the last moment. No one did.



"YOU KNOW ME, OT," URGED THE FLOWER OF FERRY ROAD

He selected an irreproachable blue-serge Norfolk—the collar fitting like the paper on the wall—price, twenty-one dollars. He selected a shirt a princeling would not have questioned. He had them both charged. The clerk hesitated and looked at the address. On the way out down-stairs, Otamar added a yellow plaid handkerchief to his purchases, to be worn in the breast pocket—a little fussy, perhaps, but surely excusable in one whose demands had been so long kept simple. That afternoon he helped Peacock clean the coal-bin. Then he helped him train the tomato-vines. He had never in his life had such a longing to be loved by all. He jumped off his chair an inch all evening when anybody spoke his name.

The next morning was hectic going. When Fräulein was seen to be taking out parade clothes, he retreated to the bath-room and began to clean his teeth. He cleaned them up and down as the dentist had always importuned him to do, but as he had never before had time for. His mother and Aunt France could be overheard talking about art in the front room. Presently Fräulein began to squeak. Otamar took a further allowance of tooth-paste. The Frau Doctor was importuned to come and see Master Otamar's clothes! Master Otamar placed his brush carefully on the window-sill and presented himself in the door. His knees were buckling under him, but he intended to be detached from those clothes only by death. Mrs.

Carpenter was, by the kindness of God, near-sighted. She scanned Otamar's far from simple selections through a lorgnette without looking at Otamar.

"Why, how charming!" she said. "What a delightful shirt. And pumps. Who ordered these?"

Aunt France glanced at Otamar. He was leaning against the door-jamb, white as the moon.

"I did," said Aunt France, promptly. "They are a present to Otamar for winning the Fleetwood medal," and she picked up the coat and held it out toward him. His eyes met hers. It is given to few to receive such a look as Aunt France took straight into her breast. She put an arm about the trembling boy and drew him toward her quietly.

He was helped into his new clothes. Somehow he conveyed himself down the stairs, out of the front door, and up to his seat in the assembly room of the school. The morning was a mild London fog to him. Somewhere in the course of it the Reverend Alexander Fleetwood made a speech which ended with Otamar's name. Otamar ascended the rostrum in an agony of agitation. He saw Lou Grey on a front seat, her skirts in a ruche. He allowed the medal to be affixed to his breast. There was that in the rows of eyes beholding him which makes a god of one. It was not admiration for pre-eminence in mathematics, either.

Late that afternoon, when he had disposed himself comfortably on the library floor to eat up *Scottish Chiefs* for the seventh time, Aunt France came in.

"Now, what was it about the clothes, dear?" she said, in her smooth, tender voice.

Otamar gazed at her. His heavy face quivered. "I threw my others in the lake, Aunt France," he said. "I won't wear that kind of clothes any more. All the fellows made fun of me. They called us Chinese." He went on with difficulty. "The girls wouldn't dance with me. Lou Grey Morton wouldn't. She said—she said I was a skunk."

"Sk—" quavered Aunt France. "And so you bought some others?" she continued after a moment's spasm.

"Yes'm; I had them charged," Otamar blurted out, experiencing the rapture of a clean breast. He swallowed hard. "And I sold tickets for my party, too, and bought my shoes," he concluded.

Aunt France looked at him, and then her eyes went up to the tiers of books behind his head and the bust of Hippocrates behind them. When she looked back at him she made a strange comment. She did not say that such beginnings are the preface only too often of an unscrupulous career, or that he should have consulted his elders before taking steps so radical, or even that he was quite right, and that such revolt was healthy and a sign of power, only never, never must he fail under any circumstances to be true to his own soul.

She said, "I wonder if there is anybody in the whole world who knows how to bring up a child?" Apparently she decided in the negative, for she shook her head.

Bagdad, City of the Kalifs

BY WILLIAM WARFIELD

THERE are certain names of cities that are endowed with a rare poetic feeling that never fails to stir romantic sensations in our breasts. Whether it is by reason of the musical quality of their syllables, or merely the associations that have grouped around them in nursery tales or familiar poems, I hesitate to say. But it is certainly true that however tender the romance, however beautiful the poem, there are certain names so full of glamour and music that they cannot fail to add their fascination. Such a name is Mandalay, which I think would live for us with its sunshine, and its palm-trees, and its tinkling temple bells, even if Kipling had not used it to embellish one of his most popular poems. One of the most familiar of these names, one that is most intimately associated with mystic legend, is that of Bagdad. Such a mass of fable surrounds this name that it seems almost impossible that such a place should exist in fact. Like Xanadu, it seems an enchanted place, situated upon the banks of a fairy river that appears on earth only long enough to lave the palace walls. We think of it as the home of one man, Harun-al-Rashid. Its *raison d'être* to most of us is in a group of tales, in which lamps and jars and carpets play parts that were never intended for such articles. Such at least was my early impression of the city of the Kalifs, and it was with visions of the *Arabian Nights* that I set out to wander in the streets of Bagdad.

Of the ancient history of the towns that preceded Bagdad upon the same site we know practically nothing. Babylonian bricks have been discovered far beneath the level of the modern city, and in the days of Chosroes there was a market town of some local importance in the same place. But Bagdad itself was founded in the eighth century of our era by Mansur, who made it his capital, assuming to himself the dignity of Kalif, the successor of the Prophet and head of the religion of Islam.

It will be remembered that Mohammed provided that he should be succeeded by a duly elected Kalif from the tribe of the Koreish, the hitherto unimportant tribe from which the quondam camel-driver sprang. The first selections were made from his companions, or disciples, and they lived in the holy city of Mecca until two of them, Omar and Ali, disputed the succession. The former found his support in Syria, where, at Damascus, he practically had made his home. Thence he conducted military operations against his rival, whose supporters were the people of Mesopotamia. There Omar succeeded in overthrowing him, and he fled to Persia, where he set up as the lawful successor of the Prophet with the title of Imam, which he handed down to his descendants by Fatimah, daughter of Mohammed himself. He was succeeded by eleven Imams, who are the chief saints, with Ali, of the Shiah sect which now comprises practically all the Persians.

Omar made Damascus his capital, founding there the hereditary Omayyad Kalifate. His followers formed the Sunni sect, which is the orthodox sect of Islam, and includes most of the Arabs, the Turks, and the Moslems of India and China. The Omayyads were twelve in number, and ruled most of the Moslem world for a century, spreading their empire across north Africa to Spain. The last of them was overthrown by the Abbasid Mansur, who established his dynasty in his new city of Bagdad. This dynasty was essentially Asiatic, and the western conquests gradually fell away. First an Omayyad set up an independent Kalifate in Spain, with Cordova as his capital, and a century later Egypt became the center of another dynasty, the

Fatimids of Cairo, and Syria soon fell to them. But the Abbasids retained, nevertheless, a very large empire stretching from Syria and western Asia Minor to Central Asia, the Afghan Mountains, and the western frontiers of India. For nearly five centuries they ruled with Bagdad as their capital, when the royal residence was moved up the Tigris a short distance to Samarra. During all that period of time they had no serious enemies except the Byzantine emperors, with whom they were at constant war. Their overthrow was finally accomplished by the Mongols under Hulagu Khan, who took Bagdad in 1258. In the sack that followed, the last of the line was killed, and the city was reduced for a time to almost nothing but a heap of ruins.

In the sixteenth century Bagdad was taken by the Sultan Sulieman the Magnificent, ally of the emperor Charles V., who marched eastward after his unsuccessful siege of Vienna and had himself proclaimed Kalif in the city of the Abbasids. From him the Sultan of Turkey has claimed the lawful succession to the Kalifate, and is recognized to-day as the successor of the Prophet by the orthodox, or Sunni Moslems. This is in direct opposition to the provision of Mohammed himself that none but a member of the tribe of Koreish might succeed him, which furnishes the Shiahs with their reason for denying his authority. The Sunnis overcome this difficulty with characteristic Oriental sophistry.

The model of Bagdad was the older Persian capital of Ctesiphon, situated only a few miles away. Doubtless also most of the builders employed by Mansur were Persians, for his desert Arabs were not versed in that art. Persian influence was conspicuous from the first, and the chief advisers of the Abbasids were all Persians until the time of Harun-al-Rashid. They belonged to the famous Barmecid family whose power began with Khalid, Mansur's vizier, and ended with Jaffar, who used to accompany his master Harun in his incognito excursions through the streets of his capital in search of adventures that are familiar to every child. Despite his romantic picturesqueness, Harun was a weakling, and like many another Oriental tyrant his last days were marked with shocking cruelties, one of the worst of which was the slaughter of the whole Barmecid family at a feast that has become a proverb with us to-day.

This influence has made Bagdad essentially Persian in appearance. Especially is this true of the sacred edifices, in which the domes and minarets are quite



THE BEST PRESERVED OF THE ANCIENT GATES OF THE CITY



A VIEW OVER THE CITY OF BAGDAD

like those of Ispahan and Meshed, and bear no resemblance to the more familiar types of western Islam to be seen at Cairo and Constantinople. This is true despite the fact that of Mansur's original "Round City" no vestige remains above ground, and of buildings that date back to the days of the Abbasids we have but few.

The modern city is situated below it and mainly on the east bank, while the older city was on the west. The western quarter is small and almost entirely Shiah, a great stopping-place for the thousands of Persian pilgrims that pass through every year on their way to and from their sacred city of Kerbela. There are also many permanent Persian residents, whose chief business is with the pilgrims, and who look after the graves of their seventh and ninth Imams, which are just outside the city of Kazimein.

The east bank is essentially Arab, and contains the principal bazaars, the great mosque, and all the Sunni mosques and tombs. It originally grew up around the palaces of some of the later Kalifs, and was surrounded by a semicircular wall. This is now practically in ruins, only a series of mounds remaining with a depression where the moat was. A few gates remain that date from the days of the Kalifate, but others have been built in Turkish times. Of interest to the antiquary are two relics of the Kalif Mustansir dating from 1233 and 1236. The first of these was originally a college, and is now used as a custom-house; the latter is a minaret in an outlying part of the city which is in a most unfortunate state of disrepair. Even older is the Khan Orthma, which dates from the twelfth century and contains some beautiful carvings. These buildings were all built for strength, all of brick laid in mortar of the best possible quality, but used sparingly because of its scarcity. There are many ruined mosques and tombs in and about the city which are generally octagonal in shape, roofed with shallow domes set on squinch arches. The latter, however, are often covered with a dome resembling a pineapple, composed of a series of alveolate niches, or squinches, set in converging courses, one above the other. The best example of this is the reputed tomb of Sitt Zobeida, wife of Harun-al-Rashid, situated near west Bagdad.

But the most interesting thing to the casual visitor is the street life, which is to be observed most easily in the bazaars



THE TOMB OF SHEIKH OMAR

or market-places. Like those of Cairo and Constantinople, these are the main streets of the business section, covered with a vaulted roof, formed generally of squinch arches, with shops bordering on either side, arranged like the chapels on either side of the nave of a Gothic cathedral. Light is furnished only by occasional openings in the vaulting, and so the scene is always dim, but often rendered beautiful by long sunbeams that come in at a sharp angle through the little windows and lie diagonally across the passage. The best way to describe these busy marts is to ask the reader to come with me for a stroll through the city and point them out as we go along.

We step out of the door of the Tigris Hotel and turn to the left in the crowded street. Look out for those donkeys! They will run over you rough-shod if you do not. Look at them as they go by. Big, white fellows they are, as strong as horses. Notice the blue beads that they wear around their necks to avert the evil eye, and the embroidered halters hung with charms against spavin. They are carrying bricks to be used in rebuilding these dilapidated houses, for now you can see that the front walls of all the buildings for a hundred yards have been torn down. This was done by Nazim Pasha when he was vali, pursuant to a plan he had formed to build a splendid boulevard through the heart of the city. Unfortunately, he chose a line through the gardens of the British residency, and set his engineers to undermine the wall. The resident protested and offered to co-operate on another route, but in vain. So he remembered how Wellington placed a British sentry on the Pont de Jena in Paris when Blücher wished to blow up that offensively named structure, and went and did likewise. When the road-builders saw the scarlet-clad sepoy on the wall they soon ceased undermining it, for, though the governor-general might have the right to undermine a wall, serious complications might follow the knocking down of a British sentry. So the boulevard was abandoned.

But we must be moving on. These shops on either side are kept by Jews, that by a firm of Parsees from Bombay. The shop with the green uniformed officers standing before the door is the government dispensary. Now we are getting into the old business section. See that whitewashed building with a balcony all around the second story; it is a typical coffee-house where many of the prominent merchants gather. Let us pause here a moment and notice some of the passers-by.

This tall, sharp-faced man is a wealthy rug merchant. Notice his flowing cloak made of softest camel's wool with a beautiful silky luster. His vest and belted robe, worn under the cloak reaching to the ankles, are of fine gray broadcloth. His green turban proclaims him a descendant of the Prophet. The man beside him is a mollah, or priest. His undergarments are of the same soft gray as his companion's, but his cloak is harsher in appearance. As he brushes by, you can see it is of very tightly twisted, closely woven camel's hair without the gold embroidery the other shows. His turban is pure white, the priestly color.

These other men now passing are of a poorer class. Their cloaks are less handsome, made of wool or goat's hair dyed in various shades of brown or striped brown and white. Their undergarments are of brightly colored cotton cloth. Instead of the aristocratic turban, they wear a kerchief of cotton folded diagonally and held in place on the head by a double circlet of woolen yarn.

See that group of dirty, shabby men in baggy trousers, felt hats, and flapping vests of the same material. They are hamals, the burden-bearers of the bazaars. They come from the hills north of the desert or from Persia, and are of the Kurdish race. They can carry enormous weights on their backs. There goes one now with a load of fire-wood. Yes, it is a man! Look under the load and you will find him.

Notice the man in the tall, black-felt hat with a black scarf around it. He is a Persian merchant and wears under his cloak, as you see, a jacket and baggy trousers. He is a very jolly sort and exchanges much banter with his friends in the balcony.

Around the corner we enter a bazaar. Most of the Bagdad bazaars are of this type. The narrow street is covered by a vaulted roof. On either side are stalls in which the vender sits cross-legged behind his wares, which are displayed on the floor before him or hung on the hinged shutters that close his shop at night. Each trade has a bazaar in a street, or group of streets, of its own.

Come this way and let us stroll down the clothing market. Everything is serene and quiet. Neatly folded cloaks are displayed upon either side. Gaily colored kerchiefs hang upon open shutters; Manchester piece-goods are temptingly unrolled before the unwary wanderer. Here a group of men are embroidering the brilliant native-silk cloaks



ALONG THE RIVERSIDE

worn by the women with gold and silver patterns; there a man is cutting and sewing lamb-skins for the military fezzes. Sober, well-dressed customers sit, puffing at water-pipe or cigarette, discussing bargains with most indifferent-looking merchants.

But come into this bazaar around the corner and you will see a very different thing. Here are the green-grocers and sweetmeat-sellers. I have to shout into your ear, such a din comes from every side. Roughly clad men, gesticulating wildly, are explaining the utter worthlessness of the dates they wish to buy. Old hags, neglectful of their veils, are haggling excitedly over bunches of garlic or huge cucumbers. Yonder a pitifully inadequate boy is striving manfully to restrain a kicking, squealing donkey who has all but got his muzzle into a basket of grain. Every stall is crowded, and every individual is shouting at the top of his lungs. The narrow street is filled with the surging mob. We try to fight our way through. We squeeze along slowly, but manage it somehow. Suddenly we hear cries behind. A caravan is coming. Thirty or forty horses loaded with heavy, projecting bales of tobacco swing casually through the throng at a fast walk, urged by sharp blows from their stalwart drivers. The crowd opens up like magic. Dodge that bale! How they do it I do not know. They pay no attention to the horses, but go on bargaining furiously. It is like a ship passing through the sea. The water opens in front and closes up behind, and only a slight swirl marks the passing.

We next pass through the shoemakers' bazaar between rows and rows of red slippers into the harness-makers' bazaar. Here are brilliant head-stalls, uncomfortable-looking saddles with brilliantly broidered covers, stirrups, ropes, chains, bits, all the paraphernalia of the road.

Bang! Bang! What a noise! Where are we now? The place is full of acrid smoke. You cannot see for a moment. It is the coppersmiths' bazaar. Sitting on the ground beside smoky charcoal fires, they keep banging away all day with hammers of every conceivable size and shape. They are swiftly, deftly shaping pots, pans, platters, trays, bowls, and narrow-necked water-jars. One workman turns out the rough article and hands it to another, who taps away at it, neatly covering it with rows of dents, scalloping the edge, or hammering out a rough design.

Now we will go out into the fresh air and get the smoke and dust out of our lungs. We secure a carriage in front of the government building—a great, shapeless pile around a big courtyard guarded by lazy-looking sentries. We drive through the north quarter of the city, where many of the *caravanserais* are. Here is the arsenal which was once the Kalif's palace. Pause a moment and consider that from this very gateway Harun-al-Rashid used to sally in disguise to try the temper of his people; and in one of those upper rooms the fair Zobeida wove the tales of the thousand and one nights.

Turn now and notice the dome, patterned with gaudy tiles, clinging to the cracks of which are many pigeons. It is the dome of the oldest mosque in Bagdad. At its door Harun used to stand and mingle with the beggars. Before its pulpit the Sultan Sulieman the Magnificent had himself made Kalif, thus ending the existence of Bagdad as the capital of Islam.

The north gate through which we pass is unbeautiful and unhistoric, but we drive on along the outer edge of the great fosse, the "Bagdad ditch," past newly arrived caravans, and stop to see an older gate on the east side. Like the ancient Greek and more recent mediæval European fortified gateways, it is approached by a causeway exposing the unprotected right side of assailants to the walls. The tower thus reached gave access to a bridge across the fosse, and another gateway admitted within the walls. Inside this gate is a tomb which I point out because it is typical of the Bagdad burial-places. The mortuary chamber is covered by a "pineapple dome" such as is often seen hereabout. Within a walled garden is a beautiful tiled minaret, from which a muezzin calls to prayer five times a day, and calls in vain, I fear, for the city is not as large as it once was, and there are no houses within hearing distance. But such is the force of tradition in the East.

A few minutes more brings us to the



MOSQUE OF SHEIKH ABDUL KADIR—ONE OF THE FINEST DOMES IN THE MOSLEM WORLD

mosque of Abdul Kadir. The main part of the building is covered by a huge, low, whitewashed dome, beside which, in curious contrast, is the most beautifully decorated dome in the Mohammedan world. It is covered with tiles making a design like a beautiful Persian rug, both in tasteful treatment and subdued coloring. The cylindrical wall below is similarly decorated. Below a ring of arabesques is the most exquisite tilework in the world. The minarets are of almost equal beauty, while the gardens about the mosque are among the most lovely in Bagdad.

This shrine is a great resort for pilgrims, especially from India, where the Kadiriyeh dervishes—an order founded by Abdul Kadir himself — are very strong. It was built soon after the death of the Sheik in 1253, and so must have been quite new in the year of the Mongol invasion that witnessed the fall of the Abbasids. To this the present successor of Abdul Kadir, the Nakib, as he is called, owes his pre-eminence in the religious world of Bagdad. The Kalifs had jealously protected their religious hegemony lest rivals rise against them, but they had not had time to fear the successors of even so holy a man as Abdul Kadir, and so the Nakib had no great difficulty in stepping into their shoes and establishing no little local prestige. The present Nakib is a quiet but progressive man whose influence is generally considered to be very good.

Near the mosque is a *tekiyeh*, a place for the entertainment of pilgrims. Several broad courts are surrounded by two-storied arcades that provide lodging for thousands of pilgrims. Men of all the Moslem nations are there to be seen, washing at the fountain and walking in the shade of the gardens. This is one of the great meeting-places of Islam, where all races and peoples that follow the Prophet come together and realize the widespread and singular unity of their religion. Pilgrimage is the great bond that unites all Moslems, whether they dwell by the holy cities in Hejaz, in the confines of Europe, or in distant Hindustan, or still more remote China.

From this great shrine it is only a short drive to the American consulate, where we may dismiss our carriage and pay our respects to the consul. The

consulate is in the southern part of the city, not far from the river. Near by is the British residency, where we were received by the acting resident, to whom we were provided with letters. This official, though called a resident, is really only a consul. He owes his title to the fact that he is under the India office, and not the foreign office, and so ranks as a representative in a native state in which the government of India claims a sphere of influence. He further differs from a consular officer in having a guard of thirty Sikhs and a little gunboat on the river. This arrangement dates from 1838, when a military expedition was sent up the river to establish once for all the right of Britons to carry on trade in Bagdad. The first big company to enter into trade there was that of Messrs. Lynch, for whom England wrested from Turkey the right to navigate the Tigris, which they still do. It is largely in evidence of this right that the caller at the residency is saluted by a trim, bearded sepoy as he enters the gate.

The spacious buildings and beautiful gardens of the residency are the center of the European colony in the city. A short time ago this comprised only a few merchants and the consuls of the great Powers. But to-day there are several engineers connected with the irrigation works started under the direction of Sir William Willcocks, all of whom are English, and a considerable number of German and other Continental engineers engaged on the Bagdad railway. The chief engineer was our fellow-guest at the Tigris Hotel, and from him we learned that there were eighty kilometers then in process of construction.

The concession for this railway was considered a triumph of German diplomacy. The line already existing, in 1909, from the Bosporus to Boulgourlou, and requiring only a short addition to bring it to the Mediterranean at Mersina, was the chief claim of Germany for a sphere of influence in Anatolia. England's weakness in permitting this German interest to be pushed forward to Bagdad, the very center of the British sphere, is attributable only to the policy of conciliation followed by the foreign office in all the near Eastern questions, not only in 1910–1911, when the concession was granted, but later also, when Mr. Shuster was driven out of Persia. The port of Mersina was surrendered to Germany upon a long lease—a very dangerous precedent. The permanent way between this port and the important Syrian center of Aleppo will soon be



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS



LOOKING TOWARD WEST BAGDAD ACROSS THE TIGRIS

completed. The railways south of this city are chiefly owned in France and have been built by French companies, while that nation also claims Syria as her sphere of influence.

A short distance outside of west Bagdad—the Shiah quarter—is the suburb of Kazimein. Here are the tombs and mosques of the seventh and ninth Imams, descendants of Ali and Fatimah, daughter of the Prophet. The Shiahs are the most fanatical Moslems, and will permit no Christian to enter their shrines. But visitors may go out to the mosques by the little tram-line that connects them with the city, and gaze from afar upon the gilded domes and minarets, the exquisite tile-work of the gateways, and the doors of beaten silver. The wealth of this shrine is nothing short of marvelous, and is due to the fact that the Shiahs are devoted pilgrims and are wont to make large gifts to their chief shrines. Kazimein is especially fortunate in being not only very near Persia, but also on the great pilgrim route to Kerbela, the old center of the sect and site of some of its most sacred tombs, as well as the route to Mecca, the supreme Moslem pilgrimage. But it is not safe for a Westerner to linger long before the great shrines, lest he rouse the fanaticism of the worshipers and suffer the ignominy of being hustled rudely away. The best place from which to view the shrine is from the roof of one of the neighboring tombs, as that of the Indian prince Sir Ikbal ed Douleh, brother to the late king of Oudh. The mullah in charge is a kindly soul, and ever ready to dispense hospitality to a stranger, especially if he be a fellow-subject of his late lamented master.

Kazimein, though a Shiah shrine, really owes its sanctity to having been the burial-place of Ibn Hanbal, founder of the last four orthodox Sunni sects. His tomb, however, has long since disappeared. Across the river stands the tomb of another of this line of teachers, Abu Hanifah, founder of the first of the four sects. Its beautiful old tiled dome, in the midst of the picturesque villages of Muazzam, is doubtless the oldest of all the ruins about Bagdad, for its occupant was a Christian convert who aided Mansur in the building of the original Moslem city.

The whole region about this tomb and those of Kazimein is a vast cemetery, covered with graves and scattered stones, sad reminders of past greatness, for here were the palaces of the earliest and greatest of the Abbasid Kalifs.

A Point of Honor

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was now after dark. The worst was over. Day no longer scorched the quivering key. And thank God, too, for that! Better still — a grateful mitigation of the August torture—the glare was gone out of the world. A hot, white light had blistered the eyes and the nerves of the town. It had exasperated the town to a squinting fury. The light had given place, now, at last, to a dead, dry dark; and an occasional muffled clap of thunder, with the doubtful promise of a shower, came rumbling out of the sea in the southwest. It was still hot; there was no refreshment in the stagnant air; a gasp of breath was warm and dry in a man's mouth. Eyes were bloodshot, lips parched, minds fevered. There were quick quarrels in the waterside resorts. Exhibitions of passion could arouse some limp, bleared attention; ugly tales were faintly diverting. Waterside talk, in that suffering night, was noisome; and thoughts everywhere—and the deeds of obscurity—were God knows what! Faugh! It was a hot night!

Beyond the green-shuttered doors of the little back room at Cochin's place there was a shuffle and drone abroad in the street, with some soft negro merriment to enliven it. When Banty Lafit, the wrecking-master, entered with Carveth in tow (Carveth was a rotund little drummer from New England), the swarthy circle, habitually gathered within, was contemplating the arrival of latecomers with a convalescent interest in life. Presently thereafter there was some polite talk of the game fish of those waters—of tarpon and tackle, of barracuda and the Dry Tortugas. Inconsequential stuff, this. It was designed to engage Carveth. It failed. Carveth was too hot to be stimulated by the insipid exchange. Later, however, there was talk of big winds—of wreck and salvage, too, and of smuggling and the revenue; and later still — the hour being now agreeably near midnight—the tales ran rather to monstrous deeds accomplished in the blazing midst of the Caribbean. At last the frills fell from the conversation: there was talk, then, of nigger-killing—talk all stripped and stark naked.

In the thick, dirty heat of the night, with thunder growling at sea, and with his blood throbbing, Carveth's vision, in its relation to the practice of bush-hunting an erring negro, was discolored and distorted.

"Damn these niggers!" he growled.

A laugh went round.

"What you laughing at?" Carveth demanded. Carveth laughed, too.

"We're laughing at you," said Lafit. "What's the matter with you Northerners, anyhow? You come down here to Key West, and you're not here twenty-four hours before you begin to damn the niggers. What's the matter with the niggers?"

Carveth pondered. "I don't know," said he, frowning.

"What did you damn 'em for?"

"I don't know that, either. I felt like damnin' 'em."

"Why?"

"I tell you I don't know. It surprises me. I never felt like that before. I rather like the niggers."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I should."

"Why don't you?"

"I do."

Lafit had been leaning eagerly toward Carveth. It was an expression of genuine interest. Now he withdrew, and sighed.

"That's all right, Mr. Carveth," said he, reproachfully, then. "Of course I don't want to bother you. All I wanted to know is why a Southerner loves a

nigger and a Northerner hates him. I've never been able to find that out. I reckoned maybe you could help me."

Carveth laughed softly. "Loves a nigger?" he mocked. "And old Jim Wylie—"

"That's different, Mr. Carveth," Lafit protested, rather hopelessly, however, it must be said. "What you can't grasp is that old Jim Wylie *understands* the niggers. Jim Wylie *is* a nigger-killer. I said so. I don't deny it now. That's just what old Jim is—a nigger-killer. We have our nigger-killers down here, Mr. Carveth. I'm perfectly frank about it. Old Jim Wylie has probably killed more niggers than any three men on the Florida keys. Jim Wylie knows how to kill a nigger. Jim Wylie knows when to kill a nigger. Jim Wylie knows why to kill a nigger. And what's the result?"

"Dead niggers," said Carveth, gravely.

"Oh, of course!" said Lafit. "I don't mean that, though. What's the result—in addition to a few dead niggers?"

"More dead niggers?"

Lafit was grieved by this levity. "That's all right, Mr. Carveth," said he. "Have all the fun you want. I don't mind. What you don't seem to understand is that I'm trying to tell you something in such a way that you can grasp it. I'm not joking, Mr. Carveth. I'm in earnest."

"I'm sorry," said Carveth. "What *is* the result?"

"The result is," Lafit replied, tapping the table with his forefinger to emphasize the sagacity with which old Jim Wylie had solved the race problem, "that old Jim Wylie isn't *troubled* by niggers."

"Not by *some* niggers," Carveth admitted.

"Jim Wylie doesn't *damn* the niggers."

"Ah, well," said Carveth, quickly, "that's properly a *post mortem* proceeding with which Jim Wylie has nothing to do."

"Jim Wylie *loves* the niggers."

Carveth lifted his eyebrows in a burlesque of amazed expostulation.

"Let me tell you about Jim Wylie," said Lafit. "We get the old man in town about once a quarter. He lives on a lonesome plantation over on the main shore, almost up in the glades, and he comes over to Key West to bank his cash and go to the Presbyterian church. The minute you clapped eyes on the old gentleman, you'd know him for old Jim Wylie: a tallish old fellow, in a black coat, and as lean as a sick cracker—a gray face, you understand, and a long, clean white beard, too, and a drawling way of talk, as though he didn't care very much what he was saying, when *you* know, all the time, if you know Jim Wylie, that every word Jim Wylie drops is damned important conversation. Jim grows sweet-potatoes, and pineapples, and cane, and runs a still. Potatoes and pineapples come to the Key West auctions. Moonshine goes to the construction-camps. It isn't much of a place over there, I reckon—nothing but a shack or two, black water, mosquitoes, fevers, and snakes.

"'Lafit,' says Jim, 'I got a nigger buried under every tree on my plantation.'"

"Is it a large plantation?" Carveth inquired.

"Oh, some size to it, I reckon."

"Many trees?"

"Mr. Carveth," Lafit protested, hurt, "I reckon you think I'm lying for sport. You've been thinking that right along, I reckon. That's all right. I don't mind. But you forget that it's quite a way from Boston—away over there on the edge of the glades. A lot of things happen on the keys and in the glades that nobody knows anything about up in Boston. There isn't anything extraordinary in that, is there? I'm not lying to you, Mr. Carveth. What Jim Wylie meant," the wrecking-master went on, "was only that he had a *good many* niggers buried over there. And he has, too. And he could bury a nigger under every tree on his plantation if he took the notion and the supply held out. Who's to hinder? It's out of the way—off the map. And who could prove anything on Jim Wylie? And who would if they could? And what would happen to Jim Wylie if they did? Oh, it's all clean truth, Mr. Carveth! I'm not lying to you. A nigger just doesn't *mean* anything much to Jim Wylie."

Carveth was graver now. "What does he kill 'em for?" he asked.

"The best answer to that," Lafit replied, "is that they annoy him."

"Does he like to kill 'em?"

"*Like* to kill 'em? Is that a joke, Mr. Carveth? Of *course* he doesn't like to kill 'em. Why should he? Would *you?* He kills 'em because he thinks he ought to. Old Jim Wylie would be the last man in the world to shoot a nigger without cause—I mean some sort of cause that we think down here is good enough cause. Jim Wylie couldn't go out in the street and shoot up every nigger that happened to displease his fancy. Why, no! Of *course* not! Shucks! It wouldn't be *allowed.* And Jim Wylie wouldn't want to, anyhow. I don't know how many niggers Jim has killed on his plantation. A good many, I reckon—a good many more, anyhow, than anybody up in Boston would believe, if Jim counted 'em up and made a clean breast of the total. You wouldn't believe it yourself, Mr. Carveth—not even now, when you're beginning to understand that what you were making fun of a little while ago is *true.* But there's this about it to make it a little simpler: in the first place, every nigger Jim Wylie kills on his plantation is a nigger; and in the second place, every nigger on Jim Wylie's plantation has broken the law in one way or another. That makes a lot of difference. Perhaps I ought to have told you that before. You can easily see that it gives Jim Wylie quite a little bit of latitude."

"Hasn't a nigger—"

"Any rights? My God, what do you want to ask such a question as that for, Mr. Carveth? Don't you know any better? Of *course* a nigger has rights! What sort of white people do you think we are down here on the Florida Keys? Heathen? Nobody wants to take advantage of a nigger—except another nigger. A nigger has all the rights he needs—here in Key West. Not aggravating rights, you understand. When it comes right down to the vital question, there's usually some way for a white man to protect himself. That's *necessary.* But on Jim Wylie's plantation a nigger hasn't any rights. The only niggers that Jim takes on his plantation are refugees—runaways from the jails and phosphate-mines and turpentine-camps. Jim takes 'em in, feeds 'em up, asks no questions, promises a little pay, and puts 'em to work on the plantation. Jim's plantation has the whole of the everglades for a back yard. It isn't much use for a sheriff to hunt a nigger in the swamp. A nigger is safe—perfectly safe—so long as he doesn't annoy Jim. You understand me better now, don't you? And it's queer, isn't it?—old Jim Wylie's camp for runaway niggers over there on the edge of the glades. They might not believe it up in Boston. But it's God's truth I'm telling you, Mr. Carveth."

"See here," Carveth inquired; "suppose Jim Wylie annoyed a nigger first?"

"There isn't a nigger in his senses would try to kill Jim Wylie."

"But why—"

"Why? Why, because Jim Wylie's *white!*"

All this was interrupted by a flash, a nearer rumble of thunder, and the lurching entrance of Bill Welter, a swarthy, buccaneerish fellow in the wrecking way.

"I can *taste* this weather!" says he, and sank limply into a chair at the table. Presently he looked the circle round, the light of amusement in his eyes, as he sipped his drink, and told, in a casual way, his astounding news.

"Boys," said he, "they got Jim Wylie!"

"Got Jim Wylie!"

"Who got him?"

"Nigger get him?"

"Devilish queer business," Welter replied. "You'd never think it of Jim Wylie. And yet—I don't know. It was pretty much what you might expect of a nigger-killer like Jim Wylie. Oh yes, there was a nigger in it! There was two niggers in it. It all come out through them. The sheriff's got 'em both. And they sure do tell a devilish queer story on old Jim Wylie!"

"Who do you reckon Wylie had over there on his plantation?" says Welter. "Boys, he had Cole over there—John Cole! That's what the niggers say. And I reckon it's true. They been hunting that hound for six months. I reckon nobody won't waste no sympathy on

Cole. That white man's flesh would poison buzzards. Anyhow," the wrecker ran on, "when Cole landed in on Jim, he called himself Thompson, and was starved to the bones, and said he had broke away from the phosphate-mines in a thunder-storm. The niggers reckon that Jim didn't know Cole when he took him in. That's all right. Jim didn't know *anybody*. That wasn't Jim's business. All Jim asked of a man was a name to call him by. Thompson was a good enough name for Cole until Jim found out that he *was* Cole. After that it was different. Jim didn't hesitate, but made up his mind, right off, and went straight ahead with what he intended to do, just as he always did, without troubling the courts.

"There was a Key West nigger over there called Limpy Jackson. He's a club - footed crawl - thief — stole some sponges off Jump Key—and come down to Jim from the turpentine-camps.

"'You Limpy,' says Jim; 'you come along with me.'

"Nigger didn't like the looks of Jim. That's what he says. He suspicioned for a minute that maybe Jim was after *him*.

"'Yassa, boss,' says he.

"'I got a little job for you to do, nigger,' says Jim. 'I reckon you got heart enough.'

"'Yassa, boss.'

"'Come along,' says Jim.

"Nigger was scared; but he says, 'Yassa, boss.'

"'That's all right, nigger,' says Jim. 'You've heard me talk. Come along. I reckon we won't be more'n a few busy minutes.'

"Nigger was more scared than ever; but he says, 'Yassa, boss.'

"They come on Cole somewheres back on the plantation. There wasn't nobody about. Cole was leaning on his hoe, the nigger says, with his face on his arm, as if he was feeling out of sorts. His back was to Jim and the nigger—he hadn't heard them come near. I reckon somehow that he was almighty tired of being hunted. It looked that way to the nigger. The nigger says so. And maybe it looked that way to Jim, too. The nigger says that Jim stood there, watching Cole, for quite a spell, before he pulled his gun—as if he was just a mite sorry for Cole, after all.

"Then Jim says, 'Face this way, Thompson, and stand still.'

"Cole done it. 'Howdy, Mr. Wylie!' says he.

"'Don't you reckon, Thompson,' says Jim, 'that you've lived just about long enough?'

"'I 'ain't done nothing, Mr. Wylie,' says Cole.

"'Cole,' says Jim, 'I know you.'

"'I reckon you do, Mr. Wylie.'

"'We don't want you around here.'

"'I reckon not, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Nobody wants you nowhere.'

"'No—I reckon not. I 'ain't got no place to go, Mr. Wylie.'

"'There's been a good many niggers lynched in this state, Cole,' says Jim. 'There's going to be *one* white man. It suits my notion, Cole, to have a club-footed nigger do the lynching.'

"Cole says, 'Yes, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Here, nigger,' says Jim; 'take this gun and kill him.'

"Nigger was scared. 'Ah 'ain't nevah killed nobody befo', boss,' says he.

"'It ain't nothing much to do,' says Jim. 'Go close.'

"'Ah'm on'y a *thief*, boss!'

"'Take the gun and kill him.'

"'Ah can't, boss!'

"'Don't be scared, nigger,' says Jim. 'What's the matter with you? Here—take the gun. I won't let nobody touch you for it.'

"'Doan' make me do it, boss!' says the nigger. 'Ah doan' *want* to!'

"'Take the gun.'

"'Hurry up,' says Cole.

"'Oh, mah Gawd!' says the nigger. 'Is yo' goin' ter *make* me do it, boss?'

"Jim seen, then, I reckon, that he'd have to force the nigger.

"'Come here,' says he.

"'Aw, now, doan' hit me, boss!' says the nigger.

"Jim knocked him down. 'Now,' says he, 'will you do what you're told?'

"The nigger got up, then, and said all right, he'd do what he was told, and took the gun; and Jim promised again that he wouldn't let nobody do nothing to him for killing Cole.

"'Yo' sho' won't, boss?' says the nigger.

"'I never broke my promise to a nigger yet,' says Jim.

"'You damned black nigger,' says Cole—'*shoot!*'

"Then the nigger went close up to Cole—oh, within a couple of paces, I reckon—and maybe a mite closer to make sure—and shot him three times.

"'Thanks,' says Jim. 'You got him. That 'll do. Now you take him out in the swamp somewheres and sink him.'

"And the nigger reckoned he would."

In the pause Carveth shuddered. It was a bald tale. But it was true. It was so manifestly true—truth significant, truth fresh from the glades—that the skeptical little New England drummer was not troubled by incredulity. Welter was not addressing Carveth. Here was no tale told with fanciful exaggerations to impress a stranger. It was a narrative without background—swiftly imparted in privacy to inform men whose experience called for no detail of why and whereabouts. Carveth visioned the scene for himself—this slow, cold slaughter, irresistibly commanded by a white man, and done remotely by a quailing negro, in a pool of hot sunlight in the midst of a swamp, with a stagnant reach of black water hard by, rank grasses round about, and gaunt, slimy roots beyond, and shadows and a gloomy tangle of vines and mosses and branches.

Once more Carveth fixed his attention upon the recital of these sordid horrors.

"I don't know very much about such things," Welter went on, "but I reckon Jim Wylie didn't think he had done any harm. All the trouble come from the nigger. He was a nigger, and he had killed a white man, and I reckon he got so full of nigger vanity, pretty soon, that he just had to boast of what he'd done. He got a yellow nigger called White Rat to help him take Cole out in the swamp. But he didn't tell the yellow nigger that Thompson was Cole. And he didn't tell the yellow nigger that Jim Wylie had had a hand in the shooting. Oh no! He was a nigger—and plumb full of vanity. All he said was that he was a bad nigger himself, an almighty dangerous nigger to trifle with, and that he'd killed that white trash, Thompson, of his own notion; and that he'd kill any other white trash—yes, he would—that done crossed his path. And that scared the yellow nigger, and drove him over to the magistrate to save his own black hide, with the story that a club-footed nigger called Limpy Jackson had killed a white man over on Jim Wylie's plantation.

"'Ah didn't have no *hand* in it,' says he. 'Ah jus' *seen* it, boss, an' acted as a *pallbearer*.'

"George Wales was swore in and sent over with a posse of three to fetch out Limpy. Something had to be done. A nigger can't kill a white man *anywhere*. It was Sunday afternoon—last Sunday—when Wales got to Jim's landing. Jim wasn't expecting nobody, naturally: he never expected nobody; and Wales had come on him so sudden that Jim didn't have no time to get his niggers into the swamp in the usual way. Maybe Jim hadn't been troubled for so long that he was careless. Anyhow—Wales had him. And Jim knew it, and Wales knew it. The cabin was close to the landing; and it happened that Limpy Jackson was trapped inside, and could hear every word that was said. But Limpy wasn't scared. Oh no! Limpy told the sheriff, afterward, that he wasn't scared, and that he wasn't scared because Jim Wylie had told him to kill that white man, and had forced him to kill that white man, and had promised that he wouldn't let nobody touch him for killing that white man. And Limpy says, too, that when he was in the cabin, with Wales outside, he just reckoned that Jim Wylie would be as good as his word, because he was Jim Wylie's nigger, and *he knew Jim Wylie*.

"Jim had sure got himself into a nasty snarl with that there nigger.

"'How do, Mr. Wylie!' says Wales.

"'Howdy!' says Jim. 'What you want, Wales?'

"'I want a club-footed nigger,' says Wales. 'You got one over here, Mr. Wylie?'

"'Yes,' says Jim. 'What you want him for?'

"'You had a white man killed over here, Mr. Wylie?'

"'Been some talk about it,' says Jim.

"'Well,' says Wales, 'that's what I want the club-footed nigger for.'

"'Want anybody else?' says Jim.

"'I reckon not,' says Wales. 'Just the nigger.'

"'Hum-m,' says Jim. 'You don't really *want* him, do you?'

"'That's what I come for,' says Wales. 'I reckon I do, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Know who he killed?'

"'Oh yes,' says Wales; 'he killed a white man named Thompson.'

"'He killed John Cole,' says Jim.

"Wales thought Jim was lying to save the nigger. 'Cole!' says he. 'Oh, well, if he killed John Cole they'll give him the county reward.'

"'The nigger don't want no reward.

"'Where *is* the nigger?'

"'He's lying around somewheres,' says Jim. 'We don't do no work here Sundays. I reckon he's asleep.'

"'Would you mind disturbing him, Mr. Wylie?'

"'It won't be necessary to disturb him, Wales,' says Jim. 'You can't have that nigger.'

"'That's plumb *foolish*, Mr. Wylie!'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Jim. 'Maybe not. I got my own notions.'

"'Mr. Wylie,' says Wales, 'you and me ain't going to have no trouble over a damn nigger, are we?'

"'I don't know. He's my nigger.'

"'If you can prove he killed Cole,' says Wales, 'the nigger won't come to no harm.'

"'Well,' says Jim, 'I don't want my nigger frightened.'

"'Oh, shucks!' says Wales.

"'You understand the English language, Wales?'

"'Sure, I do, Mr. Wylie!'

"'I reckon, then,' says Jim, 'that you don't understand *me*. I meant just what I said: *I don't want my nigger frightened.*'

"Wales was bothered.

"'It looks to me, after all, Mr. Wylie,' says he, 'as if you and me *might* have some trouble over that nigger.'

"'I hope not, Wales.'

"'The nigger ain't *worth* it, Mr. Wylie.'

"'You're right,' says Jim. 'The nigger ain't worth it. This ain't a *personal* matter, is it, Wales? You ain't looking for trouble with *me?*'

"'Lord, no, Mr. Wylie! It's just a little matter of business.'

"'Are you a gentleman, Wales?'

"'That's what I call myself, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Well, then, if you're a gentleman, Wales,' says Jim, 'and if you've got any common sense and manners, we can sure pull through without any trouble. I tell you what, Wales, you stay right where you are, and keep your men there, and I'll go fetch that nigger, if I can find him. He's sleeping somewheres not far off. I'll fetch him, Wales, or I'll kill him.'

"'Now, that's more like it, Mr. Wylie,' says Wales. 'But don't you put yourself to the bother of killing the nigger.'

"'That's all right,' says Jim. 'Anyhow, don't you move.'

"Jim went to the cabin, then, and he says to that nigger—this is the nigger's story, boys—

"'If there's any trouble, nigger,' says he, 'you break for the swamp.'

"'Yassa, boss.'

"'I'll hold them boys right where they are until you get to cover.'

"'Yassa, boss.'

"'I don't break my word,' says Jim, 'to no damn nigger!'

"Jim went away back on the plantation, after that, and fired off his gun, and come down to the landing again, with an old coat over his arm and his gun in his hand.

"He threw the coat at Wales's feet.

"'He wouldn't come,' says he, 'and so I killed him. There's his coat.'

"Wales was nervous.

"'If he wouldn't come, and you killed him, Mr. Wylie,' says he, 'that's all right. But I reckon, if you don't mind, that I'd better *see* the nigger.'

"'Oh no,' says Jim; 'you don't need to.'

"'It's in the line of my duty, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Oh no,' says Jim. 'Not at all. I've gone to a lot of trouble to make it unnecessary for you to go any further with this thing. You're a gentleman, Wales. You heard me kill the nigger. Didn't you hear my gun go off? Well, then, all you got to do is go back and say that the nigger wouldn't come and Mr. Wylie kindly killed him. You're a gentleman, Wales. They'll understand.'

"'I'll have to see that nigger, Mr. Wylie.'

"'Damn it!' says Jim. 'You ain't got sense enough to take my word for it, eh? You ain't no gentleman, Wales. Do you think I'd come down here and lie to you about killing that nigger if I didn't have my reasons? Do you think I wouldn't give up a club-footed nigger if there wasn't some good reason why I shouldn't? There's considerable behind this that you don't know anything about, Wales. The nigger's mine. He's alive. He's in my cabin. But you can't have him, Wales.'

"'I'll have to have that nigger, Mr. Wylie.'

"'But Wales—'

"'Yes, Mr. Wylie?'

"'You ain't man enough to take him!'

"Wales was as quick as a flash. Oh yes, he got old Jim Wylie, all right enough!"

There was a flash—a clap of thunder—a crackling roll, redoubling, rumbling—a swirling gust of dusty wind—a slosh of rain. Outside the night was moist and cooling. Carveth presently breathed deep of its clean refreshment.

The World Voice

BY BLISS CARMAN

I HEARD the summer sea
  Murmuring to the shore
Some endless story of a wrong
  The whole world must deplore.

I heard the mountain wind
  Conversing with the trees
Of an old sorrow of the hills,
  Mysterious as the sea's.

And all that haunted day
  It seemed that I could hear
The echo of an ancient speech
  Ring in my listening ear.

And then it came to me,
  That all that I had heard
Was my own heart in the sea's voice
  And the wind's lonely word.

In Search of a New Land

BY DONALD B. MACMILLAN

Leader and Ethnologist of the Crocker Land Expedition

PART TWO

The Crocker Land Expedition, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the American Geographical Society, was undertaken to solve the last great geographical problem of the North: Is there in the Polar Sea a large body of land still undiscovered? Investigations of the tides and currents in the polar regions seemed to favor this view; geologists were disposed to deny it. Finally, in 1906, Peary, scanning the northwest from the summit of Cape Thomas Hubbard, believed that he saw "snow-clad summits above the ice horizon" approximately 120 miles distant. He named it Crocker Land, and the present expedition's chief aim was to verify this discovery, which has been questioned up to this time.

The overland part of the journey from Etah, Greenland, to Cape Thomas Hubbard was described in the October HARPER'S. *Here follows the final dash across the Polar Sea.*

THE end of the first march saw us encamped at the base of a small pressure ridge about fourteen miles from land. With Ee-took-ah-shoo and Pee-ah-wah-to, I mounted the highest mass of ice to survey the field for the next day. Nothing was said for some minutes. There were several pressure ridges in sight and some rubble ice through which we could easily pick our way. The Eskimos were plainly thinking, and their thoughts were not pleasant ones. With eyes better than mine they were not only seeing the same things which I saw, but were seeing more of it—open water. When finally their tongues began to wag I caught the familiar words, "Much water," "the sun is high," "will not freeze," "the ice is moving." As soon as I realized that they were worried over this, I remarked that I was glad to see the ice so good and that it was much better than when we were with Peary on the last trip. I slapped Ee-took-ah-shoo on the back, bantered Pee-ah-wah-to a bit, and ended by telling them to feed two cans of pemmican to their dogs instead of one.

The dark lanes of open water visible ahead, and those on the horizon, as indicated by a water sky, were evidently opened up by the full moon of April 10th. Fortunately there would not be another full moon until May 9th; by that time we should be on land. The two great opposing forces which guard the secrets of the Polar Sea are pressure ridges and open water; the former smashing sledges, wearing out the dogs, discouraging the men, and retarding progress; the latter decisive and convincing—thus far and no farther. Now that the high tides were over, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, these leads would soon freeze.

In the morning we were through and over the pressure ridges in a very short time, our route leading us out upon a long, beautiful stretch of smooth ice. We hopped upon our sledges, snapped the whips, and away we went! When on the verge of believing that Old Torngak, the evil spirit of the North, was, as old Oo-tah said, "either having trouble with his wife or had forgotten us," a lead was thrown across our path about one hundred yards wide and extending apparently around the world. Ice was forming out from both banks, a thin line of black extending down through the center. Although a strong southwest wind

was blowing, as yet there seemed to be no pressure. Clear, cold, calm weather is the daily prayer of a man on the Polar Sea. We were confident that we could cross in the morning.

An igloo was constructed and a sounding attempted. When two hundred fathoms of wire had been unreeled, Green remarked that we had found a deep hole. When five hundred had disappeared, I thought he was right. When one thousand was reached, we simply looked at one another. A steady strain was kept upon the wire, yet not the slightest perceptible difference could be detected from start to finish. Nearly two thousand fathoms were lowered into that hole before we gave it up. Being only seventeen miles from land, there was only one conclusion—our weight, which was a five-pound pick, was so light that it was being carried off under the current probably flowing into Nansen Sound. To get that wire and pick back, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, was a long and tedious job. Attaching a handle to the reel, we relieved one another every fifteen minutes. At the end of five hours we expected to hear Pee-ah-wah-to, who had the last relay, call out at any moment, "Ti-mah!" (Finished!). Instead of this, he stuck his crestfallen face in at the door with the announcement that the wire had broken and our pick was gone! A series of soundings was so important that this loss was a serious one. What could we use for a weight? Mentally we ran through every article in the equipment. Only one pick was left; it certainly would never do to use that. Our pemmican hatchets were too small. An eight-pound can of pemmican would not sink. One bottle of mercury for the artificial horizon—we must have that for our observations. No, there was not a thing that would serve. To think that my dogs had pulled that reel containing two thousand fathoms of wire and weighing about forty pounds for nearly five hundred miles only to be thrown away without a single sounding! I felt as if I were a pall-bearer at a funeral as I carried the reel to the top of the highest ridge and there left it.

The first man who awoke in the morning rushed for the peep-hole in the front of the igloo. Yes, it was frozen; we could cross. Hitching up the dogs, we ran along the lead to a section of the ice which we judged by its whitish appearance to be the strongest. Cautiously advancing, Ee-took-ah-shoo tapped it with his whip-stock, saying, "Nah-muck-to!" (All right!). As I watched his little, short legs running behind the



MACMILLAN MAKING SOLAR OBSERVATIONS ON THE POLAR SEA



ARKLIO WITH CARIBOU AT CAPE THOMAS HUBBARD

komatik I was astounded at the flexibility of salt-water ice. It yielded like a strip of rubber, one wave seeming to precede and another to follow. I had visions of Ee-took-ah-shoo camping alone if he had weakened it in any way by passing over it. As Green passed over I said to myself, "He will never get there ;" but he did. Two dogs broke through; a shake of their furry coats, a wag of their tails, and they were ready to go on.

As a reward for crossing this lead a perfect picture presented itself—a long, level stretch of compact snow. We easily covered twelve miles in four hours, when we were stopped by another lead. Sending Pee-ah-wah-to west and Ee-took-ah-shoo east to reconnoiter, Green and I impatiently awaited their return. Knowing that the former was a little discouraged and feeling that I could not trust him for an accurate report, I soon followed. About one mile west from the sledges the lead ended in two branches. Long before reaching this point the crunching of the ice could be heard. The opposite sides of the first branch were now in contact, offering a bridge scarcely wide enough for one sledge to cross; here the edges were slowly rising and crumpling with a peculiar humming sound. Jumping over this and hurrying across an old floe some fifty yards wide, I made a hasty examination of the second branch. Spanning this was a chaotic mass of rubble jammed so tightly together that it might bear our weight. There was no time to be lost; it might open any minute. Running back down the lead I yelled to the boys to come on. The first lead was easily taken by the narrow bridge, but the second presented the hardest ten minutes' work of the whole trip—"rough" and "rubble" do not half express its character.

As before, excellent going followed. With eighteen miles to our credit, we finished the day on the banks of another narrow lead which froze over during the night. At the end of the next day (April 19th) we were in high hopes of making our distance. Throughout the day it had been a succession of long, level stretches and newly frozen leads with clean-cut edges—no pressure ridges whatever. The haze on the horizon, which had been a constant attendant, was slowly disappearing; no water sky could be seen; all leads were evidently frozen; we were without a doubt beyond the pressure area. By dead reckoning we judged that we were about fifty-two miles off shore. As this was based upon an estimate of only three and one-half miles per hour, I was quite sure that



A STRETCH OF HARD TRAVELING

our observations would add to our distance.

On the 20th we stretched out for a record, crossing nine newly frozen leads, and estimating at the end of the day that we had surely covered thirty miles. Two of Pee-ah-wah-to's dogs dropped and were left on the trail, hoping that they might come into camp later. One was found lying with the team in the morning, went on for a few days, then dropped for good. Pee-ah-wah-to's dogs were plainly showing the effect of his constant riding, for he was no longer leading and breaking trail as he had done in the past. Like all other Eskimos, he did not believe in walking when he could ride. Green, with good judgment and excellent driving, still kept his dogs on their feet, although one was very weak; the others seemed to be getting stronger. He walked every step; in fact, I think he would rather have dropped himself than have his team give out. Our total distance at the end of this march was estimated to be seventy-eight miles. Looking back toward the southwest, nothing could be seen but a small, dark mass which we judged might be Cape Colgate or some higher point in Grant Land.

April 21st was a beautiful day; all mist was gone, the clear blue of the sky extending down to the very horizon. Green was no sooner out of the igloo than he came running back, calling in through the door, "We have it!" Following Green, we ran to the top of the highest mound. There could be no doubt about it. Great heavens, what a land! Hills, valleys, snow-capped peaks extending through at least 120 degrees of the horizon. Anxiously I turned to Pee-ah-wah-to, asking him toward which point we had better lay our course. After critically examining it for a few minutes, he astounded me by replying that he thought it was "poo-jok" (mist). Ee-took-ah-shoo offered no encouragement, saying, "Perhaps it is." Green was still convinced that it must be land. At any rate, it was worth watching. As we proceeded it gradually changed its appearance and varied in extent with the swinging around of the sun, finally at night disappearing altogether. As we drank our hot tea and gnawed the pemmican we did a good deal of thinking. Could Peary with all his experience have been mistaken? Was this mirage which had deceived us the very thing which deceived him eight years ago? If he did see Crocker Land, then it was considerably more than one hundred and

twenty miles away, for we were now at least a hundred miles from shore, and nothing in sight.

Our prayer now was for clear, cold weather and good going. It was answered. On the morning of the 22d the thermometer stood at 31° below zero; the air was clear as crystal. Green got a latitude of 81° 52′ and a longitude of 103° 32′, which agreed almost exactly with our dead reckoning. To increase our latitude we set a more northerly course on the 23d and 24th with a variation of 175 degrees westerly. Observations on these two days put us ahead of our dead reckoning in latitude 82° 30′, longitude 108° 22′, one hundred and fifty miles due northwest from Cape Thomas Hubbard. We had not only reached the brown spot on the map, but were thirty miles "inland"! You can imagine how earnestly we scanned every foot of that horizon—not a thing in sight, not even our almost constant traveling companion, the mirage. We were convinced that we were in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, ever receding, ever changing, ever beckoning.

In June, 1906, Peary stood on the summit of Cape Colgate. His discovery of the new land is announced in *Nearest the Pole* as follows:

> North stretched the well-known ragged surface of the polar pack, and northwest it was with a thrill that my glasses revealed the faint white summits of a distant land which my Eskimos claimed to have seen as we came along from the last camp.

A few days later he stood on the summit of Cape Columbia. Quoting again:

> The clear day greatly favored my work in taking a round of angles, and with the glass I could make out apparently a little more distinctly the snow-clad summits of the distant land in the northwest, above the ice horizon. My heart leaped the intervening miles of ice as I looked longingly at this land, and in fancy I trod its shores and climbed its summits, even though I knew that that pleasure could be only for another in another season.

He left it for younger men to prove or disprove; this we had done. If Admiral Peary did see land due northwest from Cape Thomas Hubbard, then we had removed it at least two hundred miles from shore. If seen from the cape, then its summits rise to a height of more than eleven thousand feet. To us, one hundred and fifty miles from land, these same summits would rise in the sky to a height of more than nine thousand feet!

Food for two days' farther advance remained on our sledges. Should we still go on? From our last camp onward the character of the ice seemed to have completely changed. The leads and small pressure ridges hitherto had trended east and west diagonally across our course. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth



TAKING A SOUNDING THROUGH THE ICE

marches were over a rolling plain of old ice covered with low mounds and compacted drift. From the summit of a pressure ridge the sea-ice now presented a perfect chaos of pressure ridges crossing and crisscrossing in all directions. Such a condition must result from one of the following causes: proximity to land, strong currents, or passage over shoal ground. I am inclined to attribute this to the latter. That we were not near land was evident. That there was not a strong current is shown by the fact that a pemmican hatchet was lowered by a strong thread to a depth of one hundred and fifty fathoms, remaining perfectly plumb throughout the whole process. Two days' work through such ice would net possibly eight or ten miles, breaking sledges, wearing out dogs, and reducing supplies to the limit. To really test it, on the ninth day we went forward for about six miles. The ice was all that it appeared to be and worse.

It was late in the year; we had more than thirty leads behind us; a full moon was due on May 9th; we had more than covered our distance. To-morrow we would go back. Our dreams of the last four years were merely dreams; our hopes had ended in bitter disappointment.

If we were fortunate enough now to be favored with good weather, we could double-march back on our trail, sleep in the same igloos, and make the land in four marches. Anxious eyes were turned toward the horizon before going in for the night. Blowing from the southwest and drifting, was the report in the morning. Then our day would be a hard one. Could the Eskimos possibly pick up the trail? As we dashed out of camp headed for home, now and then I caught a glimpse of the faint traces of the outward-bound sledges. Arriving on the banks of the first lead, I inquired of Ee-took-ah-shoo, who had been leading, if he had kept to the trail. To my astonishment he replied that he had lost it a few minutes from camp at least three miles in the rear. In their characteristic, happy-go-lucky way they had headed across country. Would they have done so had they been alone or had we been without a compass, for which they have great respect? I tried to conceal my irritation at this unfortunate occurrence at the very start of our retreat. The trail must be found and found at once, as every minute of drift was tending to conceal it. Pee-ah-wah-to went to the east, and Ee-took-ah-shoo to the west, closely examining the banks of the lead



IGLOO NO. 3—ONE OF THE CAMPS ERECTED DURING THE DASH TO CROCKER LAND

for sledge tracks; in thirty minutes they were back, failing to find any traces whatever. It must be found; if lost now it was lost for ever. Now Pee-ah-wah-to went west, Green and I east on opposite banks; not the faintest indication of a trail anywhere. Again we met at the sledges and talked it over. Pee-ah-wah-to thought it must be far to the east; Ee-took-ah-shoo grinned and said he didn't know. Upon my telling them again that it must be found or we should go back to camp and pick it up there, Pee-ah-wah-to started again east and Ee-took-ah-shoo toward home. As the latter disappeared in the flying snow I thought to myself, "That's the last we shall see of him for some time." Green and I kicked our toes and took refuge in a hole in the ice, trying to be cheerful.



ON TOP OF A PRESSURE RIDGE

In about an hour my dogs jumped to their feet all attention, looking toward the south. Far off in the distance above the sound of wind and drifting snow a faint yell was heard. It was some minutes before we could detect the little, short body of Ee-took-ah-shoo dimly outlined through the drift, waving both arms for us to come on. Pee-ah-wah-to recalled, we were soon following our old trail, which reappeared at various intervals.

That day's work by those Eskimos in keeping to the trail in a blinding snowstorm was nothing short of marvelous. With a feeling of relief we saw the black hole in the front of No. 7 igloo; we were content with a single march under such conditions.

We were up at three-fifteen on the morning of the 26th to greet a glorious day for the long march from igloo No. 7 to No. 5. We stopped at No. 6 for hot tea, biscuit, and pemmican, not forgetting the dogs, which received one pound of pemmican each and two hours' rest. The 27th, on which day we marched from igloo No. 5 to No. 3, offered the same perfect weather and perfect going, all leads being frozen. Throughout the day the mirage of the sea ice, resembling in every particular an immense land, seemed to be mocking us. It seemed so near and so easily attainable if we would only turn back.

Our dogs received two pounds of pemmican a day throughout the retreat, which is ordinarily a double ration. They were frightfully thin, and needed every ounce of it. Thus far they were doing remarkably well considering that they were all weak from dysentery, some staggering in the traces and not pulling a pound. Twice I slipped faithful old "Sipsoo," who was slowly pulling his heart out, hoping that he would lie down and rest and come on later into camp. As we started along without him, he lifted his head, gave me an appealing look as if to say, "Don't you want me any longer?" In a few minutes he had trotted by and was at his old place in the team pretending to pull.

As No. 1 and No. 2 igloos were practically together because of being held up by open water, we decided to try for the nearest point of land from No. 3, so headed for Cape Thomas Hubbard. When within a mile of land a cairn could be seen on the summit of a low, projecting point to the southward of us. As Peary was the only man who had ever

been here, we knew it was his, described by him as being on the "low foreshore" beneath the cape. Although we had walked now for about thirty miles, I felt that we must take advantage of the good weather by ascending the hill to secure Peary's record. No one knows what the morrow will bring in the Arctic. That walk will be remembered for some time to come. The Admiral wanted the man who secured that record to work for it, and we did, every step breaking through a heavy crust right to the very top. There are three summits to the cape, situated at different heights. The first we passed expecting the record to be on the second. To our disappointment, there was no sign of a cairn. Could it be possible that Peary climbed that next high hill after walking from Cape Sheridan, a distance of four hundred miles? Wearily we pulled ourselves together and started down into the hollow which divided the two hills. There was as usual the ever-succeeding crest, but finally the last was mounted, revealing outlined against the blue sky a large, well-built cairn enveloped in a blanket of snow. A short stick was found projecting from the top, at the base of which was a cocoa-tin containing a piece of the American flag and a very brief record, "Peary, June 28, 1906." We replaced this with a small silk flag and a record, also a duplicate of the Peary record.



ENSIGN GREEN AT PEARY'S CAIRN, CAPE THOMAS HUBBARD

Eagerly we now turned to an examination of the Polar Sea. At this spot Peary stood in June, 1906, and from this very spot he saw what resembled land. The day was exceptionally clear, not a cloud or a trace of mist; if land could ever be seen, it could be now. Yes, there it was! It could even be seen without a glass extending from southwest true to north-northeast. Our powerful glasses, however, brought out more clearly the dark background in contrast with the white, the whole resembling hills, valleys, and snow-capped peaks to such a degree that, had we not been out there for one hundred and fifty miles, we would have staked our lives upon it. Our judgment then as now is that this was a mirage or loom of the sea ice. That there is land west of Axel Heiberg Land, not northwest, as some scientists would have us believe, I have no doubt. I would limit the eastern edge of this land to 120° west longitude and the northern edge to 82° north latitude for the following reasons: Our nine days' travel out from Cape Thomas Hubbard was over ice which had not been subjected to great pressure, evidence that it was protected by some great body of land to the west against the tremendous fields of ice driven on by the Arctic current, which has its inception north of Bering Strait and Wrangel Land, across the pole, and down the eastern shore of Greenland. At our farthest north, 82°, all was suddenly changed. The long, level fields ended in a sharp line going east and west; beyond this line there was the roughest kind of ice, which had evidently been pushed around the northern point of this unknown land over

shoal ground extending toward the north. Therefore I would limit the northern edge of this land to 82°.

We were so tired upon arriving at the igloo that we decided not to try for the second record on the point until morning. Three days' food now remained upon our sledges. I decided to send Green and Pee-ah-wah-to to survey and explore the unknown coast-line of Axel Heiberg Land, while Ee-took-ah-shoo and I ran to Cape Colgate to secure the farthest-north record of Sverdrup.

The sky had an ominous appearance in the morning; the long-delayed storm was certainly coming. It was now blowing and drifting. A two or three days' delay here, consuming what little food we did have, would be fatal to our plans. We must move and move at once. Telling Green to proceed down the coast two marches and back in one, Ee-took-ah-shoo and I headed north for the dugout, calling back, "Good-by, Pee-ah-wah-to." Above the sound of drifting snow I heard his faint reply in broken English and saw him turn toward the south.

In an hour we realized that there were more comfortable places in the world than the northern shore of Axel Heiberg Land in a blizzard. Unable to see for swirling snow, and at times fighting for breath, we groped our way along under the cliffs toward a shelter. Was it possible for Ee-took-ah-shoo to find the old igloo this side of the dugout? Repeatedly the violence of the wind was such that our dogs could not move an inch. With faces protected from the icy blast by burying them in our sleeping-robes on top of the sledges, we slowly pushed our way from point to point. Long after I thought we had passed the igloo and were well on our way to the dugout, a yell from the native announced that he had stumbled upon it.

The roof had fallen and it was full of snow, but it was still a home, as any hole would have been under such conditions. By vigorous use of feet and hands it was soon cleared out, our grass-bags were crammed into the door opening, the blue-flame lit, and the storm was over as far as we were concerned.

By morning the roof had fallen so low that it was almost resting upon our bodies as we lay on the bed platform. Frequent visits to the peep-hole brought forth the same reply from Ee-took-ah-shoo — "Impossible." Our food was nearly gone; our dogs had not been fed for two days; if there was the slightest chance of our making the dugout ten miles to the south, we would try it. For



ERECTING AN IGLOO

hours and hours we lay listening to that distant roar of wind and driving snow until I could stand it no longer. "Let's try it," I suggested to Ee-took-ah-shoo, who grinned and replied, "Yes, let's try it." As we lashed down the clothes komatik-bags to the sledge, the dogs, like white mounds in the drift, arose, shook off their snowy covering, blinked through eyes half filled with snow as if to say, "Where do you think you are going now?"

Out of clefts, gullies, and valleys the wind dropped down upon us with the force of an avalanche. The flying snow eddied and whirled and wrapped us in a white mantle until dogs and men seemed as white specters. Within five miles of our dugout the wind suddenly changed; it was now at our backs, blowing us along at a rattling pace around the point and down the straight shore. As we stopped to untangle traces a white wolf came bounding up to within twenty yards. My king dog was nearly frantic with excitement. With a leap he snapped the trace. Having read of these powerful wolves tearing Eskimo dogs to pieces, for the moment I had fears for the safety of my best dog. They were groundless. The wolf was terrified and took to his heels. Within a few minutes the dog had overtaken him, took one smell, dropped his tail between his legs, and came trotting slowly back wearing a most shamefaced expression. "To think that a dog of my age would have mistaken a wolf for a bear!" was written all over him.

The wolf at this sudden turn of events gained courage and followed the dog back. Ee-took-ah-shoo's face was a study. His habitual smile had disappeared. You would have thought he had lost his mother as he sat there lamenting the fact that we had no rifle. His hope now was to coax him down to the dugout, where we had left a large part of our equipment previous to our departure for the sea ice.

With increasing interest we watched him trot off the miles close behind us. In about an hour we were in sight of the cliff, and the wolf still coming. Ee-took-ah-shoo was so nervous I was afraid he would blow up. Arriving at the snowbank, his little, short legs looked like the spokes of a revolving wheel as he jumped from the sledge and ran for the black hole. The wolf had now stopped and was lurking behind the rough ice of the ice-foot. In a few minutes he had disappeared entirely. Wise old owl!

Here I determined to wait until the weather had cleared and the dogs had gained strength, which would only come by feeding them fresh meat. To pound them over to Cape Colgate in their present weakened condition simply to secure a record would be a crime. They had already covered seven hundred and twenty-five miles in fifty days—good, honest work; they should rest for a few days at least.

Ee-took-ah-shoo realized the necessity for meat, and, although it was still blowing hard, he started back among the hills at once. In ten hours he was back with two caribou.

May 2d and 3d were typical of the cape—strong winds and drifting snows. On the morning of the 4th I began to worry over the continued absence of Green and Pee-ah-wah-to. Six days had elapsed, and I had given them only three days' food. Where could they be and what could have happened? So constantly did I watch that point to the north throughout the day that the picture is still in my mind—the broken ice, the sloping shore, the high bluff, the white hill. Late in the afternoon a black dot on the horizon was seen—something was coming. As the dot approached and the distance in the rear widened I could contain myself no longer; the sledge coming must be Pee-ah-wah-to's. Where was Green?

I ran along the ice-foot to meet the sledge. Yes, they were Pee-ah-wah-to's dogs. As the question "Where's Green?" was about to burst from my lips the driver, whose eyes were covered with large metal glasses, seemed to turn suddenly into a strange likeness of Green. He looked as if he had risen from the grave. "This is all there is left of your southern division," he said.

"What do you mean—Pee-ah-wah-to dead? Your dogs and sledge gone?" I inquired.

"Yes, Pee-ah-wah-to is dead; his dogs were buried alive; his sledge is under the snow forty miles away."

Whose is this Image?

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

THAT charming and imperturbable egoist, Carola Bishop, did, in spite of herself, betray a few nerves as she put to me her not entirely direct questions in regard to the Clydes on the night before she went to visit them. It wasn't that she was stirred by the lightest intimation of that mysterious experience that lay in wait for her; one couldn't credit Carola with premonitions. It was possible impressions of my own that, after her long absence, she was uneasily trying to elicit.

"Fanny's always been faithful about writing," she stated, without effusion, "but, after all, the things one would like to know are those that letters don't communicate—or that Fanny's letters don't."

I affected not to understand. "Oh, well, you know that they have four children, and an apple orchard, and a lot of animals, and a motor-of-all-work that meets you at the station, and Austin has to take his breakfast at seven o'clock in order to get to town. Doesn't that tell you anything? It's an unmitigatedly domestic atmosphere."

Carola contrived an air of disinterested consideration. "I wonder," was all that she said.

I believed I knew *what* she wondered. But strong as my affection was, I didn't feel inclined to tell her. One can't bring oneself to strip a garment from the timid, shivering shoulders of a woman like Fanny Clyde only to add it to another woman's serene opulence. For Carola, in spite of her having declined so many gifts from life, did suggest opulence, while Fanny—well, everybody knew she had received her allotment from fortune merely in the character of a substitute—Carola's substitute, in point of fact.

"I should like to think—" Carola began again, then checked herself. I should have liked her to finish her difficult sentence. But I forbore to ask her what an honest and high-minded woman, in such a situation—and Carola was honest and high-minded—does "like to think." Would she prefer to know that she is merely an agreeable and undisturbing memory to her friend's contented husband, or that her own flame, after all unquenchable, still burns in the lamp of the other woman's inadequacy? I knew that Carola wasn't pressing me to give her the latter assurance, yet I could not be sure that in her sublimely assured way she wasn't taking it for granted.

So I said nothing, and for a few moments we were silent, the image of Austin Clyde very present between us. Then Carola gave me one of those child-like smiles that so misled her admirers.

"Do you know what I'm really in search of, in this excursion," she lightly inquired. "It's my alternative ego, if you don't mind that sort of jargon—the self-I-might-have-been."

In Carola this wasn't an infraction of taste. It was merely a healthy sign of her egoism. And it was sincere. Another woman might have pretended an extravagant interest in—well, in re-encountering little Fanny Atherton. Carola didn't pretend.

"Oh, of course there are ever so many selves I might have been," she went on, hastily. "But they've eluded me, mostly. I can't even imagine them. Now here is one I can recapture."

"Too paradoxical," I commented. "The kind of thing one does at one's peril."

"I hope you don't misunderstand me," she said, with an accent of reproach. "Shall we go up-stairs?"

I didn't, of course, misunderstand her in the sense she meant. For I knew well enough that this calm, unharassed creature's curiosities were always intellectual

rather than emotional. Indeed, it seems to me now that up to the point of which I write, at which so strange a thing befell her, Carola Bishop had always enjoyed a mysterious, an almost magical immunity to the mischances and the wounds of life. The wind of destiny had never made her its ignoble sport. Her mere possession of a comfortable income is far from sufficiently accounting for the extent to which she was able to control the conditions of her life. Impartially devoted to the arts—and almost as impartially to the "causes" of her period—it had been her habit to move in leisurely fashion about the world, thus impersonally beguiling her progress. In half a dozen cities she had her friends, her clubs, her agreeable if never really poignant interests. She had never been bored or disappointed in her life. Possibly it was a vague fear of being one or the other that had led her, at a certain critical period, to resist the very great attraction that Austin Clyde, whom we all regarded as so pre-eminently desirable, had no doubt had for her. Her true reason for running away from Austin when their love-affair was at its height—for forcing him to content himself with little Fanny Atherton—I had never tried to know. The episode had left me too utterly exasperated. Indeed, it was years since I had last seen her, as she had in the mean time chosen to live in Europe, always elaborately confining her life within her own personal atmosphere—a course that she might have pursued until the end of time if it hadn't been for that outwardly simple incident of crossing the Clydes' threshold.

She crossed it, as it happened, in the company of Austin himself, with whom, by his own insistent arrangement, she had made the afternoon railroad journey out from town. I learned of this—together with all that followed—from the profoundly altered Carola who two weeks later came back to me. It had been curiously agitating, she admitted, that brief journey. Strange Carola, to be experiencing, at this point in her life, her first irresistible agitation! It wasn't, of course, because of any definite thing that the irreproachable Austin said to her. But somehow, ingenuously, and quite without intention, he made her aware that he remembered everything, and intimately. Nothing had grown in the least decently dim to him. This was unmistakably conveyed as he talked to her with his always charming enthusiasm, of the Connecticut landscape, of his life in the country, of his children.

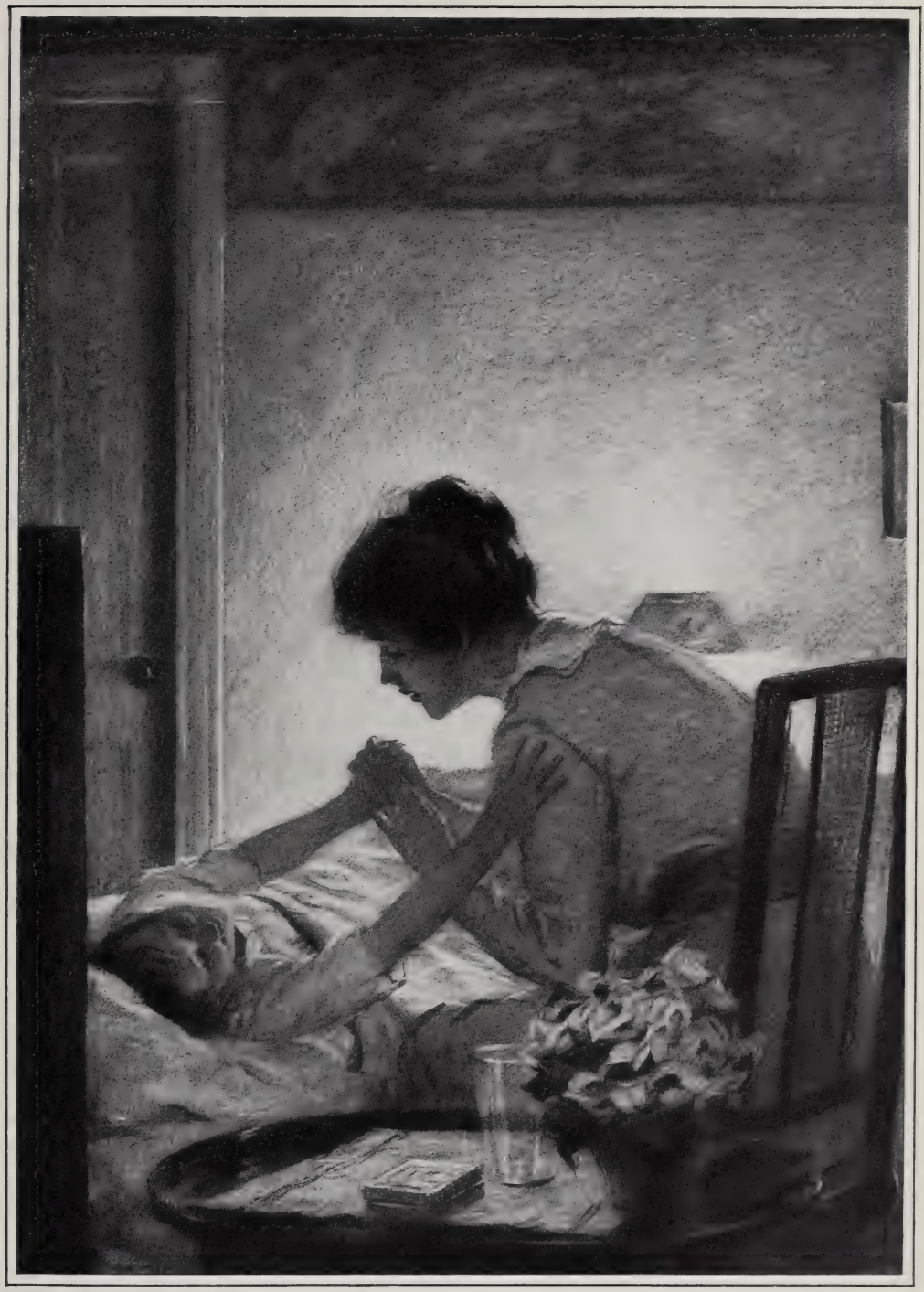
The children, he explained to her, were all Clydes—the oldest especially.

"That's Nicholas," Carola said. "Is he still so astonishingly like you?"

"I'm afraid he is, poor little chap," Austin agreed; "that is, in the matter of looks. But you know he's never been robust—and the Clydes are all ironclads. We're rather uneasy about him, to tell the truth."

Austin got no nearer to speaking of Fanny than this use of the plural pronoun, and it proved so stupidly awkward to introduce her name that Carola almost lost hold of the fact that it was to Fanny's home they were going. It was rather late on the cold, dark winter afternoon when they arrived, and, oddly enough, Fanny wasn't there, after all. At least she neither met them at the door nor awaited them inside. So they came together, rather quietly, perhaps not perfectly at their ease, she and Austin, into the dimly lighted hall; and not until they were well inside did she perceive at the opposite end three young children, the youngest almost a baby—dark, vivid little things, with very bright brown eyes. Their flushed cheeks and parted lips told of a suddenly subdued boisterousness, yet they didn't come forward until their father bade them. They simply stood, a silent, intelligent, by no means unfriendly group of midgets, staring at the stranger.

Carola wasn't an imaginative woman. And she had never been able, living her comfortable, self-concerned life in another continent, to evoke this very definite atmosphere that now, in the first moment of her entering Austin's house, so powerfully aroused her long-stagnant emotions, so almost smothered her. Only the night before she had been fantastically curious about the self she might have been. Well, here all about her, in Austin's house, in the bright, flushed faces of Austin's children, in the distinguished figure of Austin



Drawn by Edward L. Chase

"WE 'BELONG,' DONT WE?" HE SAID TO HER WITH AUSTIN'S SMILE

himself, stood written the uncompromising answer to her questionings. She had an instant of thrilling, abundant realization. Ah, this is what it would have been like—that other life, that other self! Radiant, she stretched out her hands to the stubborn infant sprites who continued unresponsive even when their father gently called them.

A maid came down-stairs, said something in a low voice to Austin, then passed on. He turned to Carola.

"Fanny won't be down immediately," he explained. "She's with Nicky—he's not well. We'll have our tea without waiting for her." And as Carola entered the wide, fire-lighted room, he added, almost fretfully, "But she oughtn't to stay with him."

"Oh, but my coming mustn't alter things—"

"That wasn't what I was thinking of. Sit here, please, Carola, if you don't mind pouring tea." He hesitated a moment, then yielded to a kind of raw, masculine candor. "Nicky's not like most children. Having his mother about doesn't often happen to be the thing he wants. He's rather precociously emancipated."

"Emancipated—at seven!" Carola burst out in amazement.

Austin flushed. "It's odd, of course," he explained, hurriedly. "But he's always been like this. I told you he's not strong. Come, Fuzzy, and tell us about your goats."

The three little creatures had been gazing silently at the new guest for five minutes. Now, with a mysterious unanimity, almost as inexplicable as the concerted flights of birds, their shyness suddenly and completely gave way. With no graduated interval, they swung in an instant from rigid reserve to tumultuous confidence. And when, half an hour later, Fanny Clyde, having softly come down-stairs, paused unassuredly at the door of the room, it was a group of curious completeness that met her eye. Indeed, there was almost a tinge of embarrassment in her "Dear Carola! That I shouldn't have been here to welcome you!"

"Your babies have attended to all that," laughed Carola; and the two women embraced each other. "How lovely they are! But it's Nicholas we've been waiting to hear about—"

"He's asleep," said Nicholas's mother. "It's really not so much Nicky as the nurse I've been watching—"

"The nurse!" broke in Austin.

"The doctor thought it better, for a few days," Fanny explained. "I don't believe Nicky is seriously ill, but at least he's very much exhausted from lack of sleep. So as he seemed on the point of falling into a doze when you came, I wanted to make sure the nurse didn't disturb him. She came only this afternoon. . . . Don't worry, Austin, really. It's just the same old story." And Fanny Clyde turned an oddly strained face to her husband.

"If he wakes, I suppose he might be seen for a moment before dinner?" Austin inquired. "You see, Carola most particularly wants a look at him."

"Oh, by all means! I'll take her up."

"Why—you must be tired," fumbled Austin. He was always an awkward diplomatist. "And Eleanor and Fuzzy have an endless narrative they've been waiting to rehearse to you. Perhaps I'd better go with her."

His wife flushed with understanding, and gathered her babies about her with an air almost of self-defense. But she conceded the point with prompt, practised docility.

So it was, after all, under Austin's eager escort that Carola, when the nurse reported that Nicholas had wakened, went up-stairs to the little boy's room on the top floor. It was at the moment an unnaturally orderly and quiet room, and in spite of themselves it was with a suggestion of sick-room constraint that they entered. But the straight-gazing brown eyes of the boy in bed—Austin's eyes, wonderfully, incredibly set in the face of another Austin—seemed to rebuke his elder's timid soft-footedness.

"It's taken you a long time to come," he remarked in a clear voice.

Austin leaped to the bedside, protesting. "Why, Nicky, you were asleep when I came home! I *couldn't* come up before!"

"I didn't mean you, dad," said the child, with great composure; and then, looking toward the hesitant Carola,

"Come here, won't you?" It was almost like the summons of an imperious lover for a timid girl.

"You don't know who I am," Carola challenged him.

The boy seemed suddenly tortured with the effort of recollection. "I can't —I can't— Oh, dad, what *is* her name?"

"Why—her name is Carola!" Austin, in his surprise, almost stammered.

"Carola," the child repeated, delightedly. "Carola"—as if the name had a tremendous yet familiar significance. He stretched out a small brown hand, fashioned with pitiful delicacy, yet roughened with outdoor play, and seized hers caressingly. "Sit here," he said, indicating the bedside. "And you'll stay now, won't you—always?" He looked at her unsmilingly as he made his earnest demands. Or rather, it was as though Austin were looking at her through the child's eyes. It seemed to Carola that she could not meet that look just then. She bent and kissed the small, dark face whose very outline was so eloquent.

"To-morrow, Nicholas," she said, "we'll have a talk, if they let me come up. But I mustn't stay longer now." And she almost fled from the room, Austin following her.

Outside, for an instant, the two exchanged looks of profound inquiry, dumbly asking what strange thing had happened, what intimate marvel had been revealed, in the room they had just left. But neither seemed able to frame an explicit question. So they faltered an unintelligible word or two—and parted hurriedly.

Half an hour later they were sitting at dinner, discussing every-day concerns in smoothly conventional fashion—that poignant and disturbing impression of the child up-stairs inescapably haunting them. Carola and Austin, withheld by an unformulated reluctance, had not in the mean time exchanged a word about Nicholas. And Carola was probably never less her confident and radiant self. If Austin was the least self-conscious of the three, it was because he did not guess or perhaps care how significantly the burden of his speech was, "Carola thinks" and "Carola says." Nothing had warned him to disguise his ingenuous satisfaction in this woman's cherished presence; it suffused the atmosphere.

To Carola, who quite failed in opposing the drift of the talk, it was plainer every moment that she was, however innocently, a usurper in the household; the thing was even written, she could see, in Fanny's face. So far, the two women had gotten only as far as inconsequent superficialities; they had faltered ineptly at the edge of recovering their old intimacy. In earlier days Fanny had been, if an unimportant, yet certainly a cheerful and reassuring person. Now, in her own home, secure, one would have thought, in an almost tangible happiness, she seemed a badly frightened woman, valiantly trying to control her fear. Carola, looking across the exuberant pink tulips at that small white face, found herself still obsessed by her notion of the night before, since then so startlingly developed; and she compassionately wondered if poor Fanny, in the few scant, hurried hours that had passed since her own arrival, had shared her revelation—had perceived what manner of woman she, Carola, had by a mere chance failed of becoming. For it was useless to pretend that she, the stranger, had the place of a visitor in that house. By no will of her own, but by virtue of Austin's profound homage, of Fanny's intuitive apprehensions, of her own suddenly established and mysteriously complete relation with little Nicholas, she was already its dominant figure. And poor, good Fanny, who had so loved and spent and striven, what was she but the compliant creature who had borne Carola's children for her? For Carola's children would have been like these; her first flash of vision had told her that much. What was there of Fanny Atherton in them, those lusty little Clydes? Oh, Fanny had their affection, of course; and still, there was Nicholas, whom his mother surely did not love the least, yet who, with inexplicable cruelty, had resisted her.

They had barely arrived at dessert when a maid entered the room with a message for Fanny, entirely audible to the others. The nurse had sent word that Master Nicholas insisted on seeing Miss Bishop again that night, and would

she be kind enough to come up-stairs when she had finished dinner?

With a wanly distorted face Fanny repeated the sentences.

Austin did not wait for Carola's response. "Say that Miss Bishop will come," he directed the girl. "You will, of course, Carola?"

But it proved this time to be more than a matter of looking in upon Nicholas, of repeating her good-night to him. Quite without petulance the child continued exigent on the one point of Carola's remaining in the room. And the doctor, who arrived shortly, explained to Austin that in the boy's condition it would be well for him to have any calming influence that was available. In fact, since Miss Bishop was doubtless an old friend, perhaps she wouldn't object to humoring Nicholas and spending the night on the nurse's cot in his room. One had to try these experiments in the case of delicately constituted children.

Nicky himself lay quiet, saying almost nothing until all the arrangements were made, the others were gone, and Carola had seated herself at the opposite end of the room by a shaded candle.

"Oh, that won't do!" he then objected. "Come here until I go to sleep." And as she walked rather slowly toward him, "You don't mind, do you?" he asked. "Because—isn't it me you came here to see?"

"I think it must be, Nicky," Carola agreed, mystified. The temptation to question him was almost too great to resist. Yet one mustn't harass a sick child with a high temperature. She sat quietly by the bedside, trying to stifle her sense of wonder and mystery. After a little he gave her hand an impulsive pressure. "We 'belong,' don't we?" he said to her, with Austin's smile; and half an hour later he was asleep. Carola, however, remained vigilant throughout the night; she found it sweet and satisfying that she alone was guarding the sick child's safety. And she believed that in any case she would not have slept, teased and stimulated as she was by a blur of violent and half-understood impressions.

In the morning, when the nurse had resumed her post, breakfast was sent to Carola in her own room. She was absurdly glad of the solitude, and pretended a fatigue she did not feel in order to remain alone for a precious interval afterward. Never before in her life had she looked back on so strange, so disturbing a yesterday! Later, deciding that the day had, after all, to be faced, she dressed and started downstairs in order to go out for a walk. At least Austin wasn't to be encountered until night; and little Nicholas had been told that she was resting. Passing by Fanny's room at the head of the stairs, she hesitated at the open door, perceiving no one within, and conscious of a distinct hope that the room was empty.

"Oh, Carola—won't you come in?" an uncertain voice called. So Fanny was there, after all. Carola entered.

It was not yet noon. The rather chilly, sparsely furnished room, with light-gray walls and no sunlight, had a hard, bleak morning quality discouraging even to casual intercourse, and highly unfavorable to any intimate approach. Carola, who had the habit of rose-colored cushions—she was perhaps a bit of a Philistine in the matter of luxury—looked about her uneasily. Yet face to face with one's excellent friend of many years one couldn't confess discomfiture at the mere scene.

Fanny's greeting was meager. "I want to talk to you, Carola. I've been waiting for you."

If Carola was ill at ease, unprepared for the serious talk that this presaged, her hostess gave evidence of having carefully anticipated the encounter. Indeed, her directness of intention was so plain that Carola felt for a moment a kind of terror. After all, this was Fanny's own ground, poor girl. Suppose she should be on the point of expelling the intruder, the usurper?

The two women seated themselves, facing each other on straight, narrow chairs. Carola noticed that the grate fire was laid, but not lighted; and found something irritating in the extreme crispness of the unmitigated white muslin curtains. Fanny, intense and concentrated, indulged in no preamble.

"I want to ask something of you," she began, in a fluttering voice that had evidently to be controlled by determined

effort. "You came to us for a few days only. Won't you stay longer? It's for Nicholas that I'm asking it. He's so ill, poor little fellow, and he's been ill so often—and there's so little that I can do for him—ever. He doesn't ever need *me*, you see—we're not like that. But he likes you so much—and wants you so hard—and the doctor says it would be so good for him to have you—and you will stay, won't you?"

It hadn't been easy for Fanny to force herself to ask a thing like this, to suppress her own jealous, thwarted affection, and for Nicky's own sake to beg the outsider with her magic ways to come still closer to him—to enchant him further. Even Carola could see how far from easy it was. The look in Fanny's face gave her a strange ache of sympathy, and, dreading the emphasis of a moment's silence, she gave a quick, unconsidered assent to her friend's appeal. Then, as she caught an expression of relief, "But I don't know *why* Nicholas should want me," she couldn't help adding, with a frank look of wonder.

Then Fanny's sharp glance made her feel as though she had said something rather unnecessary and absurd. For if she didn't know, it seemed that Fanny did know. And if it was a thing you couldn't put in words, it was also a thing you couldn't with any delicacy refer to. . . .

Indeed, as Carola stumbled a bit with this part of her story, I couldn't help wondering what shape it would all have taken if one could have heard it from Fanny herself—sensitive, self-conscious, personally ineffectual woman. But there wasn't a human being to whom Fanny could have told it. To whom could she have confessed that she had always dreaded this very visit of Carola's, ever since her own sudden unexpected marriage to the man she idolized—or that, shielding herself behind those punctilious, circumstantial letters of which Carola half indifferently complained, she had feared always a nearer intercourse? For years ago, at the very beginning, she must have learned that she hadn't in the least degree eclipsed Carola with Austin. To him Carola was supreme, unique—the kind of being one didn't compare with other women, even with the one who happened to be one's wife. No; it was patent, of course, that whatever his feeling for this paragon had been, his entirely loyal and loving marriage to her, Fanny, hadn't in the least altered it.

At all events, if these were the thoughts that passed through her mind as the two women sat there, it was no wonder that Fanny, who had once adored Carola, should look now as if she were merely trying desperately hard not to hate her.

But Carola, facing this look, made in turn her own proposal. The doctor had told her that Nicholas was merely suffering from malnutrition. The sick-room situation seemed, therefore, easily within her grasp.

"Since I'm to stay, then," she said, "let me feel I'm to be really useful. Send your nurse away and let me take her place. You know very well that I'm quite competent—unless, of course, Nicky should be worse. I'll guard him day and night, and keep the babies out of the room, and tell him stories when he's able to listen, and, in short, take all the responsibility. Of course that will mean not seeing very much of the rest of you—not really being a visitor any longer. But I beg that you'll let me do it."

To Fanny this may well have sounded like a witch's bargain. It was almost as if Carola were saying, "Concede me the single one of your dear ones that I've already put under a spell, and I'll agree to let the rest of the household go free."

But she made no comment, no conventional protest, other than to say that the matter would have to be decided by the doctor, who was due shortly. And inasmuch as this authority, who had already made his estimate of Carola, offered no objection, the matter was settled before Austin came home in the afternoon—offering, of course, his own prompt, enthusiastic indorsement.

In the days that followed Carola kept strictly to her own first notion of an extreme isolation—having her meals served in the sick-room, taking hurried, lonely walks, firmly abridging the family's visits to the sick boy. The two lived almost within the restrictions of a quarantine. Nicholas declined to be-

lieve that this was not contrived for his pleasure, and it became his continual pastime to exaggerate their separateness, his and Carola's, and to dramatize it—pretending that the rest of the world was cut off altogether, and that they two must depend entirely on each other's resources, material and intellectual, with especial reference to a knowledge of imaginative literature. Carola's real motive was, I am sure, that of playing fair—of tampering as little as possible with the possessions of Fanny Clyde. This, too, although I am sure she was able to foresee almost from the beginning the danger that would result to herself from this isolation with little Nicholas—the danger, I mean, of her becoming the entirely different woman that I found her when she came back to me.

That lifelong complacent serenity of Carola Bishop's could resist a great deal. No speculations or desires of her own had ever disturbed it. It had resisted the casual encounters of life, in which most of us become repeatedly entangled. It had even resisted Austin Clyde, and at the time when she was most in love with him, however much, in Carola's case, that may have meant. But it didn't resist little Nicholas, and the positive if indefinable bond that he had created between them—and from which neither of them, in fact, has ever since escaped. She was no longer to be the old comfortable Carola, yet the mystery of her metamorphosis intrigued her perpetually. Often at night when the child was safely asleep she would find herself faintly whispering: "Dear little Nicholas, what do you want with me? What are we to each other?" It was evident that, since the boy was ill, one must allow him to talk little, and in any case he was never a child that chattered. But even if he had been well she knew that she would never have questioned him. One doesn't deliberately force the rational processes of a being so young that it lives by intuitions; and Nicky's intuitions were so sufficient, so conspicuous and definite, that they startled her, just as she was so often startled by the implications of his always perfectly calm behavior. When Austin appeared at the door, she noticed the boy could always muster a gay little smile. When Fanny's footsteps approached, even if ever so lightly, his invariable action was to pretend to go to sleep.

But for Carola herself he had always a quiet radiance of welcome. With amazing clairvoyance, he had stretched out his little brown hands and selected her from a world of strangers, and then, in the coolest and least sentimental fashion, appropriated her for his own. All her physical ministrations he accepted in a sweet, unrealizing way, as if they were due him, as if he had been used to them all his life. And he even began, after a while, to bloom under them, as though it were some magically nutritive essence that this fostering woman supplied him—almost as though it were milk from her own tender breasts, the mother-milk that his starved little body seemed somehow never to have had. The content of sheltered, cherished infancy began to shine for the first time in eyes that had always been too eager and unsatisfied. And to Carola's practical behests he was altogether docile, even profiting so much either by this adherence to routine or by the beneficent shadowy sustenance that she seemed continually to furnish him, that the doctor shortly professed his amazement.

"The boy's getting well," he told her at the end of their first long, anxious week. "He's beginning to assimilate his food. There's a new look about him. And I suspect it's largely because of the nursing he's had. Nobody's ever known how to handle him before."

Carola smiled, but she knew she hadn't "handled" Nicholas. It was he—the small, sick child in bed—who had the utterly unobtrusive upper hand.

This fact she was, of course, clear-sighted enough to realize perfectly, with amused indulgence.

She had rather liked it from the first, her subservience to this little creature who had Austin's face—Austin's perceptions, too, it appeared, and Austin's preferences, and more than these. And after only the briefest interval she began to find it incredibly, thrillingly dear. But just as a woman may love her baby with two loves—one for the stamp of its father that it wears, and one for the marvel of its separate self—so Carola discovered beneath this mask of Austin

a Nicholas that was not Austin—and yearned to him. And it was so new, this yearning, so almost fearsome. She had never before felt an especial tenderness for any child. She had surely never devoted an hour of her healthy life to summoning the images of the children she might have had, an occupation appeasing to childless women. Yet how thrillingly and unmistakably a single glance had told her that the three children she had first seen on entering the house might have been her own offspring. And as for Nicholas, each sweet hour that she spent with him informed her more completely that not alone because of the lovely lure of childhood so potent in him, nor because of the flattery of his preference of her, nor because of a likeness to Austin that was almost identity—Nicholas *was* hers. And for the seven hungry, patient years of his little life he had been waiting for her to manifest herself. Yet she was curiously, virginally shy in acknowledging the fact of her suddenly evoked motherhood. And never, I think, even in years afterward, did she translate into words her precious knowledge.

There was a moment, of course, when she clearly saw that in yielding herself to this new relation she was sacrificing all further tranquillity of mind and heart. And tranquillity was dear to Carola; it was almost indispensable. An impulse to abandon the Clydes and their queer inharmonies, to protect herself and her untroubled ways, I know beset her. But the impulse passed. And, after all, her inmost wish was to cling to the new delight. Besides, her own sanity and reasonableness reminded her that the boy was ill and that she was plainly of use to him. It was her affair to see him through—whatever it involved.

It involved, as it happened, rather more than a sacrifice of mere tranquillity. For, whether from the strain of sleeplessness, or from her constant puzzled brooding, or, as is not impossible, because of some mysterious transfusion of her own robust vitality into the languid veins and meager tissues of little Nicholas, her own bodily strength began suddenly to fail her. And physical weakness in herself was utterly incredible. She ridiculed and flouted it, her arrogant skepticism expressing itself in increased exertion. There followed prompt and startling retaliation on the part of her disability, as though it insisted on being reckoned with. Like the world of women about her, poor Carola was paying the cost of her motherhood in pain. Indeed, even when I saw her, the anguish of her travail had not faded from her sharpened, shadowed face.

But this, after she had once faced it, didn't count with her. Intershot as it was with rapture, she would, I know, have prolonged her pain indefinitely. But the days were sliding by, each confirming her knowledge that the boy's physical need of her had almost passed. And when she had once served him she must relinquish him. It was the thing in wait for all mothers, though surely there was never one who had to face it so cruelly soon.

But Carola had a fine courage; and the day came when, leaving Nicholas asleep, she sought out Fanny, and found her, as one most often did, sitting sewing in a corner of the extremely lively playroom of the little Clydes. During all the memorable interval of Carola's visit the two women had but two real meetings; and it was with an ironic sense of imparting a singular balance to their situation that Carola forced the second encounter; for if in the first Fanny had heroically, for her child's sake, renounced her own rather insubstantial claim to him, wasn't Carola now renouncing vastly more? But she tried to make her announcement in cool, clear sentences—to ape the disinterested servant making report to the one to whom its substance really matters.

"Of course the doctor has told you," she was saying, her eyes turned from Fanny's apprehensive face and resting on the curly, brown heads of the children playing at their feet, "how enormously better he thinks Nicky is—that he seems to have got a new start in some way, a *steadier* one than he's had before—"

"You've been so good, Carola, so wonderful!" Fanny interrupted in her constrained way.

"I may have done something for him—one can't tell. At least I like to think so, now that I'm going away."



Drawn by Edward L. Chase

"BUT HE *IS* YOURS, CAROLA, OR WANTS TO BE!"

"But we shall hope for you often," Fanny began, conventionally, almost automatically.

"You don't understand, Fanny. There's nothing more I can do for Nicky, and I shall not see him any more." And then, rather sternly, as she met the other woman's uncomprehending look: "Don't you see there's no alternative? I care too much. We both care too much. It isn't as if I'd merely taken a fancy to a pretty boy, as people do. It's—oh, my dear, it's as if he were *mine!*"

In a powerful gust of emotion the thing she had meant to conceal escaped her. And for an instant her profound feeling, her precious, secret motherhood, lay unveiled.

But Fanny, her voice full of tears, burst out: "But he *is* yours, Carola, or wants to be! You can see that at least he isn't mine!"

"I give him up, then," Carola gravely said. "You know there is no other way."

It was the day after this that Carola, resolutely abandoning Nicholas, came back to me. From the look of her, as I have said, one could almost have divined the transforming experience through which she had just lived. Quite candidly, and without the lightest pressure, she told me her singular story—or as much of it, that is, as she had herself perceived. For with all her speculating it seemed to me that she never fully understood the conditions that accounted for it; in short, that she never understood Austin Clyde. But I believe that Austin's son, the child who was to so extraordinary a degree his father's spiritual inheritor that he perceived in Austin's ideally beloved his own true mother—I believe that Nicholas Clyde will some day understand.

To the Gardener

BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

LOVE, I would never meet you but be met;
I would be timid like a throbbing flower
That gathers life from April's virile shower:
The dogwood or the virtuous violet.

My lips would be the tinted buds dew-wet;
My petal eyes would fold beneath your power
In diffidence at every unclaimed hour;
My waiting arms would rustle and regret.

High in a crevice on a parapet
You would replant me, fashioning a bower;
And I should drink the sunshine from your tower,
And bloom—until that day when you forget.

An Experience

BY W. D. HOWELLS

FOR a long time after the event my mind dealt with the poor man in helpless conjecture, and it has now begun to do so again for no reason that I can assign. All that I ever heard about him was that he was some kind of insurance man. Whether life, fire, or marine insurance I never found out, and I am not sure that I tried to find out.

There was something in the event which discharged him of all obligation to define himself of this or that relation to life. He must have had some relation to it such as we all bear, and since the question of him has come up with me again I have tried him in several of those relations—father, son, brother, husband—without identifying him very satisfyingly in either.

As I say, he seemed by what happened to be liberated from the debt we owe in that kind to one another's curiosity, sympathy, or whatever. I cannot say what errand it was that brought him to the place, a strange, large, indeterminate open room, where several of us sat occupied with different sorts of business, but, as it seems to me now, by a provisional right only to the place. Certainly the corner allotted to my own editorial business was of temporary assignment; I was there until we could find a more permanent office. The man had nothing to do with me or with the publishers; he had no manuscript, or plan for an article which he wished to propose and to talk himself into writing, so that he might bring it with a claim to acceptance, as though he had been asked to write it. In fact, he did not even look of the writing sort; and his affair with some other occupant of that anomalous place could have been in no wise literary. Probably it was some kind of insurance business, and I have been left with the impression of fussiness in his conduct of it; he had to my involuntary attention an effect of conscious unwelcome with it.

After subjectively dealing with this impression, I ceased to notice him, without being able to give myself to my own work. The day was choking hot, of a damp that clung about one, and forbade one so much effort as was needed to relieve one of one's discomfort; to pull at one's wilted collar and loosen the linen about one's reeking neck meant exertion which one willingly forbore; it was less suffering to suffer passively than to suffer actively. The day was of the sort which begins with a brisk heat, and then, with a falling breeze, decays into mere swelter. To come indoors out of the sun was no escape from the heat; my window opened upon a shaded alley where the air was damper without being cooler than the air within.

At last I lost myself in my work with a kind of humid interest in the psychological inquiry of a contributor who was dealing with a matter rather beyond his power. I did not think that he was fortunate in having cast his inquiry in the form of a story; I did not think that his contrast of love and death as the supreme facts of life was what a subtler or stronger hand could have made it, or that the situation gained in effectiveness from having the hero die in the very moment of his acceptance. In his supposition that the reader would care more for his hero simply because he had undergone that tremendous catastrophe, the writer had omitted to make him interesting otherwise; perhaps he could not.

My mind began to wander from the story and not very relevantly to employ itself with the question of how far our experiences really affect our characters. I remembered having once classed certain temperaments as the stuff of tragedy, and others as the stuff of comedy, and of having found a greater cruelty in the sorrows which light natures undergo, as unfit and disproportionate

for them. Disaster I tacitly decided was the fit lot of serious natures; when it befell the frivolous it was more than they ought to have been made to bear; it was not of their quality. Then by the mental zigzagging which all thinking is I thought of myself and whether I was of this make or that. If it was more creditable to be of serious stuff than frivolous, though I had no agency in choosing, I asked myself how I should be affected by the sight of certain things, like the common calamities reported every day in the papers which I had hitherto escaped seeing. By another zigzag I thought that I had never known a day so close and stifling and humid. I then reflected upon the comparative poverty of the French language, which I was told had only that one word for the condition we could call by half a dozen different names, as humid, moist, damp, sticky, reeking, sweltering, and so on. I supposed that a book of synonyms would give even more English adjectives; I thought of looking, but my book of synonyms was at the back of my table, and I would have to rise for it. Then I questioned whether the French language was so destitute of adjectives, after all; I preferred to doubt it rather than rise.

With no more logic than those other vagaries had, I realized that the person who had started me in them was no longer in the room. He must have gone outdoors, and I visualized him in the street pushing about, crowded hither and thither, and striking against other people as he went and came. I was glad I was not in his place; I believed I should have fallen in a faint from the heat, as I had once almost done in New York on a day like that. From this my mind jumped to the thought of sudden death in general. Was it such a happy thing as people pretended? For the person himself, yes, perhaps; but for those whom he had left at home, say, in the morning, and who were expecting him at home in the evening, I granted that it was generally accepted as the happiest death, but no one that had tried it had said so. To be sure, one was spared a long sickness, with suffering from pain and from the fear of death. But one had no time for making one's peace with God, as it used to be said, and after all there might be something in death-bed repentance, although cultivated people no longer believed in it. Then I reverted to the family unprepared for the sudden death: the mother, the wife, the children. I struggled to get away from the question, but the vagaries which had lightly dispersed themselves before clung persistently to the theme now. I felt that it was like a bad dream. That was a promising diversion. Had one any sort of volition in the quick changes of dreams? One was aware of finding a certain nightmare insupportable, and of breaking from it as by main force, and then falling into a deep, sweet sleep. Was death something like waking from a dream such as that, which this life largely was, and then sinking into a long, restful slumber, and possibly never waking again?

Suddenly I perceived that the man had come back. He might have been there some time with his effect of fussing and his pathetic sense of unwelcome. I had not noticed; I only knew that he stood at the half-open door with the knob of it in his hand looking into the room blankly.

As he stood there he lifted his hand and rubbed it across his forehead as if in a sort of daze from the heat. I recognized the gesture as one very characteristic of myself; I had often rubbed my hand across my forehead on a close, hot day like that. Then the man suddenly vanished as if he had sunk into the floor.

People who had not noticed that he was there noticed now that he was not there. Some made a crooked rush toward the place where he had been, and one of those helpful fellow-men who are first in all needs lifted his head and mainly carried him into the wide space which the street stairs mounted to, and laid him on the floor. It was darker, if not cooler there, and we stood back to give him the air which he drew in with long, deep sighs. One of us ran down the stairs to the street for a doctor, whereever he might be found, and ran against a doctor at the last step.

The doctor came and knelt over the prostrate figure and felt its pulse, and put his ear down to its heart. It, which has already in my telling ceased to be he,

drew its breath in those long suspirations which seemed to search each more profoundly than the last the lurking life, drawing it from the vital recesses and expelling it in those vast sighs.

They went on and on, and established in our consciousness the expectation of indefinite continuance. We knew that the figure there was without such consciousness as ours, unless it was something so remotely withdrawn that it could not manifest itself in any signal to our senses. There was nothing tragical in the affair, but it had a surpassing dignity. It was as if the figure was saying something to the life in each of us which none of us would have words to interpret, speaking some last message from the hither side of that bourne from which there is no returning.

There was a clutch upon my heart which tightened with the slower and slower succession of those awful breaths. Then one was drawn and expelled and then another was not drawn. I waited for the breathing to begin again, and it did not begin. The doctor rose from kneeling over the figure that had been a man, and uttered, with a kind of soundlessness, "Gone," and mechanically dusted his fingers with the thumbs of each hand from their contact with what had now become all dust for ever.

That helpfulest one among us laid a cloth over the face, and the rest of us went away. It was finished. The man was done with the sorrow which, in our sad human order, must now begin for those he loved and who loved him. I tried vaguely to imagine their grief for not having been uselessly with him at the last, and I could not. The incident remained with me like an experience, something I had known rather than seen. I could not alienate it by my pity and make it another's. They whom it must bereave seemed for the time immeasurably removed from the fact.

"O Restless Leaf!"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

NOON sleeps upon the hill.—
O restless, restless leaf,
Among a thousand still,
What ecstasy, what grief,
Makes you to quiver so
When no least zephyrs blow?

Noon sleeps upon the hill.—
From the hot, burning blue,
O leaf a-quiver still,
What spirit breathes on you
And will not let you rest
Among those others blest?

Noon sleeps upon the hill.—
O restless, restless Me,
Among the thousands still,
What spirit can this be,
That I should feel, alone,
Its breath upon me blown?

One Hundred Years Hence

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

TO the student of our times, man, more especially the North American man, has obviously been remodeled in the last fifty years. He is still kindred with his grandfather, but the kinship is becoming rapidly more remote. His temperament —and by temperament I mean that by which he expresses and communicates his point of view—has radically altered. We speak now of an old-fashioned person, meaning that he is what we were fifty years ago.

So, too, with our attributes. To be patient means now to lag behind our double-jointed life. To be particular is to be finicky or fussy. To be deliberate is to be slow. To live within a moderate income is to be close. To be devout is to be—well, a little peculiar and removed. We dare not be sentimental, and we are afraid not to seem practical. We are, most of us, pragmatists.

And with our changing minds, other things have naturally changed. Of these the most important is our view of religion. We have not, we think, much time to be what we call religious. The man who reads at his breakfast-table the news of yesterday of the whole world does not so easily contemplate the history of Nazareth. The fact that cotton and wheat are down, while steel common is up three points, and that these fluctuations will have a direct influence on the business of the day, is apt to mean more to him than any contemplation of his own divine origin. He may possibly go to church, but he goes with palpable regret for an abandoned cigar, and, duty done, he returns metaphorically licking his lips at the job ahead for the rest of the week. Broadly speaking, he cares nothing for what happened last week or last year or ten centuries ago. The big question is, what is going to happen tomorrow. If one could tell him that!

Literature has bent to the same standards. Gone are the Victorians who divided, subdivided, analyzed, and defined the emotions, and laid them, neatly parceled, on near-by and convenient shelves. Gone is the three-decker novel with its domestic and sartorial minutiæ. Gone are odes, eulogies, and anagrams. The essay, that most delightful variant, is now depressingly elusive. The novel with a purpose is a scarecrow to most publishers. The short story has been perfected till it suits. It is crisp, polished, and asks for only half an hour. The ghost of Jesse James survives in the dime novel, but he is outraged by such modernities as Maxim silencers and pocket flash-lights. The popular play races to its end at top pace; the curtain comes down in a rush, and, before you know where you are, the actors are in front of it, waiting for your applause. They, too, want to get away. The literature of to-day is, in short, ruthless and impatient. It insistently demands the core of the thing and demands it at once. What conclusions it comes to are suggestive, and invite you to work the thing out for yourself. Poetry is condensed, with here and there an epic in a line. The character of a nation is crammed into a phrase, the war of the world into an octet. As with literature, the tone is suggestive. The author has neither time nor disposition to do all your thinking for you. One is prone to wonder whether couplets and fugitive verse will live like "Childe Harold" and the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

The method and period of courtship has been abbreviated. It is no longer an epoch, but merely a phase. Our grandfathers went about it seriously, thoughtfully, taking pauses, time, pride, and pleasure. The modern youth mobilizes the telephone, telegraph, motor-car, and florist, and in a month gets as far in his lady's affections as his father's father

got in a year. Theater, supper, and dance all buttress his energy. The fox-trot and maxixe bring him nearer his object than could ever the minuet and Sir Roger. The young man of small means no longer waits till a competence is assured, but gaily hooks his arm into the girl's, and together they go forth to face the world. A vibrant pulse is singing in his veins. The wedding journey is shortened to a week or two. Time enough to get acquainted. Nothing is impossible if he is only quick enough.

The very artists have changed their mode. Where can one now find the meticulous depiction lavished with minute care in former days? Composition and style are merged in a definition of values that results in a broad treatment, completely eliminating everything that does not contribute to the insistent message of a painting. The dominant note rings swift and clear, accelerated by what has been discarded. The modern picture is completed in a fraction of the time occupied in producing its predecessor. It, too, is suggestive. All the work is not done by the artist.

Manners have been mutilated by the telephone to such an extent that many business houses have put a premium on civil speech. Every-day language loses its grace in rapid transit. The fare-box, thrust without a word in one's face, is symbolical of the attitude of a people that has been overworked. The unforgetable contrivance with which the conductor on a Fifth Avenue 'bus not only takes, but snatches, a coin from one's hand, typifies better than anything else the elemental character of the modern business man. It gets the money and is quick about it. We are abrupt to the point of insult, as though brevity were golden and verbal contractions a personal asset. All because under our present system it pays to be brief.

This is the result of fifty years—a moment in the life of a nation. It is also the cost of invention. It seems, therefore, that Alexander Graham Bell is unwittingly responsible through his telephone for our lack of manners; Frank Sprague, through his rapid transit, for our impatience; Morse, through his telegraph, for our brevity; and Edison, through his phonograph, for our restlessness.

Invention *per se* is intensely impersonal. It is a furor, a driving force exerted by some unrecognized brain cell. This frenzy, this possession, transmutes the inventor into a strange mechanism which divorces itself from the life of men. It digs, it climbs, it tears open. Thus invention is a sudden finding or uncovering, and is not, strictly speaking, a building up or putting together. The idea is the thing, and the idea comes like a lightning flash. It is by nature and essence removed from subsequent experiment—the conception is almost superhuman. And, curiously enough, the same furor seizes upon the consumer. The theory being practically demonstrated, instantly the demand arises. The psychology of it is that the mind of the people marches side by side with the mind of its scientific prophets, and there is thus induced a general assumption of technical knowledge. The public has its own explanations of each new mechanical marvel, an assured familiarity that prompts an instant use.

It is then reasonable to assume that our period is but a link in a chain—of which one end is still in clear view and the other is on the knees of the gods. The deepest minds hold that a prodigious advance is still to be made, that we are only on the threshold of electrical development. In a recent letter to the writer, Dr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, the electrical physicist, the interpreter of the dumb, states: "I may say that we are only at the beginning of the application of electrical energy, and an application of it will soon appear that has hitherto been undreamed of by the world."

The city of the future is already something more than a scientific mirage. Let us imagine ourselves beholding it one hundred years hence. A glance reveals its streets, broad and spotless, to which the horse is a stranger, and whose smooth surface is unscarred by the universal pneumatic tire. Synthetic rubber has arrived. The city traffic is entirely electrical. Trucks and motors speed swiftly without odor or noise; they are charged with power at

the great central station in off-peak hours. The air is notably pure and stainless. Coal is not used as fuel; there are no ashes to haul away, and only a faint film rises from the fireplace of old-fashioned folk who stick to wood.

Sky-scrapers are out of fashion. Transportation being perfected, they are deemed a menace to safety, and the height of buildings is limited to the width of the sunlit street. It is notable, too, that buildings are no longer over-decorated. Line, proportion, and form are the dominating factors. These structures are full of light and air, and heated electrically. It is now many years since a new heating element was discovered, many times more efficient than its predecessor.

But the greatest changes have taken place in domestic life. Menial, manual work has disappeared, and there is no longer any difficulty in securing trained and skilful service. Food is kept in motor-cooled refrigerators, or brine is pumped through your larder from a central plant. Cooking is done on electric stoves. The meals of some fastidious families are sent scorching hot from a distributing restaurant. The slavery of dish-washing has vanished. This drudgery is performed by automatic cleansers and driers without wetting the hands. Vacuum cleaners remove the dust, ozonizers revivify the air, windows are mechanically scrubbed and polished. In short, the enfranchised domestic uses her fingers and brain instead of her arms and back. Thus came true a curious forecast made by Steinmetz in his laboratory in Schenectady a hundred years ago:

"Let me draw a parallel. Civilization requires for its existence and progress the supply of materials and of energy. Seventy-five years ago in the steam railways a system was developed which serves as distributing agent for natural and manufactured products throughout the country. To-day, in the electrical transmission and distribution networks, we see the development of the system of universal energy supply, thus completing the requirements of modern civilization."

On the shining street men may be observed telephoning by wireless through minute portable instruments. This is an old story, achieved by a method of tuning to aerial waves of a given pitch. On the housetops, small antennæ provide for long-distance work. This, too, had been predicted by an electrical prophet, Elihu Thomson, the father of the art of electric welding, whose lightning arresters to-day dot the world. He declared: "I do not look for any startling electrical development in the near future. But, after all, it is the unexpected that often happens, and new discoveries may open new fields. It seems to me rather the question of economy in the production of power and refinement in the use of it. Much progress, however, has been made in wireless telephoning. It may yet become practicable between Europe and America."

Electric trains have annihilated distance. Balanced by gyroscopes, they speed at two hundred miles an hour on a single rail, while overhead the sky is dotted with air-ships. It was some time before it was recognized that the gas-turbine, electric-driven envelope was too expensive a vehicle for heavy freight, and aerial navigation was confined to express and passenger traffic at low altitudes not exceeding five thousand feet. It was not, indeed, till wireless telephony secured constant and instant communication with home that the more conservative citizens were satisfied to use this method of transportation. In the city, of course, there are subways to distribute freight from the air-ship landings.

Not all railways have been electrified; only those which had a load factor justifying the heavy expense. In olden days there was a good deal of money lost before the thing was worked out. Sprague, who electrified the world one hundred and thirty years ago when he electrified the Richmond street railway, and who by means of electric elevators made the sky-scraper possible, wrote, as long ago as 1914, that "What the future holds no one can say, but with regard to one subject, the electrification of trunk-line railways, befogged by so much of idle romance, it is purely an economic and financial question, not primarily one of systems, however ardent the advocates of each.

"One thing is certain, present ad-

vance will not be rapid compared with that in urban and interurban fields, for, aside from the wide differences of opinion among engineers, railroads will undertake expenditures of capital, now and for a long time to come difficult to raise, only when absolutely necessary, and where the largest measure of increase of capacity can be had for a minimum of investment.

"So great, I may say almost prohibitive, is the capital cost involved in trunk-line electrification where roads are considered as individual units disconnected from other enterprises, that it is inevitable that there must be an abandonment of the idea of isolated interests and its replacement by that of co-operation. In short, power-supply, which is a more important question than that of system, must be ultimately provided by great interconnected commercial power-plants able to take economic advantage of diversified demands."

The modern farmer smiles at the tales of his forerunners. Now one uses tons of fertilizing nitrogen, electrically extracted from the air, and, to be really up-to-date, one's farm is crisscrossed eight feet above the ground with wires carrying high-tension current to stimulate growth. Plowing and cultivating are naturally done by power. One snaps a switch, and water circulates through perforated irrigating pipes underground. The whole thing is too simple. And if there arises any new need of transportation, or appliance, or machinery, a flock of inventors settles on the problem, secure in the reward of discovery. It was said that formerly the individual inventor was helpless against great corporations. One document in the city archives bears directly on the subject. It was written by Ward Leonard, who attacked the problem of electric locomotives and long-distance transmission and devised the system of control by which the turrets of American dreadnaughts were governed. This document says:

"In the United States, to-day, a meritorious patent is, as a rule, merely an invitation to the powerful corporations to appropriate the patent invention. The inventor of ordinary means is unable to successfully fight such infringement.

"Under proper conditions, owners of capital would compete for an opportunity to develop a new and useful patented invention because it would bring to them good returns. Multitudes of entirely new industries would rapidly grow up, based upon the greatest of all efficiencies, the efficiency of invention.

"The development and utilization of electric energy would be greatly accelerated and the cost of nearly every existing manufactured product would soon be materially reduced.

"The easiest and best way to reduce the cost of living is to increase the efficiency of production, and this means the stimulation of invention, which depends almost entirely upon effectively securing to the individual patentee and to the public their respective rights as to patents."

The heart of the whole system, the nerve center that animates and controls, is the vast central station. There survive old prints of former stations which used coal in a horribly wasteful method to produce electrical energy. This coal was actually burned under boilers, and but eight per cent. of its value realized. In those days a station of a quarter-million horse-power was considered immense. The modern installation is supplied with energy produced by gas-driven turbines, using gas which has been generated underground from coal in place. Thus ninety per cent. value is achieved instead of eight. The station is situated at the mouth of the coal mine and produces two million horse-power. It actuates railways and subways in its own area. It cooks, heats, lights, drives factories, water-works, and motor-cars; it cleans houses and streets. It flashes death to the electric-chair, and extracts oxygen from the atmosphere to save life. It is so articulated that it vibrates to the life of the city, save that while the city sleeps the station energizes long freight-trains that speed rapidly till dawn. Now, with its manifold and whirring intricacies, drawing from the gloom of the mine its magnificent strength, it realizes the dream of a certain clear-eyed man, C. F. Brush, whose arc-light was the first to illuminate American cities and the cities of the world. His statement,

now a faded paper on which the printing is barely visible, reads:

"Now that high-tension power transmission has been so successfully developed, I am surprised that more rapid progress is not being made in the establishment of great power-stations close to the mouths of such coal-mines as command reliable water-supply suitable and adequate for boiler and condensation or cooling purposes. I am looking for great achievements in this direction, and expect to see the gas-engine in successful competition with the steam-turbine as the prime mover in such plants. The present practice of transporting coal, with heavy freight and switching costs, to our large cities for power purposes where real estate and other necessities are costly, seems to be uneconomical and illogical."

And the people themselves are not materially changed save that there is a droop in the shoulder and they are less athletic. Legs and arms are feebler, since there is now practically no manual work. Heads are larger, and there is a new and striking pallor. Life is more colorless, scientific, and mental. The laughter of children is more rare. Emotion is popularly regarded as crude and prehistoric, and the thyroid gland is the arbiter of existence.

A new atomic chemistry produces what nature refuses, thus bearing out the words of Thomas A. Edison, who foretold that "The future of electrical development lies in the chemical laboratory plus trained observation."

The mechanic glides to his automatic machinery in a small motor. He has much that the rich man has. To such an extent is life mechanical and without individual effort that the race is silent, critical, calculating, and without passion. The elements are trained and put to work, but in man there is left little that is elemental. Earth pays tribute, and man has climbed to the top of the ladder. But the greatest gulf of all remains unfathomed, and the stars are as far away as ever.

We have already to our credit most of the technical achievements of the city of the future. What has not been done is to co-ordinate these varied functions into a more perfect service. And when this has been accomplished and new functions have been added, there will come a moment potential in our history. The spirit of man will, for an instant of time, divest itself of outward things. It will look back on the old life with its blunders, its toil, its joys, revelations, and hopes, and forward to the alternative with its effortless satisfaction and smooth perfection, and put the stupendous question whose answer will govern him for all time—Is it worth while?

Uncharted

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

WHEN home from your cruise you used to show
On a sea-washed chart the way
You had sailed due south from the north wind's snow,
Through the tropic isles where the soft trades blow,
To a port in a quiet bay.

The last cruise is over, your ship at rest
Somewhere in a quiet bay.
Fain would I follow—but east or west,
By palm-fringed strand or battered crest—
You left no chart to say.

A New England Pippa

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL



T was just sunrise when Miss Barcy fastened the last buckle of Bolter's harness and led him out of the barn into the fresh morning air. The day gave promise of being one of those consummate triumphs of autumn, when October heavens take on an azure more entrancing than that of any June sky, and when the genial warmth of summer is inspired by a sparkling dash of wine from the vintage of the year. The small house stood on the backbone of the ridge which divided the valley; paintless and weather-worn, it seemed to grow out of the gray rock itself. Behind it the rough pasture dropped abruptly into the deep, wooded shadows. In front the descent was more gradual; on the other side of the highway the meadow-land rolled downward in a pleasant slope, open to the sun and to the full view of the mountains beyond. The pasture, the slope, the mountains, were all clothed in gold and crimson, for this was the season when New England throws off her traditional austerity and reveals her passion as she proclaims the gospel of color. Even the humble scrub-growth forgot its low estate in its royal hues, and flamed up the hillside to Miss Barcy's very feet as she lingered by the shafts, patting Bolter's unkempt sides and feeding him his morning lump of sugar.

The shortness and squareness of Miss Barcy's figure were emphasized by the shortness of her rough skirt and the squareness of her ill-fitting jacket. Miss Barcy's large, serviceable feet were shod in thick calf-skin shoes. A man's cheap felt hat was pulled over her gray hair, shading a homely, pleasant face tanned into a leathery background for as steady a pair of eyes as ever looked the world straight in the face. "Reel Chiny blue," her mother had been wont to remark. "Got 'em from her father; an' he got 'em—well, reckon he ketched 'em off the sea-water as he was sailin' round." The good woman had been a bit of a poet in her own way. Whatever the source of the color of Miss Barcy's eyes, those steady orbs unconsciously served her well in her passage through life, for no one could look into them and doubt the fundamental laws of simplicity, good-will, and fair-dealing.

When Captain Steven McAllister came to Turkey Hill he was already elderly and a widower. His history began in the Provinces, but he had settled, as far as a seafarer can be said to settle, in the small Maine-coast village where he had found his wife. Lumbago and chronic asthma for many years had combined forces to down the captain, but he was built of tenacious Scotch stuff, and he put up a good fight until he was fairly compelled, by lack of the very breath of life, to the compromise of a high and dry atmosphere. Like many another retired sea-captain, he turned to the tilling of the soil, about which he knew so little. Before he had completed the purchase of a meager farm in northern New England, his wife, always futile and inconvenient in action, took the occasion to depart from the perplexities of the world. Therefore, when the captain stowed his entire worldly cargo in the little house on the ridge, he did so without woman's aid, unless the efforts of the seven-year-old Barcy could be regarded in the light of feminine help.

Mrs. McAllister had presented her husband with his one child in an apparently unpremeditated sort of fashion. With an unerring faculty for doing the inconvenient thing, she chose an unfortunate time for the bestowal of her gift. The captain meekly relinquished the prospects of a profitable voyage and stayed at home in the capacity of cook, housemaid, and nurse. He never revealed his inward feelings in regard to that time of stress; the only allusion to

it he ever made was covertly hidden in his reiterated caution to his daughter not to "take up with poetry." Barcy needed no such warning; she spelled out her existence in the most matter-of-fact prose. When she was born, her mother announced her decision of calling the baby "Claribel," that being, in her parlance, "a sweet name." Here, however, the captain interfered with one of the few bits of sentiment he ever displayed. His nautical experiences had been confined to the coasting trade, with the exception of one never-to-be-forgotten voyage to Spain. With that first epoch of his life in mind, to his second epoch, red and sleeping in its mother's weak arms, he gave the name of Barcelona. It was fortunate; "Claribel" and the sturdy, practical child and woman would, perforce, have for ever been at variance; there was something substantial about "Barcelona" which carried the conviction of fitness.

Captain McAllister did not find his scanty acres productive of pence, nor his knowledge of winds and tides useful in the cultivation of produce. He sold his farm, only retaining his buildings and a small garden, bought a peddler's wagon and stock, put his one horse between the shafts, and cheerfully set out to sell tinware and small goods. He made a decent living, and at the same time satisfied his inclination for the joys of social intercourse. A chatty old man was the captain, and the daily exchange of ideas with his clientele was a source of infinite satisfaction. The country thereabouts soon became familiar with the three figures—the hearty captain, the wagon with "Rolling Jenny" painted in white letters on its red surface, and Bolter, so called in an abiding hope that the name some day might prove suitable—a hope, by the way, never to be justified. For a number of years Captain McAllister steered his wheeled craft over the rough roads, until at last there came a day when he gasped, with labored breath: "You'll have to take the tiller, Barcy. I've took my last vi'ge!" Not long after that the captain dropped anchor in the Home Haven, and Barcy, grown into the Miss Barcy of polite esteem, drove the "Rolling Jenny" in his place.

"There, there! good old fellow!" said Miss Barcy, giving Bolter's nose a finishing stroke. "We must be gittin' along, with a whole day's work before us!" She climbed onto the high seat, and grasped the reins in her hard, capable hands. The old white horse considered for a moment, then stepped deliberately forward, his manner distinctly stating that movement was a voluntary concession on his part, and had nothing to do with coercion.

Once upon the highway, the long descent began to the lowlands, from which the morning mist had hardly lifted. As they approached the valley a chill struck the travelers, and Miss Barcy buttoned her jacket up to her throat, remarking as she did so: "Whatever possesses folks to settle in the hollers of the earth is more 'n I can sense. Pa allus uster say, 'Stick to the upper deck; there ain't any healin' in hold-air or bilge-water.'" As the sun mounted, however, the air grew mild and dry, and the jacket was again loosened. "Pretty sure to have warm weather Fair week," said Miss Barcy to Bolter.

The two jogged on comfortably, with now and then a little conversation, carried on by an occasional remark from the driver and an evident response by means of twitchings of ears and tail on the part of the horse. About an hour later Miss Barcy drew rein in front of a small white house, a tidy place with a gay little door-yard in front. The two Farren girls—"girls" by courtesy of long custom—were seated in the front room with the dressmaker. They had been up for hours, getting the house "rid up" for the annual visit of Miss Tole. Now they were all three busy in a whirl of cutting and ripping, for this was "make-over" day.

"Land!" exclaimed Miss Susan, jumping up and running to the window, leaving a trail of spools, scissors, and scraps on the floor behind her. "If there ain't Miss Barcy!"

"Now you can git them hooks and eyes," mumbled Miss Tole, through a mouthful of pins.

"Goin' to the Fair?" inquired Miss Susan, as the two sisters, aprons over heads, stood by the cart.

"If I can git 'round in time," answered Miss Barcy.

"I see Lenny Tallman drive by jest now, 'long of Molly Rogers," said Miss Martha. "If *I* had a daughter I guess she wouldn't be ridin' round with that fellow." For many years the visionary daughter of Miss Martha had served as an exponent of disciplinary ideas.

"He's a real industrious young man," remarked Miss Barcy, as she counted out the change.

"He's as contrairy as a crooked stick." Miss Martha's thin lips straightened. "He 'ain't got a mite of religion, an' I've heard he drinks."

"I guess his folks don't like it any better 'n you do," put in Miss Susan.

"Then why don't they put a stop to it? It's said *she* ain't any better than she ought to be."

A faint flush rose to Miss Barcy's brown cheek; she had brought, even to her elderly years, a maidenliness that instinctively shrank from the mention of many things spoken in her presence. Now she fended off any possible revelations intended by Miss Martha, by replying to the letter of the remark rather than to the spirit.

"I guess none of us are that, if the truth was told," she said.

"Barcelony McAllister! What ever do you mean?" cried Miss Martha, in virginal horror. "I guess you don't know what you're talkin' about!"

Miss Barcy took up the reins. "I s'pose every one of us could be better if we tried hard enough," she replied. "Git up, Bolter!"

"I declare, sometimes I think Miss Barcy's simple, an' sometimes I think she's deep," remarked Miss Martha as the two sisters turned back to the house. "An' then, again, I think her principles ain't sound."

Miss Susan stooped to gather up the evidences of her rapid transit to the window. "Sometimes *I* think she's just plain good," she said, softly.

"Bein' good's the least thing you can say of anybody," retorted Miss Martha. But later she stated, with apparent irrelevance, "Molly Rogers is real pleasant spoken, if she is flighty."

Miss Barcy, Bolter, and the "Rolling Jenny" jogged comfortably along the quiet, sunny road, stopping here and there to sell a spool of cotton, a shining dish-pan, or a pie-plate. Business was dull that day; the County Fair at Hillbury depopulated the region for the time being. The forenoon was well established when she turned the reluctant Bolter on to a little-used ribbon-road which wound its pretty, green way up to a solitary farm-house.

"I oughtn't stop here if I want to git to the grounds in time for the cattle parade," Miss Barcy remarked aloud, Bolter's ears being set at an angle which invited confidence. "But there, the poor thing don't git a chance to go shoppin', and she may be needin'. Ho, Mis' Butts!"

A slat-like figure in a limp calico gown came around the corner of the house, wiping her hands on her apron. A small boy was hanging to her skirts.

"Well, there, Miss Barcy!" cried she. "I'm real glad to see you. My kittle's all holes, an' all the dough I can stick on don't do a mite o' good. I was jest wonderin' what I'd do. I never thought of your bein' 'round Fair day. Will you stop your naggin'!" this last to the child who was whimpering in a dismal sort of way.

"What's the matter with Little Luther?" asked Miss Barcy, looking down on the tear-stained, dirt-streaked face.

Mrs. Butts laid a not ungentle hand on the crop of tow hair. "There now," she said, "ain't you ashamed? An' Miss Barcy seein' you! He'd set his heart on the Fair, an' then Luther had a call over to Crow's Corner about some lumber. The other children went along with the Hogans, but there wa'n't room in the wagon for Little Luther. He's been yellin' all the mornin', an' I'm most wore out. There, for the land's sake, don't begin again!" for Little Luther, the depth of his grief impressed afresh by its recital, burst into a splutter of sobs.

"Look here, Little Luther," said Miss Barcy; "how'd you like to go to the Fair 'long o' me, settin' up here on this high seat? You'll have to stop that noise, though; my cart won't hold nothin' like that."

The magnitude of the proposition arrested Little Luther's next wail halfway, and the submerged blue eyes stared at Miss Barcy in wide-open amazement.

"Well, now, did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Butts. "I guess you never dreamed you'd ever have a chance to ride up there so splendid like. It's real kind of you, Miss Barcy, an' I hope it won't put you out too much. You can hand him over to the children soon as ever you git there, an' then you won't have him on your mind till you come back. I'll slick him up a bit if you don't mind waitin', an' I hope to goodness he'll behave himself!"

When Little Luther's small person, impelled by his mother's steadying hand at the rear and Miss Barcy's strong pull at the fore, compassed the distance from the ground to the driver's perch, his pink-and-white face was shining with a hasty but vigorous application of soap and water, while his white hair still dripped, as it lay forced into unnatural sleekness on his round pate. He had a sturdy little body which pushed out his clean blue pinny until it threatened the security of the big bone buttons fastening it behind. The wagon-seat had been built to accommodate the old captain's breadth of beam, and when Little Luther was seated way back on the leather cushion, his wrinkled, striped stockings and small, copper-toed shoes stuck out straight before him. He thrust his pudgy fists down hard on either side of him; his rise had been so sudden and to such an undreamed-of altitude that his sense of balance was disturbed.

"It's mighty good of you, Miss Barcy," repeated Mrs. Butts. Then she turned back to the work that was never done.

Miss Barcy and Little Luther drove on for some time in silence. An ecstatic sense of the situation gradually grew within the little boy, demanding expression. At first he could think of no remark worthy of the occasion. Then, with blue eyes staring fixedly at the kindly face above him, he burst out with:

"Thamth big thowth got theven little pigth!"

Miss Barcy nearly dropped the reins. "What's that?" she said.

Once more Little Luther gathered his forces for deliverance. "Thamth big thowth got theven little pigth!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Miss Barcy, uncomprehending.

Disappointed in the result of his announcement, and thrown back upon himself, Little Luther suddenly felt lonely. His little lip quivered, and the tears, so recently dried, welled up once more.

"There," said Miss Barcy, "would you mind drivin' a bit, while I reach back for somethin'?"

The row of spinal buttons straightened and the brown fists curled over the reins in unbelieving joy. When Little Luther relinquished the proud distinction of guiding Bolter, it was to grasp a stick of satisfactory red - and - white candy. Miss Barcy might not understand what little boys said, especially when their natural lisp was complicated by the loss of front teeth, but she did most certainly know what little boys liked.

It was about eleven o'clock when Miss Barcy and Little Luther drove into the Fair Ground, a big, roughly boarded inclosure on the outskirts of the county town. It was a warm, bright day, offering no excuse of home-staying even to the most wary, and the ground was in a pleasing state of activity. A mingled odor of many cattle and hot popcorn assailed the nostrils; ears were greeted by the rattle, squeak, and groan of various musical instruments, backed by the steady din of voices and pointed by the occasional shrieks of the whirling patrons of the merry-go-round. Flags and banners floated gaily on the breeze, and flaring advertisements appealed to the curiosity of the country throng. High over the ridge-pole of the exhibition building soared an air-ship, manned by a dummy. Little Luther's eyes grew round, and he gripped the edge of the leather cushion. His stomach seemed to him to respond with the dizzy rise and fall of the strange thing above him.

"I thould think he'd be thcared!" he gasped.

"Bless you, child! That ain't a real man; it's only a sort of doll," reassured his protector.

Miss Barcy guided Bolter to a quiet spot a little apart from the line of venders' carts. Here she hitched the horse, while Little Luther clung to her skirt as if it were the only safe anchorage in an unknown sea. Miss Barcy gently unclasped the persistent little fingers.

"There, there, there ain't anythin' goin' to hurt you," she said. "You come along with me and we'll find somebody you know."

The two had been gone only a few moments when a small, dirty boy slipped around to the far side of the "Rolling Jenny" and began secret investigations. Tin-ware, pins, and needles did not interest him, and he cautiously peered into drawers and compartments, keeping an eye out for the possible return of the owner. At last he found what he was after, and was eagerly eying the candy-boxes when a sudden noise caused him to stuff the contents of his hand into his pocket, hastily close the door, and assume an uncompromising attitude.

"Why, William Mullins!" exclaimed Miss Barcy, as she came around the corner of the cart. "If I'd known you was here I wouldn't have been in such a pucker to git back. I don't suppose there's a soul on the grounds that would be mean enough to take a pin's worth, but somehow I can't take any comfort when the cart's on my mind. I oughter be ashamed to be so suspicious, but there, I'd have felt safer if I'd thought you was 'round."

William said nothing.

"Look here, William," went on Miss Barcy; "s'pose you kind o' see to the 'Jenny' while I go an' take a look at the heifers. Jest see that none of the boys gits foolin' 'round. I'll be back in a minute."

William straightened to the occasion. "I'd like to see any feller git funny when I'm round!" he declared. Somehow the "William" laid larger claims on him than did the "Bill" of popular address. With his hands in his pockets, he patrolled the cart, whistling loftily. Suddenly he paused, fished up his loot of a few moments before, and gazed at it intently. The hastily won spoils consisted of a handful of bull's-eyes, and they were not improved by their sojourn in William's pocket. The boy looked longingly at the sticky mass, then he returned it to its lawful place. With an air of extreme virtue he ordered an innocent mongrel to get out of the way. When Miss Barcy returned, William was holding Bolter's halter, while that most stationary of beasts, whose last thought was of flight, was regarding him in mild surprise.

"Much obliged to you, William," said Miss Barcy. "Here's a bit of candy for you."

William eyed Miss Barcy furtively as she handed him a mass of bull's-eyes stuck together in one unpleasant lump, but that good woman's face was innocent and unrevealing.

"Come back this afternoon and I'll give you a dime if you'll look out for the cart again. I want to see the show when I've done some tradin', and Bolter might run away, you know."

It was about three o'clock when Miss Barcy closed the "Rolling Jenny" and strolled off to enjoy herself. She inspected the cattle with practised eye; she looked over the fruit and vegetables, the jams and preserves. Having an eclectic taste, she bestowed a due share of attention upon the fancy work.

"They're real handsome," she commented to herself. "But what anybody wants to stick a needle in just to pull it out ag'in, unless they *have* to, is more 'n I can sense."

Then Miss Barcy went to the side-shows. Here she thoroughly enjoyed herself. She was suddenly snatched from the thrills of a moving-picture hunt in the African jungle to a realization that she was hungry and tired. She hunted up a refreshment-booth, drank a cup of hot tea, and, taking her purchases of doughnuts and bananas with her, sought a retired spot in which to eat and rest. At one end of the grounds was a clump of trees—pines, cool and fragrant—and there, well screened by the underbrush, she sat on the needle-covered earth and ate her lunch, leaning against a large rock. Later, she dozed, and was only roused by the sound of voices, low and near by.

When Leonard Tallman drove Molly Rogers to the County Fair, he had a purpose in his heart beyond the pleasures of the exhibition. He had been "paying attention" to Molly for some time, attention which was approved of only by the girl herself. Mrs. Tallman ignored the fact of her son's infatuation. She summed up her condemnation of Molly in the one word "skitterin'," a

term of reproach hard to define; but Mrs. Tallman was, etymologically, an authority unto herself. As to Molly's father, his objections were more clearly expressed. A church deacon and absolute domestic master, he considered his statements conclusive. He was very angry when he discovered that Molly had promised to go to the Fair with Leonard, and would have forbidden it entirely had he not felt fear that open humiliation might cause decisive rebellion on Molly's part. He, therefore, in Chinese parlance, "saved his face" by laying commands on the future.

"You can go this once, Molly," he said. "But you've got to break with him. He's an ungodly young man, and his father was before him, and I ain't going to have you yoking with an unbeliever. I 'ain't a mite of confidence in them Tallmans, root or branch. You've got to get rid of him, Molly, or you ain't a daughter of mine!"

"But, father—"

Mr. Rogers brought his fist down on the table. "You stop it, Molly, or you can leave my house and shift for yourself. You understand?"

The young couple who drove over the quiet roads that sunny October morning was a goodly one to look upon. Molly was simply dressed for a country girl, but her skirt and waist had not been fashioned with eye single to utility, nor the jaunty hat trimmed without a thought of effect. Leonard's dark eyes devoured her prettiness.

"I like the way you fix yourself up," he said. "You ain't all flutterings like other girls."

"You look awful nice yourself, Len," returned Molly, gazing admiringly at the straight, comely young figure which made the best of the cheap, gray, ready-made suit; she longed to lay her hand on the arm which swelled out the coat-sleeve with its sturdy muscles. But Molly, always chary of caress, was actually timid to-day, in the presence of the man by her side. There was a certain potentiality about him she had never felt before, something intense and suppressed which thrilled the very air and marked the hour as quite apart from any experience she had ever known. Hardly a word passed between the two. A strange, new embarrassment enveloped them like a veil, through which nothing seemed real or natural.

It was a day for young lovers, vigorous, golden, and glowing. The mare tossed her pretty head and threw out her clean-cut legs in the sheer enjoyment of motion. The light buggy rolled easily along the way which led, now through the open country, now in the subdued light which flickered through the meeting branches of the autumn wood. So they rode on, and still the new embarrassment grew until it dominated the situation. Even the excitement of the noisy Fair Ground failed to break the spell. They wandered about, making surface talk, hardly knowing at what they were looking. They lunched in one of the little booths, and Molly pretended to be very gay over her ice-cream. At last they could no longer play at being interested in the outside world and indifferent to each other, and, by a sort of tacit consent, they wandered to a little pine grove at one end of the inclosure. It was quiet there, and few passed that way. One party of young people did chance along, and saw them sitting there on the pine-needles, in the shelter of a large rock.

"Hello, Len!" shouted one. "Did you pay admission to rubber at trees? Come on and have a sody!"

Leonard muttered some sort of a refusal, and they passed on.

"'Tain't *trees* I'm looking at!" Leonard's voice was low, hardly above a whisper, but it made Molly's heart beat wildly. She said nothing.

"Molly!" cried Leonard, "I ain't going to stand this any longer!"

The girl's breath came short and quick. "Stand what?" she faltered.

"You know as well as I do. We can't go on this way. Molly, will you marry me?"

Molly's plump hand had been breaking pine-needles into a little heap; now she took up a handful and let them slowly sift through her fingers. "Len," she said, "we've talked that all over. I thought we'd settled it. I can't, Len. I'm afraid."

"Afraid of *me*, Molly?"

Molly's eyes were intent on the slipping brown spills. "You don't know

what father is when he's mad," she said at length. "And your mother can't abide me."

"I guess we can manage without them," returned Leonard.

Molly looked up. "You know your mother said I should never set foot on the farm. How'd you get your living, Len?"

The young man stretched out a long arm and grasped a broken bough in his strong, brown hand. Then he gave a little laugh. "I wouldn't be the first Tallman who had struck out for himself."

Molly brushed the earth and broken needles from her palms, clasped her hands in her lap, and gazed steadily at them as she spoke. "Leonard, if you think I'm going to be a drudge, you're mistaken. I know what happens when folks get married without enough to keep them on. Look at Rose Wiggins, or Sarah Oliver; it wasn't more 'n a year before their looks were all gone, and now they slave from morning to night with a parcel of children underfoot. I don't choose to wear myself out that way. If I did, you wouldn't care for me any longer. If I marry you, father will turn me out; he as much as said so. And if you quarrel with your mother, where'll you be? I thought we'd settled all that."

Molly's cold young tones fell hard on Leonard's ears, but they could not quench his passion. Suddenly his dark eyes flashed hot. "Do you love me, Molly?"

"You know I do." Molly's eyes had dropped.

Leonard straightened up and drew a long breath. "Then I'm going to have you! You're *mine*, Molly, and that means more 'n marrying." Leonard flung out his words defiantly. "I don't know as I hold much by marrying, anyway. What do a few words mean, said over you by a minister? *That* don't have anything to do with love. It's nobody's business but just yours and mine."

Molly drew a quick breath.

"When I was at the academy there was a teacher who didn't believe in marrying," went on Leonard. "He said it wasn't right to bind folks to unhappiness. He used to talk to me about it. They fired him quick enough when they found out his views. But he made me see things different, somehow. I guess he was better than lots of people who stick by the law. There's your father, now; he's a member and all that, but everybody knows he don't have a pleasant word for his family."

Molly did not move. Leonard edged nearer, and his arm found its way about the girlish waist.

"'Tain't our fault, Molly, if our folks keep us from marrying. We don't have to think of anybody but ourselves. There ain't anybody in the world but just you and me. Some day, when everything's all right, we'll marry, but now there ain't a thing that matters so long as we love each other."

Leonard's voice was gentle, but it held a masterful note. "Molly?"

"Yes, Leonard." It was only a whisper.

"Your folks think you're going to stay with your cousin, down here, for a few days, don't they?"

"Yes."

"There ain't a soul that knows us in Norton, and the mare can do it easy in a couple of hours. You could fix it up some way with your cousin, and nobody will ever suspect."

Molly did not speak. She was very pale, and she kept her eyes on her lap.

"Molly! Will you?"

The very air was vibrant with consent. The noises from the Fair Ground were distant and of another world. The only sound came from the throat of a little bird, twittering softly to its mate.

"Molly!" The word was under breath, hardly to be heard.

"Bless my soul!" A sturdy figure appeared around the corner of the rock, and smiled cheerfully as it uttered the exclamation. Leonard started to his feet.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Miss Barcy. "I hope I ain't interruptin'."

Molly tried to stammer out something, but Leonard's eyes were angry.

"You mustn't mind an old woman like me; bein' in love ain't nothin' to be ashamed of, an' I take it that's where you two be. You don't mind my settin' here awhile, do you?" She did not wait



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"BEIN' IN LOVE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BE ASHAMED OF"

for an answer, but slowly let herself down on to the rock. "Good land! I'm gittin' pretty stiff," she said.

The two young people did not speak. Molly plaited her handkerchief with nervous fingers, while Leonard stood, sulkily, scraping the ground with the toe of his shoe. Miss Barcy looked from one embarrassed figure to the other.

"No, as I said before, bein' in love ain't nothin' to be ashamed of, though I reckon you've been made to feel so, you two children; more's the pity, I say."

The wrath died out of Leonard's eyes; Molly drew an involuntary sigh of relief. After all, Miss Barcy had not heard anything.

"You see," went on Miss Barcy, her two hard palms laid on her knees, "there ain't nothin' in the world that can hinder two young people from lovin' each other, an' when it's all aboveboard, way it is with you two, why it's the best thing in the world, an' the prettiest thing, too, I guess." Miss Barcy gave a pleased little laugh. "Bless me! just because I'm an old maid, you needn't think I don't sense things. Why, I've kinder suspected what was goin' on between you two for some time back. I says to myself: 'There's that smart young feller goin' to make a reel nice girl happy. He's goin' to pertect her from all that ain't good. It's splendid to be as safe as she's goin' to be. Nobody will ever dare to say one word against her, 'cause his arm will be 'round her, shieldin' her from all that ain't true and straight; he's goin' to keep her from even knowin' there's anything else in the world.' I says all that to myself, an' I felt an interest in you, right off."

Leonard had moved nearer to Molly; now he put his hand on the girl's shoulder. Miss Barcy, apparently oblivious, continued:

"I ain't a great hand to talk of my own affairs, but I guess you'll understand if I tell you somethin'. Once, when I was young like Molly here, some one asked me to marry him. He was a good man, but I didn't take him. I thought I had reasons at the time, but now I see my mistake. If I'd married him I wouldn't be drivin' 'round the country, a rough old woman, takin' all manners of knocks. When I git home at night, after a long day peddlin', an' open the door to a lonely house an' a cold hearth, I think how it would seem if, instead of bein' the one to come home, I was the one to come home to, an', makin' a pleasant welcome for him, how glad I'd be to have him come. I guess if a woman loves a man, there's nothin' too little for her to take happiness in doin', such as havin' slippers warm, an' gittin' tasty food, an' all that. An', then, there's the—children; little boys an' girls to tend an' love, an', yes, mebbe to spank when they're naughty, so's to save them from makin' the mistakes we've made. An' so, when I see you keepin' company, I says, 'Now those two fine young folks are goin' to marry an' settle, an' love each other, an' bring up a good family.' Why, it done my heart good jest to think of it! My father used to say: 'Barcy, girl, don't sail alone. You'll need another hand at the tiller come rough weather,' an' I guess he was right. Only I missed it, somehow, an' it's been tough work sometimes. But *you*—well, there ain't any gale too hard for you, 'cause you've got each other."

There was silence for a moment. The lovers looked at each other with eyes wide with a new understanding. The breeze, fresh with the late afternoon coolness, rustled in the pines, and whirled the freshly fallen needles from the surface of the rocks. Miss Barcy sat, staring at the tree-tops. Suddenly she spoke in a matter-of-fact tone:

"When you two children goin' to git married?"

The question was unexpected; neither Molly nor Leonard were prepared for it. The latter said nothing. The girl, with true feminine inability to let alone what cannot be met, stumbled and stammered over an incoherent reply. But Miss Barcy was direct in all her dealings.

"When you goin' to git married?" she repeated.

Suspicion clouded Leonard's eyes as he replied, "I don't know as that's anybody's affair."

"Well," returned Miss Barcy, unperturbed, "I don't know as it is, one way you look at it. Generally speaking, it's your own business; but if I could help

you a bit it seems as if I kinder entered into it, somehow."

"Oh, Miss Barcy!" exclaimed Molly; "Len didn't mean anything. You see we kind of feel as if everybody was against us."

Miss Barcy laughed, a good-natured, comfortable little laugh.

"Land, child! you needn't be afraid of my gettin' huffy. I know what your father is—a good man accordin' to his lights, but a rock ain't no setter. As for your ma, Leonard, she an' Molly ain't made to steer in the same ship; that's a fact. If you wait for them to come 'round —well—you'll wait, that's all. Now, I say, what's the use of Molly's pinin' away all her prettiness, an' both of you usin' up your young years, when you might be making a nice home? I guess you ain't a Tallman for nothin', Leonard. Why don't you strike out independent? Why don't you make Fair Day a weddin'-day? You're both of age, ain't you?"

"Wedding-day! Oh, Miss Barcy!" cried Molly; but Leonard stood up, straight and tall, and faced Miss Barcy.

"Mr. Roberts never would marry us, knowing how Molly's father felt."

Miss Barcy took out her watch, a huge, battered affair which had timed the captain's movements on land; its heart still beat with a semblance of truth.

"Mr. Roberts ain't the only parson in the world," she remarked. "You see Baily and git your license; then I'll go round to Mr. Jordan's with you. He's the Baptist minister here, an' I know him; he won't give us trouble. You'll have to step lively, though, if you want to put it through."

"Of course," continued Miss Barcy after a pause, "I won't intrude my company if you don't want to take me along. It 'll give folks less chance to talk, that's all. An' if you ain't quite made up your mind, why, we'll drop it an' say no more. Only I've got to git back here in time to pick up what's left of Little Luther Butts."

"Miss Barcy, I'll never forget this of you as long as I live!" said Leonard Tallman when the little bridal party came out of the minister's gate.

"I hope you won't," remarked Miss Barcy. "Molly, here, has give up a good deal for you, an' it won't hurt you to remember it. What you goin' to do now? Put up down here till the storm blows over, or go home an' keep it secret for a while?"

"No," said Leonard. "I'm going to tell Molly's father this very night. There ain't going to be anything secret about my wife's wedding. I guess I'll leave her at the hotel while I drive up; she mustn't see him till his first mad's over."

Molly slipped her little hand through her husband's arm. "Len," she said, "I'm going with you. I sha'n't be afraid with you there."

Little Luther did not rouse from sleep when Miss Barcy handed him down to his mother. One soiled and chubby fist grasped a toy windmill; the other, sticky with past joys, clutched a bag of candy.

"He's tuckered out," said Miss Barcy.

"I'm obliged to you, Miss Barcy," returned Mrs. Butts. "I guess he's had the time of his life."

The dusk had deepened into dark when Miss Barcy drove up the long hill to the ridge. With the sun out of the way, autumn asserted its rights with cool hints of coming frost. Miss Barcy shivered a little and turned up her coat-collar.

"I never thought I should favor a runaway match," she confided to Bolter. "I ain't one to set children agin their parents. But, Lord! it was touch and go with them. If there hadn't been a weddin' right away there'd 'a' been shame—and a broken heart. Better a little family fightin' than that. Them Tallmans —well, if they can't git what they want one way, they take it another."

When Miss Barcy reached home, she lit the stable lantern and put up Bolter. As she stood on the step of her lonely little house she paused for a moment and looked up at the stars.

"I'm glad I got my chance to speak 'fore Molly answered," she said to herself. "Leonard Tallman never 'll know what she meant to say, an' that 'll be a comfort to Molly all her life."

Then she went in and shut the door.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

"I SHOULD say," the sage began smilingly, but with the unmistakable air of a man who is going to say something disagreeable for your best good, "that if you are expecting to offer anything about the state of polite learning among us as vital as your friend next door gave us in the September number, you had better be doing it."

"You mean him of The Editor's Study?" we parleyed, though we knew perfectly well whom he meant. Then we noted, "It is not our habit to say vital things; and we wish our neighbor had gone further and applied his philosophy to an inquiry into the nature of the mediocrity which he divined so admirably as the conditioning of our fiction."

"Meaning—?" the sage suggested.

"Meaning that we should have liked him to say how far our mediocrity was native or derivative from the national nature, and how far it might be the expression of contiguity or the result of the manifold alien influences of our adoptive civilizations."

"Do you think it is at all that?" the sage demanded. "Do you think it comes, our sovereign mediocrity, from the Italian, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Hunnish immigrations of the last thirty years?"

"No, but we should have liked to have him say so, when he was about it. We should have liked to have him make it clear whether this measureless market for the cheap, the tawdry, the flimsy was entirely our own, a demand from our knowing so perfectly what we like and so imperfectly what we ought to like."

"Well, why don't you do it yourself?"

"Because we could not do it so well, and because if we could we should be doing something vital, and the vital, as we have just declared, is not the job of the Easy Chair."

"Very well; but what do you believe?"

"Now you are trying to make us commit ourselves. But we don't mind saying that we think our fiction would be more solid, more admirable, more laudable, if our life were not the social ferment it has become. We need solidification for the purposes of first-class fiction."

"Then you think the fiction of the Germans, notoriously the most solidified of modern peoples, is first-class?"

We almost groaned. "No; it is horribly second-class," we said, with a direful remembrance of the last German novel we had tried to read. "But perhaps it is the exception which proves the rule. Take the instance of another solidified nationality, take the Spanish, and you have first-class modern fiction, easily surpassing the fiction of any other people of our time, now the Russians have ceased to lead."

"Do you call a nationality composed of such deeply differentiated peoples as the Basques, the Galicians, the Catalans, the Aragonese, the Castilians, and the Andalusians a solidified nationality, simply by calling it Spanish?"

"As solidified as the British, with its ingredient English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh."

"Then why aren't we solidified, with our constituent English, Irish, German, Italian, Russian-Jewish, Polish, Finnish, Magyar, and Bohemian elements?"

We reflected a moment. "The ferment in those other countries took place centuries ago, and ours is still going on."

"Then you have some hopes that in four or five hundred years we shall have simmered down sufficiently to produce a national novel of the quantity and quality of the great Russian, English, and Spanish novels?"

"Something like that."

"Then we must have patience. In the mean time, do you think of any recent English or Russian novel as good as

those American novels which you were bragging up the other month — *The Turmoil* and *The Harbor?*"

"The English and Russians at present seem absorbed in beating and being beaten in battle," we replied. "But our sister-neutral, Spain, is doing some wonderfully good work in the fiction of Blasco Ibañez."

Our friend is one of those sages who like to enjoy the praise of knowing everything, even if they have not the facts to support them. But we saw a glimmer of helpless honesty come into his eye, and he said, "Never heard of him."

This was too much, even for our habitual hypocrisy, and we laughed in owning, "Well, neither had we, a year or two ago, and a month or two ago we had not read anything of him. But he seems to be an author very much known in Spain and all the countries of Europe except England, and there is now even an English version of what is the most famous if not the greatest of his novels, *Sangre y Arena*, a study, mighty, dramatic, of the Spanish nature or national character as expressed in bull-fighting. The French, Italians, Germans, Russians, Portuguese, and the very Danes know some of his other ten or a dozen novels in translation. Besides, he has written travels and short stories."

"And is he to be compared to those other Spanish novelists, Valdés, Galdós, and Pardo-Bazán, whom you used to make such a fuss about when you belonged in The Study?"

"Not by us," we quibbled. "We do not believe in ascertaining an artist's quality by comparing him with other artists. Something comes of that, but not much; it is not very enlightening. What Ibañez has in common with others is the essential of an apparent devotion to getting the likeness of the thing as it is rather than the thing as it isn't, or as it is in that now justly despised thing called a plot, or the sort of painting that used to be called a composition."

The sage nodded intelligence. "I see," he said, "but don't go off on *that.* How many of his novels do you speak from the knowledge of?"

We laughed again, but this time guiltily, as being forced to the confession. "Well—two. But," we hastened to add, "those two are so immeasurably different in several dimensions that we feel as if we might have covered the ground of the author's whole performance in knowing them. We have read *Sangre y Arena*, which is as wide as all Spain in its portrayal of the national pastime of bull-fighting in every circumstance and incident, but is not so deep as *La Catedral*, which is the analysis and synthesis of the soul of Spain as it has lived from the Middle Ages into ours in its *iglesia primada*, the famous cathedral of Toledo. Before we had read it we should have fearlessly said that there never could be a more comprehensive survey of a civilization than *Sangre y Arena*. Primarily that is the story of a Sevillian boy, good for nothing otherwise, whose passionate ambition is to be a *torero*, and as a *torero* to be nothing less than an *espada*, the sword that in the climax of every bull-fight gives the death-thrust to the bull. Secondarily it is the story of all that he touches in his rise from vagabondage to glory, and then his tragical lapse through the decay of his forces into final defeat and death. It is his portrait and the portrait of the Spanish people, who cannot accuse the novelist of an alien's injustice in his study of their ruling passion for the *fiesta de toros*. No foreigner of the many who have described the bull-fight has portrayed its horror and loathsomeness as this native novelist has done. But the least of his affair is to portray the bull-fight; that's merely an incident of the psychological drama of the *torero's* experience and the persons of it: his old mother, whose despair of his boyish badness turns to pride in the brilliancy of his rapidly successive triumphs in the arena; his simple, good, beautiful wife, who adores his prowess and condones his sins; the "differently beautiful" bad aristocrat, Doña Sol, who does not stop short of possessing him body and soul, and then casts him off as a wicked man of the world might cast off his mistress; the great Sevillian marquis, his first patron, and all the *aficionados* who flock about the *torero* throughout Spain (as if in our civilization he were a supreme prize-fighter), from ranks far above him as well as from the level of his own class;

the bull-fighters who fight beside him in the arena, ranging from types of mere stupid courage in the performance of their day's work to one delightful type of confused moral and social thinking; above them all, the *torero* himself, who is a *torero* of genius, and no more mindful of the formulas and conventions of his art than other great artists, but acting from the inspirations of the moment, and from the instinct of doing unerringly the right thing, and taking his death in the arena rather than confess that years and wounds have disabled him for his last fight. It is a conception of epical dimensions, but with dramatic details of vivid poignancy and a fearlessness in touching the loathsome physical facts which passes the courage of any other novelist we know."

"That must have been a great satisfaction to such a thorough-going realist as yourself," the sage mocked.

"Well," we said, "we could have spared some excesses of his unsparingness, but we felt that it was all very Spanish—as Spanish as the beheadings of the martyrs that the Spanish artists picture or sculpture in the churches. After all, you must say, that is the way the thing really looked."

"You think that a sufficient reason?"

"We would have said so, once."

"But you have changed your mind?"

"Our nerves have weakened. But why turn from the author to his reader? We confess that we satisfied our admiration of this very great novelist at less cost to our sensibilities in *La Catedral* than in *Sangre y Arena*. We are not sure that *La Catedral* is not the more prodigious feat of the two; it is at least the more original and daring. The action—but there is no action till almost the latest moment—passes entirely in the cathedral and its gardens and bell-towers. Its persons are the *personnel* of the cathedral from the cardinal down to the *perrero*, the functionary whose duty is to keep the building clear of dogs; and from highest to lowest their characters are done with art which lapses into emotion only a little toward the close of the story. As for the story, such as there is on the face, it is that of the consumptive anarchist who comes from his two-years' prison in Barcelona to take refuge with his brother who has inherited the family employ in the cathedral at Toledo, and who tenderly welcomes the broken agitator home to his native gardens and cloisters. He remembers the dying man as the brilliant student at the seminary where the boy surpassed all the others in his preparation for the priesthood; he has not known of his Carlist campaigns, his wanderings in England and all over the Continent in the renunciation of his vocation, and his arrest and imprisonment as a violent anarchist. He is really a philosophical anarchist of the most peaceful and philanthropical type, and after an interval of repose, in the enjoyment of a sinecure in the cathedral, he cannot help talking his philosophy to his fellow-functionaries—the bell-ringer, the dog-beadle, the gardener, the shoemaker suffered in the sacred precincts, and his own devoted friend and admirer, the chapel-master. His doctrine makes the baser of his listeners realize their misery so intensely that at last, against his protests and entreaties, they attempt to right themselves by robbing the richly jeweled shrine of a favorite Madonna. They escape, but the anarchist is seized as their accomplice, and dies soon after his arrest."

"Not a very cheerful story. Nothing of the musical-comedy, end-well, tired-business-man's sweet restorer there!" the sage mocked with an uncomfortable laugh. "I suppose you enjoyed it all the more on that account."

"Well, no," we said. "We have just told you that our nerves are not what they were. We have to draw the line in the pleasures of realism. What satisfied us better than the horrible logic of the anarchist's fate—he is made a lovable character—is the wonderful inquiry into the nature of historical and actual Spain. No one ought to go to Spain—and everybody ought to go to Spain—without having first read these chapters of his discourse, which adapts itself to the understanding of his simple listeners without losing depth and subtlety. The origins of the people, the rise of the monarchy on the ruins of the earlier democratic forms, and its consolidation by means of the Inquisition, are visioned for these keen, childish minds as we our-

selves have never seen them before, and the mysteries of Spanish greatness and weakness are made open secrets. We should say this part was the heart of the book. But the master who wrote it is able to make its pulsations felt in every part. It abounds in characters, high and low, which have their being in words and acts springing from their natures and not from any plan set for them; they create the story and are not created for it. The whole scheme, which does not seem ruled by the author, is expressive of an understanding compassion unknown to fiction until it became human through truth to life. We should say that no living novelist, now that the incomparable Tolstoy is dead, can be compared to this author, whose triumph in his art is the more sensible through its lapses at moments. But it is at moments only that his overweening pity for misery weakens into sentimentality. The humanity of the whole affair touches every sort and condition with the intelligence that is the only justice. From the cardinal to the cobbler, every character is given a fair chance with the reader, who, so far as he has the mind and heart for so much reality, lives with them in the mighty cathedral. Nothing is forced to fit those dimensions, and the illusion (illusion does not seem the word) is so perfect and so constant that you do not miss the world which you are dimly aware of going on outside, but which penetrates it only in the several types of sight-seeing tourists very sparingly intruded."

The sage laughed sardonically, almost too sardonically for a man of his years. "It must be a great privilege for you to renew the pleasures of your earlier maturity in such wholesale praise. It recalls the halcyon days when you could not say enough of those Russian novelists whom you lauded to the disadvantage of all the others."

"Not the Spanish!" we protested.

"Well, perhaps not. But how many novels of this new man did you say you had read?"

"Have we praised more than two?"

"I fancied there were twenty from the number of the praises. And it is your idea that no such work is possible for us, or predicable of us in the actual simmering, the bubbling and squeaking, of our social melting-pot?"

"We knew you were going to say melting-pot. You have kept away from it a good while."

"That was because you were doing the talking. And so you think that our fiction is not going to be life-size any more, in the full-grown novel, but is to shrink to the statuette expression of the short story?"

"No, we didn't say that. He of The Study merely suggested that, and he suggested it only of our magazine fiction, which certainly runs to statuettes. But we think there is a great deal in what he suggests. We don't understand that he censures or deplores the past, and probably he reserves a preference for the life-size fiction in book form, rather than in the instalment plan of the serialized magazine novel. For example, Mr. Poole's great novel, *The Harbor*, would not have gained, and it might have lost, by chopping into month-lengths. By the way, the conception of a novel topographically limited in time and place is unconsciously of the nature of a novel architecturally limited. The likeness of the conception is very interesting."

"And you would like such a notion acted upon as a means of utilizing the contents of our melting-pot? Is it to perform the effect of a long passage of time in adapting our racial and social ferment to the purposes of art?"

"We have not said so, and, come to think of it, we do not think so. Besides, now we think of it, the *personnel* of *The Harbor* is almost as quite American as that of *La Catedral* is Spanish."

"You do not seem to abound in luminous ideas to-day," the sage thoughtfully remarked, as he rose to take leave.

"We often have that sort of complaint to make ourselves," we assented. "Still, we think there is something in what we have said."

"Yes. There is what you got from the editor of The Study. You don't suppose he is in, do you?" the sage asked, with an inclination of his head in our neighbor's direction."

"We're quite sure he is," we responded, with the eagerness of one who is willing to part with a guest no matter what happens to others.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE plea for democracy, in literature or life, would be a poor thing if it were a decrial of aristocracy. Dealing with realities, we have nothing to do with labels, earmarks, or tell-tale outfits. These belong to the "boards"—as the stage used to be called, to emphasize its unreality—to "part-playing." But we do have to deal with royalties, if not with their toggery, since, literally, the royal is the *real*. In other words, "The king's the thing." To realize is to royalize—to express the kingly quality, the sovereign excellence, that increase of growth which is living authority.

Political history—that is, in its strictly political aspects—does not afford an attractive field for the study of real aristocracy. So far as we have any information as to the life of the ruling classes in western Europe before the fifteenth century, we are impressed by racial traits rather than by social refinements. The feudal lord was no "high-brow," nor was his lady of the type that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. The painter who wishes to reproduce the physiognomy of the nobles of this period does not find true models in their urbanely developed descendants, but in the peasantry of centuries later. The fidelity of Edwin A. Abbey's portraits in his illustrations of Shakespeare is due to his observance of this rule. Individual distinction, such as marked rulers like Alfred and Charlemagne, was exceptional. We think of such men, however closely identified, as in the case of King Alfred, with the destiny of a race, as related to the larger development of humanism. In the Italy of the thirteenth century such examples abound, and the growth of a world-sense would seem likely to dissipate racial traits, but that just here we see the forces at work which counteracted a premature centralization of either political or ecclesiastical power and created separate centers of national control.

The racial stamp upon a political and social aristocracy seems to bring all classes of a people into close union and purpose. Germany owes to this the integrity of her language at the cost of its impoverishment. On the other hand, England owes to the Norman conquest the long-enduring and persistent interval between its social classes, but also its earlier access to the influences of the Renaissance (as compared with Germany), its more richly diversified language, and its more heroic history.

The destiny of Europe, after the fall of Rome, was committed to the peoples of the North, whose racial traits primarily determined the course of medieval and modern history. But these races received two baptisms—one ecclesiastical, the other humanistic—the latter inevitably, owing to existing conditions, an endowment of the few. In this meeting of a developed past culture with the crude but conquering Goths and Franks we find the beginnings of a new type of aristocracy like that which in Italy was nobly represented by the Medici. Outside of Italy the transformation due to the Renaissance—baffled in its centralizing tendencies, but triumphant in its essentially expansive and cosmopolitan humanism—was the more notable, though gradual in its procedure, because of the rawness of the material it wrought upon. It was a change of physiognomy, of manners, and finally of even sanitary conditions, in western European courts. The virtues and vices of this new civilization, in which the peoples were so inarticulate, are duly recorded in the kind of history which was then written and which consisted mainly of the annals of courts and camps. In the court of Louis XIV. we behold its

maturity of power and luxury, and in that of Louis XVI. its extreme artificial refinements and its decadence, when in France it became possible, as in England a century earlier, that a king should lose his head.

But in all these centuries, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution, there had been a European aristocracy that was real—as real as it could be with so large and so mute a proletariate. What more significant illustration of this reality could there be than the event whose seventh centennial we celebrated this last summer—the wresting from King John of the Magna Charta by the English barons, not for themselves alone, but to secure the liberties of every subject of the realm? The renewal of the charter was successively demanded until, in the closing year of the thirteenth century, it was confirmed as a part of the law of the land by King Edward I. and his parliament. The persistent reaction of Guelph against Ghibelline—that is, of the popular and papal against the imperialist party—and the consequent preservation to so large an extent of national integrities on racial lines, or at least the ever-recurrent and passionate will to recover these integrities when broken or confused, depended upon the sovereignty of intelligence lodged in a nobility which recognized its responsibility and elicited from the people the response of loyalty. Thus the foundations were laid of modern Europe before there was any democratic movement in Christendom—the foundations of democracy itself.

The political significance of aristocracy, normal or perverse, vital or decadent, is no adequate expression of either its excellence in social evolution or the defects of that excellence. The state appears to be the largest form of social activity because artificially it is inclusive of all other forms. But, even in the present advanced stage of general intelligence and humanistic purpose, no modern state, economically or ethically, in the functions committed to it, exhibits the responsible self-control which it requires from its citizens. In reality social dynamics includes politics as, in its formal and perfunctory activities, something refractory—an artificial necessity which it hopes ultimately to make a living organism and thus an essential part of its own living harmony. In the mean time, this dynamics overleaps political boundaries and looks forward to the realization of humanism rather than to that of any limited patriotism.

That internationalism, the realization of which is the dream of social dynamics, is sure, because it is a dream, to come true in the fullness of time—the fullness, in the evolutionary sense. As a scheme, deliberately planned, it might be rationally assented to by all nations as a necessary artificial convention, and yet prove to be practically a disappointment. If individual states fail to serve the highest social ends, what can be expected of a confederation of these same states? Only a transformation of the states themselves, through such a crisis in the world's affairs as would give the peoples a determining voice, could precipitate a realization of the dream in the near future. Even so, if it is to be more than a partial realization, it must include not merely the peace of the world—not, indeed, peace at all, if by that we mean the subsidence of militant heroism—but all the positive, creative forces and values of a virile Christian civilization in their free and full operation and co-operation.

The failures of political aristocracy, during the period in which it had a mission of service to humanity not otherwise to be fulfilled, have always been the consequence of its own *défaillance*—of its unreality. These perversions, due to vain ambitions and assumptions, have served by indirection through the reactions they have created. The direct service of a real aristocracy has been social rather than political—an essential part in a continuous development of culture based on the principle of selection.

This principle is creative in civilization—in that of Christendom as formerly in that of the ancient world. Conventional customs and institutions, which in their later aspects seem matters of conscious agreement and regulation, are in their beginnings as creatively determined as the birth and primitive growth of speech. Heredity is the biological vehicle of tradition, and, more

deeply and mysteriously, it is the ground of selective race specialization. It is invisibly beyond our tracing; but history, as a philosophic interpretation, defines its distinctive strains and manifest procedure in the successive stages of civilization. Freeman in England and Riehl in Germany, following the early chroniclers from Bede to Froissart, were such interpreters of the Northern races, doing for them what Grote, Niebuhr, and Mommsen did for the ancient Indo-European races on the Mediterranean; and the work of these historians was supplemented by Sir Henry Maine's illuminative contributions to the early history of institutions. All together, writers of the nineteenth century alone, of whom we have mentioned but a few, have furnished us with materials for a very comprehensive Natural History of aristocracy.

A real aristocracy, marked by the stamp of racial distinction, has its beginnings in the natural selection of heredity. The more complex operation of the selective principle, so that its scope shall include mental and esthetic development and the refinement of manners, is slow. For a long period the sense of valor is predominant in the eminent races, to the exclusion of every sentiment not directly associated with it. Of this period "Beowulf," the "Nibelungenlied," and Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" were romantic epics, as the "Iliad" was of the heroic age of ancient Hellas.

The sense of valor was, in the Northern as it had been in the Southern races of Europe, expressed in battle. That, in the early history of spirited races, was a matter of course, war, like love, being a natural manifestation of romance on a plane of activity so little removed from the physiological. The worth of valor is so great that no nation can lose the sense of it without degeneration. From Isaiah's imagination of "a sword bathed in heaven" to the late William McLennan's chivalric lyric, "The Sword of Ferrara," the pulse of the heroic strain has never failed.

The spirit of valor has its own evolution, the final stage of which may be the full consummation of what has been achieved in part by every fight for a noble cause—of the freedom and self-control of the human spirit.

Christianity, eagerly accepted by the common people, not as readers of the Gospel, but at the hands of Holy Church and as participants of its impressive ritual and discipline, was, from the time of Charlemagne, intimately blended with the pomp and pageantry of a feudal aristocracy. Beneath its objective picturesqueness and imposing symbolism, it profoundly affected the springs of action, the imagination, and manners. It transformed the spirit of valor and gave it new aims, as illustrated in knight-errantry, pilgrimages, and the Crusades. The quest of the Holy Grail, and the supreme test searching the inmost hearts of those engaged in it, suggests the conflict of the spirit with the senses—the main argument of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The selective procedure thus came to have a psychical background determining its course, independently of the traditions of a purely racial and pre-Christian past. The new faith had the same relation to the mystery plays that Hellenic mythology and religious ritual had to the early Attic drama—only the latter was more definitely prompted by heroic legend, which, among the Northern races, stopped with the epic. The cathedral, the distinctive feature of medieval architecture, was an expression both of the Gothic spirit and of Christian aspiration. European intellectual and aesthetic culture, after the Renaissance, looked to Hellas as its source, as European Christianity looked to Judea. Aristotle ruled in the universities, an absolute authority in science and criticism. The themes of plastic art, of poetry, and of the drama in its maturity were almost entirely classic. Not until the revival of Romanticism in the latter part of the eighteenth century was there any reversion from this prevailing classicism to racial sources of inspiration.

The Christian and humanistic trend away from the purely racial note developed not only a finer strain of heroism, but also the deeper psychical sensibility to which the creative imagination appealed in art and literature. The aristocracy of genius found its permissive conditions in an enlightenment which at

the same time reinforced its leadership. This enlightenment had already promoted material progress in commercial lines, in the growth of cities and in the establishment of merchant and craft guilds, and was finally to give rise to the middle class. Florence had its growth before it was crowned by Dante, Giotto, Michael Angelo, and Raphael.

It was the rise of the middle class that first accentuated class consciousness. Distinction, in so far as it was real and not an assumption, had hitherto had no need to assert itself, except in its actual operation as leadership. The inexpert mass, for its own sake as well as from natural disposition, willingly and with ardent loyalty followed the leading. But in the competitive stage of industry and commerce sure to follow the spread of enlightenment, occupations are diversified; the field of opportunity is widened; new social ambitions are aroused, and a considerable proportion of the people embrace every available means of education for competence in the struggle for position wealth, and power. Thus the middle class arises, interposing between those distinguished by birth, breeding, or native genius and those who must now be known as belonging to the lower classes, less energetic or less fortunate, and left behind in the race.

In this more modern constitution of society it was inevitable that class antagonisms should arise and that no class could fully express its intrinsic excellence until the strife should find reconcilement through an integral social dynamics operating independently of class divisions, ignoring every artificial or accidental circumstance—that is, through the recognition of the principle of natural selection, working on a psychical plane, and the re-emergence under new conditions of a real aristocracy, with a living authority and leadership.

Therefore the democratic movement is the necessary complement of such an aristocracy, an implication of the adequate expression of its reality. The movement itself has reality only as the people crave and follow leadership as ardently, now that they know what they want, as when they had to be told. Statesmanship, philosophy, art, and literature are in the way to become real, or at least to shed their unrealities, because the scope of their appeal widens, overleaping all barriers and even national boundaries, as they are seen to be but parts of the mastery of life, to which also they are a ministration.

"They know what they want." That is, the immense literate mediocrity, the English-speaking people, in this country, as in England, have become not only articulate, politically and socially, but intelligently selective in the field of literature. When, less than a century ago, we began to have a literature which we could call our own, the American people were homogeneous. There was no suggestion of the "melting-pot." Hitherto such literary taste as had been cultivated in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, seemed not essentially different from that cultivated in London and Edinburgh. And this continued to be the case even after we had a more distinctive American literature.

The American audience of to-day is not thus homogeneous. Not only have the expansion of education and the material progress of a century diversified its tastes and interests, but its social evolution has developed new and surprising variations of disposition and manners. The imposition of authority is no longer possible. Criticism tends to become expository rather than dogmatic. Formal precepts cannot be applied to anything that has life; only through life everything comes into judgment.

Yet it remains true, or rather it is coming to be seen as true, that leadership in literature, as in life, is real, a natural aristocracy.

Recently the English-speaking world has been reading with impassioned interest some poems written by Rupert Brooke, a young Englishman who lost his life in the first year of the war. Mr. Joyce Kilmer, in an appreciative review of these poems, has drawn attention to the fact that earlier poems written by Brooke were comparatively unworthy in aim and substance. This unworthiness came into judgment when the inspiration of life entered. We do not find it strange that it came as the spirit of valor. It is in some such vital way that it must come to all.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

L'Homme Propose et Femme Dispose

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

SCENE: *The shore of a wooded mountain-lake island on a pleasant July afternoon. A motor-boat is tied up to the rough pier. Under a tall pine-tree are seated* MISS EVE OSMOND *and* MR. ALAN DEXTER.

ALAN (*gloomily*). You mean that you won't.

EVE (*gently*). You mustn't be unfair, Alan. I just can't.

ALAN (*pulling himself together*). Oh, it doesn't matter. You see I'm not used to this sort of thing.

EVE. What sort of thing?

ALAN. This is the first time I ever asked a girl to marry me.

EVE (*dreamily*). How odd!

ALAN. What do you mean?

EVE. This is my very first proposal.

ALAN. Oh, really!

[*A long silence follows.*

ALAN (*meditatively*). Curious! I haven't got over it yet.

EVE. What?

ALAN. The surprise. I dare say it sounds superlatively conceited, but I did think that I was sure of you . . . dead sure.

EVE. Yes, I knew that.

ALAN. You did!

EVE. Excuse me, Mr. Dexter, but seeing that we are *not* engaged—

ALAN. Well?

EVE. I don't think that you ought to keep on holding my hand.

ALAN. (*releasing her*). You're right, of course . . . just as you always are.

EVE. And truly we must be going.

ALAN. Yes, I know. (*Suddenly he seizes her hand again.*) Eve!



"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER ASKED A GIRL TO MARRY ME"



EVE. "IT DOESN'T SEEM TO GO"

EVE (*drawing away her hand*). Now you're forgetting again.

ALAN. Beg pardon. (*Recklessly.*) All the same, I wonder why I don't pick you up and just kiss you to death. (*Defiantly.*) For two cents I would.

EVE (*coolly*). Sorry, but I've left my purse at home.

ALAN (*hopefully*). I'd let you open a charge account.

[*He advances toward her a step or two.*

EVE (*gravely*). Please don't carry the joke any further, Mr. Dexter.

ALAN (*abashed*). I didn't intend to.

EVE (*secretly disappointed*). Well . . . really!

ALAN (*turning quickly*). What?

EVE (*frigidly*). I wish to leave the island immediately.

ALAN (*offended in his turn*). Certainly, Miss Osmond.

[ALAN *steps into the boat and begins to crank the engine; but without result.*

EVE (*critically*). It doesn't seem to go.

ALAN. Once in a while something sticks.

[*He cranks again unsuccessfully.*

EVE. Why does it stick?

ALAN (*shortly*). Don't know.

[*He gives up the hopeless task, climbs out of the boat, and stands looking at it in silent disgust.*

EVE (*impatiently*). Oh, please do something! We can't stay here all night.

ALAN (*without looking at her*). Well, we may have to.

EVE (*startled*). What do you mean?

ALAN (*shortly*). Motor's dead.

EVE. And you didn't think to bring any oars?

ALAN. No.

EVE (*turning away*). Then, of course, the boat is no use. (*Musingly*). Most unfortunate that the island is uninhabited.

ALAN (*non-committally*). Umph!

EVE (*uneasily*). It's long after five, and the sun is sinking. In half an hour it will be dark.

ALAN (*grumpily*). All my fault, of course.

EVE. Don't be cross; but we must think up something. (*Reflectively.*) It can't be more than a quarter of a mile to the mainland. If you could only swim that far!

ALAN. I can try.

[*He begins to unlace his shoes.*

EVE. Please don't! And put on your coat.

[ALAN *obeys in sulky silence.*

EVE (*severely*). I know perfectly well that you can't swim a quarter of a yard, even. You'd be drowned, of course; and then there'd be a horrid, damp body bumping up against the island all night long. It would be most unpleasant.

ALAN (*struck by a new idea*). I could get in the launch, and just drift away.

EVE (*with asperity*). Yes, and be carried over the dam and drowned again. You do have the most absurd ideas.

ALAN (*angrily*). Sorry.

EVE (*after a long pause*). I wonder, now—

[*She breaks off meditatively.*

ALAN. Wonder what?

EVE. You know you might have put it out of order on purpose.

ALAN (*turning quickly*). What!

EVE. A flat tire in the water-jacket, or something like that. And I would never know the difference.

ALAN (*looking at her fixedly*). No, you wouldn't *know*. (*Advancing a step or two.*) And so you were clever enough to guess it.

EVE (*retreating slightly*). Oh, please, Alan!

ALAN (*following her up*). See here, my lady, you've played the game to the limit with me, and now it's my turn. (*Eying her*

savagely.) I did put the motor out of commission, and there she stays until I have your promise. Understand?

EVE (*calmly*). Then you do admit it—this incredible thing! You brute!

ALAN. That's the word. And I'm going to live up to it. You don't leave this island until you promise to marry me.

EVE (*mockingly*). A cave-man courtship . . . how exciting!

ALAN (*advancing*). You think I don't dare. Well, I'm going to kiss you.

EVE (*coolly*). Are you?

ALAN (*seizing her rather roughly*). Scream if you want to; there's nobody to hear.

EVE. So what's the use.

ALAN (*triumphantly*). I've got you now! Why don't you do something—scratch, bite, kick, struggle?

EVE (*remaining perfectly passive*). All about a kiss! But that would be too silly. Why, I've got millions of them.

ALAN (*releasing her suddenly*). Keep them, then. (*Bitterly*). You're not a woman at all, . . . just a fish, a heartless, cold-blooded fish.

EVE (*smartly*). If I were I shouldn't be sticking around on this beast of an island. See here, Alan, I'm ready to admit that I'm beaten. You hold all the cards, and I might as well lay down my hand. Or, rather, I'll just pass it over.

EVE *extends her hand;* ALAN *takes it a little awkwardly, and soon drops it.*

EVE (*with a gentle sigh*). So it's all over, and I capitulate unconditionally. Very well, Alan; I will marry you wherever and whenever you like.

ALAN (*thickly*). You sha'n't regret it; I promise you that.

EVE. Don't expect to. (*Briskly.*) Well, now that everything is settled we might as well be going.

ALAN (*startled*). Eh!

EVE. I've given you my word, and that's the end of it. It would have been horribly cold and uncomfortable here all night long. . . . Don't you think so?

ALAN (*weakly*). Why, yes, I suppose so. . . .

EVE. Oh, you're afraid that I'll try to back out by swearing that I gave my promise under duress, or compulsion, or *force majeure*, or whatever the legal term is. (*Scornfully.*) Alan Dexter, I thought you knew me better than that.

ALAN. I beg your pardon, Eve; I never thought anything of the kind.

EVE. All right; we won't quarrel over nothing. Just pump up your old water-jacket, and take me back to camp. (*She gives him a little push toward the boat.*) Hurry, please.

ALAN (*holding back*). Sorry, but I—I don't know—

EVE. Don't know!

ALAN (*desperately*).—what's the matter with the engine. I didn't make it go bad, and I can't put it right.

EVE (*severely*). Then you're not a cave-man, after all, . . . so wicked and bold and brutal!

ALAN (*sullenly*). Seems not.

EVE. A brute is one thing, but a bluffer, a convicted bluffer—

ALAN (*interrupting*). You needn't rub it in any longer. I was a liar and a coward and a bully; you're jolly well rid of me.

EVE (*reflectively*). Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is no way of getting off the island; we will have to spend the night here. I suppose people will talk.

ALAN (*savagely*). Confound them!

EVE. Yes, but supposing they won't be confounded? And, anyway, that can't help me.

ALAN (*with a groan*). It's horribly unfair! (*Turning to her quickly.*) Eve, if there were anything I could do to make things right!

EVE. Thank you, Alan; I do believe you. But there doesn't seem to be any way out.

[*A long silence ensues. It has grown quite dark.* ALAN *has re-entered the boat, and stands there looking at the disabled motor. Suddenly, and with a smothered exclamation, he bends over the engine and picks up several small articles which he places in his pocket.*

EVE. What are you going to do?

ALAN. Give it one more chance.

[ALAN *cranks the motor vigorously, and it starts off immediately, spitting noisily and making a tremendous clatter.*

EVE. Well, really!

ALAN. You never can tell what she'll do.

EVE. You mean a woman?

ALAN. No; a gas-engine.

EVE. And you can stop it and start it . . . just as you like?

ALAN. Certainly. (*He shuts off the motor.*) There you are.

EVE (*listening to some far-off sound*). Thanks so much. (*Smiling.*) Yes, everything is all right now.

ALAN (*starting the motor*). Then whenever you're ready.—

[*He holds out his hand.*

EVE (*stepping back*). I don't know that I'm in such a raving, tearing hurry, after all.

ALAN (*stopping the motor and addressing it*). Well, what do you think of that?

[ALAN *climbs out of the boat, hunts up his cigarette-case, and begins*



EVE (*REFLECTIVELY*). "NEVERTHELESS, THE FACT REMAINS THAT THERE IS NO WAY OF GETTING OFF THE ISLAND"

to smoke. The sound of masculine and feminine voices singing in chorus is heard coming over the water.

EVE (*putting her hands trumpet-wise to her mouth*). Ulla-loo! Ulla-loo!

[*An answering "Ulla-loo!" comes back across the water.*

EVE. It's our crowd, you know. They're coming to Hide-and-Seek Island for supper and a last camp-fire.

ALAN (*accusingly*). I believe you knew it all along . . . that they were coming.

EVE (*defiantly*). What if I did?

ALAN. And so you could make of me forty-eleven different kinds of a fool. (*Glowering at her.*) Well, you can just answer me one simple little question.

EVE. Yes?

ALAN. A moment ago I found half a dozen small wires sticking in the magneto, which, of course, put it out of business. Now what sort of wires were they?

EVE (*mutinously*). How should I know?

ALAN. How should you know, my lady? Well, I'll show you.

[*He seizes* EVE *and shakes her so vigorously that her hair comes tumbling down over her shoulders; she presents a bewitching spectacle of beauty in distress.*

EVE (*distractedly*). Oh, and they'll be landing in another minute! Please, Alan, please!

ALAN. Answer my question. What were they . . . those wires?

EVE. I'll marry you; I will, indeed. Isn't that enough?

ALAN (*with inflexible determination*). Not by a jugful!

[ALAN *still has one arm around* EVE'S *waist; with his free hand he takes several small objects from his pocket and holds them up. But she will not look.*

ALAN. Pulled them out of the magneto, you know. More than enough to make all the trouble.

EVE (*in an agony*). Never saw them before in my life. (*Trying to snatch the small objects out of his hand*). And you're just the meanest, meanest thing!

ALAN. Name them, and you can have them.

EVE (*demurely*). Will you please give me . . . my hairpins.

[ALAN *hands them over, and as* EVE *begins to put up her hair he kisses her.*

THE CURTAIN

A Misapprehension

MR. COMMON CITIZEN stepped into the butcher shop with a do-or-die look on his face.

"A pound of steak," he ordered.

The steak, mostly bone, was thrown on the scales.

"Looky here," remonstrated Mr. Common Citizen in as firm and determined a voice as he could command, "you're giving me a big piece of bone."

"Oh no, I ain't," returned the butcher, blandly; "yer payin' fer it."

Of No Value

THAT she was a nervous little old lady was apparent to the whole car. When a young woman with a baby entered and sat down next to her, her quickly moving eye detected immediately that the child was placidly chewing a green transfer.

"Your baby—the transfer—look!" she exclaimed.

The young mother hastily rummaged her hand-satchel and produced a yellow transfer. "Oh, thank you," she said. "It's all right—that's yesterday's transfer; here is to-day's."

Scientific Management

MRS. HARRISON had a new servant, Annie, an importation from the Emerald Isle, who was wholly new to the social customs of this country. Mrs. Harrison gave her considerable advice on how to conduct herself under different circumstances, and hoped for the best.

One afternoon, while the mistress was out, two society women motored to the house to make a call. They rang the bell and waited, but there was no answer. They rang again, and after considerable delay the door was opened by Annie, who greeted them with:

"Phwat do yez want?"

The women explained that they had come to call on Mrs. Harrison. The girl said her mistress was out, and added:

"Well, jest stick yer cards between me teeth. Oi've been makin' bread."

An Earnest Protest

A BOSTON man tells of a trip he made on a coastwise steamer to Baltimore when the vessel was wallowing in waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and help sent.

Amid the glare of the rockets, a tall, thin, austere woman found her way with difficulty to the rail and addressed the captain thus:

"Captain, I must protest against this dare-devilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

No Doubt

THE Hennessy twins were the trial of the kindergarten. One day when their teacher was asking the other children what they wanted to be when they grew up, her eye caught the twins, up to mischief, as usual, and paying no attention to the subject under discussion. She turned quickly and said:

"Mikey Hennessy, what are you boys going to be when you grow up?"

"Irishmen," was the prompt reply.

Thoughtfulness

LITTLE Jane was taken by her father to see the fireworks Fourth of July evening. Her wonder and amazement were very great. At last one rocket shot into the sky far higher than any other. In an awed tone the small girl whispered:

"But, daddy, what will God think of all that?"

Lightning Calculation

A YOUNG man in a desperate hurry rushed up to the man behind the station lunch-counter. "How soon can I have three three-minute eggs?" he questioned, breathlessly.

"Nine minutes!" was the instant reply.

Good Reasons

LITTLE Katharine came home from Sunday-school proudly announcing that she had been promoted.

MOTHER: "But why did they promote you, Katharine?"

KATHARINE: "Well, the teacher said it was because I sat so still and listened to God's Word so carefully, and caught on so quick."



"How many dogs have you, little boy?"
"Cornelius, count the dog fer the gentleman."



"Now, children, say good night to everybody. It's half an hour after your bedtime."

"I'm sure that clock exaggerates, mother."

The Darky's Inferno

AN old negro minister, in a sermon on hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze through eternity.

"Why do you tell your congregation that hell is a cold place?" asked the visiting bishop.

"I don't dare to tell them people nothing else, bishop. Why, if I was to say that hell was warm some of them old rheumatic niggers would be wanting to start down the first frost."

In the Automobile Age

LITTLE Lucile was subject to severe colds in the head; the doctor had advised the frequent use of an atomizer, much to the little girl's disgust. One night her mother asked her, persuasively, if she wouldn't use the unwelcome atomizer, to which Lucile quickly replied:

"Yes, if you'll let me honk it."

Presence of Mind

COURT had been in session, and there were a lot of visiting lawyers who proved to be congenial souls, and consequently a little game of poker started down at the hotel. A young local attorney had stayed out several nights, but finally the breakfast-table arguments became of such a nature that he promised to be home early that evening. But the game proved too alluring, and when he arose for his hat and coat the clock showed two-fifteen. He mounted the front porch with much trepidation, slipped off his shoes, pulled off his clothes in the hall, slipped into the bedroom, and began crawling into bed with the stealth of experience.

"Our pet dog had a habit of insisting on jumping up on the bed on cold nights," he confided to a friend later, "so when I began to slide under the covers my wife stirred in her sleep and pushed me on the head. 'Get down, Bruno, get down!' she said. And I want to tell you," he smiled, "I just did have presence of mind enough to lick her hand, and she dozed off again!"

A Sensitive Soul

"AMERICANS are, as a rule," observes a Chicago man, "sensitive to newspaper criticism, and I know of an extreme case in this relation. A friend of mine, while editing a paper in Arizona, received a communication from one of his subscribers that read as follows:

"'Dear Sir,—I regret to inform that on my way home from the saloon last evening I fell into a political altercation with Judge Wishington, formerly of Kentucky, in the course of which a slight misunderstanding arose, and I am very sorry to think that in the end I shot him. I should add also that, carried away by the excitement, I also knifed him. But I earnestly hope that no exaggerated account of this painful episode will appear in the columns of your paper.'"

New York vs Boston

THE Bostonian had become weary of the superior manner in which the New-Yorker discussed everything pertaining to his home city, so he thought it about time to "boost" his own town.

"Well," said the man from the bean city, "there isn't a city in the country can boast of a more efficient police department than Boston. Why, look here," he urged, waxing more enthusiastic, "there was a murder committed here last week, and three hours afterward the police knew all about it!"

"That's nothing," commented the other; "there was a murder committed in New York last week and the police knew all about it three hours before!"

Conservation

"AND," continued the lecturer, "I warrant you that there is not a man in this entire audience who has ever lifted his finger or in any way attempted to stop this awful waste of our forests and our lumber supply. If there is I want that man to stand up."

There was a slight commotion in the rear of the room and a nervous little man rose to the occasion—and his feet.

"And now, my friend, will you explain in just what way you have conserved the forests of our nation?"

And with the utmost gravity and sincerity the little man said, "I have used the same toothpick twice."

Hard To Please

YOUNG Jock had just returned from a painful interview with the minister, to whom he had said, in reply to a question, that there were one hundred Commandments. Upon meeting another lad on his way to the minister's he asked, "An' if he asks you how many Commandments there are, what will ye say?"

"Say?" queried the other lad. "Why, ten, o' course."

"Ten!" reiterated the first youth in scorn. "Ten? Ye wull try him wi' ten? I tried him wi' a hundred and he wasna satisfied."

No Danger

SHE was a very recent bride, and endeavoring to keep house in the approved hygienic manner. Entering a strange bakery one day, she saw a huge cat put his paws on the low show-window and vault lightly in among the cakes.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed to the stout lady in charge. "Your cat!"

"Dat is all right," soothingly replied the wide lady with a wider smile. "Dat is Henery. He will not eat anything; he chust schniffs 'em."

Betty's Thanksgiving Wish

SHE held the wishbone tight with me,
And pulled, and won, exultingly.
"Now, Betty, wish," I said, "for when
You get the biggest half, why then
The wish you wish will all come true.
Now wish, dear, as we told you to."
Then Betty looked, with longing eyes,
At all the dishes, nuts, and pies,
And, holding up the bit of bone,
She said, with triumph in her tone,
"All right. I wish to-morrow, then,
Would be Thanksgiving day, again!"

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



MISTRESS: "*Goodness, there goes the front-door bell!*"
JANE: "*If ye don't think ye're tidy enough, mum, I'll go.*"



"Ethel, there's Tommy Smith at the gate. I expect he wants you to play with him."

"I don't want to play with him, mother. Tell him I've got a sick headache."

Inanimate Objects

MOTHER sent Billy to his aunt's with a basket of peaches for a surprise. On his return she asked:

"What did Auntie say to the peaches, Billy?"

"Why, nothing!" said the five-year-old. "People don't say things to things that can't talk back."

Unintentional

A FEW days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he. "How's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all *your* folks?"

Following Instructions

A CHICAGO woman was giving instructions to her new butler, who seemed to have but a faint conception of the duties of a position for which he demanded high wages.

"Remember," said the woman, "that, in announcing meals you are to say: 'Breakfast is ready,' 'Luncheon is ready,' 'Dinner is served.'"

Not long after the woman ventured to experiment on a dinner to a few intimate friends. Her dismay can be imagined when, on appearing at the drawing-room door to announce dinner, the butler exclaimed in clarion tones:

"Breakfast is ready, luncheon is ready, dinner is served."

The Usual Way

"JOHN!" shouted the wife, in the middle of the night.

John snored a bit louder and turned over.

"John!" she said, with increased emphasis.

"What is it?" grunted John.

"Get up. The gas is leaking!"

"Aw, put a pan under it and go back to bed!"



FIRST CHAUFFEUR: *"I get rattled when I see a woman cross the street in front of me."*

SECOND CHAUFFEUR: *"Yes, so do I! they wear so many pins in their hats and clothes that it's a sure puncture if you hit one."*

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